

AUG 30 1947

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES  
LIBRARY  
AUGUST, 1947

VOL. III, No. 2



GOD, GIVE US MEN  
By Enrico Nano  
Page 8

MANUEL LUIS QUEZON  
By Aurora J. Tablan  
Page 15

Quezon's Code of Ethics .....	4
On Self Control .....	Jacinto S. Galimba 5
Analysis of Love .....	Severina Almeda 7
My Father and the White Horse (A Story) .....	Carlos Bulosan 10
My Alma Mater (Verse) .....	Meliton Mondano 14
Rest (Verse) .....	Roman S. Dizon 16
You and the School .....	Angel S. Bejar 20
Arellano University March .....	C. M. Vega 22
A Few Words .....	Elisa Angeles and Ceferino Dulay 27
The Ricebird and the Carabao (A Story in Basic English) ...	Bienvenido Santos 28
I'll Be A Fisherman .....	Rodolfo Pulanco 30
My Home .....	Nieves Casison 31
Council Memo .....	31
Eternal Youth (Verse) .....	Felizardo Padolina 33

EDITORIAL, 3 — BOOK REVIEW, 17 — PICTORIAL, 23  
FOOTNOTE, 32 — NEWSMONTH, 34 — TAGALOG, 39

*Boxed*  
DEC 19 1962

# *The* **ARELLANO STAR**

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

AGUSTIN A. ARROYO  
Editor-in-Chief

AURORA J. TABLAN  
Managing Editor

REMEDIOS F. ADAMOS  
Associate Editor

JESUS CRUZ  
Associate Editor

RODOLFO G. PULANCO  
News Editor

JUANITO RODRIGUEZ  
Assistant News Editor

FELIPE DELGADO JR.  
Assistant News Editor

ARCADIO N. SUNGA  
Literary Editor

RICARDO A. SUPLEO  
Assistant Literary Editor

SIMEON M. LAMA  
Sports and Military Editor

FRANCISCO V. ABALOS  
Junior Assistant

JOSE ZAPANTA  
Editor, Tagalog Section

EMILIANO PAYUMO, Jr.  
Assistant Editor, Tagalog Section

TOBIAS Y. ENVERGA  
Faculty Adviser

AMANDO SAN PEDRO  
Tagalog Section Adviser

## WHAT THEY SAY

The *Star* has improved a great deal.

—*Trinidad Verroya*

I was deeply touched by the story, *The Dog* by Carol Reilley. I want more stories like it.

—*Arturo Gonzales*

The *Star* is almost perfect. I love it.

—*Rosario Yarte*

The reprint *Filipino: Be Yourself*, is very timely.

—*Violeta Tablan*

I like the articles of the *Arellano Star*. They are of lasting interest and conducive to better understanding among students.

—*Elena C. Vallinas*

The *Arellano Star* is an up-to-date informer. I'm proud of it and I'm extending my congratulations to the staff of this organ.

—*Rizal Mission*

One thing I noticed in the *Star* is the lack of pictures. A picture or cartoon would be a balm to tired eyes.

—*Mercedes Castañeda*

I don't get tired reading the *Star*.

—*Proceso Ramos*

Where Democracy flourishes, there shines the light of truth, and the *Arellano Star*.

—*Rizalina Santos*

# The ARELLANO STAR

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

—Thomas Jefferson

---

VOLUME III, No. 2

AUGUST, 1947

---

## Editorial ★

### BREACH OF RULES

There can be no question as to the propriety of the school authorities in enforcing school regulations. But these regulations are violated so often they might just as well be stricken out.

There are regulations against blocking the corridors, loitering, and smoking; yet some students disregard them altogether.

No one can go into or out of the building, for example without having to elbow one's way through. To a student or a teacher who has to hurry, this can be annoyingly inconvenient.

Students who loiter outside the classrooms disturb the classes. The students who have to listen to their instructors cannot concentrate on the lesson or even understand what the instructors and classmates are trying to say.

Students should bear in mind that they do not come to school to make nuisance of themselves. In that way they just waste their money, time, and effort as well as those of others. They are just frittering away their opportunities, their investment.

We would like to tell them that we are not here to spit on the floor. Not here to fight, shout, and mess up the tables and chairs. We are not here to scatter pieces of paper and write on the walls and blackboards. Our parents certainly did not send us here to misbehave. They sent us to school in order to know how to behave properly.

There is, of course, academic freedom in Arellano University. But freedom also carries with it a grave responsibility — a responsibility to promote the welfare of the group. In the promotion of this group welfare alone can we hope to evolve what is known as the Arellano spirit. Thus alone can our schooling have meaning, worth, and significance to us individually, to the University, and to the Fatherland.

—A. A. A.

## QUEZON'S CODE OF ETHICS

1. Have faith in **Divine Providence** that guides the destinies of men and nations.
2. Love your country for it is the home of your people, the seat of your affections and the source of your happiness and well-being. Its defense is your primary duty. Be ready at all times to sacrifice and die for it if necessary.
3. Respect the constitution which is the expression of your sovereign will. The government is your government. It has been established for your safety and welfare. Obey the laws and see that they are observed by all and that public officers comply with their duties.
4. Pay your taxes willingly and promptly. Citizenship implies not only rights but also obligations.
5. Safeguard the purity of suffrage and abide by the decisions of the majority.
6. Love and respect your parents. It is your duty to serve them gratefully and well.
7. Value your honor as you value your life. Poverty with honor is preferable to wealth with dishonor.
8. Be truthful and be honest in thought and in action. Be just and charitable, courteous but dignified in your dealings with your fellowmen.
9. Lead a clean and frugal life. Do not indulge in frivolity or pretense. Be simple in your dress and modest in your behavior.
10. Live up to the noble traditions of our people. Venerate the memory of our heroes. Their lives point the way to duty and honor.
11. Be industrious. Be not afraid or ashamed to do manual labor. Productive toil is conducive to economic security and adds to the wealth of the nation.
12. Rely on your own efforts for your progress and happiness. Be not easily discouraged. Persevere in the pursuit of your legitimate ambitions.
13. Do your work cheerfully, thoroughly and well. Work badly done is worst than work undone. Do not leave for tomorrow what you can do today.
14. Contribute to the welfare of your community and promote social justice. You do not live for yourselves and your families alone. You are a part of society to which you owe definite responsibilities.
15. Cultivate the habit of using goods made in the Philippines. Patronize the products and trades of your countrymen.
16. Use and develop our natural resources and conserve them for posterity. They are the inalienable heritage of our people. Do not traffic your citizenship.

# On Self-Control

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

One noon, while I was on my way home, I was caught by a congested traffic. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry perhaps because it was time for lunch. All of a sudden, a big truck collided with a brand new car. A policeman nearby investigated the accident at once. It was found out that the brakes of the truck were out of commission. I was led to think. The accident gave me food for thought. I said to myself that a person without self-control may be likened to the truck. He always runs the risk of getting into trouble with other people.

But what is self-control? Self-control is self-mastery. It is self-government. Webster defines it as "restraint and coordination of one's own acts and impulses." It is one's power to feel what he should feel or not to feel what he should not feel; to think what he should think or not to think what he should not think; to say what he should say or not to say what he should not say; to do what he should do or not to do what he should not do. It is his wisdom to say the right thing when it is much easier to say the wrong thing; it is his moral courage to do right when temptation to do wrong is strongest.

In ordering his self what to do or what not to do, the individual should see to it that he is guided by the principle of right and wrong. He must do that

which is right and avoid doing that which is wrong. He should be governed by the two great laws of the human being: the law of the influence of the mind upon the body and the law of the influence of the body upon the mind. The first law demands that when right action is needed and the physical self refuses to act the mind should have the ability to make the body act accordingly. The second law requires that when the mental self is reluctant to think when right thinking should be done the body should have the power to make the mind thing rightly. Of course, as long as a person is human, it is not possible for him to be always right; but it is always possible for him to try to be right.

How can the individual control his acts and impulses? By thinking, which necessitates the careful use of "intelligence in all its forms—insight, hindsight, foresight." He thinks before he acts. His correct thinking flowers into right acting. He is not carried by the spur of the moment. He observes caution. He is not a victim of the hit-and-miss procedure of doing things. Thru critical thinking he arrives at sound conclusion. He makes decision only after mature deliberation.

Thinking then is the best instrument thru which one can control himself. But what is thinking? Watson has defined it as nothing but talking to oneself.

"As a man talketh to himself so acteth he". But the talk to one's self can be internalized. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he". In using thinking as a means of controlling self, one should be responsive to the urge of reason and obedient to the command of conscience which is popularly believed as the voice of God in the soul of man. If it is true that conscience is God's voice, it can never be wrong. Obey that voice, and you will be right; disobey it, and you will be wrong.

And now this question presents itself: Why should a person control himself? For both individual and social welfare. Social control can best be attained thru self-control. Society is but a group of individuals. "The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts". The goodness of the whole cannot be more nor less than the combined goodness of all its parts. If every member of society is self-controlled according to the ideals of freedom, the existence of social control is secure. This sounds paradoxical, for one might ask: How can there be freedom if there is control? This question may be answered by saying that the most important condition of freedom is its limitation.

The self-controlled individual is modest, calm, and quiet; he is friendly, courteous, and polite; he is industrious and self-reliant; he is honest, truthful, and just. He is humble, calm, and quiet, because he has the power to refrain from becoming boisterous, arrogant, and ostentatious. He is friendly, courteous, and polite, because he has the ability to abstain from being antagonistic, discourteous, and impolite. He is industrious and self-reliant because he has pride strong enough to ward off

the tentacles of indolence and parasitism. He is honest, truthful, and just, because he possesses the moral stamina to prevent himself from falling into the abyss of dishonesty, falsehood, and injustice.

Many are the tragedies that are brought about by lack of self-control. It is appropriate to cite a few examples. A boy who was too young to discern right and wrong was playing fire. He accidentally set his house on fire. Losing his temper, his father hit him on the head with a blunt instrument. The boy instantly died.

An irascible woman had a very sensitive daughter who was studying in a certain high school. One afternoon, she was told by one of her teachers to stay after class to rehearse her part in a program that was to be held a few days after. Because of this, she was benighted in going home. Turning a deaf ear to the girl's explanation, the mother scolded and insulted her. She uttered harsh, vulgar, and profane words the daughter did not deserve to hear. The girl's feelings were hurt beyond endurance. She committed suicide.

The mother should have known that "the tongue is not steel, yet it can cut". But she had a tart temper and a sharp tongue; and in the language of Irving, "a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use".

