

The ARELLANO

Star

VOLUME III, No. 6

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CHRISTMAS
NUMBER
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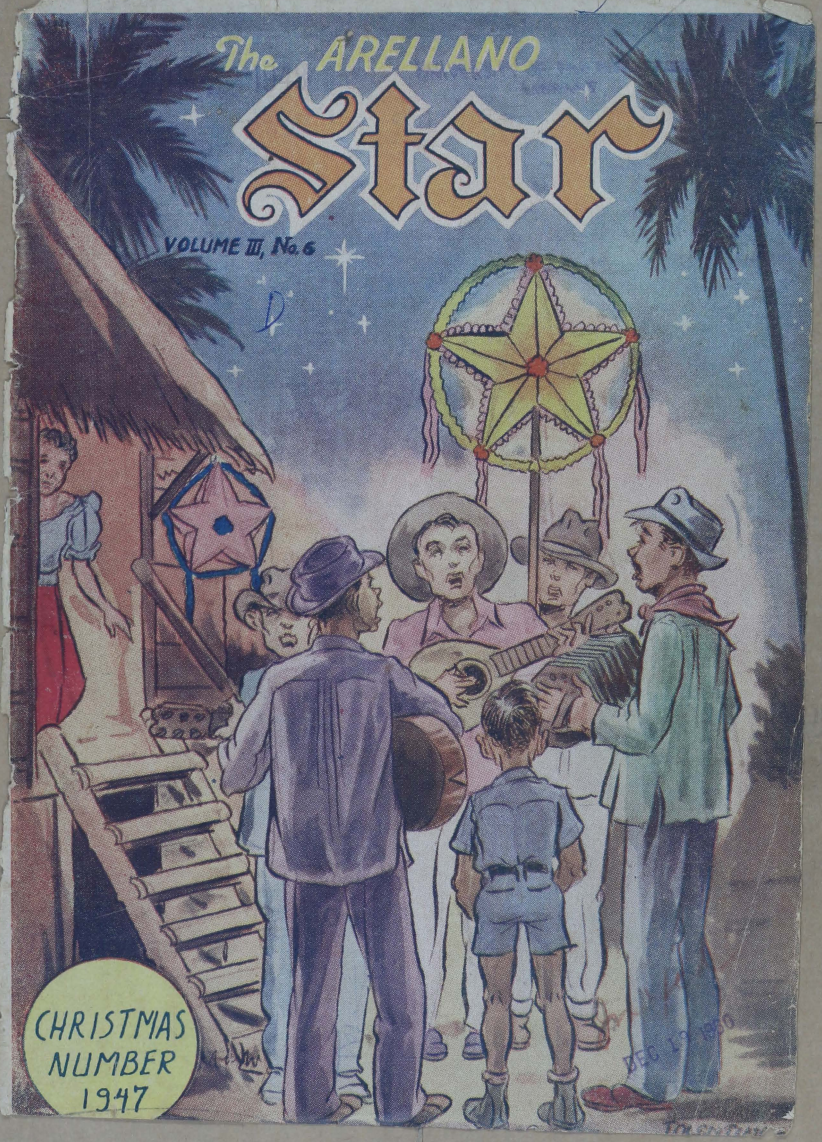


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Cover Design by Alberto Tolentino

ARELLANO UNIVERSITY
Manila

Office of the President

May I extend my best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all Arellano students.

This year, more than any other, we have come to realize how significant the role of the youth is in the struggle concomittant with the period of reconstruction and adjustment. Our dream for greater freedom and expanding prosperity cannot materialize if we fail to overcome those undesirable habits and attitudes like extravagance, indolence, indifference to public welfare, and lack of civic courage to enlist ourselves in the fight against graft and corruption which smother the dignity of the individual.

Let this Christmas be truly Christian by remembering that democracy will not be universal so long as we refuse to preserve, cherish, and maintain the integrity of man.

FLORENTINO CAYCO
President

Other Christmas Messages

On the occasion of Christmas, I ask you to meditate with me on the great commandment of "Love thy neighbor" as taught by Jesus. To appreciate the humanitarian spirit of neighborliness, let us retell the parable of the good Samaritan.

As narrated by Jesus, a man who was traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho was on the way attacked, stripped, wounded and left half-dead by robbers. Shortly afterwards a priest came by the same way, and, though he saw the helpless condition of the wounded man, passed on. But a passing Samaritan saw the wounded man, and coming, bound up his wounds, and placing him on his ass, brought him to an inn. The next day he gave two pence to the host, bidding him to take care of the wounded man, and promising to pay on his return whatever additional expense would be incurred.

This is the Christian way of life. This is universal brotherhood in practice. Let us revitalize our faith in this sublime ideal of social relationship. Let us emulate the noble example of the good Samaritan wherever and whenever an occasion arises. Let us abandon the selfish attitude of every man for himself and exemplify the noble doctrine of live and help live. Let us love our neighbors as we love ourselves.

Jacinto S. Galimba
Director



It is my fervent wish that all students of A. Mabini High School may enjoy the reverential tidings of the Season.

At this time when we have reasons to believe that the "morality" of youth is not on the level, when virtue seems not to be triumphant over the forces of cunning and brutality all the time, it is imperative that we drink deep of that divine message from the Holy Manger of Bethlehem: "Peace on Earth among men of good will..."

May the joy of Christmas and the wondrous signs of hope that the New Year brings fill your hearts to overflowing.

Angel R. Bejar
Assistant Director, A. Mabini High School
(Other messages on page 56)

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

At that time, there went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place while Cyrinus was governor of Syria. And all were going, each to his own town, to register. And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of Nazareth into Judea to the town of David, which is called Bethlehem — because he was of the house and family of David — to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were shepherds in the same district living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared exceedingly. And the angel said to them "Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there has been born to you today in the town of David a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will."

—The Gospel, St. Luke
2: 1-20



The ARELLANO STAR

I have sworn upon the Altar of God hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.

—Thomas Jefferson

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Editorials ★

CHRISTMAS, 1947

We emerge from the corruptions, anomalies and grafts into the dawn of another Christmas. What kind this Christmas will be, we do not know. It should bring love and peace. It should be the time of giving and self-denial.

It is a sad fact, however, that we have not lived up to the expectations of God and the world. Not our leaders who do not seem inclined to lead an honest way of life. Not those of us who have forgotten the old, old accepted standards of integrity.

We are an independent nation. As such, we must be worthy of that recognition. If our government does not have the time to give our poor, the small-salaried folks and the hard-working laborers their unstinted support, we must help them ourselves. This Christmas let us give what we can, share what we have. Let us make this a Christmas that is Christian in every sense of the word.

—A. A. A.

✓ RIZAL'S BOOK AND THE PEOPLE

There seems to be an alarming lack of interest in the works of Jose Rizal, the country's foremost hero. His "Noli Me Tangere" and "Social Cancer" lie untouched in the library bookshelves while books of lesser merit both in content and style are constantly withdrawn. The passionate message of freedom at any cost, of national integrity, of pride and dignity as a people can be culled from each page of Rizal's books. It is unfortunate, therefore, that interest in them should wane.

Now more than ever when morale is low and sagging, should we turn to the teachings of that great national hero whose one fight was the emancipation of his country. One almost despairs over the corruption and brazen greed for power that are so rampant all over the world today. One seeks a source of guidance from which one may go back to the right way of life.

Rizal's books are rich with lessons we have to learn all over again. Let us turn to them—we may yet find our way back to peace and order and honest living.

—J. C.

That Wonderful Christmas Feeling

By Lydia E. Alfonso
Class of 1948

Many years ago I had no idea what Christmas really meant. I only saw many wonderful things and felt many glad instances. I remember that a few days before Christmas young boys and girls kept asking their elders what they would wear on Christmas, where they would go, what they would eat, and a million other trivia. I remember that even the old folks shared the same thoughts and felt in the same way. I recall that I had the same experience.

Today, I ask myself what the real meaning of Christmas is. In the provinces the *misa de gallo*, or the early morning mass nine days before Christmas, is more colorful. Neighbors make a date to go to the early mass together although there are times when one party does not show up because it is nicer to sleep during the cold mornings. There are *bibingkahans* where the churchgoers have a bite or two of the native rice cake, a little sip of tea, and of course, the welcome warmth from the burning coconut husks and embers in the *bibingkahan*. Sometimes, *linugawang manok* or *arroz caldo* is sold in the *bibingkahan*, and this may be the reason why the special pre-Christmas mass is called *misa de gallo* (or else because the mass is held just about the time cocks or roosters crow in the morning). In the church itself, a feeling of religiousness and common tradition fills the air. The chanting of voices of the choristers, the jingling of the tambourines, and the deep hallowed tones of the priest make one feel so-

lemn yet happy. Can this be the real meaning of Christmas—to be solemn yet happy?

The night before Christmas, in some towns, there is a *panuluyan* which means "asking to be accommodated temporarily in one's house." This is a simple procession where, according to legend, St. Joseph and Virgin Mary were refused to be accommodated for the night so that they sought refuge in a barn and Christ the Child was then and there born in a manger. On this night also it has been the custom to have a *media noche* or *noche buena*, that is, eating at midnight. The members of the family wake up and partake of whatever preparation they have.

Christmas Day itself is as gay as can be. Old and young people wear their new clothes and go to church. The young ones are more anxious because they know that they will have more coins and pennies on this particular day than on any other day in the year. They approach their godfathers and their godmothers, kiss their hands, and of course, receive *aguinaldos*. Occasionally, there are apples or other fruits or native foods like *suman* and sweets that go with the coins. The elders feel equally happy and gay and many a remark is heard among them, "Ano ba ang papasko mo sa akin?" This is spoken both seriously and jokingly because when the addressed party gives something it becomes serious indeed, and when nothing is given at all they just laugh it off.

These are the very brief pictures of the common Christmas practices in our native land. I saw these wonderful things many years ago. I saw them last year and I still see them today. I

felt many glad instances of Christmas in many years and I know we shall all feel them again because now is the time for that wonderful Christmas feeling.



Are You In Love?

By Josefina Roxas

Class of 1948

Perhaps there are some who are against talking about "Love." But have you ever noticed that once the subject of love is mentioned in the classroom everybody smiles?

I remember a teacher of mine who once talked about love at a time when the class was beginning to be dull. Everybody cheered up, and after a few moments, the recitation went on.

Surely a great percentage of our fellow students and even our teachers have also been in love, or are in love or will fall in love. Love is a common feeling that the rich as well as the poor can have. Yet nobody knows how, why, and when one is in love. (Or do you?)

What is love? Let's see. When love pops into your heart (just like popcorn for it pops out so sudden) it seems that you can not eat, sleep or think anything at all. Or else vice-versa, you eat plenty, sleep well and feel so happy about it. (Don't you?)

Did you ever fall in love? And if

you ever did—didn't you consider yourself to be the luckiest man? Didn't she know that being loved is one of the greatest compliments a man has to offer?

First you meet the girl (or you were the target of Cupid's bow?) You feel that things have gone wrong. Your heart beats fast at the very sight of her — you're in love — you think perhaps you're crazy or nuts — but who cares anyway? However, that doesn't end there. Not just because you're in love, you'll leave it like that. Love may be blind but what are the eyes for? And the heart for?

You know what comes next — don't you? You'll have to propose or strike while it is burning. Never keep it burning inside. If you feel that beating — tell her. She won't bite you and perhaps she'll like it.

Then comes marriage — when one plus one still makes one. Well, it's a long story.

***In spite of official promises
Manila is still far from "Clean"—***

Manila — Now And Tomorrow

By Emilio Danque, Jr.

Manila was once a clean and beautiful city. But look at it now! It is but a ghost of yesterday — and what a horrifying ghost!

Manila used to be like this: A city of towering buildings, glittering pavements and vari-colored lights. Provincianos often chuckled with pride whenever they visited the city. For Manila was to them a gleaming wonder. But now they go to the city not for its beauty but for a possible job to find. If some of them however, expect to see the Manila of old, they would be disillusioned.

The ills of Manila could be traced to the inefficient administration of the city. More than two years after liberation Manila is just the same with its ruins and dangers. It is the home of the most notorious underworld characters; murderers, pickpockets, and hold-uppers. Worst still, it is a city of gamblers and prostitutes.

The environment in the city is appalling. Poor drainage often causes floods. Traffic is terrible; very inefficiently handled. And the smell of garbage — what do you think? The smell alone of Manila streets will make you sick.

Rebuilding of barong-barongs is now tolerated. Streets are utilized for trading purposes. Some streets are now almost impassable. Have you tried visiting the Quiapo area?

In the years to come, Manila might still improve. Its progress in education would accelerate. Universities, like the Arellano University for instance, could be accounted for in the rearing of a healthier generation. After all, with God's divine guidance, our government officials might still have time to think of the welfare of the people. Then Manila would be a beautiful city again. But then and only then.

MORE THAN JEWELS

By RODOLFO TOBIAS

Class of 1948

Experts can set the value of the most precious of gems. Unfortunately, no one can measure the value of a mother's love. A diamond is cold and hard; a mother's love is warm and gentle. A diamond glitters with a striking, flamboyant sparkle; a mother's love shines with a quiet, steady glow. A mother's

love never catches the eye as suddenly as the showy glitter of a diamond does, but it can fill one with an awareness of beauty and grace that a diamond can never give.

My mother's love is a priceless treasure, for it brings me more happiness than all the precious stones on earth.

Impressions of Davao, Zamboanga, Cebu—

A TRIP TO DAVAO

By Virginia Montgomery
Class of 1949

When I stepped on the deck of M.S. Masthead Knot, I imagined myself a sailor. It was my first ocean trip. We left Pier 8 at ten o'clock in the evening of October 28. The lights glittering in Manila attracted my attention as I sat like an exile in my cabin.

When I woke up the next day we were already outside Manila Bay. I went up to the deck but I could see nothing except the sky and the deep blue sea. I just watched the waves hoping to reach port — any port. Suddenly I felt the ship moving roughly. Waves grew bigger and afterwards the rain came hard. Most of the passengers became sea sick.

An officer of the boat approached me and asked silly questions. He told me many facts about navigation that I could not understand. He also told me that there was a storm which made me nervous and afraid.

We were about four miles from Cebu when our ship stopped. The fog was very thick and the navigator could not see the way clearly. Three small ships were behind us but I could only see the outline of each. Later I saw one of the ships, the F. S. 299, gradually sinking which however was rescued immediately.

