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DEC 17 1966

The **ARELLANO STAR**

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

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WHAT THEY SAY

The best high school organ I've ever read so far... is the **Arellano Star**.

—**Rufina Benavides**

I have read the symposium "I Am a Working Student" (September issue) and I appreciate the authors. They are the ones who form the backbone of a democratic country like ours.

—**Soledad U. Ibarra**

We should not miss any article written by Mr. Galimba because of the moral lesson given us. Mr. Galimba's articles hit the nail on the head.

—**Manuel Eugenio, Jr.**

I congratulate the editors of the **Star** for publishing comments for and against it. Jose Santos' statement (What they say, September) is wrong. Certainly, the **Star** shines!

—**Amancia Apostol**

I couldn't help but chuckle upon reading "Be Intelligent Like the Ant," by Arcadio Suñga. It is really a good story.

—**Concha Balubar**

I am glad that in spite of the difficulties of the editors of the **Star** the magazine comes out lovely-- and on time.

—**Ernesto Nario**

Can you add more pages to the **Star**?

—**Manolo Medina**

Here's a bouquet of sampaguita flowers for the **Arellano Star**. I hope you would spare us more copies of your magazine.

—**Zosima Veloso Abad**
Abellana High School
City of Cebu

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. 4

OCTOBER, 1947

Editorial ★

ESPRIT DE CORPS

Esprit de corps, or "that common spirit pervading the members of a body or association," carries with it a happy significance. It embraces sympathy, enthusiasm, devotion, and jealous regard for the honor of the group.

History has repeatedly revealed that an army without esprit de corps is no match to the enemy which has it. And no organization, be it government, military, athletic, religious, educational, or purely social, can ever stand without this pervading spirit.

The lesson then is plain. Esprit de corps must pervade all student groups. For instance, in athletics. It is a common knowledge that our athletic teams have emerged victorious in their recent engagements. They have "brought home the bacon" so to speak. And one striking thing everybody noticed was, aside from the sportsmanship shown, the excellent teamwork of our boys and our girls, the willingness of every single member of each team to support one another in the course of the games, the oneness of action and purpose, the unrelenting enthusiasm of the players, and the heart-warming cheers and yells of our colorful cheering squads which, all in all, may be summed up into that important and beautiful thing — esprit de corps.

Teamwork does not stop in the athletic grounds. Athletics is only one phase of school life.

The school, we know is one big body. It is ONE. There might be many buildings and many branches but any of these that bear the stamp of Arellano University is only one. Do we feel that we are one? Do we have the same spirit of oneness and teamwork that the athletes — our athletes — have so magnificently shown in their victorious engagements? Or, do we have that spirit of "commonness" with one another be it in the classroom, in the library, in the laboratory, in the auditorium, in the street, or anywhere we meet? Does esprit de corps pervade among teachers themselves, and among teachers and students together?

We shall not venture to answer the foregoing questions. The answer is in your heart.

Without doubt, we students shall succeed in our endeavors. We have confidence in ourselves individually and as a single group. We must not forget that we belong to a single Team — our Alma Mater — and that our victory rests in a large measure on the amount of that "common spirit" that pervades this big association of students and faculty.

—A.A.A.

LOYALTY PLEDGE

I love my country, the Philippines, and I love my people, the Filipino people. I intend to be a good Filipino citizen and be loyal to the cause of my country. I want my country to be ever free and independent and I want my people to be ever happy and prosperous. For my country and for my people I will work and save, I will live and serve.

I believe in a good, strong, clean government. As a citizen I deem it my duty to bear my share of the sacrifice and burden and responsibility. I will obey the law and help the government officials enforce the law. I will try to be honest, self-supporting, serviceable.

I love peace but I will gladly fight for the sake of right, of freedom, and of justice. I love my life but I will gladly die for the sake of my family, my people, and my God.



MY CODE OF FRIENDLINESS

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in others.

—Thomas Hughes

1. I will cultivate friendliness in every relationship of life.
2. I will prize my friendships as one of my highest values.
3. I will make a few intimate friends to whom I can turn in life's sad hours and life's glad hours.
4. I will be such a friend that others will turn to me when they need help.
5. I will be a friend who laughs and loves, lives and labors with others.
6. I will endeavor to be friendly even with those who are unfriendly to me.
7. I will be enough of a friend to make reproof when I think it is needed. But I will not be so blind as to overlook faults in my own life.
8. I will not divulge the confidences of my friends.
9. I will be friendly to the people of other races.
10. I will stand by my friends, even, if all the world forsake them.

—Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

ARE YOU A HARD WORKER?

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

"Heaven is blessed with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

—Henry Van Dyke

One of the attributes of God is omnipotence, which means limitless power. With this power, He could have easily created the Universe even without working. But according to the Old Testament, He worked for six days to create it. He must have a reason for actually doing the work. The reason is not far to seek. He wanted to show that the creation of the Universe was done thru work, that He Himself is a worker, that everybody created in His own image ought to be a worker, that work is the noblest thing ever discovered beneath the heavens, and that without it life is impossible.

Thus it is clear that the earth was intended by Divine Providence not as an asylum for idlers but as a veritable workshop for toilers, and that in work there is nothing wrong, shameful, and humiliating. As a matter of truth, life finds its best fulfillment in work. Work, be it physical or intellectual, is the greatest and most important mission to which every person must religiously dedicate himself during his sojourn on earth. His noble task is to contribute something to the treasury of human welfare.

Work nurses virtues, without which human nature would be devoid of moral excellence. By working, man undergoes perfection. As he works, he cultivates

the spirit of patience, perseverance, endurance, and fortitude. When he works under the burning rays of the sun and in the shivering coolness of the rain for the sake of those he dearly loves, he develops the great qualities of self-sacrifice and love. He ceases to exist for himself and begins to live for others. He becomes selfless. To be selfless is to be great.

Work is the parent of success. Nobody can succeed thru idleness. Only the hard-working are destined to succeed. The indolent are doomed to fail. Success presupposes that the one who has attained it must have solved problems, must have overcome hardships, must have surmounted barriers, and must have spent countless weary days and sleepless nights. The way to success then is not so easy as the way to market. And yet there are people who would like to reach the summit of success by lying supinely on flowery beds of ease. Such people should get enlightenment from Longfellow who tersely said:

*The heights by great men reached
and kept*

*Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*

Many people have a wrong conception of work and indolence in spite of the blessings of the former and the curses

of the latter. To them, work is a bitter enemy to knock down and out; while indolence is a sweet friend to embrace with loving arms. In work, they find humiliation; in idleness, they discover pride. In work, they see despair; in indolence, they cherish hope. They look down upon work as a sign of inferiority; while they regard indolence as a badge of superiority. Consequently, the worker is condemned as a criminal; while the idler is glorified as a demigod.

Indolent people should contemplate on the saying that "an idle mind is the devil's workshop." This is not a mere figure of speech. It is a maxim that is pregnant with truth. The mind of a hard-working person is compared to a running stream that purifies itself; while that of an idle man's is like stagnant water that is full of impurities. The busy man has no time to spare for unworthy activities; while the indolent man has all time at his disposal to concoct wicked thoughts that are seeds of evil deeds. This being the case, it is better for a person to wear out with work than to rust out with idleness.

Some students kill time by playing truant. When it is time to go to school, they pretend to be going to school; when it is time for dismissal, they go home. Their parents are made to believe that they are regularly attending classes when in reality they roam around and create mischiefs. They do not realize that time is precious and that any part of it that is lost can never be found again.

Other students are in the habit of putting off for the next day that which they could have done the day before. Perhaps they do not know that "pro-

crastination is the thief of time" and that "the road of bye-and-bye leads to the home of never." Because it is easier for them to do nothing than to do something, they become addicted to the opium of laziness. They should bear in mind that indolent people are useless and that uselessness is equivalent to death. For this reason, an idler should better be dead than alive. A dead lazy man can do no harm; whereas, if he is alive, he is capable of inflicting injuries. Like a rotten mango mixed with good ones, he propagates the pestilential microbes of laziness.

Many students play too much. They play and play and play as if playing were the be-all and the end-all of living. I am one of those who believe that play is educative; that it makes the player physically active and mentally alert; and that it develops initiative, sportsmanship, and leadership. But it should not be forgotten that anything that is too much is injurious. Water, for example, is indispensable to life as long as it is just enough to satisfy its needs. But when it is too much in the form of a big flood—drowning people and destroying property—it becomes inimical to mankind. Likewise, if "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and if "all play and no work makes him a mere toy," work without play and play without work are equally harmful. Something must be done to keep Jack from becoming either a dull boy or from being metamorphosed into a mere toy. There can be no better remedy than the right proportion between work and play.

If work is life; if it is the truest emblem of Divine Providence; if it is "the only prayer that God answers;" if it is the only key that can open the door

of success; if it is the surest insurance against failure, is there any reason for any person not to be a worker? If laziness is the perennial source of misery and unhappiness; if idleness is the burial of a living man; if indolence constitutes a fertile soil where crimes and immoralities grow in abundance, is there any justification for any man to be lazy, idle, and indolent?

TOO LONG

Two American sailors reached the scene where the shouting came from and saw a drowning man who was calling for help.

"Tulong! Tulong! Tu-long!" cried the man in Tagalog.

"Why doesn't he come out of water if he stays there too long?" said one of the sailors.

—Miguel Rivera

PHILIPPINE BANANA

General Carlos P. Romulo related this anecdote in one of his celebrated after-dinner speeches:

An American scientist, after studying the banana family in the Philippines for some time, gave the following lecture in a U. S. university, "In the Philippines, there are 38 varieties of bananas. I have studied the 38 varieties except one. The variety I have not studied, and have not even seen, unfortunately, is a kind of Banana called "Sag-ging."

THESE BOYS . . .

A young schoolboy received his card with failing grades. Upon reaching home he called his father and implored, "Hey dad, how about signing my card in the dark?"

It was a warm summer day when a learned lady and a small boy met. The boy asked, "Miss, how do you fan yourself when it's warm?"

The learned lady said, "I hold my fan sidewise moving it back and forth from left to right pivoting at a certain point. And how about you?"

The boy said brightly, "I hold the fan sidewise in a firm position moving my face back and forth from left to right."

—Jesus Cruz

What does politics mean to you?

A Student's View Of Politics

By Ceferino E. Dulay
Class of 1948

Many say that politics is dirty. But, without politics, no democratic government could exist.

Much has been said by students about school life and the world in which we live. Much has been written about a thousand other things. Yet, nothing that I know of has been written by students on the subject of politics. How does a student look at politics? Is politics really dirty, so dirty that it does not merit even the slightest attention of students? Should students taboo political subjects? Here is how I look on the question.

Aristotle says in his book **Politics**, that the term "politics" embraces the institutions, laws, customs, and moral and religious ideas by which men manage to live together in a community. Hence, politics is of great importance for it has much to do with the way of life.