Then there was the case of a hot-tempered husband who, when he left for his work in the morning, told his wife to cook *adobo* for dinner. Due to unavoidable circumstances, the wife could not do as she was told. The

husband went home early in the evening hoping to have a nice dinner. Upon finding out that his wife had failed to prepare the dish, he picked her up and threw her out of the window. The wife met a tragic death.

If the husband would have built self-control into his life; and if he would have learned the wisdom of the proverb that "if angry, count ten; if very angry, count one hundred", he could have avoided the tragedy of killing his wife and the humiliation of spending the rest of his life behind prison bars.

Not very many years ago, the world was living in peace and tranquility, happiness and prosperity. Suddenly, Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito lost their temper, ran amuck, and launched

the most deadly war mankind has ever witnessed. Millions of men, women, and children have suffered, bled, and died because these three inhuman human beings lacked the power to extinguish the flame of their unbridled ambition to enslave the people of the world.

Because self-control is one of the pillars of enduring character; because the absence of self-control constitutes an occasion for the happening of calamitous events; because the presence of self-control in one's life makes that life worth living; because self-control is the best foundation for social control; and because social control is indispensable to peaceful and orderly living; all people, young or old, should bend efforts to incorporate into their lives the virtue of self-control.



## Analysis Of Love

1. Love is a noun, because it is proper and common.
2. It is a verb, because it is sometimes used in the active voice and sometimes it is very passive.
3. It is a conjunction, because it connects and binds two beings together.
4. It is an interjection, because it reveals strong and sudden emotions.
5. It is a preposition, because it has always an object.
6. It is fun, have you ever tried it?
7. It is heaven, have you ever had one?
8. It is hell, have you ever lost one?

# God, Give Us Men

By ENRICO NANO  
Class of 1949

I have not known yet any problem greater than the one we are facing today. It is a problem not only of our own day and age, but also of the coming generations. It is an age-old problem. It is a problem of morality.

Everyday we read in the papers the appealing increase of criminality in our country. A hold-up here, kidnapping there; rape, murder—all tangible signs that our young men are going to the dogs. We cannot but feel guilty at the thought of these acts, said to be perpetrated mostly by young citizens. We cannot but feel concerned over our future. Shall it be the fate of a generation in distress? Shall it be the fate of a young republic as ours to nurture men who are wanting in moral values?

War, it is true, had contributed much to the moral decadence of our youth. It had brought us all the misery and tribulations and the wrath of hell. It had crushed our moral structures. Yet, is war the sole cause of this moral decay? Maybe not. We attribute all ills to the past war and fold our arms callous and indifferent to moral reforms.

What can youth do? We do not seem to realize the role of youth in the upliftment of a nation. What could be the prospects of the Philippine Republic if the nation's pillars of tomorrow are just watching contentedly and standing by?

In our study of *Social Life and Pro-*

*gress* we have learned the science of adjustments and the happiness adjustments bring. I wonder why, we cannot apply such knowledge for the betterment of our society. Do we simply discard what had been taught us? Maybe we do. And I hope this opens our eyes. Let us apply what we have learned in school. In short, let us make some action.

I believe in the saying that "prevention is better than cure." But in my humble opinion, it is as good to cure as to prevent the infection in our young hearts and minds; infection from the germs of criminality spreading throughout the land. The disease is here. We need a great amount of medicine, effective medicine. We need to launch a drive to combat whatever is threatening our morality. In this hour each has his own duty to perform. I think my fellow young citizens should organize and harness their moral and intellectual power for the crusade against social maladies. Such activity would be conducive to the group welfare and happiness. We are young, indeed, but let us release our youthful vitalities for the right action at the right time. Let us not be one unthinking mob. Let us make ourselves a group of critical thinkers and honest workers worthy of what Rizal proudly said, "hope of the Fatherland."



To our beloved parents, who nurture the nation's rising sons, let us give a word of warning. Let us make them see the facts. Are they teaching their children to act in the right way? Are they helping our feet to step aright? No doubt in their way of bringing up their children will depend the realization of Rizal's dream. It is the responsibility of parents to guide their children—morally and physically—so that they may be assets and not liabilities. Our education, moral education especially, is mostly home education.

Today, our national leaders are trying to spread the seeds of education. They are on the right track. Because they know that sometimes crime can be attributed to lack of education, they call upon all the teachers to shoulder the responsibility of moulding the character of youth. Honesty, truth, self-control, and self-respect must be inculcated in the minds of the students. It is the teacher's task to teach what is good, and what is right. It is her task to stress the great need of upright citizenship. Hers is the responsibility to guide

and counsel the students, to teach the principles of democracy, to make of students men and women of character.

My heart is filled to overflowing as I write these lines. I would like to add one more point. In our study of history, we have learned the influence of religion over the lives of people. Let us therefore develop a God-fearing attitude. But let us be prudent. Let us be tolerant. Let everybody worship God in his own way. Let us revere the Sublimest Solitary Figure, who towers among men for eternity.

The late President Manuel L. Quezon once said, "remember that you are one nation and your unity is the source of your strength, peace, and happiness." Let us follow this prudent advice so that in the years to come we may not harvest the whirlwind. Let us hope for the dawn of a better and nobler day. But in the meantime, let us get together and work. Let us not stand idle while there are great problems to solve. There is a great need for labor. God, give us men—"men with stout hearts and sinewy arms."



## Catskill Mountain

First Surveyor: Pal, have you seen the Catskill Mountain?

Second Surveyor: Cats kill mountains? You damned fool. I've seen cats kill mice.

—Miguel Rivera

## My Father And The White Horse

By CARLOS BULOSAN

Father came to town on my eleventh birthday with a man who had a white horse. He rode on him and pranced around our back yard, shouting at me to keep out of his way. The man sat on a log chewing tobacco. Father wanted to ride to the river, but the man told him to give the horse some rest.

"I'm buying him," Father said. "Don't I have the right to ride him?"

"You didn't buy him yet," the man said.

"You like him, son?" Father asked.

"He is a beautiful horse all right," I said. "What is his name?"

"White Horse of Heaven!" Father said. "Would you like to try him?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

Father put me on the horse, I pulled the reins gently and the horse strutted around the man, neighed, and jumped over the gate, running toward the direction of the town. I wanted to look back, but the horse was galloping. I heard the man shouting at me to stop. The people in the street ran out of my way. The windows opened and amused

faces watched the horse flying like a streak of lightning.

When I reached the presidencia all the clerks looked out the window and shouted at me. The Chief of Police came out of the building and ran to his horse. He jumped on it and started to chase me. I heard him whipping and shouting at his horse. The bus drivers stopped their motors and screamed at me. My horse ran toward the river, hearing the other horse approaching us.

He stopped suddenly by the bridge and plunged into the water. The Chief's horse jumped after us. The water was deep, but it was not swift. We swam to the other side of the river and climbed over the low shoulder of the bridge.

We came out in a field of corn. My horse stopped and started eating the yellow leaves. The chief came up the river bank and stopped his horse beside mine.

"Where did you get that beautiful white horse, son?" he asked.

"I got him from a man I never saw before," I said.

"You stole him, is that what you mean," he asked.

"No Sir!" I said. "He is selling the horse to my father."

"I like him very much," he said. "How

---

*Carlos Bulosan is a Filipino poet and writer now famous in the United States. His books are "The Laughter of My Father" and "America is in the Heart".*

much is he?"

"I don't know," I said. "My father likes him, too, but he has no money."

"I would like to buy him," he said.

"What for?" I said. "You already have a fine horse."

"I like the way he runs in the street and the way he jumps into the water," he said. "What is his name?"

"White Horse from Heaven," I said.

"That is a good name," he said.

"There is no horse by that name at the races. Let's race to your house and see that man."

We started together and rode to town. We reached past the presidencia and the clerks looked out the window waving their hands. They shouted and kicked the walls. Our horses galloped side by side toward our house, neighing joyfully as they ran together.

Father and the man were waiting at the gate. Father ran to meet me, reaching for the reins eagerly and commanding me to get down. The man danced angrily around the horse and started to curse me.

"You have hurt him!" he said. "You have hurt my White Horse of Heaven!"

"I will buy him," the Chief said.

Father suddenly leaned against the horse, as though he were protecting it from another horse.

"I don't want to sell him," he said.

"I'm not talking to you," the Chief said. "I'll pay you ten pesos." he said.

"I'll give you fifteen pesos," Father said.

"Twenty-five pesos and my horse," the Chief said.

"Twenty-five pesos if I sell my coconuts," Father said.

"What coconuts?" the man asked.

Father pointed at the coconuts in Uncle Sergio's yard. The man looked up and saw that there were many ripe fruits. He looked back to the red horse beside his white horse; then he looked up at the coconuts again.

"It's a deal," he said to Father.

"You don't need a horse, Simeon," the Chief said. "You are not a politician."

"How far is the cockpit from here, son?" Father asked.

"It's ten minutes ride on that horse," I said.

"You don't need a beautiful white horse like him to go to the cockpit," the Chief said. "Sell him to me and I'll make you my secretary."

"I can't read or write," Father said. "What would I do with a political job?"

"You could borrow money from the clerks," the Chief said. "If you feel inclined to do it, you could cheat the peasants from the villages."

"Go away, Chief," Father said. "Go away before I accept your offer. I might be tempted to cheat the peasants from my village."

The Chief was greatly disappointed. He pulled the reins of his horse, looked at the man sadly, and then rode to town. Father jumped on the white horse and forced it to walk around.

"Climb the coconuts, son," he said. "I'm riding to town for a buyer."

"How much would I get?" I asked.

But he had already kicked the horse. The animal rose to its hind legs and neighed proudly. It plunged forward and flew to the highway. The man walked unto my uncle's yard and looked joyfully at the trees. I went into our house and sharpened the sickle. I tied it to my belt and went to Uncle Ser-

gio's yard.

My uncle was at the cockpit with his fighting cock. My aunt was away in another town. My cousins were all gone. The house was big and strong, but grass had grown under it. The yard was thick with bushes. The coconut trees were full of fruit, but my uncle was always busy with his gambling. My aunt was also always away with her game cards.

My cousin Nonoy used to climb the coconut trees. He sold the fruit and bought a new suit every year. Sometimes he bought handkerchiefs for the village girls. He even bought a phonograph from the city. But he was gone, too. In the capital of our province, where he was a high school student, he was making a hit with the girls. That was my cousin all right. Wherever he went he always made a hit with the girls. He seldom came to our town. If he came with a favorite classmate, he did not stay very long. He would run to his father and mother for some money, then hail a bus in the street and ride back to town. He never wrote to them, except when he asked for money. They always sent it to him without a letter; they had no time to write him. They stayed in the house when the rains came. It became a sort of lodging place.

Father came back when I had climbed all the trees. The man walked around the yard counting the harvest. I could tell by the way he looked pleasantly at me that he had plenty. Father tied the horse to one of the trees and approached the man. He was followed by a buyer who had jumped from a cart. There were ten carts that came to carry the coconuts away.