The next morning we sailed again and reached Cebu. I was not able to go down because of the rain. We stayed in Cebu for two days without seeing the city. We continued sailing on until we anchored at Maribojoc in Bohol. Again I was not able to see the place because of the rain. We stayed there for five hours. We went passed several moun-

tains with brilliant guide-lights on them. That night we stopped at Zamboanga. I was not able to look around the city because it was a dark evening. Really I hated my trip. Just imagine, I was not able to see Cebu, Maribojoc, and here we were in Zamboanga which again I could not see. I felt like jumping into the sea. It was very tiresome staying inside the ship without a thing to do except eating and sleeping.

Around four o'clock in the morning we left Zamboanga. Well, the same old story — mountains, waves and sky.

We reached Davao on Monday, the third of November. Gosh, I really wanted to get out of the ship. And we did. It didn't rain at all in Davao. My mother and I at once called a jitney and loaded our baggage. We went to the market to buy something to eat because we had not taken our breakfast on the boat. The first thing I wanted to see were the Moros but I wasn't able to see any. The market was small but very clean unlike Manila's. Almost all the people inside the market were Tagalogs. I was surprised because I thought I would see Visayans and "Juramentados."

After looking around the market place we proceeded to Torie where my brother lived. Torie is nineteen kilometers from Davao City. Banana plants lined the road.

In Talomo the road was rough and I felt as if dancing the "boogie-woogie" inside the jitney. The road was very dusty and I imagined myself

back in Manila.

We went to my brother's abaca plantation in Davao and I saw many Bagobos (natives of Davao). The Bagobos are excellent workers.

My cousin in Davao City and I went to Talugan where he has a house by the mountainside. The house was surrounded by fruit trees.

Every afternoon several monkeys would go down from the mountain clinging from one tree to another. The monkeys were not harmful only sometimes they threw oranges or chicos at you but if you are a good catcher you can play softball with them. The people there tell their time by means of the birds called "Kalaw."

When we returned to Davao City, we didn't do anything except sight-seeing. The city hall and a few houses were still in shambles. The city is not so big but there are several universities and colleges. There are two churches and five theatres. The roads are the same as here in Manila but one thing I like in Davao is that, they don't have any traffic problem. There are also many refreshment parlors in Davao but their ice cream is not as good as one in Manila.

The day had come for us to leave Davao. Once more we were on board the same ship. We passed by Cotabato and Dadiangas but the ports are far from our ship and I was not able to see those places. In Maribojoc we bought some baskets and mats.

We passed by Zamboanga and luckily this time I was able to roam around the city. Zamboanga is as large as Davao.

It was the place where I saw many of our Mohammedan Filipino brothers — the Moros. The Moros always walk in groups. We went to the Moro village and I saw datu living in a big house which they called their palace. The chief, a datu, was seated in an elevated place (just like in the movies) and there were many rooms for his wives but his first wife is regarded as the queen. All the rest are regarded as the slaves of the datu and queen. We didn't stay here very long because I was afraid that "juramentados" might pass by and cut my head off. Surely I didn't want to return home headless. Moros, especially the women, don't want to be stared at by strangers. Most of the Moro women are civilized but they wear the same clothes as the other Moros. On our way to the boat I bought some beautiful corals. Near the boat I saw many Moro children asking for money. If you throw a coin into the water the boys would immediately dive for it. They are experts in diving if only to get the coin you have tossed into the sea. We left Zamboanga at two o'clock in the morning.

We sailed again and reached Cebu once more. Cebu City is very nice and much better than Davao or Zamboanga. It is exactly like the city of Manila only Manila is much bigger. I also saw the house of our former President Osmeña. We went to the capitol, boy! I really wanted to stay there. It was such a wonderful place.

We reached North Harbor, Manila, at nine o'clock in the morning on the twenty fourth of November. At last here I am in Manila but I think I'll never forget Cebu.

The reputation of a woman may be compared to a mirror, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied by every breath that comes near it.

—Cervantes

Oh Youth, hold thy brow serene . . .

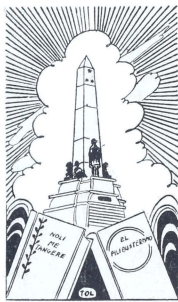
JOSE RIZAL

And His Writings

Perhaps there is no other book brimming with the hopes and idealism of the Filipino people as Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. They mirror not only the patriotism of the author and his contemporaries but also the struggles in an earlier era. Furthermore, in these novels are Rizal's dreams of a future generation free from the yoke of foreign aggression.

But, may I ask you a question — have you read these books, the *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*? Have you ever realized that in the pages of Rizal's works could be found the salvation of the country as a nation? Have you ever known that Rizal did not write his books for his generation alone but also for the coming generation?

In a letter to one of his friends after the publication of the *Noli*, Rizal expressed the hope that his book would gain a wider reputation and stature with the passing of time. He believed that the "youth — hope of the Fatherland" — would gain added meaning and significance in his work. But now, how many of us have read *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*? It seems to me that we are spoiled in our



way of thinking. We seem to give preference to the comics, dirty magazines, and joke books rather than Rizal's writings. When can we ever give thought to the real facts of history, to the real needs of the time?

Jose Rizal mentioned in his books the evils and corruption in the country during his day. He sacrificed his life so those corruptions might be wiped out. Now we are faced with the same evils — evils maybe of a different nature, yet of the same gravity. I think that a thorough reading and study of Rizal's books would minimize the present-day political evils. His writings would be our salvation.

—A. B. C.

* * * * *

Every day look at a beautiful picture, read a beautiful poem, listen to beautiful music, and, if possible, say some reasonable thing.

—Goethe

Win hearts and you have all men's hands and purses.

—Burleigh

FIRST DANCE

A SHORT STORY
By ARCADIO N. SUNGA
Class of 1949

It was our club's Christmas party—and a costume ball at that! Everybody that was anybody was supposed to attend it. The week before that memorable day, I borrowed a Scandinavian suit from a reluctant friend after I had practically bashed his head in with promises. I was ready for the party except for one thing. I did not know how to dance. I was going to a party without knowing a single blessed step.

Like a medieval hero with the sun shining on my shield, I set forth for my cousin's house for a few days of dancing lessons. First time I arrived, Nita had a date. The second day—her radio was out of order. I hugged the thing to a repair shop, fished out five precious pesos from my pocket and had it fixed.

When we finally managed to start the simple waltz steps, we were ready to tear each other to pieces.

"Like this," Nita began. "Hold your partner around the waist with your right arm, then gracefully lift her right hand with your left."

After Nita finally untangled herself from my clumsy hold, she said.

"One... push with your right foot... two... follow with your left foot... three... repeat step..."

"You dope!" Nita decided.

We tried all over again. For three hours, we kept it up. *One, two... push with your right... no! silly!... one... push with your right... two... get off my foot, you big ox!... repeat... One, two... one, two... That's better... Once more.*

Neighbors closed their windows, Ni-

ta's mother almost had a stroke but I was going to learn the waltz which Nita liked to call with sickening superiority, the "slow drag," if it meant breaking everybody else's eardrums.

And so the day of the party dawned. I knew a few waltz steps if I counted audibly and remembered my right arm from my left, knew the right formula that was supposed to pass for a request to dance: "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" I kept mumbling that phrase interminably in order to get it just right.

At my host's well-lighted home, I stayed in a corner watching the other young people glide by with incredible grace and ease. The orchestra was playing what sounded like a cross between a rumba and a samba and the people were gyrating and jerking as if they had had one too many. I prayed for a slow drag, memorized the formula.

When the orchestra finally wailed a smooth, slow tune I merged forth from my corner, made straight for an old classmate and stood before her.

"May...er...ah... May... ye gods, what was one supposed to say?"

She stood up smilingly and asked me, "Shall we dance?"

I felt like a thousand fools.

We made our way to the dance floor. I held her around the waist, lifted her right arm with my left only to find that both our arms stuck out in a perfect line.

"Heh-heh..." I commented.

I stepped on her left foot almost immediately, attacked her right with the

same horrible clumsiness, almost walked all over her, the poor thing.

She continued to smile but after I had practically reduced her feet to a pulp, the smile became a grimace. She looked at me first in astonishment, then in bewilderment, and finally compromised with a weak facial contortion that could

have meant anything from a curse word to deliberate murder.

I looked down at her suffering face. It was too much.

"Look," I said, "shall we compromise with a coca-cola?"

That was the end of my dance.



HAIL, REDEMPTION'S HAPPY DAWN

By ANTONIO R. PAREDES

Class of 1948

Oh, wondrous light from skies of old,
To us you now unfold
The tender dawn when Christ was born
Thou ever blessed morn.

You did behold from days of yore
The birth of Him, our Saviour;
The Son who knew for man no scorn,
Yet was adorned with thorns.

This sacred Lamb of Heaven sent
Has come to redeem our souls...
So, hail redemption's happy dawn
We sing His praise in unison.

* * *

A CHILD ASKS AND WONDERS

By Simeon Lama

Class of 1949

One night in my silent sleep
I dreamed that mother kissed my cheek,
She turned my face and said,
"Hold on high, my boy, and you'll succeed."
But mother, how could I —
A hapless one you had left me
With wings so weak to fly alone,
Without a gleam to light my way?

We are still in the "job-hunting stage"

Adventures Of A Job-Hunter

By CATALINO H. RAMIREZ

Class of 1949

My heart pounded faster and faster. One moment more and the train stopped. I asked myself, "Is this Manila?"

Men in blue uniform rushed to meet us. I hastily took my suitcase and hurried my way to the impenetrable row of vehicles.

Where I would be going was my first problem. I took the crumpled piece of note which was handed to me some months ago by my kind uncle. The note read: "240 Miguelin." I approached an old cochero and asked him how much he would charge me if he were to take me to the said place. I found out that I had nothing left but 50 centavos in my pocket. Suppose he would charge me 50 centavos, then I would not have a single penny left. Suppose I would not find my uncle in the given address, where would I eat and sleep? Those thoughts occurred to me. After a moment of breathless emotion and hesitation, I boarded the calesa with the understanding that I would pay thirty centavos, which amount, I learned later, was thrice the usual fare.

Luckily I found the given address. My uncle, kind and generous, received me with warmth and joy.

That night, I lay awake tossing on bed, recalling and picturing in my mind nature's green scenery in the province, the wide grassy lanes, the vast rice-fields, my dear parents at home, my rustic acquaintances, the rolling mountains, and running brooks, the birds and the

buzzing bees, the carabaos, and all other things created by the Almighty for men to love. Now, in the city, towering buildings, multi-colored neon lights, tall concrete houses, modern cars of all makes, and noisy moving people welcomed my sight.

Soon my uncle showed me the wonders of Manila. I thought: How happy Manila is! How beautiful are its tall buildings compared with our tottering nipa huts! How beautiful the girls are with their tight-clad bodies, their curly hair and their high-heeled shoes, their graceful steps and eyes so captivating, unlike our provincial maids!

And as I sat alone in the small room rented by my uncle, I thought of that night when my uncle and I had been chatting together one night in our nipa hut where I had first seen the light of day, when my uncle was trying to convince me to come and stay with him in Manila. He had said, "In Manila, you will have a bright future..."

On the second day of my stay, the most tragic thing in my life happened. My uncle whom I had dearly loved suddenly died. It was heart attack, they said. Thus, my one and only inspirer, one who had tried to introduce to me that land of new hope — Manila — had deserted me forever, leaving me to suffer whatever Fate had in store for me.

I had stayed in the city for just a few days, and should I go back to the prov-

ince? Never. I had promised my parents and friends in my hometown that I would fight for my education. They had envied me and had thought I was lucky. Would I return so soon? Of course not. I decided to stay.

Thus, began my search for a job. After a week, I could not find one. I went with hopeful eyes from firm to firm, street to street, inquiring and begging for that elusive thing called "job." I tried my utmost, hopefully and patiently looking for one but all was in vain. My efforts and my desires, as well as my clothes and little money left were little by little consumed. Seldom had I met a kind fellow who would say, "Sorry, my boy, but we do not need you now. Come back some other day." Most others were rough. They shut the doors of their offices right on my face immediately upon knowing my purpose. Often I went home tired, hungry, worried, and hopeless. However, in my

dreams, some threads of hope still remained.

My disappointments in job-hunting soon made me think seriously of returning to the province. With the little money given me by my aunt, the widow of my deceased uncle, I prepared to return home. I packed up my things and proceeded to Tutuban station. Fortunately, however, a twist of good luck came my way. I met a townmate who told me where to get a job. A job! At last I was accompanied to a law office in Rizal Avenue. I began working with a meager salary, later increased owing to my diligence and honesty.

Now I am contented—so far. At least I do not belong anymore to that vast army of discontented, indigent persons traversing the dirty streets of Manila job-hunting. I resolve to continue my studies. And with the help of my kind employer, I am now as everyone sees, studying in the Arellano University.

SILVER LININGS

Never lose an opportunity of saying a kind word or doing a kind act.

—*Paul de Vere*

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness.

—*Irving*

Trust men and they will be true to you.

—*Emerson*

Patience sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptation.

—*G. Horne*

A new edifice shall arise, not out of the ashes of the past, but out of the standing materials of the living present.

—*Manuel L. Quezon*

To do right at all times, in all times, in all places, and under all conditions, may take courage, but it pays, for the world is always looking for moral heroes to fill its high places.

—*Theodore Roosevelt*

Good sense, kindness of heart and a proper self-respect are the elements of the best manners.

—*Edwards*

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

By ENRIQUE P. SAN JOSE

When cold winds blow on December nights and people once more gaily spread tidings of joy, Christmas is definitely in the air. Then the simple poor and the elegant rich think only of giving, of sharing and remembering. Whether in the metropolis where the sordidness of everyday living crushes the hopes of many a struggling soul or in the remote rural nooks where life goes so slowly and simply that time seems to overtake it, Christmas affords the one respite in a troubled world. Imagine the mansions of the rich where on Christmas Eve brilliant tinsels hung on huge Christmas trees softly illumine the big rooms and the numerous gifts. Think of the homes of many more where the absence of Christmas trees and gay lanterns do not stifle the ringing of laughter in the entire house. Imagine, too, the hovels and the shanties of the poor where life's sweet songs is heard and where lips gladly smile and hearts feel lighter. In all these different levels of life, the spirit of Christmas pervades alike, and he who feels that Christmas is in the heart, and not in the purse, celebrates that spirit.