My idea regarding politics didn't start just now. When I was yet a kid, I had my own experience about political campaigns. My playmates and I knew that there were always speeches, merriment, and hearty meals offered by the candidates at election time. I have never been a candidate in my childhood yet I have sat at many dinner tables together with electors on election days. And for several years I had always taken for granted that politics and elections mean the time for merriment, drinking, eat-

ing, and shouting at one another.

When I was in the elementary grades, I accompanied my aunt to outlying barrios to purchase native wine for "election purposes." I immediately became a drinker because being supporters of a political aspirant, we had to spend several days going from house to house, tasting cupfuls of wine, until I would be groggy and could not distinguish sour from sweet. My aunt made me decide which wine was the better kind and I gathered the impression that the better the wine the greater the number of votes. Thus, I viewed politics through a wine bottle.

From time to time, this interest of mine in politics grew that I had to sneak out of home often in order to hear speeches of politicians—speeches ranging from the most violent accusations to the most dreamful promises. I began to love political cheers, loud bands, applauses and all kinds of noise. I watched the political bigwigs huddle, whisper, gesticulate, and map out plans for their victory. So, for a number of years, I viewed politics as NOISE.

Years went on, however, and I developed new ideas about politics.

Now that I could exercise the greatest of all privileges in a democratic country—voting—I look at politics in a different manner. I know that politics is the conglomeration of the wishes of the masses. I learned that through po-

itics a government of men is moulded. And I realized that education, as sponsored by our government, is a product of politics.

Politics has given equality to both men and women. Politics is a field where dauntless men exercise their rights.

And, how many of us students look at politics with open minds?

I think that politics is not a career. Yet it is a way through which good ends are attained. Good ends, I mean, when it is good politics.

* * *

A VOTER SPEAKS

By Romeo Calma
Class of 1948

Last week, I was registered as a voter of the Philippine Republic. By means of the ballot, I shall be able to exercise a right in a Democracy "where all men are created equal." The vote I shall cast in the November election will be just as precious as the vote of any single high official of the land. I rejoice whenever I think of it. And I shall vote for the best men for I resolve to be an honest voter. I repeat, I shall be an honest voter; but, are all politicians honest?

Much has been said and written about politicians. Even before Pearl Harbor, many adjectives had been given them and not all these adjectives were to their credit.

Personally, I think that not all politicians enter the game with the spirit of public service. Many of them are not imbued with an honest desire to help the people maintain a clean administration. The truth is, they usually enter politics in order to promote nothing but their personal interest.

Of course there were men who gained

entry into public life with the best interest of the people at heart. There were politicians who tried their best to sweep the government of misfits, those who saw to it that honor should triumph over dishonor. The name of the late President Manuel L. Quezon may be given as an example of one who, during his lifetime, had the best interest of the people at heart. He should be an example to all politicians. There was also the late Don Juan Sumulong, prominent Democrat and opponent of Quezon, who stood out as a politician worthy of honor. A man of high principles, Don Juan Sumulong had always identified himself with the opposition. There were also the earlier politicians, Tavera and Apacible, whose names no doubt added splendor and honor to the politics of the country. Of the living politicians, there are also a few who might be mentioned as honest and sincere politicians. But they have yet to stand the test of time. I do not like to mention here some of my favorite present-day politicians because this would sound like a campaign speech.

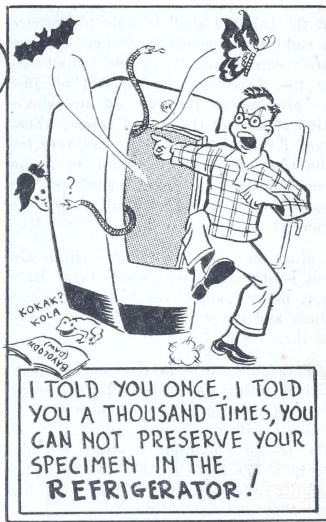
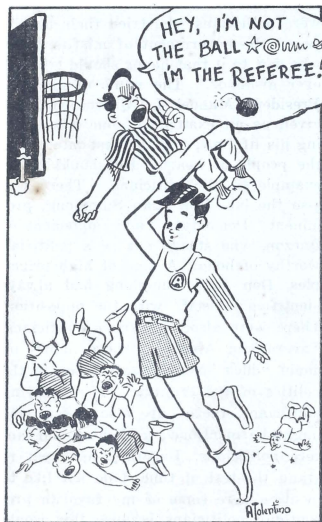
A great number of politicians have disgraced their names and I begin to think that a political career should be looked with disfavor. Graft and corruption, scandals and anomalies, grace the headlines of many newspapers that we read in our library. In every current event report that we have in our class, we always encounter unpleasant news about rotten politics. If the newspapers were giving us the truth I think we

should think first before we write on the ballot. Every citizen, voter or not, should try his best to safeguard the sanctity of the ballot.

As I have said already, some politicians are good. Some are bad. Up to this time I have not yet decided who my real candidates are. I have plenty of time to think up to November 11. And when I write the names on the ballot, help me God.

VIGNETTES

By Alberto Tolentino



Meet the foremost Filipino poet . . .

JOSE GARCIA VILLA

The *Star* takes pleasure in including one of the best poems of Jose Garcia Villa in this issue.

No volume of Philippine Prose and Poetry would be complete without a line on Villa, who the *Scholastic* magazine calls "the best poet the Philippine Islands has ever produced." His recent book of poems, *Have Come, Am Here*, barely missed the Pulitzer award on poetry. Some comments on *Have Come, Am Here* by foremost English and American critics are:

Mr. Villa is the most important new poet in America in a decade. . .

—Conrad Aiken

He has made a legendary language for himself.

—Peter Monro Jack

The strangest and the most vivid book by any newcomer is Villa's "Have Come, Am Here." His is undoubtedly the most original poetry of the last several years, perhaps the most extraordinary book of the year.

—Louis Untermeyer

Final wisdom encountered in poem after poem.

—Marianne Moore

The most original and genuine poet to have appeared in this country (U.S.) in almost a generation. . .

—Edwin Edman

...his power to say, quietly, the most astonishing and exalted things.

—Mark Van Doren

Jose Garcia Villa was born in Singalong, Manila 37 years ago. Early in life, he was at a loss as to what pro-

fession to pursue. His father wanted him to be a doctor. He tried to study medicine but found it much to his distaste. He turned to writing and later found himself expelled from the University of the Philippines for writing poems which were considered "indecent" and "immoral" by the U.P. faculty.

Villa first distinguished himself in the short story. His early short story, *Mir-i-nisa*, won the first prize of ₱1,000 offered by the *Philippines Free Press*.

Later, he went to the United States with his former U.P. professor, George Pope Shannon. Within a few years after his arrival in the States, there appeared in O'Brien's anthology a story of Villa adjudged as "the best short story ever written in America during the year." The most important book of short stories written by Villa is "Footnote to Youth."

Villa is not very popular among young folks because his poetry is difficult to understand. However, some of his poems were featured in the *Scholastic*, a national magazine for U.S. high schools. "Mr. Villa," explains the *Scholastic*, "is an earnest advocate of experimentalism in verse. . ."

In *A Comprehensive Anthology of American Poetry* edited by Conrad Aiken, Villa is ranked side by side with Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, Emerson, Dickinson, Frost, and others. Six of Villa's poems are included in the An-

thology. One of them, "Be Beautiful, Noble, Like the Antique Ant," is printed below. It is an example of Villa at his best.

Be Beautiful, Noble, Like The Antique Ant

Be beautiful, noble, like the antique ant,
Who bore the storms as he bore the sun,
Wearing neither gown nor helmet,
Though he was archbishop and soldier:
Wore only his own flesh.

Salute characters with gracious dignity:
Though what these are is left to
Your own terms. Exact: the universe is
Not so small but these will be found
Somewhere. Exact: they will be found.

Speak with great moderation: but think
With great fierceness, burning passion:
Though what the ant thought
No annals reveal, nor his descendants
Break the seal.

Trace the tracelessness of the ant,
Every ant has reached his perfection.
As he comes, so he goes,
Flowing as water flows,
Essential but secret like a rose.

* * * * *

BARREN SOUL

By Jose P. Santos
Class of 1948

A fog once crept into my soul
And blocked my way to happiness;
All gates were closed across my goal
And life was filled with bitterness.

Now as I live my life alone
I feel the gloom grown more and more,
With barren soul I'll live forlorn
Never to smile, forever more...

I SERVE

By Luz Tesoro
Class of 1948

Rich people have no trouble at all in sending their children to school for they have all the financial assets for their education, but poor people have to work and earn, so as to be able to meet the financial side of the venture. In my case, I fall on the latter category and have to work in order to attain an education.

I am a working student employed in a hospital for the mentally—deranged people. My work as an Attendant in the National Psychopathic Hospital, is not an enviable one, for who can feel secure in the midst of insane and hallucinated people? But if some years hence, future generations would com-

plain of their inability to obtain an education on account of their poverty, I shall look back across the gulf of time and tell them with perfect good faith that in my youth I had taken care of the insane no less than eight hours a day, thereby encountering tremendous hazards just to earn an education.

Mingling with the insane has given me a certain amount of self-assurance, for it has taught me that nothing in this world is to be feared as long as it is understood. No matter what fate has in store for me, I shall ever be happy in the thought that by taking care of those unfortunates, I have done my little bit for humanity!



LOST

By Hermy S. Balisado
Class of 1948

A day was lost forever
In the restless tide of years;
Tenderly did I hold it,
Love smiling over fears.

In the gloaming twilight
I bid the day adieu,
And with sadness I remember
The loss of yesterday.

And the morning broke my dreams,
Daybreak found that love was gone...
Leaving tears of sad delusion,
Sorrows that are mine alone.

Hep, hep, hooray!

Confessions Of An Athlete

By Luth D. Backet
Class of 1948

I am an athlete, and proud to be one. I enjoy the task. I know the advantages of athletics not only in theory, but also in practice. I know the tough grind in an athlete's life and I know its thrills.

An athlete's life is not an easy one. It was but my unending interest in physical development that led me into it.

I believe that physical alertness is an invitation to mental alacrity. I believe that "health is wealth," that a bright mind would be lodged useless in a decaying body, that a bright mind in a sound body would mean bright days ahead. Hence, no half measures should be allowed in the process of improvement. As the proverbial rule says that we must keep our "body and soul" together, to neglect the body in the development of mind and soul would be sacrilegious.

An athlete must not have only "body" but also "mind." Do we not use our mind when we play? Can a stupid player ever be successful? Athletics, then, is not only bodily improvement but also mental.

An athlete must have "soul." Is not loyalty to the Alma Mater a part of the soul? The spirit of sportsmanship, friendship, esprit de corps, and goodwill is always emphasized in athletics. Take this spirit out and athletics would be nothing but a dirty game.

Athletics then is perfect development. It means triple improvement. The body, mind, and spirit must work hand in

hand—harmoniously—in order to achieve a glorious goal.