"How did you make it, son?" Father asked.

"All right," I said. "But I am thirsty. I've never climbed so many good coconuts before."

"It's our first harvest," he said. "We might go to Polon's house later and climb his coconuts."

"I'm too tired to climb any more coconuts today," I said. "Besides, my brother Polon has a shotgun."

"He can't hit you," Father said. "That brother of yours is a poor shot. I don't know where he got his bad eyes. He is not like me." He picked a stone and threw it at a dog that came into the yard to lap at the cracked coconuts. He hit the head of an old man.

"My brother is like you all right," I said.

"None of that talk," Father said.

The men came into the yard and started carrying the coconuts to the cart. They put up some sticks at the sides of the carts. The buyer gave the money to Father; he in turn gave it to the man who owned the horse.

"Where is my share?" I asked.

The old man gave me a twenty centavo piece. The buyer jumped into the cart and commanded his men to drive away. Then I saw Uncle Sergio walking in deep thought toward his house. By the way he looked I knew that he had lost all his money. A dead fighting cock was in his hand. Suddenly he stopped walking and looked up, as though he were listening to the thunderous shouting at the cockpit. He ran into the yard when he realized what was happening to his coconuts. The drivers whipped their carabaos and drove away.

"What have you done, Simeon?" Un-

cle Sergio said.

"I just bought a white horse," Father said.

"With my coconuts?" Uncle Sergio asked. "With my ripe coconuts?"

"They are your trees, but you didn't climb them," Father said.

"They are in my yard, are they not?" he shouted. "This is my house, is it not? Didn't I plant these trees when I was still an honest working man?"

The man who sold the white horse sneaked around the house and disappeared among the bushes.

"You could have the harvest next year," Father said.

"I can't wait for next year!" he shouted, smashing the dead cock on the tree. "I need money now!"

"There is no money," Father said.

"I'll put you in jail, Simeon," Uncle Sergio said, running to the street. "You will see!"

We were in our back yard when my uncle and the Chief arrived with two policemen. They stopped at the gate. Father rode on the white horse and went to meet them.

"What do you want, Sergio?" Father asked.

"I want that horse," he said, looking at the Chief and his man. "I want it right now!"

"You'd better give it to him if you don't want to go to jail for stealing a horse," the Chief said.

"How long would that be?" Father asked.

"Ten years and ten days," the Chief said.

"That is a long time," Father said. "What is the ten days for?"

"If you go to jail, you will find what

it is for," he said.

"Could I take my white horse?" Father asked.

"Certainly not!" the Chief said. "But you could take your son. He needs a little rest from climbing those tall coconut trees."

Father was in deep thought. Then he jumped off the horse and gave it to my uncle. He in turn gave it to the Chief. The Chief gave my uncle some money and told him to go to the cockpit. Father was mad at them.

"Are you taking White Horse of Heaven away?" I asked.

"I just bought him, son," the Chief said, looking sideways at Father.

"Could I ride him to the presidencia?" I asked.

"All right, son" he said. "But you will have to walk home."

I jumped on the white horse and gave the signal to the men. As we raced toward the highway, I heard Father say, "My own flesh and blood stabbing me in the back . . ."

---

From *The Laughter of My Father*, by Carlos Bulosan, Harcourt, Brace, & Co., Inc.

---

#### TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Are the characters lifelike or are they "wooden?" Give your reasons.
  2. Name some of the merits of the story as to the characterization, plot, and setting.
  3. Read some sentences to prove that the author has a keen sense of humor.
- Vocabulary:* strutted, neigh, sneaked, thunderous.

# My Alma Mater

By MELITON MONDANO  
Class of 1949

A University with such a shining name,  
Ever moving, ever soaring to fame.

With face that's always brave, always beaming  
When school competition is very keen.

Leader in the field of education,  
Always loyal to youth and to the nation.

Let the world know, let the world sing  
Of victory glorious, of peace very pleasing.



## SILVER LININGS

Collected by Arcadio M. Suñga

Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be understood.  
— Marie Curie

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act that each tomorrow,  
Finds us farther than today.  
— Henry W. Longfellow

If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.  
— Samuel Johnson

# Manuel Luis Quezon

By AURORA J. TABLAN  
Class of 1948

August brings with it the memory of a great Filipino statesman—Manuel Luis Quezon.

This unforgettable figure was born in Baler, Tayabas (now Quezon province) on August 19, 1878. His father was a Filipino soldier and his mother was a Spanish *mestiza*. As a young boy, Manoling had an experience which he did not forget. He slapped a boy of his age and denied it later. Then his father slapped him and said, "A liar deserves no respect and may well be insulted." Since then, Manuel kept it a point to tell the truth under all circumstances.

Manuel had his first formal education from a Franciscan friar who brought him to San Juan de Letran in Manila. He worked his way through college and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, *summa cum laude*.

Upon his return to his hometown he found his mother seriously ill, and later on she "crossed the bar" with only Manuel present. This, coupled with the incurred debts of the family prevented his proceeding immediately with his studies. In the law college, some of his classmates were Juan Sumulong, Sergio Osmeña, and Emilio Jacinto. Manuel's studies, however, were interrupted by the Spanish-American War.

Quezon joined the Filipino forces under Col. Villacorta in Pantabangan. He was commissioned second lieutenant. Quezon wanted to show-off as an officer,

but when the situation came for him to prove himself as a capable one, he shivered with fright and was at the point of running for his dear life had he not heard a voice saying, "Young man, be careful, your soldiers are watching you." Thereupon, he was overcome by shame and humiliation that he forgot his fear of death. Since then, he gained courage to "face the music" and let Divine Providence take care of him.

His health failed. As a soldier he faced and cheated death several times. At last in April, 1901, after much urging, he surrendered to the American forces. Following this, he resumed his studies.

He practised law and won all his cases. Later, he accepted a position as prosecuting attorney of Mindoro. He climbed his way (and quite easily at that) to the governorship of Tayabas. When the National Assembly was formed in 1907, Manuel Quezon was chosen as floor leader of the House of Representatives.

In 1909, he was appointed Resident Commissioner of the Philippines to the United States. He was rewarded for his services to the country. He was elevated to the presidency of the Senate, and later of the Commonwealth.

The outbreak of the war on December 8, 1941, found him vacationing in Baguio for his much-needed rest. His ill health did not hinder him from acting judiciously on the grave question of war. After much persuasion, President

Quezon, with his family and a few government officials, left his beloved native land for Australia. He had formed beforehand a war cabinet and had left instructions to the officials that would be left behind. The hop from Corregidor to Australia was one of constant danger. Upon his arrival in the United States, he set to work—lecturing, broadcasting and writing—for the early redemption of his country. It was through his efforts that the Americans awakened to the fact that the liberation of the Philippines must be hastened to prevent the lose of precious lives. But this great men did not see the dawn of a new day—the liberation of his country—for he was claimed by his Maker on August 1, 1944.

His body was placed in the Arlington

National Cemetery, a burying place for America's great men. Later on, his body was brought to the Philippines with full military honors.

A message to our nation was left by him. In part, it says: "I have served you, land that I love, to the full extent of my capacity. You in turn have shown me a true and sincere faith. I will never forget till the last beat of my heart what you have shown to me." To his wife he wrote, "Forgive me for all my faults. My love for you has never changed. My heart and life are for you alone." To his children, "Be good. Obey the wishes of your mother and love one another. Pray for your father and forgive him. Till heaven, my loved ones."

\* \* \*

## REST

By Roman S. Dizon  
Class of 1949

There is a gnawing grief that fetters my soul,  
There is a bitter, magic spell...  
And my trembling lips they utter  
The woes, the pains, the aching words:  
May He give you a wholesome rest...



## "The Good Fight"

A Book Review by Remedios F. Adamos

**The Good Fight** by Manuel Luis Quezon, is the most colorful autobiography of a modern political figure. General Douglas MacArthur, in his introduction to the book, comments: "It carries with it the message of a liberty-loving people hurled against those who would trample under foot man's precious heritage, freedom."

In this revealing and moving autobiography, the author recounts an interesting sidelight of Philippine history. Manuel Luis Quezon was a great statesman and patriot and his **The Good Fight** is a MUST book for every Filipino. His career spans the most glorious half century of Philippine history and his autobiography is the history not only of an epoch but of the Philippines as a modern nation.

His birth is vividly recounted in his own words:

From the lips of my mother I learned that I was born in Baler, on August 19, 1878, at seven o'clock in the morning. Since no Filipino resident of Baler at that time had a watch for they were all too poor to own even the cheapest kind—I asked her how she knew that it was seven o'clock in the morning. I understood. The 19th of August, was the "town fiesta" of Baler—the feastday of the patron saint—and it was both a civic and a religious holiday. Under the old Spanish regime, on such occasions, there was a high mass at eight o'clock in the

morning and before the mass started they rang the church bells three times—the first at seven, the second at seven-thirty, and the third at eight, just at the moment when the priest started from the sacristy to the altar.

My mother, who was a very devout Catholic, added: "My boy, nothing happens in this world by accident. Everything answers a divine purpose. I believe that the fact that you were born on the day of our patron saint is indicative of God's will that you follow the vocation of priesthood."

But his mother's hopes for him was never fulfilled due to some discouraging incidents with the friars. He relates in the following paragraph how his aspiration for priesthood was cut short:

Remembering what my dear mother had told me as a probable reason for my birthday falling on the feast of the patron saint of Baler, I readily followed the advice of the old priest. The professor of dogmatic theology that year was Father Vaquero who had been teaching in the College of San Juan de Letran during all the years that I was a boarder in that college. He of course knew me very well, and seeing me enter the classroom, he bluntly and in the presence of the other students, asked me this question: "What are you doing here?" Humbly and in a low voice, assuming that that was the proper attitude of a would-be priest, I answered:

"I think I am going to study for the priesthood." He burst into laughter and said: "Who had deceived you into believing that you should ever be a priest? Don't waste your time. Get out of here and proceed with your law course." Thus the career for which my mother so devoutly prayed was nipped in the bud.

While studying law the war against America broke out. The peaceful relationship between the United States and the Philippines had ended. Young Quezon joined Aguinaldo's army against the United States. As a soldier, he was an anti-American in and out. When some of his friends were killed, he had always waited for a chance to avenge their deaths. Due to his active participation, he rose to the rank of major. Later, however, General Mascardo ordered him to surrender to the Americans.