Christmas is not only the heritage of Christians. Its spirit is universal and its realm is all mankind. Because true Christmas, like true Christianity, is not in the race, the creed, or the color of men. True Christmas springs from the heart and whosoever feels and acts in the spirit of making others free and happy is a real Christian. Conflicting political and economic ideologies of the different nations have rocked the whole

world every now and then; greed, envy, and hate have by turns wrought sorrow, evil and destruction to man. The eternal question of survival and supremacy has uprooted the very foundations of our civilization. Yet, these very dismal realities make us all the more grateful for the blessings of Christmas.

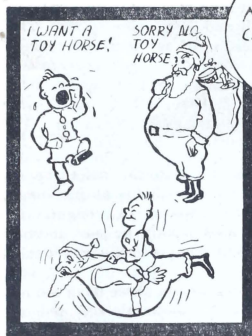
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." But ever since the advent of the atomic age, man has become perplexed and frightened. He is afraid for himself and his kind. He is afraid not to inherit the earth—or worse still, not to live in it at all. But the terrors and evils of warfare have deeply gashed the life of man. Most of the countries of war-ridden Europe and a great portion of China are stricken with famine today. We still cower at the remembrance of the sufferings during the war years; but we are not yet fully aware of the great misery in the lean years to come.

Christmas is coming again. Here in the Philippines, despite the many complaints and undesirable things that we have in life, we are blessed with comparative good fortune. We are relatively in a better position to help than to be helped. We have, therefore, much to thank God for.

Let this Christmas be one of warm friendliness and unstinting generosity. Let it also be a reminder of the old familiar blessing to a hushed and waiting world: "Peace on earth and good will—to men . . ."

VIGNETTES

by ALBERTO TOLENTINO



THIS WILL MAKE A NICE CHRISTMAS TREE



How The "Arellano Star" Is Made

By Agustin A. Arroyo

Well folks, I guess it is my turn now to tell you a story. This is a story about how your paper comes to being. The work is not easy. One has to sweat it out as they say.

First thing we do is collect all sorts of materials ranging from poems, stories, to love complaints conveyed through poems and other outbursts. It takes us about ten days to gather all the stuff. Some people are even so inconsiderate as to have me run after their pictures, articles, etc. This is not serious, folks. In fact, it's fun running after people, you know. It sets my lazy legs to work. Well, so much for that.



Next step is the selection and correction of materials for publication. Here we have to select and judge articles from the point of view of their originality and timeliness. It is not important that one write about the atom bomb, the theory of relativity, or other things one does not know much about. One can write about the ants, flowers, grass, moon, earth or anything as long as he thinks it can be understood by all because he understands it himself.

I think correction is the dirtiest part of the work. The articles pass from one editor to another, a thought added here, an unnecessary line deleted there. Some-



times the material has to be rewritten completely until the author himself does not recognize it any longer. However, this falls mostly on our uncomplaining advisers who as they say, get the dirtiest job.

About two or three days are necessary to type all materials accepted for publication. But the poor typist does not rest after that. There are several more rechecks before the typed materials go into print.

Here is where our staff artist comes in. I show him the finished materials and let him have an idea of the situations in several of the articles. He makes the illustrations after that and hands them to me two or three days later. It must be noticed that our staff artist is the author of the now famous Vignettes. He is full of fancy and funny ideas. We sure are lucky to have him around.

After receiving last minute instructions on technical points from our advisers, I go to the engraver. Necessary measurements are made for the cuts that will be used for the "Star."

Then we go to press. There, all manuscripts are given to the press workers. The next day we all get the finished galley proofs. We first proof-read these before returning them to the press worker. Then the dummy for the "Star" is



made. A pair of scissors and a little paste are involved in this step. After the needed materials have been cut and pasted accordingly, we get an idea of how the new issue will be. Slowly but surely, the pages are arranged and numbered. The printer follows the dummy and once more makes galley proofs for this. The paging follows.

We proof-read all page proofs thoroughly letting them pass the section editor's eyes. The necessary corrections

are done with each editor putting his initial on each of the page proofs. This indicates that he has gone through them. When everything has been thoroughly proof-read, we submit the page proofs back to the printer where he attends to the numerous errors. These errors he corrects and places them where they belong. We do not stop there. We go on proof-reading the corrected page-proofs. We do not take chances. We are sure to find some more blunders. I stay at the press until late in the evening editing them myself. The proofs have to be proof-read all over again. About three or four sets of corrected page-proofs are gone all over. Soon all the the page proofs are given to the printer and the rest everybody knows.

It's a dog's life but it's fun!

I AM THE PRINTING PRESS

By ROBERT H. DAVIS

I am the printing press, born of mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion of tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's minds with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing press.

AT CHRISTMAS DAWN

By ENRICO NANO
Class of 1949

We are approaching a day of transcendental significance. It was on this day that the salvation of man was fulfilled with the birth of a Saviour in Bethlehem. Even the worst inveterate foes cast aside rancor and embraced one another in fraternal love. For there was proclaimed a message from the green pastures of David "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth among men of good will."

December 25th ushers the dawn of a better age. On this day let the Christian world be consecrated to the noblest ideals attributed by Him to all those who believe in the grandeur and sublimity of His teachings—ideals that mean love and kindness, humility and faith, charity and justice. These great virtues if faithfully heeded will bring us peace, prosperity, and progress.

If men remain unaware of the significance of this day and decline to treasure the truths within their hearts, then all noble ideals should be given up.

We have witnessed how others threatened to destroy the impregnable edifice of Christianity. We have heard of the plunder of homes, churches, and towns; of wholesale slaughter in the most unspeakably inhuman methods ever conceived by the mind. But they were ultimately doomed. God always stands on the side of right and forever guides the destinies of men. It can not be denied that the last war in which we were involved was but a struggle between two conflicting forces, that of right and that of might. But right was, and will always be, the winner.

After having escaped death we thought there was peace at last. We believed, perhaps, that no longer would we need to sacrifice the lives of our countrymen in the battlefields. Today, however, men in whose veins run the ideals of Rizal, Bonifacio, and Del Pilar have betrayed the dead heroes. Read the pages of the dailies and carefully peruse what is happening in the once verdant fields of Northern Luzon. Why does brother murder his own brother? Is it not very well written in the scroll of ages that God forbids such a tragedy? Would that the men in the plains of Pampanga forget for a moment the crime and carnage of war, and gaze back upon the King of Kings whose divine doctrines stand as the strongest pillars of humanity.

If we mean to build a more enduring structure of universal peace upon a foundation of solidarity, we should lay aside suspicion, hatred, and jealousy; learn all over again the old lessons of love, humility, and kindness. Let us develop in ourselves the spirit of unity, not sectionalism; of cooperation, not antagonism. Let us work together and muster all our efforts for a common cause. For by only doing these can we rest assure that the noble objectives we pursue can be achieved.

We are face to face with another Christmas. Christ said: "Let him who has two tunics share with him who has none..." The gentle admonition is plain enough.

At Christmas dawn let us dedicate ourselves to Him. This is the way of Christians — aware of their God and their fellow men.

Memo To A Young Sister:

By *REMEDIOS F. ADAMOS*
Class of 1948

I have been sitting here for two hours although it seems like eternity to me. The pale silver of the moon is nowhere to be seen. Nothing has been left in the sky save a handful of stars winking their jeweled eyes at me. "You have been a fault-finder," they seem to say. "You have been too severe," the cool breeze whispers. "You expected too much," hint the ghostly banana trees.

I cover my face. A lump rises up my throat and waves of compunction sweep over me. I do not dare look at the stars, the trees, do not wish to let the breeze fan my flushed face. I want to think, to be alone.

I am thinking of this morning, sister. I scolded you when you woke up but didn't get out of bed at once. Again, with no justifiable reason at all, I disapproved of your wearing your yellow dress to school. I called you a glutton when you gulped down your food at breakfast and ordered you to wash the dishes as a penalty for spilling your chocolate on the table cloth. After thinking everything over now, I know I had been unjust because you really didn't commit faults intentionally. When you said that you were going to be late for school, I called you a fool for being in such a hurry and recklessly refused you enough time to catch your school bus.

When you arrived this noon, you brought flowers for me but, fool that I was, I only glanced at them and didn't even mutter my thanks. In fact, I was still sore about the stain on the table

cloth and wanted to show you that I still didn't forgive you. As if to err were not human! Seeing you undisturbed by my ingratitude, I rebuked you on being extravagant in buying flowers we didn't need. My face burns now in remembering that you didn't retort but only whispered to Mother later, that you had received the flowers from a friend.

That afternoon, you wished to play hide and seek inside the house with your playmates but I degraded you in front of them by saying that you would only make the house look like a pig pen. I would give anything now, sister, to take back my words as I see all over again the grieved look on your dear face.

Before going to bed, you prayed without knowing that I was near enough to hear your prayers. You asked God to give peace to your family, to help you be a good girl so that sister would not scold you. You also asked God to be sure to make you a good little girl.

"Little girl." That part of your prayer set me thinking again. My remorse grows tenfold. Why had I acted thus? Was it because I expected too much from you? Dear sister, I had forgotten that you are only a little girl! You look like a baby, and the standard of maturity which I would impose upon you is too rigid. I had fancied you as a grown-up when in reality, you are just a sweet, unspoiled, simple child—a little girl.

I bow my head, tears of pity stream—
(Continued on page 23)

Peace to all men . . .

The Importance Of Universal Brotherhood

By PAT CORONEL

Class of 1948

We have just experienced the exigencies of a terrible war and have profited much from the lessons that it brought to mankind, yet the world does not seem to make any headway in establishing lasting peace among the nations that compose it. The reason is obvious. Nations are still vying with one another to increase their fields of influence; rulers all over the world are still discontented with the territories under them; and individuals still retain their petty jealousies with one another. It is clear, therefore, that the union of ideas as well as of sentiments is a goal hard to attain.

How can this deplorable condition be overcome? It was a learned Oriental, Mo Ti, who furnished a solution to this state of things. Centuries ago, he advocated universal brotherhood and mutual aid in his philosophical discourses. Had mankind heeded his wise teachings and applied his theories in everyday activities, conflicts would have been averted. According to him, if you regard others in the light of your ownself, you will not feel any resentment towards anybody; no individual rivalries will rise into national proportions.

Adopting this policy of mutual aid would mean the growth of patriotism,

that element present in any individual who has a strong devotion and filial duty to the land of his birth. Patriotism is a beautiful thing. It has made possible glorious defenses of countries whose freedom had been threatened; it has preserved the union and strength of states whose disintegration seemed imminent. But patriotism can also mean another thing. It may signify sectionalism to an individual who would welcome a change for what he thinks may be better. It is not a fact that because of misguided patriotism the world has been dragged from one war into another? Japan's betrayal in the Pacific and Germany's participation in the last war was caused by no other than this so-called patriotism which plunged the world into a sea of fire and blood. Certainly, God did not intend the earth to become a bloody arena wherein mankind would be sacrificed.

Universal brotherhood and mutual aid—if these doctrines were only followed thru the centuries, nations would not hanker for more powers and privileges as they are doing now. Instead, the concept of a One World envisaged by a concerted assembly of united nations would become a reality.

(Continued from page 22)

ing down my face, pity for you who had borne my rebukes patiently, without protests. I bow my head, ashamed.

When the next day comes, I will start

to be a real sister, a pal who shall share joy and sorrow with you. I shall try to remember that you are but a little girl.

Good night . . .

How discouraged are you?

Defeats and Triumphs

By Ricardo A. Supleo
Class of 1949

Life is not as rosy as we think. It is a difficult and continuous experiment, often disappointing. It is not like a problem in arithmetic wherein the answer may be found at the back of the textbook; but it is a lesson you may learn only in the University of hard knocks. Sometimes you are up; sometimes you are down, and so on. This life rises and recedes as the great ocean waves of distant lands. At times the problems would appear puzzling, even hopeless; but if you have the will everything could be solved.

Life is sown with pit-falls threatening to cripple the unwary. It has its visions and glories and yet it has bitter deceptions. Life has its field teeming with jealousies, intrigues, doubts, and passions, where men at times fight like beasts, the strong trampling upon the weaklings, and the weak upon the downtrodden. It is veritably a long road where inequalities and injustices may strike you at the back. Life has its lies camouflaged, with seeming sincerity. Such is the way of life but we must face daringly the dark realities with unflinching courage.

We must bear in mind that all successful men have chartered their courses when they were young. For every dream, backed up by the willingness to pay its price, there is always a corres-

ponding grain of accomplishment.

If you are betrayed, still you must not give up. For the man who wins is the man who would not quit. Indeed, growth, not perfection, is the key word of the Universe so the saying goes. The baby becomes a man, the man grows and everybody grows. The beginning of the hardest molave out of which we build our strong houses was a frail seed, and what was the strong rocks thousand of centuries ago but a soft mass of dirty mud? The vast oceans of today grew out of a mere drop of rain.

Success is like riding a bicycle. You are all right if you keep going on, but if you try to stand still you will surely fall. What is experience but the sum total of our mistakes? While the goal of our existence is perfection its condition is growth; consequently our hopes of perfection is based upon our ability to use our mistakes. Instead of disheartening us, mistakes should encourage us for they are part of our equipment in life. Your proficiency in Algebra is virtually the product of many waking nights of studies and your character is the result of many by-passed temptations.

We must remember therefore that the greatest successes were the fruits of struggles against hardships and handicaps.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

By Felino Baladjay
Class of 1948

For the happy things that Christmas tide brings to us we thank our Lord. The spirit of Christmas is ever the same from the beginning of Christianity. It will never grow old.

In school, children are happy during Christmas. They get up early and prepare their gifts. Games are played and songs are sung. They decorate the Christmas trees and hang gifts addressed to their friends. The vacation is at hand and everybody is looking forward to some thrilling events. They depart after the merry-making with just the same old wish, "Merry Christmas."

In the provinces programs are held on Christmas Day. The midnight mass is then attended to after which the people feast on home-made cakes, cookies, chocolate, and home-made sweetmeats.