When the games come, the athlete has to be careful because it is not only his name that is at stake, but also the beloved Alma Mater's. In fact, he thinks more of the glory and honor of the Alma Mater than of himself. Honor and fame of the school is his main concern. His own self he thinks insignificant in the face of terrific odds in an inter-school game. When he encounters defeat, he smiles, yet his heart aches not because of his personal defeat but because of his failure to "bring home the bacon" to the Alma Mater. And when the athlete wins, his heart glows with pride—taking the winnings not as a personal achievement but something for the glory and renown of the school.

I am a student of the Arellano University and as such I shall do my best to glorify her noble name. My fellow athletes will work with me. I shall work with them. And together we shall exert efforts in the field of athletics in order to add luster to our school's glorious name.

Scholastic records, I think, are not enough. Good schools are known not only for their scholastic showings but also in the field of athletics. You take any school worthy of its name, both in the Philippines and abroad, and you will see that appended to its name is a long athletic tradition.

TO FORGIVE IS DIVINE

A Short Story
By Arcadio N. Suñga
Class of 1949



The soft whisper of the midnight breeze was ominous. Everything was still inside the room. Everybody was now asleep. Even the insects that used to whirr around had taken a rest. Only a soul in the solitude of the night was awake.

Erning could not sleep. Try as he would, he could not close his weary eyes. He was seeing shadows—frightful shadows of a past day, and of a dark future.

He could not forget it. No, no, he could not endure it. Those words were too much for him. They penetrated into the very atom of his heart. What he needed now was revenge, sweet revenge...

He had been a good Christian long enough. His mother had instilled love of God in him. He had gone to church often. But then, this case was different. And the happenings came back to him cold and clear...

"You dirty liar! Don't tell me you didn't do it!" reverberated the harsh voice of his angry teacher.

Erning could not speak. He wanted to explain; but, for reasons beyond his comprehension, he could not utter a word. He was too nervous to explain. He knew pretty well that nobody would believe him. He had been the only one

left inside the room when the gold watch of Mr. Domingo mysteriously disappeared. The gold watch had disappeared, and he was the suspect. Fingers were cruelly pointing at him. Bitter tears rolled down his feverish cheeks.

"Yes, all of you in your family are like that—thieves and trouble-makers!"

Erning could no longer tolerate those painful words. He immediately got his things and left the room. When he was already outside, he heard sarcastic whispers. His classmates had taunted him, and had called him thief.

When he reached home, he did not tell his Cacang Indo about the incident. That night he went to bed supperless. The whole night he wept. "I'll never stop until revenge shall have been given..." he mumbled to himself. Never had he felt a fiercier instinct to kill than during that night.

There were stars in the sky when Erning got up. It was 5:00 o'clock in the morning. He quietly tip-toed to his brother's room. Cacang Indo was still snoring. Erning slowly opened the aparador. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction

when his brother's balisong flashed before him. Hurriedly he went away with murder in his heart. And a long balisong was inside his pocket...

He knew that Mr. Domingo would pass by the church. Erning decided to hide at the back of the iron fence and stab his prey.

Erning kept on waiting, waiting. Then out of the dark mist of dawn appeared the tall figure. Erning got ready. He knew who that fellow was. He steadied his hold on the balisong. One strike, and...

His heart was beating fast. What if he killed him? Would it give him happiness? Or, would it be the way to Muntinlupa? But oh, his heart was

shouting for revenge. Revenge was sweet!

Just then, the haunting strains of the "Ave Maria" broke the stillness of the moment. The church choir was singing. Erning felt his heart melting, his knees weakening. He raised his eyes to the heavens, dropped his weapon, and saw a vision of Christ. "Forgive them, Father—they know not what they do..." Erning heard Him saying.

The thick clouds of hatred in his eyes instantly vanished. He came back to his senses.

The next moment, he found himself already kneeling near the altar rail, his hands humbly clasping his breast.

At the close of the choir's song, "Ave Maria," Erning passed his left hand across his face and found out that there were tears in his eyes.....



THE IMMORTAL

By Simeon M. Lama
Class of 1949

**He who loves Mother Nature:
who dreams of the mountains
and the murmuring sea.**

**He who says: "Man is who that makes
truth great, not truth that makes man great."**

**He who believes in the love and bounty of God
and the justice of his people.**

**He who possesses sterling character
Will live on and on
To eternity.**

We Should Have A School Uniform

By Lolita S. Ignacio
Class of 1949

The uniform speaks of high self-esteem. In the case of the young Arellano University, a uniform will be something to live up to, like "hitching one's wagon to a star." Being young, our school is still without the time-honored traditions of older institutions. A uniform may well start our treasure-house of memories.

The uniform carries with it a responsibility greater than what appears on the surface. This may, of course, be inconvenient to some students, but these students will be forced to avoid unbecoming situations because uniforms will appear to them like the accusing finger of conscience. The uniform always demands respect. A uniformed student who misbehaves in public is ostracized by other students similarly clad. A very cruel punishment, no doubt, but necessary in order that one may not be identified with the uniformed culprit.

One great difference between a uniform and a tag is that the former can be smart. A properly designed uniform can look good on anybody, and it need not cost too much either. From the standpoint of economy, the uniform is the answer to the poor student's prayer. She can no longer be embarrassed in

wearing just modest clothes in the presence of elegance. The uniform will provide her with a "poker face" front, behind which she could hide her poverty. To her wealthier classmates, the uniform will serve as a restraining hand on excessive display.

Loyalty and the uniform go hand in hand. The latter on a student is the indelible stamp of the school. It is worn with pride because the very idea of prescribing uniforms stems from the dignity and honor that is a school's birthright. The Arellano University has enough of these—and will have more. A uniform now will be our pride and joy.

A new girl in school uniform finds herself among friends when she sees everybody else in the same attire. It makes her feel not too much of a stranger. And then, too, unity of the students is readily achieved with a uniform. This is specially true in gathering where students of different schools are assembled. The French have a word for it: *Esprit de Corps*.

To the Arellano University a school uniform will be in order. To the student body, it will be a blessing and a challenge.



To be happy with a man you must understand him a lot and love him a little. To be happy with a woman you must love her a lot and not try to understand her at all.

BOSSES ARE BUNK

*Excerpts from an article by Fiorello H.
La Guardia, Atlantic Monthly, July, 1947*

There "ain't no such thing" as a good boss. If he is good, he is not a political boss; and if he is a political boss, he's no good.

We have had political bosses in this country (U.S.A.) for over one hundred years. History fails to record a political boss who rendered patriotic and useful service... supported only good, competent, and qualified candidates for office, who was unselfish and gave his all to the community. The history of political bosses is a sordid story.

A political boss is as unnecessary as he is evil...

I am in a position to say, from actual experience, that it is possible to administer a great city without the benefit of politicians. I never had any use for a political boss and I never permitted a political boss to come within a mile of City Hall when I was Mayor of New York City. I starved both the Democratic and Republican machines in what was once the most corrupt city in the country...

(It is true) it is difficult for unorganized, independent, law-abiding, public-spirited, patriotic citizens to fight and beat a machine. That is the only reason for its continued existence. The machine always has enough hangers-on, job holders, payroll leeches eating from the public trough...

Our country has produced in almost every age great political leaders. These men were leaders and not bosses. They were interested in issues and principles. They would not stoop to the low level of a political boss or live on the per-

quisite, privilege, pilfering, patronage, or other devious means on which most political bosses of our country made huge fortunes and nearly all lived in luxury...

The political machine is as expensive as it is detrimental. Who maintains these politicians? ...The ward heeler, of course, does the wirepulling, the fixing, and any political dirty work, all "for the good of the order."

We have it right: "The families also—sons, daughters, husbands, wives—of the District Leaders are taken care of in some way or other. Sometimes they are given exempt positions, and sometimes they get help from us in the line of civil service promotion..."

So we see here the picture of this political ruffraff that I have called clubhouse loafers put into key positions, and as a result our civil service prostituted and demoralized by favoritism through political influence on promotions...

It isn't only the job that is given to the political boss when he puts his man in. The loyalty of that man goes to the boss and not to the community... He owes his job to the boss and therefore, the political boss's function, in order to keep the machine together and to keep himself in office, is to control public officials to do his bidding, to do wrong things and appoint wrong men. That is what makes him the boss...

The cost of government is constantly increasing. No city can afford the luxury of partisan, political, boss-ruled government...

"WITHOUT SEEING THE DAWN"

A Book Review by Aurora J. Tablan

A foreigner who does not know the Filipinos well enough will know them better after reading this top Philippine novel by a new talent, Stevan Javellana. I agree with Jose Garcia Villa, in a recent statement given, that *Without Seeing the Dawn* is "a Philippine classic... written with great power."

Javellana's book is a story of the Common Man. It is the story of modest farmers "whose hates are deep and whose loves are vast."

The book, published by Little, Brown and Company, has been widely acclaimed in the United States. The slick American magazine, *Atlantic Monthly*, says of *Without Seeing the Dawn*: "It is an extraordinary vivid book, worked from the fabric of Philippine life—quiet, laughable, exalting, bitter, and horrifying; but it is written almost gently, with an undertone of lightness, like the sound of Filipino voices heard in the fields towards the end of day. Its roots are deep in the earth from which, in spite of the embroideries of science, all life springs, and its simplicity makes it universal. It belongs, perhaps, in the category of the great Scandinavian novels of the growth of the soil, but because it deals with Filipinos it also has a gift of sunshine and laughter and broad humor despite the horror with which the ending unfolds... Carding's story is a

grim and bitter tale that fits in many quarters of the globe. It has seldom been told so well or with greater feeling for the dignity of simple men in the unholy mess that 'civilized' mankind is making of this earth."

The novel is divided into two parts: *Day* and *Night*. The first part, *Day*, is about Carding's good fortune and his efforts to make a home and living for his family. The second part, *Night*, deals with the bitter vicissitudes in the life of Carding during the Japanese occupation.

Carding, the hero—big, tall, "as wide as a house"—is very ably characterized. The other characters—Lucing, Nanay Pia, Tatay Juan, and Teniente Paul (just to mention a few) are truly simple Filipino folks. One could make a vivid mental picture of them as he goes on reading the novel.

The setting of the story is a remote village on the island of Panay. Carding Suerte married Lucing and encountered family and social troubles. At the outbreak of the war, Carding was taken away to Bataan where he fought heroically. When he finally returned to his village, he found bitter changes in his village and his family. He joined the guerrillas and died "without seeing the dawn."

The novel will linger long in the heart of readers.



MUSIC

Taken all over the world, in every age and every clime, there is no art so much loved as music, for it leads the human heart to the art of all arts—to love the Creator as well as His creatures.

The Constitution of the Juan Sumulong High School Student Council

PREAMBLE

We, the students of the J. Sumulong High School, in order to establish a Student Government that shall foster closer relationship between the Faculty and the Students, uphold the ideals and traditions of the school, promote broader civic-mindedness and better standards of life, physically and intellectually, do ordain and promulgate this Constitution.

ARTICLE I—NAME

The name of this Organization shall be the JUAN SUMULONG HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL.

ARTICLE II—SCOPE

This Constitution shall govern the J. Sumulong High School Student Council, defining its principles, composition and general procedures.