Upon his surrender, he asked leave to speak to Aguinaldo. What he felt when he saw his general as a prisoner of war is so well expressed in the book. He writes:

The American General, who stood erect and towered over my head, raised his hand without saying a word and pointing to the room across the hall, made a motion for me to go in there. Trembling with emotion, I slowly walked through the hall toward the room, hoping against hope that I would find no one inside. At the door two American soldiers in uniform, with gloves and bayonets, stood on guard. As I entered the room, I saw General Aguinaldo—the man, whom I had considered as the personification of my own beloved country, the man whom I had seen at the height of his glory surrounded by gen-

erals and soldiers, statesmen and politicians, the rich and the poor, respected and honored by all. I now saw that same man alone in a room, a prisoner of war! It is impossible for me to describe what I felt, but as I write these lines, forty two years later, my heart throbs as fast as it did then. I felt that the whole world had crumbled; that all my hopes and all my dreams for my country were gone forever! It took me some time before I could collect myself, but finally I was able to say in Tagalog, almost in a whisper, to my General: "Good evening, Mr. President."

Completely disillusioned, he completed his mission but remained in Manila, where he was captured and imprisoned for four months in Intramuros, without knowing the cause.

After his release, Quezon resumed his law studies. He steadily rose from one public position to another till he reached the highest goal, the presidency. As President, he made reforms and championed social justice. He was also a champion of democracy.

But then, he still owed the twenty four years of his happy married life to a woman his cousin, Aurora Aragon. He describes his wedding ceremony in the following lines:

Contrary to Filipino custom which celebrates marriages at great expense and with pompous ceremonies, my bride and I were married in Hongkong in our street clothes and with the attendance of only the members of my staff. Twenty-four years of married life with the same wife have proved that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon the noise of the wedding. Nor for that

matter upon closing one's eyes to the sight of other beauties and running away from their company during the period of one's engagement.

As president, he was loved by his people because of his kind heart and his lenient nature. The cause of his leniency he confesses in the following paragraph:

As I stepped out of the presidential car and walked over the marble floor of the entrance hall, and up the wide stairway, I remembered the legend of the mother of Rizal, the great Filipino martyr and hero, who went up those stairs on her knees to seek executive clemency from the cruel Spanish Governor General Polavieja, that would save

her son's life. This story had something to do with my reluctance to believe that capital punishment should ever be carried out. As a matter of fact, during my presidency, no man ever went to the electric chair. At the last moment I always stayed the hand of the executioner.

He was still the president when the second world war broke out. Knowing that he could serve his people more if he were alive, he, his family, and some selected staff members made a hazardous journey to America. There, he made a fierce campaign for an early redemption of his country. Up to his last breath, he had always kept on fighting a good fight.



## Chinese Proverbs

Collected by Rose Doyola  
Class of 1947

1. More trees are upright than men.
2. No needle is sharp at both ends.
3. Free sitters at the play always grumble most.
4. It is not the wine which makes a man drunk; it is the man himself.
5. Better a dog in peace than a man in war.
6. One more good man on earth is better than an extra angel in heaven.
7. A woman with a long tongue is a flight of steps leading to calamity.
8. Money makes a blind man see.
9. Those who have not tasted the bitterest of Life's bitters can never appreciate the sweetest of Life's sweets.
10. The greater the obstacles to be overcome, the sweeter the reward is.

# You And The School

By Angel R. Bejar

Assistant Director, A. Mabini High School

It is always the fond wish of loving parents to see their children grow up as respectable men and women. They delight in watching their children grow not only in years but also in morality and wisdom. But how many parents had been disillusioned—discovering later that their children had turned out to be social liabilities rather than assets.

There are several factors that may influence the growth of a child's character, namely, the school, the home, the church, the press, the theater, the club and the government. I shall take up one of these factors, the school, without in the least minimizing the contributions rendered by the other agencies.

A student must have a wholesome school environment. In school, the student struggles with divergent forces in connection with his daily lessons. There is the lesson to be read or the assignment to be prepared. There are the teachers and the other students to deal with. There are the school regulations to be obeyed. All of these situations call for efforts focused towards the development of your character. Let us take a case in point.

In a certain school, a teacher was conducting a recitation in her usual way. The attention of the principal was attracted by an unnecessary noise at the back of the building. A group of boys were out there making fun among themselves. They were supposed to be in

their class in English. Asked why they were out, they said they were hungry; but they could not be hungry at such an early hour. Pressed to tell the truth, they accused the teacher of being simply boring. They could not stand a very dry and uninteresting lesson. The principal said nothing but went to see matters for himself. Outside the door his eyes caught sight of a boy who busied himself throwing small balls of papers at his classmates. Another was making a caricature of the teacher while those around him were more interested in looking at the drawing than in listening to the teacher. Brought to the office, they broke down and confessed. The recitation did not appeal to their curiosity and imagination. And that was that.

As a consequence of this undesirable classroom condition, these students were led into mischief. They began to develop habits of inattention, listlessness and disrespect to teachers. In the end those students failed. They became discouraged and consequently unhappy. They lost interest in their school activities and confidence in themselves. They developed antagonism and resentment against the school. They began to hate everyone. Inferiority complex began to creep in. All as a result of an unwholesome school environment.

Let us take another instance. Another teacher, full of vigor and sunshine

comes in. She goes to her class and immediately the sunbeams of her enthusiasm fill the four corners of the room. All eyes are turned to her and every one stoops to catch every word she says. You can see them all busy, everyone in earnest about his own business. Nobody is wasting his time. In the thick of work and struggle, the teacher is there guiding, cheering, inspiring. Everyone's mind is challenged and when the period is up, they feel proud that they succeeded. They heave a sigh of contentment, proud of the results of their efforts. There is light in their eyes and song in their hearts. Day in and day out, they will win and grow and conquer and they will radiate joy wherever they go. Their spirit will rise and their strength will redouble. As if by magic even the weak will rise to greater heights. They will begin to have confidence in themselves and will de-

velop strong will power and a feeling of satisfaction which will be an urge for greater efforts. In years to come you will notice them again as worthy members of their communities.

I gave you two pictures of two groups of students. In what group will you belong? The school may either make you a desirable or an undesirable citizen. Such being the case, let us then have schools that will serve as laboratories in the making of worthy individuals.

The child looks upon his teachers as benefactors. He pleads to them for tolerance, sympathy and understanding. Will he get them in abundance? The teacher prays and hopes that her students be guided aright by the light of truth and knowledge that the school radiates. What have you, students, to say?



## P I O U S

"Now," said a school teacher to her class in English, "can anyone give me a word ending in 'ous' meaning *full of*, as 'dangerous,' full of danger?"

A small boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is your word?" asked the teacher.

Then came the reply, "*pious*, full of pie."

## W H A T ?

Harold: What do you think would be the result if I asked your father for your hand?

Jobyna: I'm afraid he would give you his foot instead.

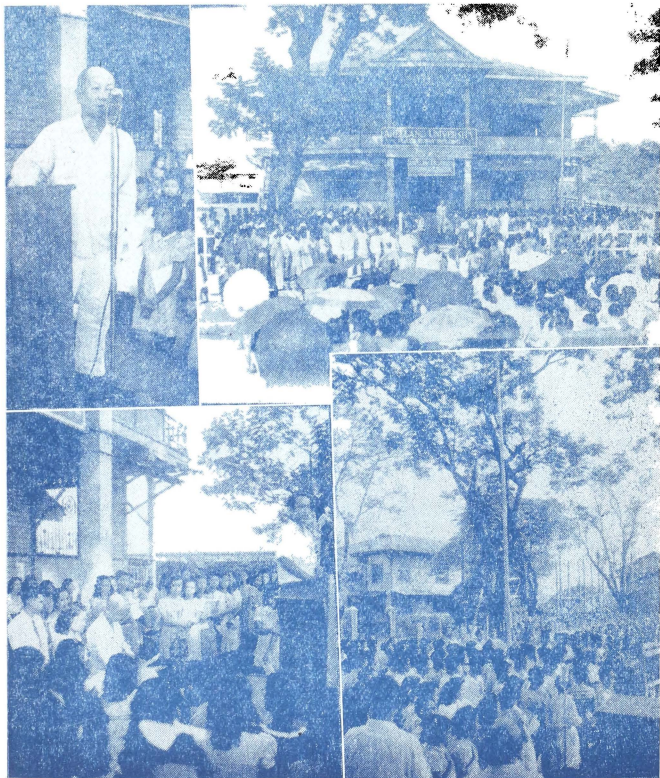
# Arellano University March

By C. M. Vega

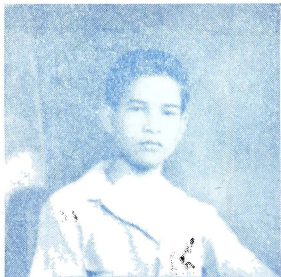
With voices proud and sweet, all hail!  
The Arellano University  
Through thick and thin we will not fail,  
In weal or woe to hold on high  
Your banner waving to the sky;  
Through all the years we'll loyal be,  
On every land and shining sea . . .  
Beloved University.

## CHORUS

O Alma Mater dear, we pledge  
To glorify your noble name,  
To chant with all our might and main  
Eternal praises to your fame;  
O Alma Mater, dear, all hail!  
We march together hand in hand,  
We sing together at your call,  
We stand as one at your command.



*"Think more, do more, talk less..." says President Florentino Cayco (top left photo); the crowd at the flag ceremony and convocation on the morning of August 18 (left); Director Jacinto S. Galimba introducing the guest speaker (bottom left); the colors flying (right). See story on page 34.*



**BENEDICTO FRANCISCO  
TOPS...**

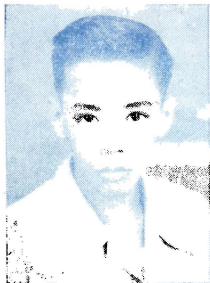
## **Introducing The SCHOLARS...**

Here are the brains of the freshmen class, the cream of cream...

Benedicto Francisco topped the examination given recently to determine who this year's freshmen scholars would be. Following him in the order of their rank in the examination were Benjamin Pantaleon, Iluminada Figueroa, Faustino Ruivivar, Jr. (photos on this page, bottom, left to right); Eduardo de Keyser, Vicente Yee, Jr.,

Gertrudes Alfonso (opposite page, top photo, left to right); Generoso Quioque, Gaudencio Rivera, Rogelio S. Subida (opposite page, bottom, left to right).