In my hometown, Christmas is the merriest festivity of the year. For ten days before Christmas Day the early morning mass is said. Street singers go from house to house asking for

Christmas gifts till the day of Epiphany. On Christmas Day programs, operettas and dances are held. Thus do they show the Christmas spirit.

Even the poor are happy this time of the year. The pealing of the midnight bells thrills their hearts anxious to take part of the season's celebration.

The hillbilly gets up earlier to pasture his carabao; the laborer sets aside this day for prayer.

The loving mother, the father, the sister and the brother are pining for one away from home. To a student in the city, to a soldier in the field, to a statesman abroad, to a minister who tends his flock, to a voyager, to everyone away from home, Christmas burns in the heart.

We resolve to pray this Season for mutual understanding among people, for relief to their suffering, for their happiness and comfort, for their belief in God that we may live as one in one happy world.



The secret of life is not to do what you like but to like what you do.

—*A World Treasury of Proverbs*

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

—*Great Truths by Great Authors.*

Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith—the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible.

—*Sir William Osler*

Society is a masked ball where everyone hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.

—*Emerson*

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By ARTEMIO Y. JERUS

Class of 1948

Feel the early sweet December breezes,
Sweet December's chilly kisses;
Feel the gladness of his coming,
Feel the love-thots of thy prayers,
And the magic touches of his fingers:
Feel them well this Christmas evening
With a feeling of sad-relieving.

Hear the sweet songs that gladden,
Down the lanes from merry children;
Hear the carolled, sweet vibrations
Of the bells' reverberations;
Hear the aged organs playing
And the gladsome choirs singing:
Hear them all this Christmas evening
For Christmas joy is reigning.

See the stars in blissful rapture,
Twinkling bright with silent gesture;
See the multicolored lanterns
Dancing in the winds like ferns;
See them guide the lovers walking
Hand in hand this Christmas evening.
See them all! and see me wander
With my Remie sweet and tender



NO GUARANTEE

The one we love cannot be ours alone,
For love is lent, it never can be given.
There is no guarantee that it will stay
Forever. If this moment it is ours,
Treasure it gently, even as it flies.
Life gives no guarantee on happiness.
Accept it when it comes, be grateful, glad.
What if tomorrow rain may fall? Today?
The warm sun shines. Drink fully. Life is ours.

—Submitted by Restituto Tobias

Religion—a wonder drug

Is Religion the Cure for Moral Ills?

By Ildefonso C. Resuello

Class of 1948

Everyday we hear of murders, daylight holdups, prostitution, bribery, and other moral ills that are gripping the nation. Are we losing the admirable virtues of our forefathers?

We pause and meditate. We ask ourselves, "What might be the possible cause of this disintegration of character?" We have sought remedies to check the rise of criminality. We have increased our police force, we have passed stricter laws. But all are in vain. Then we blame it on the war. We blame our schools. We blame everything except ourselves.

Let us analyze facts. Today we go to school and get stuffed with information. Our education is mainly concerned with the development of the mind. We are taught numerals and problem-solving but will arithmetic develop us morally? Reading and arithmetic would enable a man to express his thoughts clearly and readily, but at the same time they would give him a tool and beguile his fellowmen. Wisdom is man's greatest weapon, but its possession by the unprincipled would be as dangerous as .45 automatic pistol in the hands of a gangster. Learning, therefore, should advance side by side with a firm moral foundation otherwise such learning would lose its course.

What then is the solution?

The most effective way, if not the only way to instill the admirable virtues of our forefathers to the youth is through a return to religion. The deficiency in our present education has been the cause of the moral deterioration. No training is complete without developing the heart and soul. Moral rehabilitation should be carried as vigorously as economic and industrial rehabilitation and this is possible only through religion.

Religion is the profoundest and most enriching educational influence. It is the chief school in which mankind can learn and understand the worth and sacredness of human life. It enables an individual to realize the infinite value of character. It imparts the lessons of truth, humility, hope, love, and faith. It gives the multitude the power not merely to believe, but to cling to righteousness and to live in God. It teaches the supreme value of inner purity and holiness and guides all men to a realization of the truth that they alone are free who free themselves from within. Without morality there can be no religion, and without religion there can be no morality. In short, morality and religion go hand in hand. And to restore morality to the nation, we must return to religion.

GREAT AND SMALL

If you would please a great man, make him satisfied with you, if you would please a small man, make him satisfied with himself.

—*Bishop Warburton*

ECONOMY

By REMEDIOS CARRILLO
Class of 1950

Try to make every peso go as far as possible. Be simple in your tastes and daily life. Practice self-control.

Many a pupil's expenses are being paid by hard-working parents whose savings are counted in centavos after-days spent in pounding out clothes by the stream, and nights spent in smoothing them out with a heavy iron. Some enjoy the quiet comfort of the school room while their fathers and mothers wade ankle-deep in the rice paddies, transplanting young crop that is to pay for the books and clothes of their boys and girls. Many a self-sacrificing serving girl is busy with the needle, keeping a brother in school. Many a faithful little school mistress is working hard in some remote barrio to help educate a sister. But how many of you realize these hardships?

How can you repay these faithful workers? Take care of your clothes, of your books, of your money. Try to save, for saving is a good habit to cultivate. Saving does not mean never spending; it means spending only for the most necessary and useful things.

Boys and girls keep an expense account to keep track of expenses.

These are days of great opportunity for Filipino boys and girls. Much is being done for you both by the government and by your ambitious parents. Many of you, even now, by your own handiwork are earning a little. That little if wisely spent, may help you toward developing great plans. Take care of your moments. Economize in every way you can, and "lend a hand" when you go home.

SMOKE

By LOURDES GAMBOA
Class of 1949

I stood before a pile of burning wood, watching the smoke creep out of the spaces between the logs, commingle into one great column of smoke rising, wriggling, and writhing like a snake as it rose.

I watched it go up until it was lost in the arid blue of the sky. I set to thinking how very much alike the smoke and life are! And inside me welled up remorse and revolt; remorse and revolt against turning to dust after a span of years.

I stood up and looking heavenward, I cried out: "Why can not men go on living forever and forever feel the joy, the exultancy, and the glory of life?"

But there was only windless silence and the aridness of April around me, and as I lay down a thousand questions passed through my mind. Why must there be weariness? Why must there be loneliness? Why must there be tumult, and the fret of life? Why must there be no end to loneliness and to the million things held dear upon this earth?

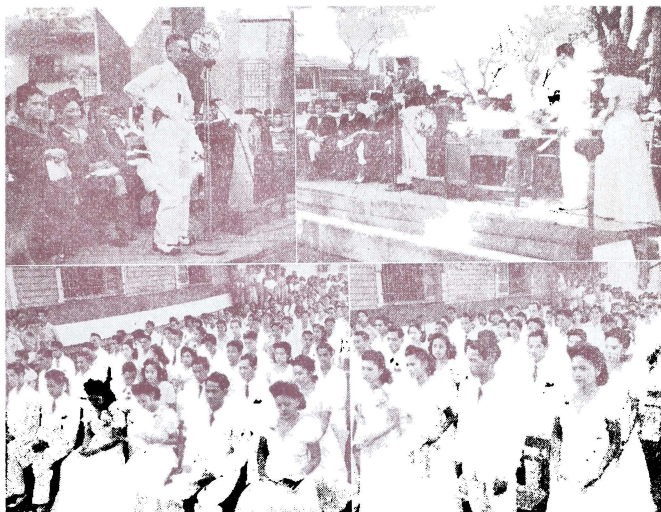
I sought to find an answer to the questions, but I could not. How could I? Only God knows. Only God who owns this earth, who made this earth and the men living upon it knows.

And I stood up and looked at the fire. The fire was burning fiercely; the smoke rose and faded in the clouds.

* * *

Readers are of two kinds—the reader who carefully goes through a book, and the reader who as carefully lets the book go through him.

—Douglas Jerrold



GRADUATION DAY OF THE OCTOBERIANS

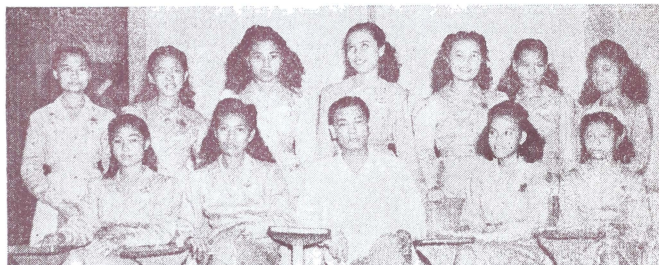
Superintendent of City Schools Venancio Trinidad addresses the graduating class (members of the faculty in impressive caps and gowns listen). President Florentino Cayco distributes the diplomas as Director Jacinto S. Galimba reads the list of graduates (top photo). Lower photo shows the graduating class eagerly awaiting their diplomas.





ESTER O. DE JESUS COMES HOME

J. Sumulong High School students welcome Miss de Jesus, one of the young delegates to the Oslo (Norway) conference. Left to right: Miss de Jesus describing her impressions of the recent trip abroad; President Enrico Nano of the J. Sumulong Student Council delivering a speech of welcome; the students witnessing the ceremony.



AU MANILA JUNIOR POLICEWOMEN:

First row, left to right: Iuminada Jocson; Sgt. Geronimo Omuga; Mr. Amador San Pedro, adviser; Sgt. Filomena Reyes; Carmen Eustaquio.

Second row, left to right: Juliet Roldan; Genoveva Abdon; Felicidad Malsan; Arseli Backer; Celia Eustaquio; Magdalena Galaraga; Elvira Peñaranda.

The Legend Of The Christmas Tree

By RODOLFO G. PULANCO
Class of 1948

There is a legend that is connected with the Christmas Tree. One day, the story runs, Saint Wilfred was in the woods cutting down one of the sacred oaks of the Druids when a terrific wind blew up and felled the tree.

As it crashed to the ground, it split into four pieces and one piece fell in each direction. Directly behind and in the way of the falling oak, rose a young fir tree pointing its green spire up to the sky. The oak crashed to the ground, but the fir pointing to heaven remained upright and unharmed.

When Saint Wilfred saw the miraculous escape of the young tree, he proclaimed it a holy tree, saying that it was a sign of endless life because its leaves were green at all times, and since it pointed to heaven it should be called the tree of the Christ Child.

When he called the people and told them to gather about it with joy in their hearts, he bade each man to take to his own home a young fir tree which should shelter loving gifts for Christmas.

The origin of the Christmas Tree is not known. It is thought that it may be in some way connected with the great tree Ygg-drasil, of Scandinavian mythology. This tree was thought to be a gigantic evergreen tree coming from the center of the earth. In its branches were the dwelling places of the gods, men, giants, and dwarfs. The roots were highly symbolic. Among the branches, a stag fed ceaselessly upon the leaves, as the year feeds upon the endless stream of time, and four other stags consumed the buds as the seasons consume the days and hours.

Higher up the sun an eagle built his nest, and there were other animals, each of which stood for something of the wonder of the world. The golden balls and pretty toys which are hung upon Christmas Trees are relics of the old symbols of the moon and sun and stars and other characters which had their connection with this old mythological tree. And today there is a Christmas Tree in almost every Christian home in all parts of the world.

CAN YOU PUNCTUATE THIS SENTENCE?

That that is is that that is not is not but that that is not is not that that is nor is that that is that that is not.

That, that is, is; that, that is not, is not; but that, that is not, is not that that is; nor is that, that is, that that is not.

—Ripley

*Commencement address delivered
before October graduates on November 14*

Educational Implications of the Establishment of the Republic of the Philippines

By **VENANCIO TRINIDAD**
Superintendent of City Schools, Manila

It is a happy coincidence that your graduation falls on the eve of the twelfth anniversary of the inauguration of our Commonwealth. I, therefore, deem it proper to recall on this occasion the implications of that historic event—implications made even more meaningful by the last World War and by the establishment of our Republic over a year ago.

Since the change of our political status our paramount concern has naturally been to strengthen the foundation of our new nation. We have lost no time and spared no efforts in the development of our natural resources, in stimulating our industries, in improving our communication and transportation systems, in adopting measures for improving the lot of our teeming masses, in the further expansion of our school system, in streamlining our government machinery—all for the purpose of insuring for every citizen of this country the fullest possible measure of happiness, liberty, and justice.

But the strength of a nation, its greatness as well as its prestige do not rest upon its material wealth alone. The change of our political status has implications far deeper than the development of our natural resources and the readjustment in our national economy. It implies a remoulding of our

modes of thinking and the character of our people in the light of our new status as an independent nation and of the changed world conditions resulting from the last war.

Our Republic was born at a time when we are confronted with the gigantic task not only of rebuilding our country from the wreckage of the last war but also of mending and reinforcing the broken morale of our people. Never before have offenses against life and property been committed with such impunity as at present. There is not a day when we do not read in the newspapers cases of cold-blooded murders, ambushes, robbery in band—sporadic it may be true, but nevertheless an open challenge to constituted authorities and a threat to our young Republic. We, likewise, hear of some people who, perhaps in their desire to rehabilitate themselves over-night, seem to forget that honesty is the best policy. And yet we decry the existence of juvenile delinquency when our youth are thus exposed to perverted standards of morality exemplified by adults. It would help but little, if any at all, if we consider these violent manifestations of a sagging morality as mere after effects of the war. We should take them as indicators of fundamental weaknesses in the character of our people to the

end that we may find where to apply the proper remedy.

The recent change of our political status requires a corresponding change in our behavior and modes of thinking. Through centuries of experience as a subject people, we have developed and even nurtured a false feeling of inferiority. We have been taught to be loyal to the sovereign state to which we owed allegiance—Spain and then the United States. Today, after the grant of our independence, we are no longer confused by such divided loyalties. We now owe allegiance to only one country, the Philippines, and loyalty to only one flag, the Filipino flag. Without intervention by any alien government we can now chart our own course of action for our welfare and survival as a nation. The injunction is: We should no longer behave and think as colonials but as a people free and independent.

The old vision of a world organization for the preservation of peace again looms in the horizon. More and more the ideal of one world is gaining universal acceptance. The two world wars testify to the indivisibility of mankind, to the fact that "the peoples of one section of the world can remain peaceful and secure only if peoples in all other parts enjoy peace and security." "A genuine security that is world-wide and mutual between peoples is imperative—the prerequisite for survival in an age of atomic energy. The UNO is the political instrument of this aspiration. The atom bomb is the power whose cosmic effects are forcing all, except the stubbornly conservative and the supra nationalist, to fashion a new relation beyond the barriers of nationalism. The cry is for one government... one world... one humanity."