ARTICLE III—PRINCIPLES

Sec. 1—This Organization is based on the principles of equality of all members.

Sec. 2—All members of this Council shall fulfill in good faith all obligations assumed by them, in order to insure the rights derived from their membership.

Sec. 3—The Council shall initiate studies and recommendations for the purpose of promoting the general welfare of the students, their social advancement, moral edification, intellectual enlightenment, and insure the basic academic freedoms for all, without distinction as to sex, language, social standing or religion.

Sec. 4—The Council, in pursuit of the principles stated in Sec. 3 of Art. III,

considers the general principles of cooperation, initiative, sense of responsibility in the performance of its functions.

Sec. 5—"HOLD ON HIGH" shall be the motto of this Council.

ARTICLE IV—COMPOSITION

Sec. 1—(1) The Juan Sumulong High School Student Council shall consist of all elected Representatives of each high school class. Presidents of high school social organizations recognized by the school authorities and a representative from the official organ of the High School shall ipso facto become members of this Council.

(2) Each member shall hold office for a term of one year.

Sec. 2—The following shall be elected officers of the Council: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Reporter. In no case shall a member be elected to more than one of the aforementioned offices, but anyone may be appointed chairman or member of a committee by the President.

ARTICLE V—DUTIES AND POWERS OF THE OFFICERS

Sec. 1—(1) The President shall preside in every meeting of the Student Council.

(2) He shall from time to time give the Council information regarding the state of the school and recommend, for its consideration, such measures as may be adjudged necessary and expedient.

(3) He shall submit a list of the different Committees with the names

of the chairman and members, subject to the confirmation of the Council.

Sec. 2—(1) In the event of the removal of the President from Office, or of his resignation, or of inability to discharge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President.

(2) If during regular and special meetings, the President is absent, the Vice-President shall have the power to direct the affairs of the Council and with the absence of the Vice-President, the same devolve on the succeeding officer.

Sec. 3—(1) The Secretary shall call the roll, keep an accurate record of attendance of the members and read the minutes of the previous meeting.

(2) He shall notify the members of the Council of the meetings to be held.

(3) He shall be the official Custodian of all records of this Council.

Sec. 4—(1) The Treasurer shall have the power to settle, and be responsible for, accounts of expenditures pertaining to the activities of the Council.

(2) He shall have the power to collect fines from those members, including officers of the Council, who are absent in every meeting, in case those members fail to produce valid reasons for their absences.

Sec. 5—The Reporter shall make reports of all activities of the Student Council to the official organ of the J. Sumulong High School.

ARTICLE VI—GENERAL PROCEDURES

Sec. 1—The Council shall hold a regular meeting of all its members on the last Saturday of every month, to be held in the afternoon from two o'clock

(2:00) to five o'clock (5:00) P.M. Whenever occasion demands or upon request of the majority of the members, a special meeting may be called by the President.

Sec. 2—A majority of all the members of the Council shall be required to constitute a quorum.

Sec. 3—Before the meetings come to order a roll shall be called, and absent members marked for fines. No member shall be exempted from attending any meeting, except for valid reasons as adjudged by the Adviser.

Sec. 4—The Council may decide on any and all matters pertaining to high school activities but may likewise present any motion that redounds to the benefit of the whole student body or of the school.

Sec. 5—All matters carried and decided by it, shall, before they become official and enforceable, be approved by proper authorities.

Sec. 6—The Council may establish any subsidiary organ or office as it may deem necessary for the efficient performance of its functions.

ARTICLE VII—FINANCE

Sec. 1—A membership fee of ₱2.00 shall be required from every student upon enrollment in this high school.

Sec. 2—All absentees shall be required to present written statements or excuses to the President or the Adviser of the Council for their consideration and approval not later than Tuesday of the following week after the meeting, and failure to do so, he shall be required to pay a fine of ₱0.50 not later than Friday of the same week.

ARTICLE VIII—IMPEACHMENT

This Council may, by a two-thirds vote remove the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Reporter

on impeachment for, and conviction of, culpable violation of this Constitution, dishonesty, corruption and dereliction of duty.

ARTICLE IX—AMENDMENTS

By a majority vote of all members,

ATTESTED:

(Sgd.) CLAUDINA SALAZAR
Member
(Sgd.) PRIMO CAPILA
Member
(Sgd.) AGUSTIN LAZO
Member
(Sgd.) RODOLFO G. PULANCO
Member

the Council may make amendments to this Constitution.

I hereby certify that this Constitution was adopted by the Committee on Constitution on October 4, 1947.

(Sgd.) ENRICO NANO

Chairman, Committee on Constitution

APPROVED:

(Sgd.) ELISA S. ANGELES
President, J. Sumulong High
School Student Council
(Sgd.) F. CRISOLOGO
Adviser
(Sgd.) JACINTO S. GALIMBA
Director, Juan Sumulong
High School



POLICE NOTES

A young woman walked into the Police Station and gave the desk sergeant a detailed description of a man who had dragged her by the hair down three flights of stairs, threatened to choke her to death, and finally beat her up.

"With that description, we'll have him arrested and put in jail in practically no time," said the sergeant.

"But I don't want him arrested," the young woman protested. "Just find him for me. He promised to marry me."

Policeman: Say, why didn't you stop here? Didn't you see the big sign STOP?

Jeep Driver: Yes, officer, I saw the sign, but — I didn't see you....

—oOo—

DEFINITIONS

Collected by Manuel G. Ramos

Class of 1950

ORATORY—the art of making deep noises from the chest sound like important messages from the brain.

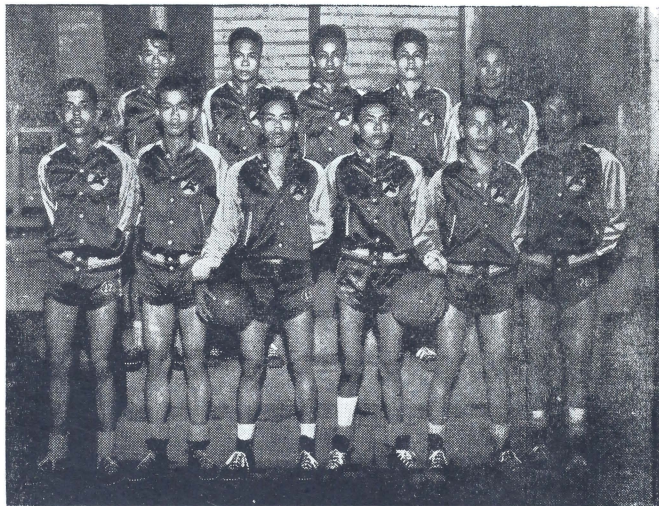
PUNCTUALITY—the act of guessing correctly how late the other party is going to be.

HISTORICAL NOVEL—a fictitious tale covering up a stern reality.

A BUDGET—a method of worrying before you spend, as well as afterward.

A KISS—contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

Arellano's Pride: Junior Flaming Arrows



CHAMPIONS AGAIN

The Junior Flaming Arrows posed for a picture after capturing the 1947 PUA A Championship. The same team also won last year's MCAA trophy.

Front row, left to right: Jimmy Roxas, Delingon, Skipper Ric Munson, Jaime Padilla, Conrado Inigo, and Bulanan.

Second row, left to right: Malinit, Alberto Magsino, 2nd Skipper Vic Caoili, Melchor Cabling, and Salvador Mercado.



(Courtesy of the Manila Chronicle)

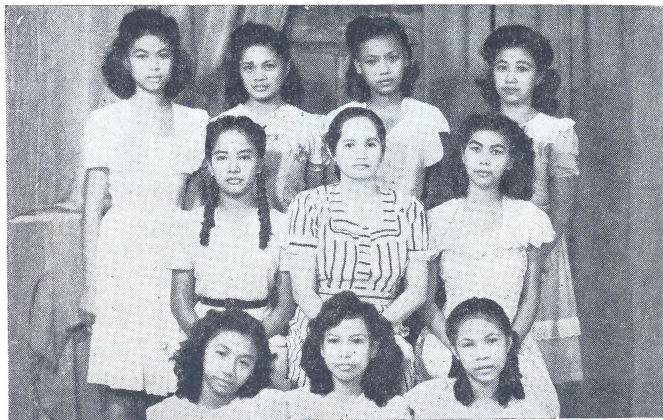
Mrs. Trinidad Legarda, prominent social worker, addressing A. U. Girl Scouts (Troop Leader Elisa Atacador looks on) in the Investiture held at the Campus



grounds last October 3. In the above picture are members of the Troop Committee headed by Mrs. Enriqueta Benavides and sponsors of the girl scouts.



The A. U. Girl Scouts, and their leaders.



Officers of the Girls' Club (J. Sumulong High School).

*Front row, left to right: Carmen Eustaquio, Precila Cenon, Evangelina Resus.
 Second row, left to right: Remedios Adamos, Mrs. Felicidad Crisolago, Aurora Tablan.
 Third row, left to right: Violeta Tablan, Esperanza Saguid, Aida Polotan,
 Myrna Zafra.*



A. Mabini High School Convocation



President Florentino Cayco (above, left photo) addresses A. Mabini High School students on the subject, "Respect for the Rights of Others." One interesting feature of the convocation was the duet by Dominador Tabago and Rosalina Ochoa (above, right photo). Director Jacinto S. Galimba introduces the guest speaker as one who "practices what he teaches." (lower photo, left). Inset shows Ignacio Olaguer, talented composer of the A. Mabini March and Anastacia Ducayen, A. Mabini songbird.

DAHONG = PALAY

By Arturo B. Rotor

The big axe sang its way through a large arc and then came down on the block of wood with a mighty crash. It neatly clove the formidable mass in two, the pieces flying a long way in opposite directions. Surveying the feat with glowing pride, Sebio felt a ripple run down the muscles of his shoulders, arm, forearm. He dropped the heavy axe and wiped the perspiration from his brow and from his bare, brown arms, letting his fingers rest caressingly on his muscles. Small they might be and flat and flabby when relaxed, he told himself, but how hard and powerful they became when he clenched them. As hard as seasoned, knotted yantok. Triumphantly he raised his arms above his head and, facing the afternoon sun, he thrust out his chest and contracted to their utmost every muscle of his body. He was quite tall, above the height of the ordinary native but he had paid for this increased height in diminished breadth. His chest was flat, his neck long, his legs thin. The village people say of such boys that "they are growing too fast."

"He will become bigger and stouter when he reaches his twenty-fifth year," his mother had always told solicitous friends and relatives.

How deceptive his figure was, Sebio told himself. No wonder they called him Sebiong Pasmado, Sebio the weakling, what with his slight figure, his spindleshanks, his timidity. Who would or could believe that he could lift two Socony cans full of water on either hand

and raise them to shoulder height, or that he could pile three sacks of rice on those narrow shoulders? He snorted scornfully. The snake was the most slender, the most timid creature of the field, and yet people were all afraid of it.

"Sebio, what are you staring at?" A querulous voice came from the nipa hut.

"Nothing, nanay, I was just stretching my cramped arms," came the sheepish answer.

