

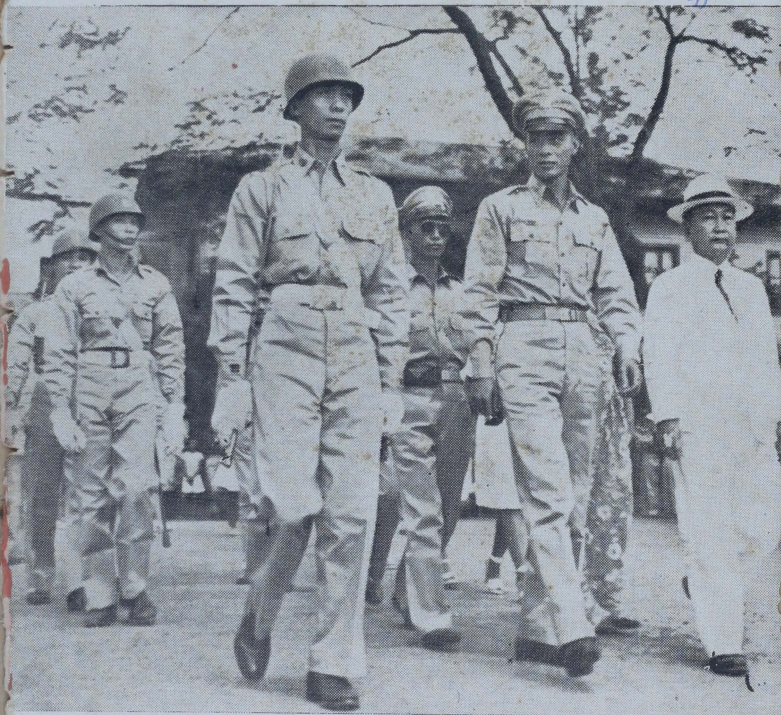
The Arellano Standard

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1947

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
LIBRARY

NO. IV



President Florentino Cayco Reviewing the Military Parade in His Honor with the Assistant Superintendent of ROTC Units, Commandant Florencio Domingo and Cadet Major Lino S. Razon.

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SECCION CASTELLANA



OUR TASK

NOW we are free. Our hands are no longer in chains. Our lips are no longer gagged.

Now we are free, uncowed by no tyrant's lash, unbowed by no tyrant's whip, by no tyrant's dungeon.

But this freedom which we now enjoy has been dearly bought. Staggeringly great has been its price—great in blood, great in tears: the blood of our heroes, the tears of our martyrs. Unhesitatingly, they shed their blood and tears on the scaffold. Unquestioningly, they shed their blood and tears on the field of battle. Uncomplainingly, they gave their lives without any thought of personal profit and glory—they gave their lives that other lives might live. Great were their labours and sacrifices. Indescribable were their sufferings. Untold were their miseries. Tiresome and troubled was their journey.

And now they rest in the unaging mausoleum of time. Some unhonoured and unremembered. For some no paean, no praise. For some no comforting word, no reassuring whisper. Unto some no flower. Unto some no tear. For human memory is sadly short. For man, lost in bacchanalian pursuits, easily and quickly forgets his debt to the dead.

The fallen and the departed asked not to be remembered—to be honoured. But we owe it to ourselves—we, the living,—to remember and honour them—to pay them tribute no matter how humble and simple. And what more fitting and proper tribute can we bestow than the consciousness of our obligation to them—than the consciousness of a task, the task of carrying on, with equal fire and fervor, what they nobly, heroically, unselfishly began? That is our obligation—that is our task to which we are committed to dedicate our lives and our fortune.

CICERO C. JURADO

ARELLANO UNIVERSITY

Manila, Philippines

Office of the President

October 22, 1947

ADMINISTRATIVE ORDER

No. 26, s 1947

ROTC BULLETIN NO. 15

TO ALL CONCERNED:

1. Bulletin No. 15, issued by the Office of the Commandant, ROTC Unit, Arellano University, is hereby quoted in full for the information and compliance of all concerned:

"1. Executive Order No. 70 of the President of the Philippines dated 29 July 1947 declared "civilian volunteers who were members of recognized Guerrilla units as having the equivalent training of those who have completed trainee instructions and as constituting a part of the Reserve Units."

"2. All students who fall under the above category are exempted from ROTC instructions provided they submit to the Dept. of Military Science and Tactics their respective *verification slips* being issued by the Adjutant General, HAP, Camp Murphy, Quezon City.

"3. Effective the second semester of this school year students claiming exemption from ROTC Training under existing regulations should produce any of the following documents:

- a. Birth certificate
- b. Marriage certificate
- c. Medical certificate duly signed by an authorized army physician (Medical Officer)
- d. Alien registration certificate
- e. Identification card of Officers and EM on active duty
- f. Verification slips for civilian volunteers
- g. Discharge certificate (Army)
- h. Transcript of Records (ROTC)

or certificate of completion of course

"4. Nevertheless, any student claiming exemption by reason of over-age need not present his Birth or Baptismal certificate if his physical appearance leaves no room for doubt that he is over 30 years of age, nor any amputee, cripple or person whose physical incapacity is very apparent be required to present a medical certificate.