We are not only an active but also a respected member of that organization. This fact implies that while we should be strongly nationalistic, at the same time we should consider ourselves a part and parcel of one world, of one humanity. "Particularly in these days when the social scene presents both potentialities for good and threats to people as well as to established institutions," a critical appraisal of the elements of modern society becomes an indispensable requisite for successful adjustment to the new world situation.

The task of remoulding our modes of thinking, of fashioning such a pattern of citizenship as will be in complete harmony with the new status of our nation and with its position in the family of independent nations of the world, devolves primarily upon the schools. But is the present educational set-up adequate for this vital task? Most certainly not. In our national planning, we did not seem to have given a careful appraisal of the role of our schools as a factor in nation building. On the contrary, as a measure of economy, the Educational Act of 1940 was passed, reducing the elementary curriculum from seven to six years and the school attendance from one to half a day through the introduction of the two-single-session program. We have in effect devalitized what we profess to be democracy's first line of defense—our system of public education.

While the expansion of our public schools is vitally important, at the same time we can ill afford to sacrifice accepted and desirable school standards. In no progressive country in the world can we find a pattern of education so abbreviated and so impoverished as ours. What they have been trying to accomplish in the United States in eight years,

using their own language, we try to do in about three years, using a language not our own. And with what results? According to Director Abada of the Bureau of Public Schools the graduates of the elementary schools under the present six-year curriculum are no better than the fourth graders under the old educational set-up. Classroom teachers, principals, supervisors, and school superintendents have the same view. They all agree that the products of our schools are mediocre and ill-equipped to discharge their duties as citizens or to pursue advanced studies in the higher institutions of learning. In the words of Dean Benitez of the College of Education, University of the Philippines, we are attempting to build here a concrete national structure on a bamboo foundation. The demands of citizenship in a democracy, especially in a young republic such as ours, require the development not only of effective minds and skillful hands but also sound character equal to these demands. This requires a change in educational emphasis from quantity to quality.

We of the present generation do not yet feel the full effects of this abbreviated system of education. We still have leaders in the government service, in business, in education, and industry, who, by training and experience, are equal to the tasks on hand. It is only when these leaders will have passed out of the scene and when only the products of our present system of education will have been called upon to carry on that this country will come to realize that it had lagged behind the other countries of the world. Intellectual bankruptcy is as disastrous to a country as financial bankruptcy.

This is not all. Dearth in intelligent leadership as well as in intelligent fol-

lowership is perhaps the most potential menace to democratic institutions. Demagoguery, caciquism, and dictatorship thrive best in a country where the level of intelligence of its people is low. Limited education is indeed an anachronism in a democracy.

We should not delude ourselves into believing that because we have been able to admit in our schools all children of school age that these children are receiving the desired quality of education. Mere admission to a school is not synonymous with education. There is no short cut to education. In six years and under the two-single-session program we can not expect to produce the type of citizens who will be not only a credit to our young Republic but also its pillars. Men of limited and superficial education are a more potential menace to society than men of no formal education.

At a plenary session of the UNESCO held in Mexico City Secretary Abello urged that organization "strive to bring up a generation with the following equipment: social background, where co-operation is the rule; education in the upbuilding of peace and the promotion of international understanding; a cultural pattern rich and diversified yet unified through scientific grounding which will include man's mastery of his natural environment, and acceptance of dispassionate, scientific methodology as basis for intellectual equipment, thus eliminating ignorant prejudices which are ready tools of those who would create tension and war." Since we are members of the UNESCO, it is presumed that these aims should be the same aims of education in the Philippines. The question is: Is our present abbreviated and impoverished system of education adequate to pro-

duce a generation envisaged by our spokesman at the UNESCO conference?

My young friends: You may be wondering why I am presenting to you these problems which should be the concern of men with maturer judgment and particularly of those who are responsible for shaping our educational policies. My main purpose is to charge you with the mission of apprising the public of the seriousness of the present educational situation. I am aware of certain proposals of our educational authorities to so reform the system that it will be more responsive to our present needs both as an independent people and as a member of the United Nations Organ-

ization. You can do much in mobilizing public opinion for the acceleration of the desired improvement. For its high standards, our school system was reported in the past as one of the most progressive school systems in the world. We should lose no time in restoring the same high standards. Now more than ever before do we need a system of education that can train effectively the type of citizenry demanded by our new status and by the new world situation. It is time for us to act now if we desire to keep our respected position in the concert of free nations and if we mean to maintain in this country a government truly of the people, by the people, and for the people.

STUDENT TRAITS

By Jesus M. Manalili
Class of 1950

The progress of the world depends upon the success of everyone. But, before we think of this, we must first answer a question. "What is success?" Success is the result of self-preparation and self-discovery. It is the attainment of a desired end at the right time, at the right place and in the right way.

The school is the cradle of success and perseverance, where the successful student fondly hopes that in the fullness of time his dream might touch a responsive chord in the hearts of men.

The best possession of a student who wants to succeed is a sound body. Health is more important than wealth. A sound mentality is the by-product of a sound body. Clear thinking, efficiency, and

pleasure come from a healthy body.

A very important element in a successful student's life is the practice of thrift. Thrift is a virtue. It means self-denial. He who can deny himself is wise and virtuous. For thrift is one of the surest guarantees to personal independence.

Appreciation of the value of time and self-control are other prerequisites to success.

A student who aims to succeed must face life with all his courage and firmness. And if glory and honor crown him, he should never feel too proud of it.

A student must think not only of the present but also of the future. He must look ahead of his time.

MOTHER LOVE

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumber your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen



Keep Christmas In Your Heart

By ALFREDO JAVIER

Class of 1948

Christmas is the world's most celebrated holiday. It is light and laughter, love and tenderness, sympathy and good impulses; dedicated to the well being of all of us. It reaffirms the basic elements of human goodness.

We lose much of the real value in our progress because we so often do not distinguish between those ideas and actions which lead us ahead and those which hold us back. We can obtain the happiness for which our progress was destined only if we have the wisdom to pick up the threads from the homely wall motto of our earlier lives: "DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD OTHERS DO UNTO YOU,"

It is nearly 2,000 years since that need

was expressed through the birth of the Christ Child. In all the books and through all the years there has never been a better guide for the solution of our problems. Right now, in the aftermath of war, we have come to a crucial point. This simple principle could lead us to a new and better era.

But we must not think only in terms of political, social and economic changes but of moral and spiritual developments which may someday change everything. We must never forget that our moral deeds should be guided by the golden rule.

Christmas should be a rededication to this old and wise rule.

An Appeal For Good Manners In The Library

By Flavio C. Gamayot
Class of 1948

We students must be wide readers. If the teachers who have undergone years of study still make use of their extra minutes sitting in the library and reading, the students must bear in mind that they must work even harder.

True, not all of us are lazy. But many of us often misbehave in the library. As we observe some students go to the library not for the purpose of reading and studying but to disturb the ladies and friends. The library is not a place for chatting, conversing, poking, playing and kidding, but it is a place for reading and study. Yet, we often see our library like a store in a busy street. A library may just as well be termed as a "store," but it is not a sari-sari store. It is a store room of knowledge.

With respect to the duties of our Manila Junior Police, the maintenance of peace and order must be their main concern. I regret to say that many of them do not live up to expectation. Are they only after that golden insignia bearing the letters MJP for a show-off

and to frighten the non-members of the force smoking a few feet away from the gate inside? This reminds me of what happened one afternoon about twenty minutes before classes began. I was in the library reading my current events review for our test in history. I was at the height of my review when one of the bosses of the MJP (the name I need not mention) entered the library. I thought at first that he would stop the others talking and laughing. On the other hand he began lecturing in a loud voice that made the noise worse. My concentration was disturbed, so with the others. Our patient librarian could not help but stop them in a gentle voice. The noise was not cut off until one of the serious readers raised his voice indignantly and thus ended the pandemonium. The boss then faced our librarian and said, "I'm sorry, please excuse me madam," but that excuse was too late!

The disturbances in the library above-mentioned could have been avoided. I appeal, therefore, to my fellow students, especially to the MJP to respect the library and the rights of those reading therein.



Someone put an exceedingly impertinent question to Mark Twain in a letter, concluding with "stamp enclosed for reply."

To which the humorist replied:

"Dear Sir: Stamp received. Please send paper and envelope."

Yours, etc.,

Mark Twain."

NEWSMONTH

HONOR ROLL—

Fourth Year (Regular)

Remedios F. Adamos	91	%
Rodolfo Gapuz Pulanco	90	%

Irregular Fourth Year

Jesus Cruz	91	%
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Third Year

Agustin A. Arroyo	94	%
Leticia Gatchalian	93.3	%
Arcadio N. Sunga	92	%

Second Year

Alejandro Tapia	92	%
Evangelina Resus	92	%
Joaquin Santibañez	91	%
Ramon Magadya	91	%

First Year

Carmen Eustaquio	90	%
Anselmo Sta. Ana	90	%

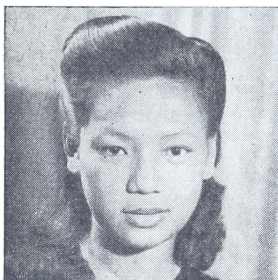
GRADUATION EXERCISES—

Mr. Venancio Trinidad, Superintendent of City Schools was the commencement speaker at the Commencement Exercises of the J. Sumulong and A. Mabini high school graduates last November 14. In

his message to the graduates, he emphasized the need of young men and women who could develop and conserve the natural resources of the country. He also urged the graduates to help the government bolster the sagging morale of the people.

Mr. Amando San Pedro, master of ceremonies, assailed those Filipinos who despise the Tagalog language declaring that it is high time for the Filipinos to use the National Language correctly. He counselled the graduates to make use of what they had learned from school so that they can be of service to their country and parents.

The honor students of the J. Sumulong High School are Elisa Angeles, valedictorian; Claudina Salazar, salutatorian; and Frederick Ygnacio, first honor. In the A. Mabini high school, the following topped honors: Marcelo de la Torre, va-



AIDA M. POLOTAN
New Editor of the Tagalog Section



JOSE C. ZAPANTA
Outgoing Tagalog Editor

ledictorian; Rose Doyola, salutatorian; and Venancio Samala, first honor. Medals were awarded to the valedictorians and salutatorians of the two high schools of the Arellano University.

Director Jacinto S. Galimba of the J. Sumulong High School presented the graduates to President Florentino Cayco who distributed diplomas.

STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS—

In a recent meeting of the Student Council, the following were officially proclaimed officers of the high school Student Council: Enrico Nano, president; Rodolfo G. Pulanco, vice-president; Liboria Agbong, secretary; Simeon Lama, treasurer; Esperanza Saguid, reporter; and Agustin A. Arroyo, sub-secretary.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION—

Aida Polotan topped a list of 30 students from the J. Sumulong and A. Mabini High Schools in a competitive examination for the editorship of the Tagalog section of the Arellano Star. Crispin Reyes and Roman Dizon were appointed associate editors.

The test which was a combination of hard and easy problems was given last November 18 under the supervision of Mr. Amando San Pedro, Tagalog instructor.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS IMPROVE—

There have been plenty of improvements done to the school buildings during the past weeks. These are in line with the policy of the administration in sparing nothing to further the betterment of the Arellano students.

Building No. 2 has recently been repainted. The stairs were made wider so that students will have an easy time in transferring from one room to another. The Biology room is now located under the library. It is equipped with modern

apparatuses.

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE—

The office of the Commandant of the ROTC Unit is now found in the balcony of second floor, Building No. 1.

RETURNING STUDENT—

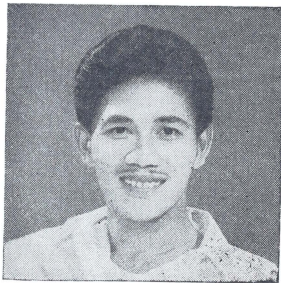
Miss Ester de Jesus gave an interesting account of her impressions abroad and reminded the students of the necessity of unity among the youth of the world. Other participants in the convocation were Agustin A. Arroyo, master of ceremonies; Enrico V. Nano, president of the Student Council; Miss Dorothy Delfin and Hermenegildo Quintana.

A luncheon in honor of Miss de Jesus was given after the program.

A. U. REPRESENTATIVES—

Two distinguished students, Agustin A. Arroyo and Aurora J. Tablan were made Arellano University representatives to the Boys and Girls Celebration under the auspices of the Mayor's office.

Various other schools sent their representatives, too. The representatives were interviewed by the offices of the



CRISPIN REYES
New Associate Tagalog Editor

Mayor, Assistant Superintendent of City Schools and Dr. Manuel Carreon, Director of Private Schools.

The Boys and Girls Week was held from the first day to the sixth day of December.

WE PROUDLY PRESENT—

Petronila Alcantara while in the library one day found a purse containing five pesos. Prompted by honesty, Petronila gave the purse to Mr. Galimba. The next day, Luz Tesore, a IV year student, thankfully claimed her lost property.

Another honest student—Angelita Betonio, found a pen on the window sill of the Ladies' Room. She immediately turned over her find to Mr. Jacinto S. Galimba, school principal.

STUDENT ORGANIZATION COMMITTEE—

The following instructors were appointed chairman and members of the Committee on Student Organization: Mrs. Felicidad C. Crisologo, chairman; Mr. Amando San Pedro, Mr. Enrique P. San Jose, Miss Angelina Garcia, Miss Milagros Saturnino, Miss Simeona Manahan, and the president of the student council, members.

FORENSIC CLUB—

Mr. Enrique P. San Jose announced that the organization of the defunct Forensic Club will be set this month. He instructed all class representatives to list those students who are willing to join the club. The best students shall be trained in debating and oratory in preparation for the coming University Week.

ENGLISH CLUB —

Representative Rosauro Gonzales of III year, section two (morning) organized an English Club recently. He was elected president of that club.

The club was organized in order to

train more students to speak better English. Members have been advised to talk English at school hours. Those violating this rule will be disqualified or fined by the club.

MATHEMATICS CLUB—

Miss Milagros Saturnino announced the organization of a Mathematics Club this month. According to her, the main purpose of this club is to help students understand and like mathematics more. It will be composed of students whose general averages are not less than 85%.