Benedicto Francisco, 15, is a native of San Juan Rizal. He was graduated from Santa Lucia Elementary School; Benjamin Pantaleon, graduate of Santa Lucia Elementary, too; Iluminada Figueroa, 15, is a student of A. Mabini High School, native of Manila, graduate of Gregorio del Pilar Elementary School; Faustino Ruivivar, Jr., 16, finished his elementary schooling in Balagtas Elementary School;



*B. Pantaleon*



*I. Figueroa*



*F. Ruivivar*





*E. de Keyser*



*V. Yee, Jr.*



*G. Alfonso*

Eduardo de Keyser, 14, hails from Mendez, Cavite, graduate of our Elementary Department, Arellano University; Vicente Yee, Jr., born in Iloilo City, graduate of Bacolod East Elementary School; Gertrudes Alfonso, of Canlubang, Laguna, had elementary schooling in San Juan Elementary; Generoso Quiogue, graduate of Mandaluyon Elementary; Gaudencio Rivera, 14, hails from San Mateo, Rizal; Rogelio Subida, 12, is the youngest of them all; had elementary schooling in Mandaluyon Elementary School.



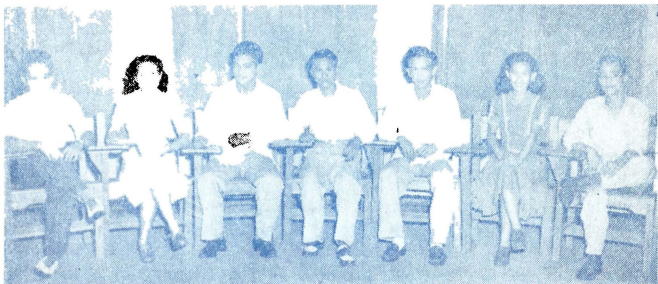
*G. Quiogue*



*G. Rivera*



*R. Subida*



**OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL, A. Mabini High School.** Left to right: Roman Dizon, sergeant-at-arms; Aurora Espino, secretary; Dominador Tabago, vice-president; Ceferino Dulay, president; Leoncio Sales, Jr., representative; Rose Dogola, sub-treasurer; Ricardo del Rosario, sergeant-at-arms.



**OFFICERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL, J. Sumulong High School.** Front row, left to right: Claudina Salazar, sub-treasurer; Mrs. Felicidad Crisologo, Council Adviser; Elisa Angeles, president; Liboria Agbong, treasurer; standing, left to right: Simeon Lama, reporter; Rodolfo Pulanco, secretary; Enrico Nano, vice-president.

# A FEW WORDS

By Elisa S. Angeles

President, J. Sumulong Student Council

We had often wondered before what it was like to be a member of the High School Student Council where one has to think and speak right for thousands of students. Later, we came to know what a wonderful job it was winning a name not only for oneself but for one's Alma Mater as well.

Membership in the Student Council can never be spoken of lightly for it is a very great responsibility. It means work, hard work and more hard work.

The Student Council represents the student government of more than two thousand students. Foremost among its aims is the promotion of the general welfare and well-being of the school and the student body. It aims to achieve higher school standards. It plans activities where the students will acquire intellectual enlightenment not only from books but also from the knowledge imparted them by prominent guest speakers.

To achieve these ends, we are calling upon each and everyone of the students to cooperate whole-heartedly with us. Cooperation is a vital and indispensable thing especially where the welfare of so many students is concerned.

Every student should be imbued with an unwavering school spirit. Let us not be perennial yesmen. Let us not feel that everyday is just like any other day with no improvement at all. Instead, let us have a genuine interest in school activities. In so doing, we can hope for the success of the Student Council.

By Ceferino E. Dulay

President, A. Mabini Student Council

Time and again, the principles of democracy is fully stressed in school, and since a school must be the embodiment of democracy itself, it is necessary that a student council be formed.

Paraphrasing the famous words of Lincoln, our Student Council is a government of the students, by the students and for the students. The power of this council emanates from the students, and for whatever success or failure, the students themselves are wholly responsible.

In the election of officers, we practiced democratic processes to the full extent. We presented our views on important issues, discussed them thoroughly, and we made sure that the majority ruled.

Every undertaking which tends to benefit the students is given the utmost consideration by the Council. It weighs the merits and demerits of each proposition and guides the students in attaining their goals directly or indirectly. It is ready at all times to hear, analyze, and put into effect any suggestion which ultimately aims to give the best advantage to students.

"Great things from little things grow." This is true in every aspect of life, that is, we can not expect a machine to function well if a small and rather insignificant part is missing. The promotion of the common interests is possible if everyone does his part. Aloofness has no place in our organization. It is our unfaltering cooperation and unceasing labor that would make us succeed.

## THE RICEBIRD AND THE CARABAO

By BIENVENIDO SANTOS

If you take a walk anywhere in the Philippines outside the great towns, in the countryside where there are wide ricefields, you will see the water buffalo or carabao taking a rest under tall bamboo trees. Much of the time there will be a little ricebird with him, resting on his back. They seem to be like good friends, and it is true, they are. But there are those who say that the carabao, great though he is, is only a servant of the little ricebird. In fact, there is a saying in the Philippines which goes something like this: "Little man, do not take after the ricebird, who, from his seat on the carabao's back, gets the feeling that he is taller than the carabao."

It is said that in the old days the relation between the carabao and the ricebird was not as good as it is now. In those days the carabao got angry every time the ricebird came onto his back for a rest. He would keep driving the bird away with his tail, but the bird simply got out of the way of the whipping tail by moving from one place to another on the carabao's wide back.

The carabao said to the ricebird one day, "You are acting as though I was your servant, you little thing."

"Little thing, did you say?" said the ricebird, getting off the carabao's back to be nearer to the carabao's face, "why, there is nothing you are able to do which I am not able to do myself."

The carabao did not take this statement seriously, "Oh, go away," he said, laughing, "I don't see where you get your foolish ideas."

The ricebird said nothing in answer for some time. He was looking at the river nearby. Then he said, "Don't be so certain, Mr. Carabao. Great as you are and small as I am, there are things I am able to do better than you."

"For example?" said the carabao, amusement in his eyes.

"For example," said the ricebird, looking at the river and the sun in the sky, as if attempting to see what time of the day it was, "for example, I am certain of drinking more water from that river than you will ever be able to do."

"Ho, ho!" said the carabao, laughing

---

*This Philippine legend is written in Basic English—"a language," consisting of an 850-word minimum vocabulary. Many consider that this may well be the common world language of the future because, within it, people can say almost anything they want to.*

*Mr. Santos, author of this story, is an instructor in English in Albay Normal School. He studied in Columbia University as a government pensionado.*

loudly.

"You may go on laughing," said the ricebird, "but I am serious about this now. If you are not able to take in more water from that river than I, you will have to let me come on your back again."

"All right," said the carabao, quite certain of his power, "and if I am able to take in more water than you, will you let me have my back to myself and not get on it any more?"

"I will keep as far away from you as possible," said the ricebird, with a note of pain in his voice, "but if I do better than you, you will have to take me on your back like a servant."

"Who will do the drinking first?" the carabao said, going near to the river.

The ricebird, who had a knowledge of the regular lift and fall of the river mouth as water came in and went out from the sea, said quickly, "You will do the drinking first."

The carabao put his great mouth down into the water. A number of minutes went by and he was still drinking. But because it was near the time of high water, it was clear that there was more water in the river than before. The ricebird kept completely quiet.

"This is all I am able to do," said the carabao, looking very tired and very full.

"You have not done anything," said the ricebird, pointing to the high level the water had come to, "if you make use of your eyes, you will see that there's more water in the river now than before."

So the carabao put his mouth into the water again and after a half hour or so, he gave up.

"Let me see you do better," he said, looking very ill. His stomach was full to bursting.

"Poor Mr. Carabao. Take a rest for an hour or so," said the ricebird kindly. "You don't seem very well. In an hour or so I'll do it." He was taking no chances. In an hour the water would be definitely going down.

Then the little ricebird put his small pointed mouth down into the water, and, though he did no drinking at all, before very long it seemed as if he had been taking a great amount.

"Impossible," said the carabao, but right there before his eyes, the water's level was going down.

"I will not go on," said the ricebird, "for the river will be drying up if I do, and where will Mr. Carabao take his bath? And now, will you take me on your back, my servant?"

No word of protest came from the carabao as the ricebird got up on his back again, looking as though he was taller than the carabao.

And that is why, to this day, if you take a walk anywhere in the Philippines outside the great towns, in the country side where there are wide ricefields, you will see ricebirds resting on the backs of the carabaos looking like the best of friends.

---

From *Senior Scholastic*, February 17, 1947.

# I'll Be A Fisherman

By Rodolfo G. Pulanco  
Class of 1948

The march of time bids us to decide what calling we shall pursue after graduation. Each one of us is duty bound to help build an independent Philippines on the basis of social justice and equality to all. Some may become lawyers, doctors and teachers. Still others may go abroad in search of higher knowledge. But as, for me, I'm decided to enter the Philippine School of Fisheries—to be a professional fisherman.

Why am I decided to become a fisherman when I know there are more dignified courses which offer more glamorous opportunities?

The life of a fisherman is an independent life—a life free from unpleasant rushes, time records, yes sirs and no sirs. I have observed a typical fisherman and I have found him happy and contented. His daily life starts with the dawn. By nine o'clock in the morning, he is back home with enough fish for family consumption as well as for sale. His children are happy and healthy and he has a home by the sea. What would you give for a house by the sea? This fisherman is happy; I do not see any reason why I should not follow his calling.

Furthermore, our fishing industry is still in its primitive stage. Such a sit-

uation in a country like ours, a free nation, is ridiculous. More than that, it ill-bespeaks of our ability to make use of our God-given heritage—the wealth that abounds in our rivers and seas. The Japanese are gone and I think it is high time for us to develop with our own skill the fishing industry. If well developed the fishing industry can well be one of the supporting pillars in the building up of a new Philippines.

Presidents and statesmen go to the sea for recreation. Why? Because for every fish that is caught, there is a feeling of infinite satisfaction. A series of satisfaction is happiness. Such happiness will I have as a fisherman.

Perhaps I will succeed as a lawyer or as a doctor. But a doctor's or a lawyer's profession is already overcrowded. I have seen doctors who buy and sell commodities and lawyers who hound courts for scraps of affidavits. Fishing is a healthy outdoor job. A fisherman has all the space he likes, all the pure air he could breathe, and all the exercises he could have. His nourishment is always wholesome. I really regard fishermen as one of the most contented people on earth.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *God bless you!*

# MY HOME

By NIEVES P. CASISON  
Class of 1949

In a distant barrio where the cool breeze blows freely across the forest-crested hills, around the ricefields fragrant with smell of ripening palay, amidst the exuberant beauty of Mother Nature where a gently flowing stream winds thru, nestles a humble nipa hut I love to call my home.

It is small and neat. The sunshine comes in unbidden and the sweet scented air roams the place at will. On rainy nights the falling of the showers is music to my ears and I can breathe the perfume of the flowers that bedeck the surrounding shruberry. Then I feel free from woes; relieved from the monotony

of my daily chores, from the drudgery of meaningless existence.