"5. All male students enrolling in the University during the second semester shall be required to register with the Dept. of Military Science and Tactics for screening."

FLORENTINO CAYCO

President

ARELLANO UNIVERSITY

Manila, Philippines

Office of the President

October 24, 1947

ADMINISTRATIVE ORDER

No. 28, s. 1947

COMMITTEE ON STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

TO ALL CONCERNED:

1. The appointment of the following committee on student organizations is hereby made of record:

- Mrs. Enriqueta R. Benavides, chairman; Mr. Gabino Tabuñar, member and three representatives of the Student Council
2. The functions of the committee are as follows:

- (a) To accredit student organizations in the university so that they may use the name of the institution and its buildings and grounds.

(Continued on page 25)

AMBITION AND INFERIORITY

By ROMAN R. VILLALON, JR.

MAN is an egoistic animal, said one famous writer. And it is this ego which is the basic force in most ambitions. Webster says: "Ambition is a seeking for preferment; and a consuming desire to achieve some purpose, as to gain distinction, etc." This definition presupposes that ego is an essence of of ambition; that ambition is centered around a personal self-seeking and a desire for personal esteem and self-recognition. In fact, this ego is the crux of the problem in the proper adjustment for life.

It is essential for us to realize that the environment, the effects, and the problems that ambition produces in us are definite and far-reaching. Let us investigate the attitudes and the reactions of a student when he approaches his ambition, and how success and failure affect him. From our findings, we can have a thorough understanding of the vital problems arising from ambition, and of the effects that "strivings" have on the proper life adjustments of a student.

The old school of psychological thought, based on the concept of compensation, believed that man was born with some inferiority of physical and of mental nature, and that life was spent in trying to compensate for this inferiority. The nature of this compensation was considered to be the basis for a type of personality. In fact, one cannot take lightly the effect of these inferiorities on a man's ambition and on his personality.

At present, however, a different emphasis is put on the concept of compen-

sation; it is now thought of as the "unconscious" recompense for one's deficiency in his life. We can see the distinction between the former concept and the latter—in the former, compensation is a conscious activity; in the latter, it resolves itself down to the problem of attitudes, both conscious and unconscious. Compensation, therefore, is the inherent, deep-seated, positive, and self-maintaining drive which originates, consciously or unconsciously, from one's desires to correct or to make up for his inferiority.

Let us take some commonly understood examples of compensation. The "social snob", who disdains the company of less fortunate people and who raises his eyebrow at the awkwardness and inadequacy of others, is a maladjusted individual. Fundamentally such a person feels inferior and deficient in his reflection of himself. He believes that he is full of incompetency; and therefore, he must feel superior and must act important. A sophisticated coed, who forgets that ethics is not arrogance, and who believes that she is a mental eagle and others are snails, is another maladjusted person—a hapless victim of compensatory drives. She feels and thinks that she belongs to the mental celebrity and expects others to pay her homages. She resents disapprovals and criticisms; she is peeved at others trying to emulate her. Veneer and artificial polish substituted for character gives a blinding luster that she merely glows in her own conceited reflections, without fully appreciating what type of fiber she is hiding. Sophistication is a

(Continued on page 6)

The Elections: A REAPPRAISAL

By F. R. Amante

Essentially, democratic governments are founded on the proposition that sovereignty resides in the people or that the power of temporarily governing is granted by the electorate to a group of officials, loosely referred to as the administration but more distinctively, as the rank and file of a single political party, and that once that power of governing is given and the officials accept it, the electorate or the people run the risk of the character of the administration. That it is so is for the reason that democracy as part of our institutional heritage from the West has two great pillars of public official control: one, the periodical elections and the other, the vigilant and tireless scrutiny by the people or electorate, public opinion.

Assuming this proposition, we may thence conclude that the elections are rightly an historical established and effective control of public officer in all representative governments. Yet the electoral process of choosing public officers is not, as some might lightly take it, a meaningless formality in which candidates previously nominated by one party, whether of the majority or the minority, have by all means to get the vote "certification" of the people, as competent to serve as senator, congressman or as municipal officers under the discriminating banner of party stigma. Neither is it a situation, much less a pressing case, which warrants a sophisticated display of a kind of unusual gastronomic resiliency. On the contrary, the given function of the elections whether national or local is to occasionally and indifferently shear the party in po-

wer of their predatory practices by the periodic domestication in a blunt repudiation at the polls. Even more, the constant danger in the people not having immediate accessible formal weapons against government importunity, dishonesty and corruption is aptly squared by the timely sterilization of the misfeasant and malfesant government officialry through the wise use of the ballot.