"Well, it is growing late. How do you expect me to cook rice without fire-wood?"

"Yes, yes, nanay."

With renewed vigor he seized the axe and hewed away with might and main. The thick blade fairly sang as he swung it over his shoulders. God, if he could only show such strength in those foolish games of strength and skill to which his friends so often challenge him. He had always failed there, miserably. Somehow his courage always ran out before a noisy, battering crowd.

"What strength can there be in those puny arms, in that flat chest?"

Arturo B. Rotor is one of the pioneer short story writers of the Philippines. His stories are known for their vivid coloring, delicate characterization, and great power.

Rotor's "The Wound and the Scar," from which this story was taken, won the second prize in the short story, Commonwealth Literary Contest of 1940.

And, thunder and lightning, most unbearable of all, they pitied him, Carmen and Anita and Lourdes. The men said, "You have no strength." The women, "You have no fighting heart."

Thunder and lightning, Name of Satan....!

Perspiration blinded him, his unruly hair got into his eyes every time he bent down, but he did not mind it. With one tremendous effort he bunched every ounce of energy in one prodigious swing and brought down the axe. The eager blade passed through the entire thickness of the block, through the stone prop and then sank into the soft earth beneath. For a moment he regarded the crazy work with a savage eye and then gathering the chips together, he went into the house.

That evening as his mother sat in front of him at their humble table he was strangely silent.

"Are you thinking of going to Tia Binay's tonight?" she asked.

"Yes, nanay." He didn't add that he had been thinking of nothing else all day.

"When you go, take our whetstone with you. One of her workers came over and told me she wanted to borrow it. Tell her also that the herbs she used for her uncle's rheumatism did me good too, and thank her, Sebino."

The way to Tia Binay's led through recently harvested rice-fields that lay mellow and golden in the all enveloping light of the full moon. Now only short, thick stubble, wisps of straw and traces of the delicate, elusive fragrance of the ripe palay remained of the acres and acres of slender, heavy-laden stalks of

grain that had once rippled in graceful undulation with each breath of the harvest wind. There was no beaten path across these fields, but still with hardly a glance about him, Sebino went on, avoiding the sharp stubble and the places where carabao feet had sunk heavily and left deep holes with edges now baked hard by the hot sun. The lovely night was full of the sounds and odors of life. The slender swaying bamboos whispered to each other their eternal secrets of the night as from the distance came the dying croak of a frog caught in the fangs of some snake.

When he reached Tia Binay's place, he saw that the evening work had already begun. All about the moonlit clearing around the house were grouped young men and women whose gay laughter and voices carried far into the distance. In the center was a square of concrete where the golden grains of palay were laid to dry. On one side were four or five big mortars made by carving out the inside of sections of thick logs and beside each, three persons, two men and a girl, pounding the grain. The men brought down the pestles in definite rhythm, first one and then the other. Every now and then some gifted boy or girl would sing and the precious, haunting kundiman would be carried to the heavens on the wings of the fitting firefly or on the dancing moonbeams. Once in a while a sleepy cock perched aloft in a tree would let out an obstreperous crow as if he disapproved of so much gaiety and lightness of spirit.

Sometimes, the men would perform various tricks with their heavy pestles. One would balance his on the tip of his

little finger or on his nose, toss it in the air and bring it down on the palay without breaking the rhythm of the pounding. Such demonstrations of dexterity and strength brought claps of approval. Around the yard benches had been built by tying together strips of bamboo. Here others sat and awaited their turn at the mortars, and laughed and joked and ate hugely of the suman and bibingka of Tia Binay.

"Ho, there, Sebio."

"Good evening to all of you. Good evening, Tia Binay."

Tia Binay peered at him. She was getting old now and although it was as bright as day she could not see very well.

"Who is this?" she asked kindly.

"It's Sebio, Tia Binay."

"Sebio?" She could not place the name.

"Sebióng Pasmado!" roared some one from the group.

"Ah—yes, now I know you."

There was a hilarious outburst and with blazing eyes, Sebio turned to the cruel joker. But he saw only what seemed to him a surging sea of sneering faces. His face smarting as if from a slap, he turned again to Tia Binay.

"Nanay told me to give this to you and to thank you for those herbs."

The old woman gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Of course they would do her good. Why, my grandfather used this before I did and his great-grand uncle before him."

He found a seat in the farthest and darkest corner, and so lost was he in his thoughts that he did not see a package done up in banana leaf that a small white hand held out to him. Not until a voice spoke:

"Here Sebio, never mind those people.

They have nothing to do. Try this suman. I made it myself."

Not until then did he recognize that it was Merci who had spoken. Dumbly he took the package, opened it, and tasted the contents. And slowly he became his old self again.

"Merci, you must have flavored this with your kisses," he boldly ventured.

The gratified girl blushed. "Give me back that suman," she demanded.

Sebio laughed. His easy nature was returning. He tried to catch the outstretched hand but like lightning it was withdrawn and the girl had gone. He sat down. Now he had fully recovered his composure and he could study the crowd better. There was Ambo and Luis and Pacio, Carmen, Anita, and others. How strangely beautiful the moonlight made everything. He saw the play of the moonbeams on the matchless hair of Carmeling and wondered if it was more soul-satisfying than the champaka-scented breeze that came to him caressing the cheeks of Lourdes. And then he remembered the starlight that he saw in the dark eyes of Merci, and wondered no more.

He became aware that the workers had changed. The second shift had turned in. He got up.

"Here, Milio, you and Kiko work here. Anita, go to that mortar with Tonio. You, Sebio, come here—and you too, Pacio," Tia Binay was assigning each to his place. Sebio found himself with Pacio and—wonder of wonders—Merci was here, too! For a moment he could hardly contain his joy and then he remembered that Pacio, the bully, the braggart, was one with them.

Bog-bog-bog. The heavy pestles fell with dull thuds. First he, then Merci,

then Pacio, in strict rhythm. Pacio, as sure as death, would soon show off his prowess before the world, before Merci. He would have to compete again, enter into another trial before a mocking, unsympathetic crowd, make another effort doomed to failure.

Merci endeavored to break the strain. "This morning we chased a big snake across the yard but it escaped."

"They say that nothing can stay the death that comes from some snake bites. If you are bitten on the arm, you can cut it off!"

"Or burn it," volunteered Pacio sneeringly.

And then another heavy silence ensued.

"Here, Seblio," suddenly said Pacio in a tone that carried to everybody. "Try this one."

He tossed up the heavy pestle, caused it to describe a figure "8" in midair, caught it, and brought it down just as Merci lifted her up. Not a split second had been lost.

"Wonderful," everyone cried.

Seblio felt himself growing hot all over. Pacio had challenge him, everybody had heard the challenge. Although his eyes were intent on his work he could feel everybody looking at him.

"See how industriously Seblio works. He does not even see us. Tia Binay, you really ought to consider him for a son-in-law." The taunt had been flung by a heartless rival.

What a noise they made. He dared not raise his eyes lest they see the light in them or he see Merci's own.

"Nanay does not need any son-in-law. I am still strong enough to do the work at home," came the surprising retort

from Merci.

At that they all laughed and teased her about her proud mouth, her delicate hands, and some elaborated on her duty to her sex, her country. The joke was too good to be finished soon.

"Tia Binay," Pacio asked with a confident smile. "What must your son-in-law be like?"

But Tia Binay refrained from answering after a look at her daughter, so somebody answered for her:

"He must have many rice-fields!"

"No, first of all he must be industrious," another put in.

"Above all he must be handsome."

"You are all wrong," cried the exasperated Merci, "My mother's son-in-law must first be my husband."

That seemed to silence them—for a while.

"Well, well—your husband then—he must be kind and obedient and loving, eh?"

"And fleet of foot and strong of arm?"

"Here then, you strong men, can anybody do this?"

It was Milio, the village clown. He was holding a short rod that looked like iron. He was trying to bend it and his whole body was contorted in the most ludicrous positions in the effort. Suddenly it cracked into splinters and by the sound they knew that it was only a cleverly painted piece of bamboo.

While they were still holding their sides and slapping their thighs, Pacio stepped to one of the mortars and pulled a horse-shoe that was nailed there for good luck. "Here, Milio, is an imitation of your feat." He seized each end and gripped hard. In that light one felt

rather than saw the bulging lines of his muscles as he strained convulsively. One felt rather than saw their mass and might as he tensed them to the breaking point. What one actually saw was the curved piece of iron slowly straightening out.

A murmur of admiration came like the sound of the wind among the leaves.

"Bravo!"

"Unheard of!"

"Incomparable!"

"Try that, Milio. But don't crack it!" and Pacio laughingly tossed the piece of iron to him.

"No, thanks. Suppose I vomit blood," said Milio, tossing it to Sebío.

For a moment the young man did not know what to do. Somehow he felt that this was his chance, that he could bend that thing back into the likeness of a horseshoe, easily. Suddenly he got up with a bound and seized it. Shouts of derision greeted him.

"Aba, what is he going to do?"

"Hey, Sebío drop that! That's iron—not bamboo!"

He could feel the hot color flooding his cheeks as he gripped the two ends and strained and strained. He clamped his teeth together, his face went pale, his eyes bulged. He held his breath with the effort. An eternity—it seemed—had passed. He thought he felt the iron give way and looked. He saw that it had not changed an inch.

"Ho, my strong man, what now?"

"I told you it was not bamboo!"

"Sebío would be a strong man and do mighty deeds if only he would eat more."

And yet he knew for a certainty that he could have done it. He cursed himself. Like a whipped dog he sought for a place to hide.

After that Sebío kept away from all their doings. He spoke little and did not look at his friends. He wanted to leave, to be alone with an axe and some logs on which he could give vent to his bitterness. But if they saw him at this it would only give occasion for more of their hellish jokes.

"Sebío," it was Mercí who had approached, "I want to make a fire so we can roast some corn. Will you help me get some hay?"

Eagerly he clutched at the chance to get away from the rest, to talk to some one who could understand.

"How could I do anything in that crowd?" They were out of earshot of the others and he vindictively struck at the pile of hay as if this was the cause of his failure.

"Yes, I know," she answered, as she pulled out an armful.

"Just let me try again!" And again he struck the whole pile a terrific blow.

They dropped their burden in the center of the clearing. And then—as he turned away, a cry came that turned his blood to ice. He whirled around and saw it: from the bundle that Mercí had dropped, rearing its head like some fantastic toy, its slender green body, poised to strike—a snake. And Mercí stood and stared like one hypnotized. Sebío knew that it would strike, strike before his next breath. There was no time to plan what to do, to will what part of the body to move. He was half-crouched; it seemed easiest to fall forward. He did so and in the same moment struck at the bundle of hay. The effort was so ill-timed that he missed it and succeeded only in placing himself between the creature and the girl. He had fallen on his face and before he could recover the snake had bitten him in the

leg, and then was gone.