In the daytime, when I go to the top of the hill to gather fresh vegetables, I would pause for a moment to look down the valley and view the panorama before me. The landscape is indeed very picturesque. The sun casts its golden rays on the vegetation below reflected on the crystal coolness of the stream. Various colors tint the clouds, and what a grandeur.

In spite of the lowly building materials of my hut, and its distance from civilization, I love that home—my home, **my own sweet, sweet home.**



## COUNCIL MEMO

The smoke of campus political battles clears away and students ask "Who's who?" After a hasty round-up, we gathered a bit of information here and there and added two and two together.

Who do you think the new president of the J. Sumulong high school council is? Yep—you won't be surprised. She is no other than our one and only Elisa Angeles, a fourth year "brains". She is a full scholar this year. Don't you think our council wagon is hitched to the *Star*?

We often see rummaging alone in our

campus a young man and, of course, a handsome fellow. The looks in his-eyes bear the intelligence he possesses. Meet him. He is our vice-president, Enrico Nano.

Our secretary, Rodolfo G. Pulanco, is also the news editor of the *Star* and, naturally another dependable fellow. He is handy with the typewriter; hence, an efficient secretary.

Liboria Agbong, fourth year, is our treasurer. Intelligent and honest. Not easy to fool, either in handling money or—in love.

## JINGLE OF WORDS

Don't you love the common words  
In usage all the time:  
Words that paint a masterpiece,  
Words that beat a rime,  
Words that sing a melody,  
Words that leap and run,  
Words that sway a multitude,  
Or stir the heart of one?

Don't you love the lively words—  
Flicker, leap, and flash;  
Tumble, stumble, pitch, and toss,  
Dive and dart and dash,  
Scramble, pirouette, and prance,  
Hurtle, hurdle, fling;  
Waddle, toddle, trot and dance;  
Scar and snatch and swing?

Don't you love the noisy words—  
Clatter, pop, and bang;  
Scrape and creak and snarl and snort,  
Crash and clash and clang;  
Crackle, cackle, yowl, and yap;  
Snicker, snare, and sneeze;  
Screech and bellow, slash and howl;  
Whistle, whine, and wheeze?

Don't you love the colorful—  
Amber, rose, and gold;  
Orchid, orange, and cerise;  
Crimson, emerald;  
Purple, plum, and lavender;  
Peach and Prussian blue;  
Turquoise matrix, jade, and jet;  
Hazel, honey dew?



Don't you love descriptive words—  
 Lantern-jawed and prim;  
 Swarthy, slick, effeminate,  
 Sloppy, slimy, slim;  
 Chubby, cute, and greedy-eyed;  
 Portly, pale, and lean;  
 Mangy, messy, lank and low;  
 Furtive and serene?

Yes, with just the common words  
 In usage everywhere,  
 You can capture incidents  
 Beautiful and rare.  
 In words you have a weapon  
 More mighty than a gun;  
 You can sway the multitude  
 Or stir the heart of one.

—Elizabeth Scott Stam



## ETERNAL YOUTH

By FELIZARDO PADOLINA  
 Class of 1948

O here we are again  
 With hopes never in vain;  
 Classmates and friends of mine  
 With smiles of love that are so fine.

O hear the song with a new rime  
 Coming freely from hearts sublime,  
 Coming to fill a glorious life:  
 A life of youth with endless strife.

# NEWSMONTH

## FIRST CONVOCATION—

"Now is your opportunity to acquire secondary education. That opportunity does not belong to all," President Florentino Cayco of the Arellano University declared in the first high school convocation of the year, of which he was the guest speaker, last August 18. After emphasizing the importance of flag ceremonies, and after a brief talk on the duties of students, President Cayco said in part, "You must talk less, think more, and do more. Only charlatans talk much."

The convocation started at eight o'clock in the morning with the playing of the National Anthem by the Arellano Drum and Bugle Corps. Everybody stood at attention and saluted the flag. The flag was raised by cadet officer Augusto Mendoza.

Director Jacinto Galimba of the J. Sumulong High School introduced the guest speaker. Other parts of the program were opening remarks by Elisa Angeles, president of the J. Sumulong Student Council; vocal solo, *Ang Bayan Ko*, by Rosita Delo, with guitar accompaniment by Frederick Ygnacio; and mass singing of *Philippines, My Philippines*, led by Mrs. Rizalina Bartolome.

## STUDENT COUNCIL—

The following were elected officers: Elisa Angeles, president; Enrico Nano, vice president; Rodolfo G. Pulanco, secretary; Liburia Agbong, treasurer; and Simeon Lama, reporter.

The president presided over the meet-

ing soon after the election. Important problems were presented to her by the representatives. A furious debate ensued among members of the council when the question of convocation was taken up. A smart representative, Primo Capila of the evening class, stood and opined that the speakers were filibustering.

The congregation was like a meeting of congress. Only this time there were no fiery words hurled at each other. No fist fights, and no bottles went flying over shoulders.

## GIRLS CLUB—

Under the supervision of Mrs. Felicidad Crisologo, the girls trooped together in building number one last August 9 with the purpose of strengthening ties of friendships. They elected their officers.

The result of the election follows: Aurora V. Tablan, president; Remedios F. Adamos, vice-president; Aida Polotan, secretary; Violeta Tablan, treasurer; and Priscilla Cenon, reporter.

As the girls from each year were so many, they proposed to elect representative from each year. Those elected were: Carmen Eustaquio, representative of the first year; Evangeline Resus, representative of the second year; Esperanza Saguid, representative of the third year; and Myrna Zafra, representative of the fourth year.

The duties of these representatives are to collect contributions for programs,

attend club meetings in lieu of the girls they represent, and announce to the girls they represented what the officers had proposed and decided.

The first activity of the club would be the holding of an acquaintance party on August 31 with Dean Enriqueta Benavides as the guest speaker.

#### GIRL SCOUTS ORGANIZED—

The girl scouts organization was formed last August 15 with Scout Master Elisa Atacador in charge.

A group of 24 girls from the various classes in the high school compose the organization.

The scouts will be asked to help in future school activities such as civic parades and programs.

Uniforms will be given the girls soon.

#### BLESSING—

From informed sources comes the report that the first periodical tests given last August 6 and 7 were only preliminary.

The next examination will be on September.

Meanwhile, students were heard to sigh words of relief. For those who did not make good, it was a blessing. However, they are expected to do better next September, or else....

#### ELECTION RESULTS—

**First Year (morning):** Joven Bigay, president; Juanito Herrera, vice-president; Nellie E. Alvarez, secretary; Celia Custodio, treasurer; Herman Lim, representative.

**First Year (morning):** Hilario Ramos, president; Eduardo Keyser, vice-presi-

dent; Dolores Mecina, secretary; Ramon Lumanlan, treasurer; Benito Mercado, representative.

**First Year (Irregular):** Genoveva Abdon, president; Magdalena Salaraga, vice-president; Rosalinda de la Rosa, secretary-treasurer; Alejandro Hernandez, representative.

**First Year (morning):** Rodolfo de la Peña, president; Armando Averilla, vice-president; Celestino Gallego, secretary; Tranquilino Villanueva, treasurer; Benedicta Francisco, representative.

**First Year (morning):** Carmen Eustaquio, president; Iluminada Jocson, vice-president; Leticia Cruz, secretary; Rosabella Diano, treasurer; Carmen Eustaquio, representative.

**First Year (afternoon):** Anselmo Sta. Ana, president; Ildefonso Alcantara, vice-president; Felicidad Forte, secretary; Clatilde Fabella, treasurer; Ludigario de la Peña, representative.

**Second Year (morning):** Mariano Gerodias, president; Benito Mercado, vice-president; Rodolfo Juanillo, secretary; Doceptimo Bangit, treasurer; Benito Mercado, representative.

**Second Year (morning):** Agapito Albano, president; Amor Hermes, vice-president; Andres Liao, secretary-treasurer; Alfonso Barretto, representative.

**Second Year (morning):** Evangelina Resus, president; Cedililia Santiliceo, vice-president; Ruth Herradura, secretary-treasurer; Carmelita Miranda, representative.

**Second Year (afternoon):** Jose Juanillo, president; Manuel Rivera, vice-president; Florencio Sevilla, secretary-treasurer; Arturo Gonzales, representative.

**Second Year (afternoon):** Remedios Carillo, president; Trinidad Gatchalian,

vice-president; Teresita Vita, secretary; Teresita Barroso, treasurer; Alma de Jesus, representative.

**Third Year (morning):** Violeta Tablan, president; Estela Bartolome, vice-president; Adelaida Viterbo, secretary-treasurer; Josefina Buenaventura, representative.

**Third Year (morning):** Rosauro de los Reyes, president; Benjamin Ylagan, vice-president; Catalino Castañeda, secretary; Pablo Garcia, treasurer; Rosauro Gonzales, representative.

**Third Year (morning):** German Sevilla, president; Jimmy Ardinez, vice-president; Maxima Reyes secretary-treasurer; Valentin Leticia, representative.

**Third Year (Irregular):** Fortunata Badina, president; Enriqueta Villaseñor, vice-president; Hermenegildo Quintar, treasurer; Aurora Ramos, secretary; Claro Lizardo, representative.

**Third Year (afternoon):** Arcadio Sunga, president; Lolita Ignacio, vice-president; Teresita Pantoja, secretary; Leticia Gatchalian, treasurer; Esperanza Saguid, representative.

**Third Year (afternoon):** Agustin A. Arroyo, president; Remedios Año, vice-president; Dionisio Calvo, Jr., secretary-treasurer; Publio Arellano, representative.

**Fourth Year (morning):** Jesus Cruz, president; Augusto Eustaquio, vice-president; Rosita Assiddao, secretary; Socorro Cruz, treasurer; Agustin Lazo, representative.

**Fourth Year (morning):** Crispin Reyes, president; Aurora Tablan, vice-president; Remedios Adamos, secretary; Rosario Yarte, treasurer; Rodolfo G. lanco, representative.

**Fourth Year (Special):** Frederick Yg-

nacio, president; Hermogenes Rigor, vice-president; Purita Mendoza, secretary-treasurer; Elisa Angeles, representative.

**First Year (evening):** Fortunato Pangilinan, president; Soledad Reyes, vice-president; Nenita Nieves, secretary; Francisco Villapando, treasurer; Pulanco, representative.

**First Year (evening):** Reynaldo Armiranez, president; Edmundo Polido, vice-president; Cornelio Malaouga, secretary and treasurer; Reynaldo Armiranez, representative.

**Second Year (evening):** Benjamin Salameda, president; Buenaventuro Cruz, vice-president; Lino Cruz, secretary and treasurer; Florentino Tuboro, representative.