Those interested in joining should submit their names to Miss Milagros Saturnino, instructor in Algebra and Arithmetic. Projects in Mathematics for exhibition during the coming University Week are now being drafted.

TEA DANZANT—

The Girls' Club of the J. Sumulong and A. Mabini High Schools tendered a Tea Danzant last November 16 in honor of the Graduating Class of 1947. A graduation ball for the new graduates was also given at the Moonlit Terrace on November 14 by the special classes.

Aida Clamor, class sweetheart, received a corsage from Miss Milagros Saturnino as a gift.

BONIFACIO HONORED—

The Bonifacio monument at Plaza Guipit was scrubbed clean on November 28. This generous act was sponsored by the school authorities of the Arellano University.

On November 29, the elementary students paid tribute to the hero on the occasion of his birthday which fell on the 30th.

PARENTS DAY PROGRAM—

"There is no limit to a home's influence. We can go a long, long way

beyond with it. Your father and mother do not expect any reward. Our parents expect to see us making good," said Mrs. Asuncion Perez, Director, Public Welfare Bureau, in her Parents Day address to the Arellano University high school students. The program was held last December 4. The participants in the program were Rufina Benavides, Trinidad Marcelino, Rolando Paragas, Gliceria Landayan and many others. The most colorful part of the program was the Russian Dance. The dance was performed by selected girl scouts and was directed by Miss Elisa Atacador.

Mrs. Enriqueta Benavides introduced the guest speaker. Among the guests who attended were President Florentino Cayco, Mrs. Lorenza de Jesus, and Mr. Jacinto S. Galimba. Miss Aurora Tablan was master of ceremonies.

JP MEETING —

The officers and members of the Arellano Manila Junior Police recently met and discussed important matters affecting the orderliness of student activities. The officers and members were also told to do their duties well. Mr. Amando San Pedro, adviser, presided over the meeting.

MJP PRAISED—

Praising all MJP units in Manila schools and deserving school authorities, Chief of Police Manuel de la Fuente said, "Your interest in your duty and the sterling quality of the service you have rendered in that celebration (All Saint's Day) are highly commendable."

FLAMING ARROW CLUB —

The A. U. Drum and Bugle Corps

organized a club on November 29. "Flaming Arrow" is the name adopted for the club. The purpose of this club is to campaign for funds which would be used to buy more musical instruments.

The following were elected officers of the club: Tomas Milan, president; Benito Mercado, vice president; Antonio Francisco, Assistant vice president; Eduardo Ruiz, secretary; Norberto Pichache, treasurer; Alfredo Peñaloza, Jr., sergeant-at-arms.

CIVIL ENGINEERING —

The Arellano University is now offering a course in Civil Engineering. All those interested may see the registrar for further particulars.

DECEMBER PROGRAM —

President Enrico Nano of the Student Government recommended to the Council members a resolution calling for a program sometime in December. The Christmas program will be a literary one.

President Nano also stated that there are plans for a Christmas ball.

At press time no decision has been made as to who will be the guest speaker.

GIRLS CLUB GO DANCING—

The girls' clubs of the J. Sumulong and A. Mabini High Schools honored the new graduates of both schools.

Among the well-wishers were Dean Enriqueta R. Benavides, Dean Fortunato Gupit and Director Jacinto S. Galimba. Invited guests who were not able to attend the party were served refreshments the next day in the office of the Dean of Women.

ZURBARAN—

The enrollment at A. Mabini high school has considerably accelerated this semester owing to the opening of abridged classes, according to reports reaching the *Star*. The abridged classes, from first year to fourth year, were opened last December 2. They would end next June.

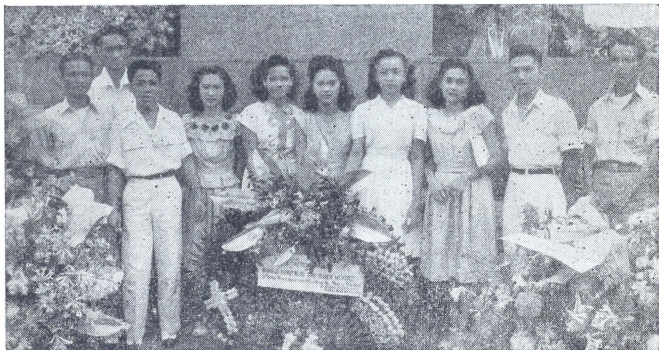
CHRISTMAS PLANS—

Christmas plans are ripe for execution. The student council, headed by Ceferino Dulay, and the Girls' Club under the leadership of its new prexy, Josefina Roxas, will be in charge of the affair. Different contests will feature the program to be held on December 19.

AT BALINTAWAK MONUMENT—

Andres Bonifacio's birthday last November 30 was again celebrated. Students of different schools attended the ceremony held at the foot of the Bonifacio monument in Balintawak. Wreaths were laid by those who saw undying significance in the life of the Great Plebeian.

Among those who participated in the laying of wreaths were students of the Apolinario Mabini High School. The delegation headed by President Ceferino Dulay of A. Mabini Student Council was composed of eleven students. They were as follows: Felipe Delgado, Virginia Montgomery, Marianita Roxas, Josefina Roxas, Catalina Villanueva, Corazon Lopez, Crescencio Jadedear, Rolando Siapian, Jose Santos, and Arturo Zialcita.



AT THE BONIFACIO MONUMENT IN BALINTAWAK

A. Mabini high school students lay a wreath at the foot of the Bonifacio Monument. Left to right: Ceferino Dulay, Crescencio Jadedear, Arturo Zialcita, Josefina Roxas, Virginia Montgomery, Marianita Roxas, Corazon Lopez, Catalina Villanueva, Jose Santos, and Felipe Delgado, Jr.



AIDA M. POLOTAN

Patnugot

Crispin Reyes

Katulong

Roman Dizon

Katulong

Pangulong Tudling—

Ika-8 ng Disyembre

Sa araw ring ito, anim na taon na ang nakararaan ay nasaksihan ng buong daigdig ang simula ng isang madugong digmaan sapagka't ang araw na ito ang napili ng mga Hapon na ipahayag ang pakikidigma laban sa bansang Amerika at ng mga kaanib nito. Mananatiling sariwa sa ala-ala nating lahat ang araw na ito sapagka't sa lahat ng bayang inabot at napinsala ng digmaang iyan ay di pahuhuli ang ating bayan.

Sa tuwing masisilayan natin ang mga gusaling nawasak ng digmaan lalung-lalo na ang tanyag na "Fort Santiago" na siyang piping saksi ng kalupitang ginawa ng Hapon na ikinautas ng buhay ng ating mga kalahi, ay nadudurog ang ating puso at nadarama natin ang kalungkutang namumugad sa ating damdamin dahil sa masaklap na pangyayaring yaon.

Subali't sa kabila nito ay nagagalak rin tayo sapagka't sa digmaang iyan ay minsan pang naipakilala natin sa bayang Amerika na tayo ay nahahandang magpakasakit dahil sa kanya. Ito'y dahil sa di lamang iilan ang buhay na nakitil sa pagtatanggol sa ating kalayaan at sa karangalan ng Amerika. Ang pagsasanggalang na ginawa ng ating mga kawal sa Bataan at Korehidor ay maliwanag na tanda ng ating pagdamay sa bayang dati'y nakásasakop sa atin at nga-yo'y pinzkamatalik nating kaibigan.

Tayong mga kabataan ay siyang pag-asa ng ating bayan sa kinabukasan. Magpakahinahon tayo sa ating mga kilos at huwag dali-daling magbigay ng kapasiyahan. Ang ating bayan ay di pa halos nakakatindig sa kapinsalaang dulot ng nakaraang digmaan at sa ganitong paraan ay maaaring maiwasan natin ang mga pangyayaring nagsimula sa araw na ito.

—A. M. P.

* * * * *

Kung sa iyong pagdating, sa ngiti ka salubungin,
Lalung pagingata't iya'y kaaway na lihim.

BALAGTAS

Magpakapatag-patag man ang bangin, hungkag din ang ilalim.
Kung sa langit ay nabubuhay ang sa lupa'y namamatay,
Bakit kinatatakutan ang oras ng kamatayan?

Ang pagmamahal ng isang ina . . .

ANG PAMASKO NI ALING SEPA

Maikling Kuwento

Ni GENOVEVA ABDON



Pasko noon. Ang maharlikang tahanan ni Aling Sepa ay nasasabugan ng iba't ibang kulay ng ilaw dagitab. Marami rin naman silang panauhin sapagkat noon ang araw ng pag-iisang jibdib ng kanyang bunsong si Trining. Ibinuhos na ni Aling Sepa ang kanyang kaya upang mapatangi lamang ang kasalang iyon. Ang banda ng Silangan ay walang sawang tumutugtog ng iba't ibang makabagong tugtugin, samantalang ang mga kabataan naman ay walang kapagurang umiindak. Anu pa't totoong masaya ang lahat. Subalit si Aling Sepa ay talagang kaiba noon. Sa halip na siya ay magsaya, ay nagkulong sa silid at pinabayaang tumulo ang mga mapapait na luha sa kanyang mga matang malapit na takasan ng liwanag. Dalawang magkaagaw na simbuyo ng damdamin ang kasalukuyang nanahanan sa kanyang kalooban—ang tuwa at lungkot. Tuwa, sapagkat ang kanyang anak ay mananahimik, at lungkot dahil sa hindi niya matiyak ang daang tatahakin na kanyang anak kung matinik o mabulaklak.

Trining, iyan ang matamis na palayaw kay Trinidad Madlangawa na mutyang itinatangi ng buong bayang P. sakop ng lalawigan X. Siya ang bugtong na anak nina Esteban Madlangawa at Josefa Magtanggol. Maliit pa si Trining ay ki-

namalasan na ng di pangkaraniwang kagandahan at asal. Siya lamang ang nakapagbibigay ligaya sa kanilang dampa. Tuwing hapon ay sasalubungin niya kaagad ang kanyang ama na galing sa bukid at lalagdaan ang noo niyon ng mga halik na nakapagpapawi hirap.

"Iwan ko muna si Trining at dadalan ko lamang ng pagkain ang kanyang Tatang sa bukid," ang malimit sabihin ni Aling Sepa sa kanilang kapitbahay kung siya ay maghahatid ng pagkain kay Mang Teban. Mag-uunahan ang mga tao sa bahay na pinag-iwanan kay Trining sa pagkarga sa kanya. Tuwangtuwa sila kay Trining sapagkat, siya noon ay nasa gulang na ng pagsisinungaling.

"Bakit hindi ka sumama sa nanay mo ha," ang minsan ay naitanong sa kanya ng isa nilang kapitbahay.

"Pa-pa-ano eh mabigat daw ko," ang sagot naman ni Trining. "Ayaw ng nanay ko ako kar-ga-hin eh," ang dugtong pa. Sa ganoong kasagutan ay pupupugin na siya ng mga halik ng nag-aalaga sa kanya.

Lumipas ang ilang taon at si Trining ay nag-umpisa ng mag-aral sa mababang paaralan sa kanilang nayon. Lalong naging masigasig si Mang Teban sa pagtatrabaho upang matuto ang kanilang anak. Ang gabi ay ginagawa ni-

yang araw sapagka't nalalaman niya (kahit hindi siya nakatungtung sa paaralan) na habang tumataas ang baytang na papasukan ng kanyang anak ay lalaki naman ang gugugulin. Ibig niyang makapag-impok habang may panahon pa sapagkat baka bukas-makalawa ay kunin na ng Lumikha ang kanyang hiram na buhay.

"Ano ba Teban," ang tanong ni Aling Sepa isang araw. "Hindi ka na tumitigil sa iyong gawain. Baka kung mapaano ka pa riyan ay lalong kaawaawa kaming mag-ina."

"Siyanga naman itay," ang sabad na man ng pilyang si Trining na noon ay nasa huling baytang na ng mababang paaralan. "Mamaya ay kung ano pa ang mangyari sa inyo ay maiiba na ang salitaan. Nalalapit pa naman ang aming pagtatapos ay kailangan ko ang magandang damit. Kahiya-hiya naman kung basta-basta lamang ang isusuot ko. Kailangan ay iyong seda," ang dagdag pa at sinabayan ng halakhak na ikinatawa tuloy ng mag-asawa.

Madaling lumipas ang mga araw at si Trining ay ganap ng dalaga. Doon nagsimulang maging tunay na tanan ang kanilang bahay sapagkat siya ang ilaw na tumatanglaw. Marami na ring bu-buyog ang uma-aligid sa hardin nina Mang Teban at Aling Sepa upang makasamyo ng bango ng kanilang bulaklak na si Trining. Sa dinami-dami ng tagahanga ng dalaga ay isa lamang ang kanyang napusuan at iyan ay dili iba't si Daniel Masarili. Naging kababata ng una itong huli at tumamis nang tumamis ang kanilang pagkakaibigan hanggang sa kailangan nang malaman ng mata tanda sa magkabilang panig. Subali't ang tadhana ay totoong mapagbiro. Sinusubok niya ang bawa't nilikha kung makapagtitiis ng "kabiguan." Nagkakamabutihan na sana ang pagpapalagayan nina Dany at Trining nang bawin

ng Lumikha ang hiram na buhay ng masigasig na ama ni Trining. Dili ang hindi nagdanas rin ang mag-ina ng kahirapan at napilitan silang ipagbili ang kanilang tahanan upang maitustus sa kasalukuyan. Nakipisan sila sa kapatid na matanda ni Mang Teban at si Trining naman ay tumatanggap ng buburdahin upang maging pansamantalang tulong. Sa nangyaring iyon ay nagkahiwalay ang magsing-irog. Sapagkat mahirap din itong panig ni Daniel ay napilitan din ang kaawaawa na pumunta sa Maynila upang humanap ng pagkakakitaan.