Sebio staggered up and beheld through a moving haziness twin spot of blood on his calf. A sense of faintness came over him and he closed his eyes. Already he thought he could trace the searing path of the deadly poison to his thigh, to his heart. His first impulse was to run, to dance about, anything, anything. He did not see the faces around him, and the voices he faintly heard, voices mixed in one indistinct hum.

"The deadly dahong-palay!"

"Get some vinegar!"

"Sebio is dying!" wailed someone.

His thoughts whirled crazily, his breath became convulsive. He got to his feet and staggered against one of the mortars. Something heavy fell in the dust and clearly and sharply he saw what to do. He waved the people surging around him away. He seized it—it was a horse-shoe.

"A fire here, quickly!" he pleaded.

It was Merci obeying uncomprehendingly who scooped up a handful of hay and some coconut husks and in not time had a blazing fire; it was she who tore off a piece of her skirt and bound up his leg tightly above the wound; it was her delicate hands now suddenly grown powerful that tightened the ligature so that Sebio winced with pain. The others were paralyzed.

"A knife, please!" he prayed.

Several fled to obey his request and several moments—eternity—passed. He could feel his foot becoming cramped and cold. Then a large knife was handed to him.

And now they saw a scene that they often talked afterwards. With a low cry, Sebio seized the horseshoe and before the same faces that had just a

while ago taunted him, he straightened it as if it were a hairpin. He wrapped a piece of cloth around one end and thrust the other end into the fire. There was no applause this time, not even a sound to show that they were alive. They could only stare and stare, now at the colorless face of Sebio, grim and twisted as if by some terrible resolution, now at the piece of iron turning an angry, luminous red.

"What is he going to do?"

"Merciful God!"

For Sebio had taken the sharp knife and had slashed across the two fang prints. Dark blood oozed out slowly. Then he had grasped the red-hot iron and before their horrified gaze he plunged it into the wound. The point of fire sizzled suckingly; the acrid smell of burning flesh assailed their nostrils; a woman shrieked like one possessed and fainted.

And then calmly Sebio laid aside the iron and his lips were twisted into the semblance of a smile. Slowly his eyes closed, somebody held him up. But before unconsciousness came he had seen their eyes. And they told him that never again would they call him "Sebio Pasmado."

From *The Wound and the Scar*, by Arturo B. Rotor. Philippine Book Guild.

* * *

REMINDER

"Whenever I look at you, I'm reminded of a famous man," murmured the coed.

"You flatter me," said her boy friend.

"Who was he?"

"Kulafu."

Freedom Of Speech Inside The Classroom

By Demetrio S. Tumbaga
Class of 1947

Freedom of speech—one of the inalienable rights of a citizen in a democracy—should be exercised by every student inside the classroom. A student must have courage and prudence to think and speak aright. He should not be afraid to ask questions. He should not think that if his answers were wrong, ill would befall him. But, he must at all times be prudent and courteous. There is no place for impoliteness.

Considering the fact, furthermore, that after a thorough thinking, a student's answer to a given question is wrong, does anyone have to laugh at him? Does anyone have the right to insult or embarrass him just because of his ignorance? No. That is purely injustice. "Respect for others," has been clearly emphasized by President Cayco in his speech during the convocation at A. Mabini High. These three words—Respect for others—should not be forgotten by anyone who wants to live in a democ-

racy.

As cited by a great educator of the present era, "a student should criticize his teacher if he is in doubt with the teacher's attitude inside the classroom." In this sense, the student is given the chance to exercise his freedom of speech. But, the student, upon doing so, should not forget that the teacher is his parent inside the school. He must not go beyond that for he will be guilty of the principle "respect for others."

Every individual then, should exercise the true principles and ideals of democracy. The student goes to school because he desires to learn—he exerts efforts to broaden his vocabulary, he spends time to refresh his memory, and makes a sacrifice in order to know what is right and what is wrong. But what would a student's life be without democracy? Democracy must start inside the classroom.



RANK ERROR

A retired Navy captain on the administrative staff of a southern university still clung to his rank. And when a young veteran named Brown said to him, "I'd like to talk with you about entering the University, Mr. Smith," he was enraged at being addressed "Mr."

"Captain Smith to you, young man!" he stormed.

Looking him straight in the eye, and standing at attention, the young veteran snapped back, "And in that event, Colonel Brown to you, sir!"

—Readers Digest

NEWSMONTH

STUDENT COUNCIL—

The constitution of the J. Sumulong High School was unanimously approved in a recent meeting of the Council. It shall govern the student body of the school. (The constitution is printed on page 20 of this issue.)

A resolution calling for a student plebiscite was also passed by the Council. The purpose of the plebiscite is to gauge student opinion regarding the erection of a gymnasium to be sponsored by the student body.

A student board of judges was recently created by the Council in order to check misbehavior in school. The board will have the power to punish violators of the laws of the student government. Elected chairman of the board was Agustin A. Arroyo. The members are Rosauro Gonzales, Rodolfo Pulanco, Elisa Angeles, Agustin Lazo, Esperanza Saguid, Arturo Gonzales, Estrella Rivera, Enrico Nano, and Simeon Lama.

PUAA CHAMPION: A.U. GIRLS VOLLEYBALL TEAM



Left to right, standing: Luth Backet, Virginia Montgomery, Violeta Tablan, Skipper Leticia Mañalac, Desideria Ampon, Nelly Matta, and Felicitas Aquino.

Left to right, sitting: Remedios Adamos, Rose Doyola, Lourdes Verroya, Alicia Mendoza, Aida Polotan, Remedios Gonzales, and Mascot Peter Munson.

HONOR ROLL—*Fourth Year Special*

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| 1. Elisa Angeles | 88 |
| 2. Frederick Ygnacio | 88 |

Fourth Year

- | | |
|------------------------------|----|
| 1. Aurora Tablan | 89 |
| 2. Remedios Adamos | 89 |

Third Year

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| 1. Leticia Gatchalian | 88 |
| 2. Agustin A. Arroyo | 87 |
| 3. Rosauro Gonzales | 87 |
| 4. Arcadio Sunga | 87 |

Second Year

- | | |
|------------------------------|----|
| 1. Alejandro Topia | 89 |
| 2. Filomena Millan | 88 |

First Year

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| 1. Anselmo Sta. Ana | 87 |
| 2. Alfonso Gertrudes | 87 |

GIRLS SCOUTS—

The Hibiscus Troop Numbers 73 and 74 of the Girl Scouts of the Philippines were inaugurated amid impressive ceremonies last October 3. Miss Elisa Atacador of Troop number 73 was the presiding leader. She was assisted by Miss Leodonila Francisco, leader of troop 74 and assistant leaders Mrs. Corazon J. Foster, Miss Maria Estacio, and Mrs. Felicisima Cacaya.

Mrs. Trinidad F. Legarda was the guest of honor. She gave a speech on Filipino womanhood. President Florentino Cayco and Dean Fortunato Gupit were among those who attended.

The members of the Troop Committee were Dean Enriqueta Benavides, chairman; Dean Lorenza O. de Jesus, Dean Josefa V. Lebron, Mrs. Marina N. Capistrano, Mrs. Felicidad C. Crisologo, and Mrs. Leonor S. Patacsil, members. The officers of the Women's Central Student Council and of the J. Sumulong Girl's Club acted as sponsors of the scouts.

JUNIOR POLICE—

The Junior Police Organization was recently formed. Mr. Amando San Pedro is adviser.

The aim of this force is to maintain peace and order within the university campus and to protect school property. Members were picked out from the different classes of the high school department.

Officers and members of the force are: Captain Augusto R. Mendoza, chief; 1st Lt. Bernabe Cuevas, deputy chief; 2nd Lt. Augusto Sison, day patrol officer; 1st Lt. Domingo Mortel, night patrol officer; 2nd Lt. Jimmy Ardinez, asst. night patrol officer, Enrique Agoncillo, Teodoro Marcelino, and Rizal Mission, desk sergeants; and members are Nestor Sañga, Herminigildo Quintana, Eduardo Ruiz, Jose Carreon, Jr., Melanio Bayan, Carmen Eustaquio, Llana Angaro, Filomena Reyes, Tomas Daniel Fabella, Ricardo Aguas, Manuel Sajarda, Amando Lim, and Geronima Omega.

U. M. PLAYS HOST—

The University of Manila played host to the Arellano University last October 4. That day, marking the climax of the U. M. Week, was highlighted by a play day. Arellano U. students belonging to the Physical Education classes under Mrs. Cora J. Foster gave renditions of native dances. The dance numbers contributed were **Bao Dance, Polka Sala, and Sakuting.**

President Mariano de los Santos of the U. M. presented a gift to Miss Nelly Mata, Arellano U. representative, for the active participation of our school that lent much color to the U.M. play day.

COLLEGE EDITORS' GUILD MEETING—

The College Editors' Guild convened at the library of the Arellano U. last

October 12. Nomination of officers of the Guild took place. For president, the following were nominated: Cicero Jurado of the Arellano Standard, Enrique Joaquin of the FEU Advocate, and Felix Bautista, Jr. of the UST Varsity. For vice president, the following names were given: Pacifico Noroña, Amelia Lita Sison, Ramon de Jesus, and Virgilio de los Santos.

There were also nominations for moderator of the Guild. For Moderator, Atty. Ernesto Rodriguez was suggested.

A motion was made that the elections should be on October 26.

THE JUNIORS' CLUB—

The third year students of the afternoon classes recently organized their own clubs.

The third year section one has for its name "Jolly Juniors Club." The everlasting was made its official flower. Their motto is "Through thick and thin, we'll carry on."

To take care of activities such as get-together parties, dances, and excursions, a reception committee was organized with the following members: Lolita Ignacio, chairman; Esperanza Saguid, Rosita Asiddao, Gliceria Landayan, members.

"Bros-Sis Club" is the affectionate name of the club of third year section two. Its flower is the sampaguita. "Love conquers all" is its motto. Its reception committee is composed of Mercy Beck, chairman; Aurora Macapagal, Remedios Año, Dionisio Calvo, Jr., Erlindo Asuncion, Agustin A. Arroyo, members.

It is hoped that other classes will follow suit in organizing clubs. It must be remembered that "all work and no play makes Juan a dull boy."

The clubs have drawn out plans for

get-together parties sometime in November.

LOS BAÑOS EXCURSION—

Members of the fourth year regular and special evening classes had an excursion to Los Baños, Laguna last September 7. Highlight of the excursion was the dance held at the dancing pavilion of the U.P. Agricultural School and the swimming spree at Pansol mineral spring.

In charge of the affair were Messrs. Amando San Pedro, Class Adviser, Aurelio Sevilla, Jr., and Pedro Abendaño, presidents of the regular and special classes, respectively.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—

The Flaming Arrows Volleyball team, and the Junior and Varsity Basketball teams formed an organization last October 2. The Arellano University Athletic Association (AUAA) aims to promote the spirit of cooperation, sportsmanship and understanding among members of the organization.

The following officers were elected: Big Brother, Ricardo Sarreal; Second Big Brother, Ric Munson; Big Sister, Nellie Mata; Pen Sister, Sed Ampon; Key Sister, Letty Mañalac; Ledger Brother, Carlos Tan; Aurora Ocampo and Perfecto were elected as news sister and brother.