**Second Year (evening):** Maximo Perez, president; Luisa Torres, vice-president; Joaquin Santebañez, secretary; Leticia Santos, treasurer; Simeon Lama, representative.

**Second Year (evening):** Maximino Celestino, president; Dionisio Balignasay, vice-president; Crisanto Malikso, secretary and treasurer; Cirico Marnese, representative.

**Third Year (evening):** Leonardo Tengco, president; Enrico Nano, vice-president; Rozalina Santos, secretary and treasurer; Enrico Nano, representative.

**Third Year (evening):** Tito Yabot, president; Federico Mendoza, vice-president; Rizal Ponce, secretary and treasurer; Federico Mendoza, representative.

**Fourth Year (evening):** Aurelio Sevilla, president; Anita Caluan, vice-president; Carmen Carpio, secretary and treasurer; Victoriano Gatdula, representative.

**Fourth Year (evening):** Alberto Bagtas, president; Eleodoso Armas, vice-president; Lourdes Gamboa, secretary; Asuncion Asuncion, treasurer, Primo Capila, representative.

**Fourth Year (evening special):** Pedro Abendanio, president; Ariston Santos, vice-president; Placer Pantoja, secretary and treasurer; Claudina Salazar, representative.

**Fourth Year Irregular (evening):** Crisanto Briones, president; Eugenio Tamaya, vice-president; Liboria B. Agbong, secretary, Hermogenes Sabiniano, treasurer; Liboria Agbong, representative.

## ZURBARAN—

*Student Council.* In an election held recently, the following were elected officers of the A. Mabini High School Student Council: Ceferino Dulay, president; Dominador Tabago, vice president; Aurora Espino, secretary; Teresa Arceo, treasurer; Leoncio Sales Jr., representative; Roman Dizon and Ricardo del Rosario, sergeant-at-arms.

*Girls' Club.* A Girls' Club was formed by the morning students. The following were elected officers: Rose Doyola, president; Josefina Roxas, vice-president; Minda Serrano, secretary; Virginia Montgomery, treasurer; Marianita Roxas and Gregoria Maglinao, business managers; Leonor Paguiringan and Lydia Bushist, sergeant-at-arms.

Another club was formed for the girls attending evening classes, with the following officers: Aurora Espino, president; Fermina Arrieta, vice president; Aniana Surbano, secretary; Leonida Juco, treasurer; Josefina Molo, reporter; Catherine Stigner and Nieves Casi-

son, business managers.

Mrs. Luisa Pangilinan is the adviser of the Girls' Club, A. Mabini High School.

## MORE ELECTION RESULTS—

**Second Year (morning):** Florante Diamante, president; Manuel Eugenio, Jr., vice president; Valentina Ardiente, secretary; Segundina Quinanola, treasurer; Cecilia Sian, representative.

**Second Year (evening):** Silverio T. Braganza, president; Rosario Reyes, vice president; Brigida Calamba, secretary; Estrellita Barrinuevo, treasurer; Jose C. Medina, representative.

## SCHOLARS—

The following students of the A. Mabini High School have been granted scholarships for the academic year 1947-1948 in recognition of their meritorious scholastic work last year:

### *Regular Classes*

### *Average*

#### *Second Year*

1. Manuel Eugenio, Jr. .... 94%

#### *Third Year*

1. Felipe Delgado, Jr. .... 95%
2. Marciano Panelo ..... 93%
3. Conrado Parica ..... 93%
4. Ricardo Supleo ..... 93%

#### *Fourth Year*

1. Rose Doyola ..... 93.6%
2. Venancio Samala ..... 93%
3. Marcelo de la Torre .... 92.6%

*Abridged Classes**Second Year*

- |                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| 1. Zenaida Buhain .....     | 93% |
| 2. Valentina Ardiente ..... | 92% |
| 3. Florante Diamante .....  | 92% |

*Fourth Year*

- |                         |       |
|-------------------------|-------|
| 1. Epifanio David ..... | 93%   |
| 2. Ceferino Dulay ..... | 92.5% |
| (Phil. Veteran)         |       |
| 3. Pedro Montoya .....  | 91%   |

**PERIODICAL TESTS—****Regular Class**

August	6
September	5
October	6
November	5
December	5
January	7
February	5
March	10
April	16 (Final)

**Special Class**

August	6
September	5
October	6
November	14 (Final)

**GREAT DIFFERENCE**

Can you give the difference between a teacher and a train engineer?

Here's it.

An engineer minds the train while a teacher trains the mind.

**NIPPONGO**

What does **Nippongo** mean?

As we frequently come across the phrase "nip the bud", seldom do we relate it to Nippongo. Nippongo means that the Japanese were making a go of it when it was nipped short by the atomic bomb.



---

JOSE ZAPANTA  
Patnugot

EMILIANO PAYUMO  
Katulong na Patnugot

---

## *Pangulong Tudling—*

# Ilan Sulyap Sa Mga Nag-aaral

Pagkaraan nang mahigit na isang buwang pagkakalipat ng Pamantasang Arellano sa kanyang bagong gusali, ang mga mag-aaral na sa pasimula ay tila di nasisiyahan sa nasabing paglilipat dahil sa diumano'y nasa liblib na lunan at malayo sa mga sasakyan ang naturang bahay-paaralan, ay unti-unti na ngayong nagbabagong-akala sa nakikita nilang malaking kaalwanan ng naturang paglipat. Naging kasiya-siya sa kanilang paningin ang maluluwang at maaaliwalas na silid na malayang dinadampian ng malamig na simoy ng hangin na maaaring makaragdag sa kanilang kalusugan.

Ang aklatan, na halos ay sumasakop sa isang gusali ay siyang pinakama'uwang at maaliwalas. Sa pagbungad pa lamang ay maaakit ang sinuman upang ang kanyang diwa'y gisingin at akayin sa larangan ng karunungan. Ang may-ayos na pagkakapuwang-puwang at pagkakanay-hanay ng mga hapag at luklukan ay sadyang angkop sa pag-aaral ng mga mag-aaral. At ang libu-libong aklat na handa sa bawa't oras sa mga mag-aaral, ay lubos na makatutulong sa pagpapalawak ng kanilang isipan.

Anupa't sa bagong biling gusali ng Arellano ay nasisiyahan nang gayon na

lamang ang mga mag-aaral.

Datapwa't may mga ilan din na tila di-nasisiyahan. Ito ay di dapat pagtakistan sapagka't talagang sa buhay na ito ay lubhang mahirap na bigyan-kasiyahan ang lahat. Kahit anong pagsasakit ang gawin ng pamantasan sa ikapapanuto ng mga mag-aaral, ay may ilan din lumilisya ng landasin. May mga ilan ding lumalabag sa kanyang tungkulin, at di marahil nagugunita na sa kanilang mga kamalian ay di lamang sila kundi ang buong pamantasan ang napipinsala.

Isang halimbawa ay ang paglalagay ng karatula sa pintuan ng gusali na nagbabawal sa paghimpil sa nasabing pintuan upang hindi makasagabal sa nangagsisipanhik. Subali't sa tuwi-tuwi na'y kung bakit ang pintuan ito'y pinamumutaktihan ng mga estudyante na animo'y isang himpilan ng tren. Anong kaugalian ito? Bakit hindi natin baguhin?

Ang isa pang pinupuna namin sa pitak na ito ay ang nangyayari sa mga dingding ng mga silid na unti-unting napupuno ng walang kabuluhan sulat, na isang araw ay napuna tuloy ni Ginoong Jacinto Galimba. Ang bagay na iyan

ay di dapat gawin laluna ng mga katulad natin na siyang unang dapat magmalasakit sa ating pamantasan.

Minsan-minsan ay may sigalot na dumaratal sa magkakamag-aral; sigalot na maaaring magdulot ng kasamaan o kasi-raan sa pangalan at kapurihan ng paaralan. Dapat bulay-bulayin ng bawa't isa ang magiging bunga ng ganitong pangyayari at hanggang maaari ay iwasan.

Sa aklatan, marami ang matamang nangag-aaral subali't nabubulahaw ng ingay ng ilan estudyante na walang ginagawa kundi ang magsalitaan at magtawan. Hindi ba maaaring sa labas na

ng gusali magsalitaan upang hindi maabala ng pag-aaral ang mga may nais mag-aral? Dapat isaalang-alang ng isang mag-aaral ang ganyang bagay sapagka't may kasabihan na, "gawin mo sa iba ang nais mong gawin sa iyo ng iba."

Ibinubunyag namin ang mga bagay na ito hindi sa hangad na sugatan ang damdamin ng aming itinuturing na mga kasama at kaisang-damdamin, kundi sa mapiling nasa na ang anuman makapupusyaw sa karangalan at kadakilaan ng ating pamantasan ay maisaalang-alang, sa kabutihan natin lahat.

—J.C.Z.



**Ang kita sa bula, sa bula rin nawawala.**

**Kapag may pinunla ay may aanihin,**

**Kapag may isinukbit ay may dudukutin.**

**Ang taong hindi marunong magmahal sa sariling wika, daig ang hayop at malansang isda.**



## ANG BANDILA

Tula ni ARCADIO SUNGA

Pula, puti, bughaw

Tatlong piling kulay;

Na ang bawa't isa'y mayroong kahulugan,  
Ang pula ay dugong sagisag ng tapang,  
Ang bughaw ay tanda ng katalinuhan,  
Ang puti ay siyang sagisag ng dangal,  
Iyan ang watawat ng irog kong bayan.

Araw at bituin

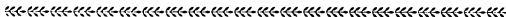
Na lubhang maningning,

Patnubay ng ating dakilang hangarin,  
Ito ang bandilang pakamamahalin,  
Mahigit sa hiyas na dadakilain,  
Sa kataasa'y pamamalagiing,  
Ganap na malayang kalaro ng hangin.

Labi ng digma

Dakilang bandila;

Natina ng dugo't natigmak sa luha,  
Ang mga kalaban na lubhang masama,  
Halos winasak ka't pinagsira-sira,  
Nguni't aking bayan, nang muling lumaya,  
Lalo kang gumanda, bandilang dakila.



# MGA PANGHALIP

Ni G. Amando San Pedro

Panghalip ang mga salitâ at katagâ na panghalili sa mga pangalan ng tao, bagay, lunan at pangyayari.

Pronouns are words that are used instead of the names of persons, place, things and occurrences.