Lumipas ang ilang buwan at ang mapagbiro ng tadhana ay minsan pang nagbiro sa buhay ng mag-ina. Nanghinawa na ang hipag ni Aling Sepa at tuluyan na silang naging lalagalag. Salamat sa isang Donya at si Aling Sepa ay nakapasok bilang isang labandera. Libre ang bahay kaya ang mag-ina ay doon na nanunuluyan. Si Trining sa mga araw na iyon naman ay nakapasok sa isang talyer na malayu-layo din naman sa kanilang tinutuluyan. Isang araw, nang si Trining ay papauwi na sa kanilang tinutuluyan ay totoong naging masungit ang panahon. Umuulan noon ng malakas at sinasabayan pa ng matutulis na kidlat. Masikip ang mga sasakyan at si Trining ay naglakad na lamang pauwi. Nang siya ay malapit na sa kanilang tinutuluyan ay nakasalubong siya ng nagtitinda ng swipistek. Nagmamakaawa sa kanya ang maglalakong iyon na bilhin na lamang niya ang apat na natitirang tiket na pawang pare-pareho ang numero. Si Trining, kahit na sila ay mahirap ay marunong ding maawa sa kapwa at na pilitang bilhin ang tiket at wala sa loob na inilagay sa kanyang "vanity." Linggo ng hapon noon nang si Trining ay handa na sanang umuwi nang tawagin siya ng kanyang kasamahan sa trabaho na si Dely.

"Wala ka bang tiket Trining," ang ta

nong nito, "Mayroon akong ekstra ito, tingnan mo at baka nanalo ka," ang dugtong pa.

"Ipahiram mo na lamang sa akin," ang pakiusap ni Trining. "Baka hindi pa nakakasaing ang nanay eh." ang dugtong niya.

"Baka ayaw mo lang mahingan kung manalo ka," ang biro ni Dely na siya tuloy dahilan nang pagkakurot sa kanya ni Trining.

"Aalis na ako," ang pagpapaalam ni Trining habang pumapanaog sa hagdanan.

"Good-bye, honey," ang biro naman ni Dely na totoong mapagbiro. Habang nasa sasakyan si Trining ay naisipan niyang kunin sa "vanity" ang mga tiket upang tingnan kung may kapanalunan siya. Nanglaki ang kanyang mga mata at kamunti na niyang makalimutang paparahin ang sasakyan nang tumapat sa kanilang bahay. Sino nga naman ang hindi mabigla gayong sila ang naka kuha ng unang gantimpala?

"I-inay, ikuha nga ninyo ako ng tubig," ang di-magkantutug wika sa ina.

"Tu-tumama tayo sa swipstek inay," ang nasisikipan ng dibdib na sagot ni Trining. "Salamat sa Diyos at dininig din niya ang aking mga panalangin na tayo ay hangin sa kahirapan," at tulyan nang napaiyak si Trining. Sa malaking tuwa ay napaiyak din si Aling Sepa. Nagkayakap silang mag-ina at pinabayaan nila na mamalisbis sa kanilang mga mata ang luha ng kaligayahan. Sino nga naman ang mag-aakala na sa kanilang sapsapin na hirap ay mahango sila? Mapaglaro man pala ang tadhana ay marunong din palang gumanti sa mapagtiis.

Ibang-iba na ngayon ang buhay ng mag-ina. Bukod pa sa bahay nilang mala-palasyo ay mayroon pa silang sasakyan at mga utusan. Isang araw, nang

si Trining ay naglalakad buhat sa isang tindahan sa Escolta ay nakabunggo siya ng mama na nagmamadali rin. Nasabog ang pinamili niya at nang dumukwang ang mamang iyon upang tumulong ay nabigla siya. Ang mga matang iyon na kung ititig ay parang sumasamo ay kilalang-kilala niya. Kahiya-hiya man sa mata ng tao ay siya rin ang unang bumati sapagkat totoong pinapanabikan niya.

"Dany, diyata't ikaw"? Ang nasnaw sa labi ni Trining at pagkatapos ay isang matamis pa sa pukytang ngiti ang ipinakita niya.

"Ako nga mahal ko," ang sagot na man ni Daniel at pagkatapos ay pinisil nang mahigpit ang mga kamay ni Trining. Sukat sa maikli ngunit makasaysayang dula iyon at naganap na ang pagkakasal sa dalawang mapapalad na iyon.

Gaya nang ating natunghan sa unahan ng kuwentong ito na si Aling Sepa ay lumuluha sa loob ng silid ay siya namang pagpasok ng dalawang bagong kasal na hindi niya namamalayan.

"Bakit lumuluha ka Inay"? Ang tanong ni Trining.

"Wala anak ko," ang sagot naman ni Aling Sepa. "Iniisip ko lamang na ikaw sana ay huwag nang magdanas ng hirap sapagkat, ikaw ay nagbata na noong nakaraang taong ayaw ko na sana malaala. Ibig kong dito na kayo tumira upang ako ay makatulong sa inyo at ako naman ay matulungan din ninyo kung kakaiiangin."

"Mamahalin ko po si Trining na katulad ng pagmamahal ninyo sa kanya," ang pangako ni Daniel. "Pakaasahan din ninyo na kami ay tutulong sa inyo sa lahat ng oras." Mga ngiting may halong kasiyahan ang pinasungaw ni Aling Sepa sa kanyang labi.

Parang panaginip lamang at ang araw

ay madaling lumipas. Naging buwan ang mga araw at ang buwan ay naging taon. Buwan ng Disyembre at ang araw na iyon ay di natin maaaring kalimutan sapagkat noon ipinanganak ang ating mananakop na si Hesukristo. Noon din nagluwal ng matabang sanggol na babae si Trining, unang bunga ng walang kasingtamis na pagmamahalan nila ni Dany. Walang malamang gawin si

Aling Sepa sa pagkarga sa kanyang apo matapos ang ilang linggo ng pagluluwal. Nakangiti lamang siyang pinagmamamandanan ng mag-asawa.

"Ngayon ay maaari na kayong umalis na mag-asawa sapagkat ang lalong pinakamahalaga sa akin ay itong aking apo." Tiningnan ang batang wari'y may isip at ang wika:

"Hindi ba?"



PASKO NG ULILA

Ni Elena M. Sian

Namamasyal na ang lahat,
Tumutunog ang batingaw,
Sa simbaha'y nagbubuhay,
Maingay na alingawngaw.
Simoy ng hanging amiha'y
Balita'y Pasko na naman,
Bata'y may mga laruan,
Nguni't ako ay luhaan.
Kung si ama'y buhay sana,
Disi'y kami ay masaya,
Sampu pa ng aking ina,
Kapatid ko't pati Lola.
Kami ngayon ay ulila,
Kulang ng isa sa mesa,
Dasal namin ay iisa—
"Pagpalain Mo po sana —
Kaluluwang namayapa na,
Ng aming mahal na ama."
Sa diwa'y kasalo namin,
Amang nagpala sa amin.

Ano Ang Nagpapaganda Sa Babae?

Ni SEBASTIAN AGÜSTIN

Marami nang naisulat ang mga mamahayag, makata at mangangatha ukol sa bagay na ito, subali't katulad ng isang kuwentong walang tiyak na simula at wakas, o isang kasaysayang walang makapagbibigay ng katapusang pagpapasiya na maaaring di na madurugtungan o mapag-aalinlanganan ng sinuman. Bawa't palaisip ay may kani-kaniyang kuro-kuro at pagpapakahulugan.

Sa pagpasok ng Bagong taon, ay walang di nagnanais na maging mabuti at maayos. At yayamang lalong mahalagang hiyas ng lipunan, at lalong karangalan ng lahi na maging mararangal at magaganda ang ating mga kababaihan ngayon at sa habang panahon, ang maikling salaysay na ito ay sadyang napapanahon at kinakailangang unawain ng lahat, lalong lalo na ng mga baba.

Ayon sa isang manunulat, ang kagan-dahan o ang isang babaing maganda ay yaong nakatatawag nang pansin, higit sa iba, nagpapagalaw ng damdamin at paghanga ng isang lalaki. Tutuon ng napakahirap matiyak kung sino sa sampung nagtitimpalakang ganda ang lalong higit, yayamang nasa tumitingin at nagpapahalaga ang iginagaganda ng isang tinititigan at minamahal.

Ang mga makabagong babae ngayon ay iba ang pangwari at pagpapakahulugan sa iginaganda o sa magagandang babae. Ibinabatay sa pagiging makabago ang damit, ugali at maliliksing kilos at aral-salaming galaw ng bibig at mata. Ang pagkakaroon ng iba't ibang kagamitang panlabas, at higit sa lahat ang pagpapaayos ng buhok at kuko, labi at pilik mata.

Ang karamihan ng lalaking Pilipino ay ayaw na ayaw sa mga masasagwa sa pananamit, sa mapalamuting pagpapakulot at mararangyang paggamit ng iba't ibang pangmayaman at pangkasayahan lamang. Ayaw ng mga lalaki sa mga babaeng (1) pangdulaan na nagiging anaki'y manyika sa mata ng madla, at (2) pang-lansangan katulad ng mga babaeng mababa ang lipad nasa kilos at pananamit ay sadyang masasagwa at kahalay-halay, (3) mapanghuwad sa bawa't bago, kahit na hindi bagay sa kanyang katawan o kalagayan sa buhay at kulay.



Ang matitinong lalaki ay iginagalang at pinahalalagan ang mga babae na maaalam pumili ng damit at kasangkapan sa kanila ay nababagay at di nagpapakalabis ng gayak o nang paghiram nang ugali at kilos sa mga taga-labas. May mga damit na mura, subali't sa kabutihan ng pagkakayari at kulay ay nakapagpapatinkad sa kagandahan ng may-suot. Ang di angkop na kasuotan, ang di wastong pagpapalamuti sa katawan, ay nagbibigay nang kapintasan sa isang baabe.

Ang babaing may katutubong ganda, hinhin, maayang tinig, kahali-halinang ugali at pangangatawan, kalakip ng katutubong katalinuhan at kaalaman sa natutuhan sa paaralan ay sapat na makapagbigay nang mabuting kapahayagan sa kanya at isang karangalan sa kanyang angkan.

Ang babaing maharot lumakad, patakbo-takbo, at tutuon artipisyal kung kumilos ay kinamumuhian ng mga lalaki. Ang mabait na babae ay hindi nakikisama sa maraming pinagdaanan sa buhay. Namimili siya ng kanyang lipunan at namimili ng mabubuting kaibigan.

Ang kagandahang pang-labas ay hindi siyang kaganapan ng tunay na karikatan. "*A beautiful girl has an inner glow. Real beauty comes from within.*" Mayroong malaking bahagi ang kagandahang pangloob o ng kanyang puso at kaluluwa sa kaniyang katutubong kagandahan. Kung ang tao ay tumitingin sa balat at mukha, ang Diyos sa linalaman ng puso.

Kinakailangang pakamahalin ang katutubong kagandahan, na maari namang madagdagan pa sa mabuting pamamara-

an. Sa labi ng isang manunulat ay nagmula na, "*Beauty can be cultivated, woman cannot be beautiful unless she is living to the full, is harmoniously developing all potentialities, has complete self confidence, and has achieved an effortless coordination of mind and body.*"

Kung ano ang kagandahan? Ang kagandahan ay pag-ibig, ang pag-ibig ay kagandahan. Sa isang umiibig ang kanyang minamahal ay maganda, sapagka't ang pag-ibig niya ang tanging nagpapaganda. Ang pag-ibig ay siyang sanhi na lumilikha ng kagandahan, at malimit naman mangyaring ang kagandahan ang lumilikha ng pag-ibig.

Sa wakas, ang nagpapaganda sa isang babae ay ang kanyang mahinhing kilos, marangal na buhay, matamis na pakikisama sa lahat. Ang likas na kagandahan ay di nagpapasira at di linalambungan ng balat-kayong kasuotan ay katangi-tangi. Ang babaing marunong umawit, magluto ng mabuting pagkain, manahi, gumawa ng mga gawain sa bahay, malinis sa kanyang katawan at matimpiin at matiisin sa karalitaan, ay maganda at walang kamatayan sa paghanga ng madla.

Hangad ko ang lahat ng kadalagahang Filipina ay magsikap na maging magaganda at mararangal na babae. Tanungin ang inyong sarili, ako ba ay karapat-dapat na tawaging magandang babae? Ang akin bang pagkatao ay kapuripuri, at hindi ba ako ikinahihiya ng aking mga kaibigan, ng aking magulang, ng aking kababayan? Kung hindi, ikaw ay isang Maria Clara, maging ano man ang iyong kulay o hugis ng mukha. Karapat-dapat ka'upang mahalin at pagpugayan ng lahat.

PASKO NA...!

Ni REMEDIOS C. GARCIA

Nang ako ay magising ang umaga'y halumigmig
Nalanghap ko ang amihang kasingbango ng pinipig,
Tinanaw ko yaong dahon na hamog ang nakasabit
At ang bukad na bulaklak ang kulay ay mapangakit,
Ang langit nang tingalain yaong ulap ay marikit
At aniko'y isang kristal yaong linaw noong tubig...

Sa paligid ng pook ko'y ginala ang pananaw
Ang palasio't mga dampa naki'y taong binihisan,
May kurtinang nakagayak sa lahat ng durungawan
At may parol na malaki sa may bungad ng pintuan,
Pinansin ko yaong ayos neong silid at bulwagan
Ang lahat ng naruroo'y mga bagong kasangkapan...

Napuna kong ang Impo ko'y may dasalang nakabukas
At ang aking Inkong naman sa tungkod ay tumatatag,
Ang Inang ko'y nagluluto ng pagkain na kay sarap
At si Amang ay may panauhing tinatanggap,
Ang binata at dalaga'y salimbayang nagagalak
At ang batang kayrumami'y langkay-langkay kung lumakad...

Umagting ang batingaw na ang tunog ay masigla
Itong abá ng sarili'y lalo manding nabalisa,
Sa haba ng pagbubulay na halos ay di makaya
Ang nabuklat sa isipa'y isang lumang ala-ala,
Ngayon pala ay dapat nga na ang lahat ay magsaya
Sa Pagsilang Ng Mesias—ngayon pala, ay PASKO NA...!

MGA ARAL NG KATIPUNAN

1. Ang kabuhayang hindi ginugugol sa isang malaki at banal na kadahilanan ay kahoy na walang lilim kung di damong makamandag.

2. Ang gawang magaling na nagbubuhay sa pagpipita sa sarili at hindi sa talagang nasang gumawa ng kagalingan ay di kabaitan.

3. Ang tunay na kabanalan ay ang pagkakawang gawa, ang pag-ibig sa kapuwa, at ang isukat ang bawa't kilos, gawa't pangungusap sa talagang katuwiran.