A membership committee was also formed. The officers are Violeta Tablan, chairman; Aurora Ocampo, vice-chairman; and six other members.

For the Committee on Trial, the following members were elected: Big Brother Ric Sarreal, Judge Advocate; Carlos Tan, Defending Lawyer; Conrado Cabawatan and Aurora Ocampo, prosecuting officers.

A Committee on Decoration was formed with Sed Ampon as head.

INITIATION—

Saturday, October 4, was a busy day for the players. One of the most "unfortunate" victims of the initiation was Big Brother Ric Sarreal. Mr. Rodolfo Munson ordered him to do some mock proposing to charming Misses Vicky Nieva, Bing Capistrano and Seria Noche. You could just imagine the poor fellow with rolled pants, sleeveless shirt and white hankie around his head—making a mock proposal.

Other interesting parts of the initiation were the playing of golf with the nose, tennis with the forefinger, swimming on the ground, and dancing.

ZURBARAN

Convocation—

President Florentino Cayco was the guest speaker in a convocation held at A. Mabini high last September 29. The president spoke on **Respect for the Rights of Others**. In part, he said, "The only path to glory is respect for the rights of others. When I mention respect, I don't mean half-hearted respect. I mean respect that borders on reverence." President Cayco also emphasized the importance of developing "the ability to think... so that our youth will not swallow everything blindly." More than 500 students jam-packed the A. Mabini hall to hear the president speak.

Director Jacinto S. Galimba of the high school introduced the guest speaker as "one who practices what he teaches." Other parts of the program

were opening remarks by Ceferino Dulay, president of A. Mabini Student Council; vocal solo by Anastacia Duca-yen (A. Mabini songbird) with guitar accompaniment by Ignacio Olaguer; declamation, **Lochinvar**, by Ricardo Supleo; duet by Rosalina Ochoa and Dominador Tabago; closing remarks by Mr. Tobias Y. Enverga, A. Mabini Student Council adviser; and mass singing of the A. Mabini High School March composed by a local talent, Ignacio Olaguer. (See pictures on page 26)

Roll of Honor—

In a press release recently given the Star, the following students of A. Mabini high appear in the roll of honor for the first grading period:

First Year

1. Iluminada Figueroa 87%
- Faustino Ruivivar 87
2. Lourdes Figueroa 87
3. Ricardo Rodriguez 87

Second Year

1. Manuel Eugenio, Jr. 89
2. Zenaida Buhain 88

Third Year

1. Conrado Parica 90
2. Leonida Juco 89
3. Felipe Delgado, Jr. 89
4. Ricardo Supleo 88

Fourth Year

1. Epifanio David 90
- Ceferino Dulay 90
2. Arturo Zialcita 88

Fourth Year Special

1. Marcelo de la Torre 92
2. Roman Padiernos 90
3. Rose Doyola 88
4. Faustino Tarongoy 88



A. U. Flaming Arrows' Cheering Squad in action led by Conrado Cabawatán, Aurora Ocampo and Leonardo Gonzaga. They lent much color to the PUAA games.



QUESTIONS:

1. What musical instrument should we never believe?
2. Why is an army like a newspaper?
3. Why is a college student like a thermometer?
4. Why is an empty purse expressive of constancy?
5. Why are stars like wild young men?
6. Why is a fool's mouth like a hotel door?
7. Why are washwomen great flirts?
8. When the clock strikes thirteen, what time is it?
9. When does rain seem inclined to be studious?

ANSWERS:

1. Lyre (sounds like liar).
2. Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.
3. Because he is graduated and marked by degrees.
4. Because you find no change it.
5. Because they stay up all nights.
6. Because it is always open.
7. Because they ring men's bosom.
8. It is time for repair.
9. When it is pouring over a book.



JOSE ZAPANTA
Patnugot

EMILIANO PAYUMO
Katulong na Patnugot

PANGULONG TUDLING—

PAGKAKAISA AT PAGTUTULUNGAN

Pagkakaisa.... pagtutulungan.... pakikiisa sa layunin, ang kailanman at kahit saan ay siyang unang-unang dapat isa-puso ng bawa't tauhan ng isang samahan upang magtagumpay. Kapag ang ganyang damdamin ay nawalay sa puso ng bawa't isa, ay tiyak na magkakawaglit-waglit at maglalaho ang naturang samahan.

Halimbawa'y ang iba't ibang samahan sa paaralan, tulad ng mga manglalaro, "Women's Club", "Police Force". Ang mga ito'y higit na nangangailangan ng ganyang patakaran. Ang bawa't kasapi ay kinakailangang mag-ukol ng kanyang makakaya upang maisakatuparan at maging isang tagumpay ang layunin ng kanilang samahan.

Ang mga mag-aaral man sa isang paaralan, ay lalong marapat magkaroon ng ganyang damdamin upang ang kanilang paaralan ay umunlad at hindi mahuli sa ibang paaralan.

Maging sa mga samahan ng masasamang loob, kapag may isang tumiwalag o bumaligtad o nagsuplong, ay nagkakawatak-watak ang mga tauhan at unti-unting nalilipol ng maykapangyarihan.

At ang higit na nangangailangan ng mga ganyang katangian ay ang isang bansa. Kapag ang pagkakaisa at pagtutulungan ay nawala sa mga mamamayan ay sigalot ang kinahihinatnan at tila tuloy nawawalan ng karangalan sa paningin ng ibang bansa.

Kaya ang kahi't anong samahan at maging isang bansa man ay dapat magkaroon ng pagkakaisa pagtutulungan at pakikiisa sa layunin kung minimithi nila ang tagumpay.

—J. C. Z.

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IKAW AY MAG-ARAL

Tula ni Conrado Reyes

Oo, batid ko na ang luhanang naagos
Sa mga mata mo'y aayaw malagot,
Nalalaman ko ring kayapos mo'y lungkot
Tibok ng puso mo'y batbat ng himutok

Iniluluha mo'y ng dahil sa hirap
Sa takbo ng buhay ay laging kayakap,
Ibig mong magsaya't sa iba'y tumulad
Ay hindi mangyari't salat ka sa pilak.

Ganyan lang ang buhay—bayaan mo sila
Na nagtatampisaw sa tuwa at saya,
Ang lahat ng araw ay hindi kanila...!
At may araw ka ring higit ang ligaya.

Sila may lagi ng magara ang damit
Nanakikita mong lahat ay makisig,
Pag-masdan mo na lang, huwag kang mainggit
Ariin mong bula ang iyong namasid.

Sa gara ng damit at kislap ng pilak
Dimo matatamo ang lunas ng palad
Datapwa't kung ikaw sa dunong ay sapat
Dukha kamang puso'y may pumapalalapak

Dapat mong malamang sa landas ng buhay
Ang dunong ng tao ang nagiging ilaw...!
Kung mahirap ka ma't may gintong isipan
Dinadakila ka kahit walang yaman.

Sa buhay ng tao ang dunong ay lakas
Na tinitingala kahit na mahirap
IKAW AY MAGARAL, sapagka't may bukas...!
Na dapat asahan ng sawi mong palad.

AKO'Y MAGSASAKA

Tula ni Bernardino Lakan-Ilaw

Ako'y isang magsasaka sagisag ko'y kabuhatan
Sa gitna ng kabukiran doon ako tumatahan;
Binabaka'y isang salot ang lupit ng kagutuman
Kapag ako ang nawala kay dami ng mamamanglaw.

Ang tiwang-wang na bukid at malawak na kaparangan
Ang palad kong nangangapal ang nagyaman at nagbungkal;
Sinikap kong ang kaingin ay hawanin at matamnan
Upang ito kung mag-ani tayo rin ang makinabang.

Ngunit ako'y isang dukhang bato na lang tinitisod
Tahanan ko'y munting kubong mabubuwal na lang halos;
Mga sukob at kundiman ang lagi kong sinasaplot
At kung ako ay kumain sa talangka'y nabubusog.

Dahil dito'y laging api lalong-lalo sa lipunan
At di ako pinapansin ng dalagang taga-bayan,
Parang hindi natatanto ng magandang paraluman
Na ang yaman ng pag-ibig sa bukid ma'y madudulang.

ANG KAPUSUKAN

Ni Bautista T. Tañafra

Ang maraming taong nag-uunahang bumagtas ng daang Abenida Rizal ay natawag ang pansin ng isang lalaking hawak ng isang alagad ng batas. Akong sa mga sandaling yaon ay kasalukuyang nag-aabang ng sasakyan ay nakimatyang sa lalaking hawak ng pulis.

Narinig kong tinanong ng pulis ang lalaking nasa kanyang kapangyarihan. "Bakit mo sinuntok ang taong iyon?" na sabay turo sa isang lalaking nakater-nong puti. Ang magandang tindig at maamong mukha ng lalaking yaon ay sapat ng pagbatayan na siya ay isang maginoo. Isang iling muna ang naging tugon ng lalaking pinag-uusig nguni't pagkalipas ng ilan sandali ay nagtapat. "Isa pong pangyayari ang nagbunsod sa akin upang siya ay saginsinin ko ng suntok na mabuti na lamang at nahad-langan ng kanyang kabilisan at padap-lis na tumama sa kanya. Kami po ay kapwa bumabagtas ng daang ito nang sa isang pangyayari ay may sasisibat na isang sasakyan. Nalito ang aking isipan sa nakikita kong kapanganiban. Nag-urong sulong ako sa pagbagtas. Nais ko man umurong ay huli na. Tiyak na ako'y aabutin. Walang anu-ano'y isang malakas na tulak ang sa akin ay nagbigay daan upang ang balak kong pag-urong ay mapigil at sa halip ay pasulong ang nangyari. Nang manum-balik ang aking isipan nasa kabila na ako ng bangketa at doon ay inabot ko ang lalaking nagtulak sa akin. Hindi ko malaman kung sa anong sanhi at big-lang nagdilim ang aking paningin at

sinundan ko ng malakas na suntok. Iyan po ang nangyari."

Ang pulis ay nagbuntong hininga muna bago nangusap. "Ang pangyaya-ring iyong isinaysay ay hindi sana nang-yari kung gumamit ka ng kahinahunan. Ikaw sa kabila ng sa palagay ko'y mabuti mong pagkatao ay may isang kapintasan na dapat mawala upang huwag kang masangkot sa ba-sag-ulo. Alam kong ang kapusukan ng iyong damdamin ang siyang nag-atas sa iyo upang ang taong ito na sana'y dapat mo pang pasalamatan ay iyong suntukin. Isang malaking kamalian ang iyong nagawa at kung hindi ka magbabago ng iyong ugali ay sapat na iyan upang ikaw ay mapahamak. Ala-lahanin mong ikaw ay nasa gulang na dapat mong hawakan ang iyong sarili. And dapat iwasan ng isang tao ay ang pagbubuhay ng kanyang kamay sa kanyang kapwa, laluna sa katulad niyang kabalat mo. Marahil ay talos mong ang maraming dahilan ng patayan dito sa atin ay ang pag-aankin ng isang kau-galian mapusok. Isang kaugalian tila taal na sa mga Pilipino at napabantog sa daigdig sa ngalang "ningas-kugon."