Ang mga panghalíp ay nahahati sa mga sumúsonód:

Pronouns are divided as follow:

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. panghalíp panao    | personal pronouns      |
| 2. panghalíp pamatlig | demonstrative pronouns |
| 3. panghalíp pamangit | interrogative pronouns |
| 4. panghalíp pananóng | indefinite pronouns    |
| 5. panghalíp panaklaw |                        |

## A. Panghalíp Panao. (Personal Pronouns)

Mga halimbawâ (examples)

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Akó ay bumilí ng aklát                      | I bought a book               |
| 2. Siyá ay umalis                              | He went away                  |
| 3. Ikaw ay bumasa                              | You read                      |
| 4. Tayo'y manood ng sine                       | Let us see the show           |
| 5. Sasama ka ba sa amin?                       | Are you going with us?        |
| 6. Amin ang aklát na iyon                      | That is our book              |
| 7. Kami'y matutulog na                         | We are going to sleep         |
| 8. Kayo ba'y nakapag-aral na ng inyong leksyon | Have you studied your lesson? |
| 9. Ito'y akin at hindi iyo                     | This is mine, not yours       |
| 10. Iyo ba iyon?                               | Is these yours?               |
| 11. Kita na                                    | Let you and I go now.         |
| 12. Tayo na                                    | Let us go now.                |
| 13. Ang bahay namin ay nasunog                 | Our house was burned          |
| 14. Ang kanitang pag-asa ay nabigo             | Our hope was blasted          |

Anong bahagi ng pangungusap ang mga salitáng may salungguhit?

Sa ano inihalili ang mga salitang ako, siya, ikaw atb?

Alin-alin sa mga panghalíp na ito ang kumakatawan sa taong nagsasalitâ, sa taong kinakausap at sa taong pinag-uusapan?

Paliwanag: Sa mga halimbawa mula sa 1 hanggang 3 ay mapupuna na ang ako ay kumakatawan sa taong nagsasalitâ; ang ikaw sa kinakausap at ang siya sa pinag-uusapan. Maliwanag na ang mga panghalíp panao sa wikang Tagalog ay may tatlong panauhin na gaya rin ng Inggles.

Explanation: It is evident from the example 1 to 3 that **ako** refers to the person speaking; **ikaw** to the person spoken to and **siya** to the person spoken of. They also show that Tagalog like English has three persons.

Katurunan: Ang mga panghalip ay nasa unang panauhin kapag kumakatawan sa taong nagsasalitâ, ikalawang panauhin kapag inihahalili sa kinakausap at ikatlong panauhin kapag iniuukol sa taong pinag-uusapan.

Definition: Pronouns are in the **first person** when they are used instead of the person speaking; they are in the **second person** when used in place of the person spoken to and **third person** when they refer to the person spoken of.

#### B. Kaukulan ng mga Panghalip Pano.

Cases of Personal Pronouns.

Ang mga panhalip pano ay may tatlong kaukulan.

1. Palagyo ang mga panghalip na kumakatawan sa ngalan ng taong gumaganap ng kilos na sinasabi ng pandiwa o namumuno sa diwâ ng pangyayaring tinutukoy ng pangungusap.

1. Pronouns are in the nominative case (palagyo) when they are used instead of the names of persons performing the action and is usually the subject in the sentence. (See examples for palagyo.)

Halimbawâ:

**Ako** ay nag-aaral sa pamantasang Arellano.

**Siya** ay nag-aaral ding katulad ko.

2. Paari ang mga panghalip na tumitindig sa taong nagmamay-ari ng bagay, gawain at pangyayaring binabanggit ng pangungusap.

Halimbawâ:

**Akin** ang aklat na ito.

**Ito** ay lapis ko.

3. Paukol ang mga panghalip na ginagamit sa halip ng taong pinaglalaanan ng bagay, gawain o pangyayari na binabanggit ng pangungusap.

Halimbawâ:

**Si Pedro** ay bumili ng kendi para sa iyo.

**Ito** ang aking pasalubong sa kanya.



Anuman piling abaka, wala rin magagawa kapag nag-iisa.

Ang nagsisimula sa maraming gawain,

Ay bihira ang makatapos.

# ANG DUNONG

Tula ni FELISA ILLORDE

"Inang,"...ang wika kong may luha sa mata,  
"Yaring pag-aaral ay ihihinto na!"

Sa aking sinabi'y nabigla si Ina,  
At lipos ng lungkot, na siya'y nagbadya:

"Dapat mong malamang ikaw ay bata pa,  
Sa pag-aaral mo'y dapat kang sumigla!"  
"Inang minamahal,"...yaong aking sagot,  
"aanhin ang dunong kung ikaw ang pagod?  
Sa iyong gawain ako ang tutubos,  
ikaw'y matanda na't mahina nang lubos;  
itong pag-aaral ay nakababagot,  
kaligayahan kong sa iyo'y maglingkod!"

Sa akin tinuran ay aking namalas,  
tumulo ang luha ng Ina kong liyag;  
—"Salamat anak ko, ngayon ko natatap,  
ang pagmamahal mo ay walang katulad!  
minamatamis mong ikaw ang maghirap,  
at ipaubaya ang magandang bukas!"

"Subali't anak ko,"...ang kanyang patuloy,  
"kaawa-awa ang isang walang dunong!  
kagaya ng isang batong gumugulong,  
tinitisod kahi't saang pagtitipon!  
ang Dunong ay yamang panghabang panahon!"

Sa sinabing ito ng Ina kong liyag,  
ang aking isipa'y biglang nagliwanag;  
kung kaya sa laki ng tuwa ko't galak,  
siya'y nahagkan ko at aking nayakap;  
...."Salamat Ina ko,....ngayon ko natatap,  
na ang Dunong pala'y yamang kumikislap!  
....kaya mula ngayo'y aking tatandaan,  
ang iyong sinabi'y di malilimutan,  
Magtitiyaga na akong mag-aaral,  
Matatamong Dunong sa iyo'y iaalay.

Sa aking sinabi'y muling namilaylay  
matamis na ngiti ng Ina kong mahal!

# AKO RAW AY HAMAK

Ni GLICERIA LANDAYAN

Ako raw ay hamak...aking tinanggap  
Sapagka't talagang ako'y anak-hirap,  
Sa giray na dampa nita ng liwanag  
Abang katauhang sa ginto ay salat;  
Ang kaligayahan ibong sakdal ilap  
Na takot dumapo sa aba kong palad.

Ipagpalagay na ako'y hamak lamang  
Na kulang sa gara at salat sa yaman;  
Tinatanggap ko ring kung sa kagandahan  
Ang abang sarili ay kulang na kulang,  
Nguni't kung wala mang ganyang katangian  
Ay may puso namang dakila't marangal.

Kagandahang-loob kabutihang-asal  
Ang tanging hiyas ng aking katauhan,  
Ang pagkamatapat ang aking saligan  
Nang pakikisama sa sino't alinman;  
Wala sa salapi ang kadakilaan,  
Kundi nasa pusong tapat at marangal.

# Upang Tayo'y Magtagumpay

Ni Mercedes Castañeda

Bawa't nilikha sa ibabaw ng daigdig ay may kani-kaniyang simulain sa buhay. Mula sa pagkabata at hanggang sumapit ng hustong gulang, ang ating kaisipan ay hinubog na ng mga wastong pangaral ng ating mga magulang. Manapa'y ang dakilang simulain ng ating mga nunino ang siya pa ring nagbibigay tanglaw sa ating ikapagtatagumpay.

Ang kailangan lamang natin ay ang tiyaga at sipag sapagka't sa mga bagay na ito lamang natin makakamtam ang tunay na tagumpay. Hindi sapat sa atin ang maging mayaman upang sa ganito ay masabi natin na tayo ay nasa rurok ng kaligayahan, katiwasayan at tagum-

pay. Hindi nga, sapagka't dapat nating isaalang-alang ang mga araw nating haharapin. At kailangan diyan ay ang magpakatalino. Kahi't na tayo ay nasa laot ng kahirapan kung tayo ay may karunungan at kagandahan ugali na hindi nalalahiran ng anumang dungis ay daig pa natin ang mayamang may ugali namang kasuklam-suklam.

Ang kagandahan at kagitingan ng loob ay katumbas na rin ng libu-libong salapi, at ang karunungan ay isang kayamanang hindi maaaring ipagpalit sa gaano mang kalaking halaga at mag-silbing sulo na tatanglaw sa ating kabuhayan.



Maghanda ka hanggang maaga, tinghoy na ilawan langisan  
tuwi na,  
Kung ang langit na bughaw ay wala na't puno na ng  
dusa,  
Di susuling-suling at ngangapa-ngapa.

---

---

# What they say...

I find this organ of ours a wholesome food for thought.

—*Primi Escobar*

Well, isn't it just wonderful to find no sex discrimination in the editorial staff?

—*Rosario Santos*

Some more of your humorous lines and it's superb!

—*Feliciano Arabia*

No doubt the *Star* is honest, fair, and fearless.

—*Santos Caparas*

The *Star* has everything, except one—a comic page.

—*Enrique Ignacio*

The High School organ is outstanding. The variety of reading materials makes it interesting to read.

—*Loretta Ponce*

I have confidence in the success of our official organ. I trust the staff members.

—*Daniel F. Fabella*

Not only in the sky do stars shine. They do shine also in Arellano.

—*Modesto Cerilles, Jr.*

The *Star* shone in her maiden issue with incandescent brilliance.

—*Encarnacion Reyes*

The official organ is a guiding star.

—*Dominador Galvez*

A copy of the *Star* is handy and easy to pocket.

—*Leonardo Tengco*

I want to congratulate the staff members for their courage in letting us know our defects.

—*Deceptimo Bangit*

We didn't expect the *Star* to come out so quickly.

—*Crispin Reyes*

I find reason to be proud and extremely at that, of our school newspaper.

—*Abraham Ocampo*

The editor was right when he wrote that the paper would give us materials for supplementary reading.

—*Agustin Foz*

The *Arellano Star* is my sweetheart.

—*Esperanza Saguid*

I felt ashamed of myself when I read *Filipino Be Yourself*.

—*Ernesto Gongora*

My *Star* and I are inseparable

—*Rosita Assiddao*

The *Arellano Star* shines not only in the night but also in the day.

—*Carmen Eustaquio*

The *Star* reflects the spirit of the school.

—*Gliceria Landayon*

The *Arellano Star* is a model school magazine.

—*Josefina Dionisio*

The members of the staff are optimistic. We will not fail them.

—*Aida Polotan*

The *Arellano Star* is a manna from heaven.

—*Inocencia J. Capiral*

To me, the *Arellano Star* is an inspiration.

—*Rose Doyola*

Why not place a permanent section for humor? I notice that the *Star* is a bit on the serious side.

—*Elizabeth Gaerlan*

---

---

# ARELLANO UNIVERSITY

Plaza Guipit, Sampaloc, Manila

(Member, Philippine Association of Colleges & Universities)



## COLLEGES & SCHOOLS

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



FLORENTINO CAYCO

*President*