4. Maitim man at maputi ang balat; lahat ng tao'y magkakapantay mangyayaring ang isa'y higtan sa dunong, sa yaman, sa ganda nguni't di mahihigtan sa pagkatao.

5. Ang may mataas na kalooban, inuuna ang puri sa pagpipita sa sarili; ang may hamak na kalooban, inuuna ang pagpipita sa sarili sa puri.

6. Sa taong may hiya, salita'y panunumpa.

7. Huwag mong sasayangin ang panahon; ang yamang nawala'y mangyayaring magbalik nguni't panahong nagdaan na'y di na muli pang magdaraan.

8. Ipagtanggol mo ang inaapi at kabakahin ang umaapi.

9. Ang taong matalino'y ang may pagiingat sa bawa't sasabihin at matutung ipaglihim ang dapat ipaglihim.

10. Sa daang matinik ng kabuhasan lalaki ay siyang patnugot ng asawa't mga anak; kung ang umaakay ay tungo sa sama, ang patutunguhan ng inaakay ay kasamaan din.

11. Ang babae ay huwag mong tingnang isang bagay na libangan lamang kungdi isang katuwang at karamay sa mga kahirapan nitong kabuhasan; gamitin mo nang buong pagpipitagan ang kanyang kahinaan at alalahanin ang inang pinagbuhata't nag-umi sa iyong kasanggulan.

12. Ang di mo ibig gawin sa asawa mo, anak at kapatid ay huwag mong gawain sa asawa, anak at kapatid ng iba.

13. Ang kamahalan ng tao'y wala sa pagka-hari; wala sa tangos ng ilong, at puti ng mukha, wala sa pagkaparing kahalili ng Diyos, wala sa mataas na kalagayan sa balat ng lupa; wagas at tunay na mahal na tao, kahit't laking-gubat at walang nababatid kungdi ang sariling wika, yaong may magandang asal, may pangungusap, may dangal at puri; yaong di napaaapi't di nakaaapi; yaong marunong magdamdam at marunong lumingap sa bayang tinubuan.

ANG ARAW NG PASKO

NI ILUMINADA RIVERA

Di na magluluwat at Pasko na naman,
Ang lahat ng tao ay may kasabikan;
Maging maralita o maging mayaman
Ang puso at diwa'y may kaligayahan

Nguni't mapapansing ang taong mahirap,
Lubhang naiiba sa mayamang ganap;
Pagka't ang mayaman ay sunod ang lahat
Ng kanilang nais at mga pangarap

Ang mahirap naman bagaman at salat,
Ay nagsisikap ding makamtan ang lahat;
Ito' nagtitipid bagama't masaklap
At di alumana ang anumang hirap.

Kaya nga't ang Pasko ay araw na iba,
Di gaya ng ibang araw na talaga:
Ang bawa't nilalang, nagiging masigla
Walang kalungkuta't lipos ng ligaya.

Ang diwa ng Pasko'y may mabuting aral,
Na itinuturong dapat maalaman;
Ang lahat ng tao'y pantay-pantay lamang
Kung dumarating na ang natanging araw.

Ang dapat na gawin ay magpasalamat,
Lubusang ihain sa Diyos ang lahat;
Dapat na alaming sa Kanya nagbuhat
Ang tinatangkilik ng mayaman't salat.



CONSULTATION PLAN

By Jacinto S. Galimba

Director, Sumulong and Mabini High Schools

The Arellano University is a private institution of learning. Being self-supporting, it does not enjoy the benefit of financial aid from the Government. Because it draws its life from students, it is concerned with the problem of getting and holding them. To attract and retain students, the administration does not believe in newspaper propaganda. It believes instead in efficient teaching as the best advertisement. Accordingly, it is committed to the policy of continuously searching for ways and means to make instruction more effective.

One of these ways and means is the consultation plan. According to this system, teacher consultants for the different subjects are designated. Their duty is to give personal help to students in overcoming their lesson difficulties. Some of these difficulties may arise out of absences made because of illness, or from lack of thoroughness in teaching.

The reason behind the system is that not all students who flunk deserve to fail. This being the case, causes of failure must be removed as much as possible. This should be done not by lowering the standard of instruction, but by improving learning on the part of the students.

Students who have lesson difficulties should feel free to approach the teacher consultants at the time and place fixed for consultation.

The following faculty members are hereby designated as teacher consultants:

J. Sumulong High School

Morning

Teacher	Subject	Place	Time
Mrs. F. C. Crisologo	English	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Miss A. Garcia	Biology	Biology Room	7:20 — 8:00
Miss S. Manahan	Physics	Physics Room	7:20 — 8:00
Miss M. Saturnino	Mathematics	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mr. San Jose	Social Sciences	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mr. A. San Pedro	Nat. Language	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mr. J. Ga. de Guzman	Gen. Science	Library	7:20 — 8:00

Afternoon

Mrs. S. Asuncion	English	Bldg. No. 1	12:20 — 1:00
Miss E. Atacador	Biology	Biology Room	12:20 — 1:00
Miss M. Saturnino	Mathematics	Bldg. No. 1	12:20 — 1:00
Mr. San Jose	Soc. Sciences	Bldg. No. 1	12:20 — 1:00
Mr. San Pedro	Nat. Language	Bldg. No. 1	12:20 — 1:00
Mr. De Guzman	Gen. Science	Bldg. No. 1	12:20 — 1:00

Evening

Teacher	Subject	Place	Time
Mrs. Crisologo	English	Office (Bldg. 1)	4:20 — 5:00

Miss Garcia	Biology	Biology Room	4:20 — 5:00
Miss Manahan	Physics	Physics Room	4:20 — 5:00
Miss Saturnino	Mathematics	Office (Bldg. 1)	4:20 — 5:00
Mr. San Jose	Soc. Sciences	Office (Bldg. 1)	4:20 — 5:00
Mr. San Pedro	Nat. Language	Office (Bldg. 1)	4:20 — 5:00
Mr. de Guzman	Gen. Science	Office (Bldg. 1)	4:20 — 5:00

A. Mabini High School

Morning

Mr. Figueroa	Physics	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mr. Enverga	English	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mrs. Quinto	Soc. Sciences	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mrs. Samonte	Mathematics	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Mrs. Pangilinan	Biol. & Gen. Sc.	Library	7:20 — 8:00
Miss Cordero	Nat. Language	Library	7:20 — 8:00

Evening

Mr. Figueroa	Physics	Library	4:20 — 5:00
Mr. Enverga	English	Library	4:20 — 5:00
Mrs. Moral	Soc. Sciences	Library	4:20 — 5:00
Mrs. Pangilinan	Biol. & Gen. Sc.	Library	4:20 — 5:00
Mr. Claridades	Nat. Language	Library	4:20 — 5:00

Sa malaking pagsinta ng Diyos sa sangkatauhan ay ibinigay ang kanyang bugtong na anak upang ang sinumang manampalataya ay huwag masawi kundi magkaroon ng buhay na walang hanggan. Ang araw ng Pasko nga ay mahalaga di lamang sapagka't ito ang araw ng katuparan ng isang dakilang pangako ng Ama sa kanyang mga nilalang kundi sapagka't nagpapakita rin ng napakagandang halimbawa ng pagibig at pagbibigay na dapat salaminin at gayahin nating nga nilalang niya. Kung ang mga tao'y hindi sisinsay sa magandang halimbawang ito, kung ang diwa ng pagibig at pagbibigay ay mananatili sa ating puso hindi lamang sa araw ng Kanyang kapanganakan kundi sa 365 araw ng isang taon ay makaaasa tayong lahat na ang daigdig na itong pinamamayanihan ng pagiirangan at di pagkakaunawaan ng tao sa kapuwa tao't ng bansa sa kapuwa bansa ay magiging isang tunay na paraiso. Lunggatiin sana natin laluna ng mga kabataang siyang magsisiugit ng ating pamahalaan bukas na manatili ang diwa ng pasko tuwi-tuwina sa puso ng lahat.

Maligayang pasko at manigong bagong taon sa inyong lahat!

—Amando San Pedro
Guro ng Tagalog

CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

I can't think of any message more glad and more sincere than this old fashioned greeting, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

As the "Glory to God on high and on earth, peace to men of good will" sounds at Christmas again, may it ring in our hearts and bestow its good cheer to gladden our days in the coming New Year.

—Miss Milagros C. Saturnino
Instructor in Mathematics

Let us all rejoice that we are blessed once more with the privilege of celebrating the birth of our Lord without bombs and bullets. And, in rejoicing, let us breathe a prayer that "Peace on Earth and goodwill to men" may reign now and forever.

—Miss Simeona C. Manahan
Instructor in Physics

The Star of Bethlehem symbolizes the birth of Christianity and marks the beginning of Christmas. May the Arellano Star symbolize, in part, the sharing of our common problems and interests. May it lead us on to endeavors and simple rejoicing for which Christmas truly stands.

—Mr. Enrique P. San Jose
Instructor in Economics and History

It is my fond wish that this year's Yuletide be one of genuine cheer. I expect colored lanterns, lamps, lights, happy music and Christmas carols. But above all I expect love, kindness, humility, and self-denial. These virtues alone mean a true, genuine Christmas.

—Mrs. Aurora L. Sison
Instructor in History

I speak from the bottom of my heart when I say that I am confident the Arellano Star will do its utmost in bringing to the thousands of its readers' homes the spirit of a happy, genuine Christmas!

—Miss Elisa Atacador
Instructor in Tagalog and Biology

Of course, everybody looks forward to Christmas holidays with great pleasure. This season means good times—presents, parties, or visits to friends and relatives.

Christmas is a day when grudges and grief are forgotten; when hearts are wide open; doors are unlatched and the kitchen stoves glow, and the table is laden with good things to eat.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

—Mrs. Leonora Rodenas
Instructor in Tagalog

I wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

—Mr. Leodegario Santos
Instructor in Mathematics

May Christmas bring joy to all and the fulfillment of each dream.

—Francisca L. Pangan
Instructor in Geometry and Algebra

It is my sincerest desire that this Christmas be one of peace and love. I greet everyone with a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—Mrs. Felicidad C. Crisologo
Instructor in English

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of goodwill." This was the first Christmas message given to mankind. May this message ring true in all our hearts this Christmas!

—Mrs. Lutgarda A. Aviado

I give you the most trite, the most repeated message from young and old: "A merry Christmas and a happy new year."

—Miss Gliceria Dimaculangan
Librarian-in-Charge

The advent of the Christmas season reminds one of the spirit of peace and friendship; of love, charity and good will for one another.

If we would only resolve to observe in our dealings with our fellow beings the infallible teachings of the true Christmas faith—that is, to think, speak and act the Christian way—we would indeed, be doing a big thing toward the realization of a One-World ideal—a happy and peaceful world to live in.

—Mr. Fructuoso E. Ancheta
Instructor in History and Economics

Christmas has come again to abide with us. This is indeed a D-Day for everybody. It is a day to do right and never to do wrong.

I extend to everybody my warmest wishes for a gay Christmas and a fruitful New Year.

—Mr. Alfredo O. Ponce
Instructor in English

May this Christmas be the beginning of the real peace and goodwill that man has always hoped to attain. Let this Christmas season bring everybody all the joys and happiness from our Lord.

—Mr. Jose de Guzman
Instructor in General Science

If everybody we meet wills to do good on Christmas, there would be no better place to live in than our country. Let us spread goodwill by doing good to all in the spirit of Christ.

—Beatriz L. Calingasan
Instructor in Tagalog

The 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

We are readers too, of the *Arellano Star*. We can't afford to miss an issue.

—Benjamin C. Gabriel
Mapa High School
Manila

* * *

I like the staff artist of the *Arellano Star* for the funny drawings.

—Aurora Ramos

* * *

I am glad the MJP is functioning well.

—Aquilino Silvero

* * *

I wish the members of the MJP should maintain complete peace and order.

—Rima Fernando

The editors are careless. They let some mistakes go by.

—Alfredo Lagman

* * *

I am glad the *Star* is religious as well as cultural.

—Lume Garvida

* * *

I congratulate the author of "Alas, We Have To Part." It is soulful and impressive.

—Rosita Hipol

* * *

I enjoyed reading "Does Opportunity Lie In One's Self" by Mr. Jacinto S. Galimba because it teaches the student to be more accurate in life.

—Milagros Hipol

The "Unseen Boarder" by Felipe Delgado, Jr. is superb. I wish for more like it.

—*Elsa Hernandez*

* * *

Is it not enough to say at least, Merry Christmas to the members of the Staff?

—*Fortunata Badinas*

* * *

May the *Star* shine as bright as the star in Bethlehem.

—*Luzviminda Fontecha*

* * *

We want Tagalog humorous stories.

—*Milagros Rabadon*

* * *

The *Arellano Star* publishes stirring reading materials.

—*Elvira Peñarunda*

* * *

Let us respect our Policewomen by obeying them. We should not feel sore when ordered to observe silence.

—*Magdalena Galasaga*

* * *

I love to read stories in the *Star*. They are very interesting.

—*Jose Pacat*

* * *

Thanks to the *Arellano Star*. It serves as my inspiration.

—*Carlos San Juan*

* * *

One month is too boring for me to wait for an issue of the *Star*. Can you put out the magazine oftener?

—*Levira Javier*

* * *

The story "The Unseen Boarder" is very well written.

—*Petronila Alcantara*

The article "Government vs. the People" has what it takes. I admire the guts of the fellow who wrote it.

—*Concha Balubar*

* * *

I want some more comics in the *Star*.

—*Francisco de Guzman*

* * *

I do not know what to say about the *Star*. But I do wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

—*Melanio Bayan*

* * *

The *Star*? Oh no, nothing. I don't have anything to say against it.

—*Crispo Arogo*

* * *

As far as I am concerned the *Arellano Star* is okay with me.

—*Tomas Fernandez, Jr.*

* * *

Students from the Legarda Elementary form the bulk of Arellano High school students. Can't they form an association?

—*Alberto Mañalac*

* * *

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the student body of the Arellano University. Hoping all a happy and enjoyable vacation.

—*Natividad Calimlim*

* * *

I wish all my instructors and students a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—*Esperanza Albano*

* * *

What I'm going to say for the *Star* is the same old story. I better pipe down!

—*Veronica Cabrera*

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 Engineering
- 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