Ang paliwanag ng alagad ng batas ay tila nagbigay liwanag sa nadidimlang isipan. Natatap niyang ang kapusukan ng damdamin ay sapat ng maghulog sa isang tao sa bangin ng pagkakasala. Ilan na sa ating mamamayan ang nag-kasala dahil sa kapusukan ng loob? Ang kanyang makitid na isipan na hindi sumasaklaw ng katuwiran ay sapat na upang ang kanyang isip ay bukalan ng

**Walang sumisira sa bakal
kundi ang sariling kalawang—**

ANG TUNGKULIN SA KAIBIGAN

Ni Encarnacion Reyes

Sa pakikisama sa pakikipagkaibigan ay nakikilala ang isang tao kung marunong makipagkapuwa o hindi. Ang kamahalang-asal; ang may tapat na loob o ang lilo; ang may pinag-aralang-bait o wala, ay nakikilala sa pakikisama. Ang walang bait na iniingatan ay ibinubunyang kaagad ang laman ng puso sa isang kapalagayang-loob. Ito'y hindi nararapat sapagka't sinsay sa matuwid ang pagpapahayag ng lahat ng nilalaman ng loob sa isang kaibigan kahit na gaano kalaki ang pagtitinginan. May pagpapakitang-loob na may halong pag-iimbot, at nais makinabang lamang sa tinataguriang kaibigan. Ito ay isang masamang kaugaliang laban sa kagan-dahang-asal.

Sa kabila nito'y mayroong pagpapalagayang-loob na bunga ng tapat na pag-iibigan. Ang pagsasamang di paim-

babaw ay nagbibigay ng puri sa magkaibigan. Kailangan ay kapuwa magpakitaan ng loob. Huwag maghangad igalang at pintuhuing ng kaibigan kung hindi gagawa at mag-uukol ang isa't isa ng pagmamahalan. Kung ang kaibigan ay magkakamali, dapat pagpaalalahanan sa isang mabuti at mabanayad na pangungusap; kung inuupasala ay kailangan namang ipagtanggol at ipahayag ang kanyang kabutihan upang huwag madungisan ang kanyang puri at karangalan. Maglingkod at sumaklolo sa kaibigan kung panahon ng sakuna at kagipitan. Ang tunay na magkaibigan ay makikilala sa kanyang pagdamay sa oras ng pangangailangan.

“Ang pagtatapatan ay pagsasama ng matagal.”

“Walang sumisira sa bakal kundi ang kalawang.”

poot at kasabay ang kilos na hindi niya nalalaman na ang wakas ay ang malungkot na bilangguan.

May mga salawikain ang ating mga

matatanda na, “ang lumalakad daw ng marahan kung matinik ay mababaw at ang lumalakad ng matulin kung matinik ay malalim.”

* * *

**Sa larangan ng digmaan
Nakikilala ang matapang.**

**Marami ang matapang sa bilang
Ngunit ang buong-loob ay iilan.**

BUDHI

Ni Cres C. Bello

Sa dibdib ng kalikasa'y may damdaming makatao
Na lagi nang nagtatanod kahit saan pumatungo;
Gabi't araw ay kasama upang tayo'y mapanuto
At sa lahat nang gawai'y isang guro ng talino.

Simula nang magkaisip, magkadiwa at damdamin
Ay ang budhi ang tanungan sa paghatol . . . sa gawain;
Sa masamang pagnanasa — pumipigil ay budhi rin
At budhi ang nagbubunsod sa magandang simulain.

Kapag budhi ang nawala sa pisngi ng daigdigan
Ay asahang itong mundo'y mapupuspus ng ligamgam;
Pati na ang “nagsa-hayop,” masusuklam na tuluyan
Sila na rin ang susumpa sa nagawang kabuhungan.

Kaya't itong budhi nati'y gamitin nang mahinusay
Budhi nati'y pagyamanin sa lakad ng pamumuhay;
Kapag budhi'y pinagyaman, nasa atin ang tagumpay
Kapag budhi'y sinangguni, tayo'y hindi masisinsay.

———oOo———

“ANG PAG-IBIG”

Pag ikaw ang nasok sa puso ninuman, hahamaking lahat masunod ka lamang.
Balagtas

Sa lalaki, ang pag-ibig ay isang bahagi ng buhay.
Sa babai ito'y buo niyang kabuhayan.

Byron

Ang pag-ibig ay bulag, kaya ang magkasintahan ay di nakikita ang pagkákasala ng
isa't-isa.

Shakespeare

Ang pag-ibig at pag-ubo ay hindi makakaila.

Herbert

Ang buhay ay isang bulaklak, ang pag-ibig ang siyang nektar.

Victor Hugo

KATAPANGAN

Ni Crispin S. Reyes

Ang katapangan ay isang bagay na likas sa tao. Subali't hindi lahat ng tao ay magkatulad ang tinataglay na katapangan. May mga taong ipinanganak na kulang o dili kaya ay kakaunti ang angking katapangan. Mayroon namang mga taong pinag-kalooban ng labis na katapangan. Ito ay taglay ng kahit sino, at kaya lamang naipapamalas o dili kaya ay naisasakatuparan ay kung sadyang napapanahon na. Ang katapangan ay isang katangian na taglay nating mga Pilipino. Ang katapangan nating ito ang siyang naghatid sa atin sa luklukan ng paghanga at paggalang ng ibang bayan.

Ang katapangan ay nakikita o mamalalas natin sa isang tao sa pamamagitan ng paggawa at hindi sa salita. Gaya halimbawa ni Dr. Jose Rizal. Siya ay gumawa ng mga aklat na nagsisiwa-

lat ng mga kaapihang dinaranas nating mga Pilipino sa kamay ng mga malulupit at walang habag na mga Kastila. Ang kanyang layon ay gisingin ang ating diwa upang ipagtanggol ang ating mga kaapihan. Nalalaman ni Dr. Jose Rizal na ang kanyang ginagawang iyon ay siyang magiging dahil ng kanyang kasawian at maagang pagpanaw. Ang lahat ng ito ay hindi niya inalintana at bagkus pa nga minasarap niya ang matatay sa pagtatanggol sa ating bayan.

Diyan natin nakilala ang katapangan ni Dr. Jose Rizal. Iyan ang mainam na halimbawa ng wastong paggamit ng katapangan, na mag-aakay sa atin sa tugatog ng pagkadakila. At hindi ang katapangang walang maidudulot sa atin kundi pawang kabiguan at kasawian sa buhay.



**Ang lihim na katapangan
Siyang pakikinabangan**

**Ang liksi at tapang
Kalasag sa buhay**

**Ang pag-ilag sa kaaway
Ang tunay na katapangan**

**Ang natatakot sa ahas
Huwag lalakad sa gubat**

**Nawawala ang uri
Ngunit hindi ang lahi**

Ang kapangahasa'y bunga ng pag-asa

ANG PAGSASALITA

Tula ni Gregoria Maglinao
Ang pagsasalita ay siyang larawan,
Ng ugali't asal nating tinataglay,
Kaya't nararapat na pakaingatan,
Nang di magkaroon ng pagsisisihan.

Di na iniisip bago isagawa,
Minsan ay may taong kung magsasalita,
Ang bawa't masabi'y ikinatutuwa,
Di na nililimi kung mali o tama.

Ang ganitong gawa'y dapat na iwasan,
At dapat alisin sa ating isipan,
Pagka't karaniwan ay siyang dahilan,
Ng pag-aaway na walang kabuluhan.

Dapat pag-aralan at kuru-kuruin,
Ang sa kay Balagtas na isang habilin;
"Bago ka magwika ng ibig sabihin,
Makapitong ulit mo muna isipin."

Republic of the Philippines
Department of Public Works and Communications
BUREAU OF POSTS
Manila

SWORN STATEMENT

The undersigned, *Agustin A. Arroyo*, Editor-in-Chief of THE ARELLANO STAR, published monthly in English and Tagalog at 255 Plaza Guipit, Sampaloc, Manila (Arellano University), after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act No. 2580, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

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(Sgd.) **AGUSTIN A. ARROYO**
Editor-in-Chief

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of October, 1947, at Manila, Philippines, the affidavit exhibiting his Residence Certificate No. A-3769245 issued at Manila, on September 30, 1947.

(Sgd.) **MARCELINO P. ESTACIO**
Notary Public

What They Say . . .

If girls from other schools can afford to have uniforms, why can't we? The uniform reflects the spirit of unity of students.

—Mercy Beck

The uniform is a nice idea. It will stop us girls from festering our old folks for new dresses.

—Teresita Magno

Let all girls have the same uniform regardless of social standing.

—Enrique Ignacio

I have a high respect for girls in uniform.

—Luis B. Feliciano

Arellano will be my Alma Mater.

—Rose de la Rosa

"Loaf at First Sight" is very entertaining. Congratulations to the editors for choosing good pieces!

—Rosalina Monis

Your articles are sound and timely.

—Isagani Delingon

The students are proud of the Star.

—Julian Santos

Why not give a permanent page to Love Stories?

—Celedonia Mariano

I have never read any article pertaining to activities of student cadets. When will the Star have a Military Section?

—Florentino Tamayo

(*Everything comes to him who waits.*
—Ed.)

The article, "My Philosophy of life," by Ricardo Supleo is heart-stirring. I want more articles like it.

—Emmanuel Bejar

"Make hay while the sun shines." I now say, "Contribute more articles while the Arellano Star shines."

—Isidro Roque

Men may come and men may go, but the Star goes on forever. . .

—Segundina Quiñanola

The Star is building the morale of students.

—Zenaida Buhain

I am proud of the students who are creating the Star.

—Florante Diamante

Uniform for girls would mean more respect towards them.

—Leonardo Alfonso

My Star is among my best booklets in my private library.

—John Legare

How about adding some more humorous passages in our Star?

—Frederick Ygnacio

I was impressed by Arroyo's editorial "Youth and Peace" (September issue)

—Rosauro de los Reyes

Arellano girls should have smart uniform, aside from smart looks.

—Miguel Navarro

There's no printed matter I enjoy reading more than the *Arellano Star*. I like it, especially with the Tagalog story, "*Sawi Na Nagpakasawi*" by E. Payumo, Jr. Some more of it.

—Terry Magpantay

"*My Philosophy of Life*" by R. Supleo is just the truth. I cannot find words to refute it.

—Emilio Punsal

The editors of the *Star* seem to be inaccessible to the students. Why not place a manuscript box so that those who like to submit manuscripts will find it easier to do so?

—Pascual Flores

Knowledge of God is an antidote to fear. "A Soul Is Saved" proves that beyond doubt.

—Rosalina Santos

ARELLANO UNIVERSITY

Plaza Guipit, Sampaloc, Manila

(Member, Philippine Association of Colleges & Universities)



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FLJRENTINO CAYCO

President