Certainly, the day before the election—November 11—is the auspicious time to reformulate, to shake off the outmoded voting perspective of many, so spuriously colored to suit the ridiculous perpetuation of certain men in power. In a government like ours founded upon the principle of personal liberty and based on the proposition that everyone's opinion counts, the apparent inordinate breach by the public servants of the people's trust is mainly due to such rugged, conservative and blind "mass voting" whose fearful product is fascistic rule, which naturally thrives well only where men are weak in minds and of schizophrenic convictions.

So, before exercising your prerogative of the ballot, do ask yourself this question: "Can I make the government alive to the problems of today and representative of the real interests of the people by perpetuating a single party in power, or shall I, once and for all, concede a much needed realignment of the political parties in our system of government such that in the leveraging of their mutual powers there will inevitably result a reinvigorated and efficient two party government?"

The Importance Of Strong Determination In Any Human Endeavor

By Lilia C. Mendoza

IN ANY field of human endeavor it is vitally important that there be determination to carry on despite the odds and obstacles in order to achieve one's purpose, aims and ideals. A continuous and unflinching struggle is a watchword in the effort to succeed. Fighting vigorously the evils that loom over destiny, never allowing for even a single moment to let them take root in the mind to hamper future action, one seeks to the best advantage not only for himself but for his fellowmen the plausible means with which to carry on and accomplish a desired sphere of activity.

This constant fight for survival, this cyclic determination to push through no matter what, so long as the means with which the end is achieved are lofty and kind need a strong moral and spiritual fiber ingrained and indoctrinated from youth. One is known for this, his success is gauged by the means with which his thoughts are translated into action. More than this, the results must bear upon the greatest good of the most number.

Do you think, for example, George Washington would be hailed as the saviour and father of his country had he not starved and shivered together with his army at Valley Forge and routed the British redcoats? Indeed, he would be less renowned. But for the fact that these were destined to be part of his life and parcel of American history altogether made for Washington a niche in the hearts and memory of his people

whom he fought for and loved dearly as much they did him.

Take our own Jose Rizal for another example. His name now stands for liberty because he fought and gloriously died for this. Had not the "guardia civiles" shot him on that historic day of December 30 in the murky field of Bagumbayan, would Rizal be what he stands for now? As a pacifist who dared expose the evils of his own countrymen to wake them up and was killed in so doing, Rizal now stands as a shining example worthy of emulation.

We can recite an endless list of people who by dint of their ceaseless effort and struggle towards doing the maximum good for the maximum number of people are immortalized and whose names are household figures, whose lives are written in the pages of history. For everything here on earth is transient and easily forgotten. Numerous events happen and are just quickly forgotten as soon as they have happened. So that in all and every respect, a far worthy purpose, whose results redound to the benefit of the many, whose effects are far-reaching and unforgettable will bring the thinker and the doer good, not only for himself but for those whom he worked for so valiantly and gloriously.

Existence itself is passive so that while we are here on earth in our brief sojourn let us by all means prove ourselves worthy of existence. Let us live, live in a way of life that shall be a credit and not a liability.

IN MEMORIAM



JOSE CAPULONG, young sophomore of the College of Law, died on the 12th of October 1947.

That which is corporeal is ephemeral. But that which is incorporeal is eternal. So, though Joe's flesh has assumed the anonymity of earth, his name will forever sit on the lips of his friends—will forever be enshrined in their hearts. Their loss, we believe, is heaven's gain.

The circumstances surrounding Joe's death are vague. He left his home to attend the military drill that morning of October 12th. Right after the drill, he borrowed a friend's book so that he might review by Manila Bay. Nobody witnessed his going to the water. One might even say that he was wooed by the calling of the waves. His book, his clothes and his shoes were the only wit-

Ambition And

(Continued from page 3)

manifestation of conceit; in fact, sophistry is plain vanity, and vanity is an acceptance of one's inferiority; basically, therefore, sophistry is nothing but a thin varnish. What a cheap veneer! What an unreal varnish!

The short person often becomes noisy, aggressive, and intrusive. He struts and dresses with a flare. Often this obtrusive and assertive tendencies are attributable to his attempts to overcome his feelings of smallness and physical insignificance. This attitude is personal, and it is not necessarily the attitude of others towards him, for man is much more sensitive about his defects than the defects usually warrant. He is so self-conscious about his deficiency that he follows the path of conspicuousness. As a matter of fact, many great activities and attitudes are often the manifestations of compensatory drives arising out of inherent insecurity and insignificance, so that often we do not tolerate failure and are not satisfied with anything short of perfection. Failure to get 100 percent in a test represents something personal and repugnant. Consequently grades of 1's or A's and public approvals are coveted, because these are the only things that

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nesses to the fact of his going to the sea. His body was recovered after diligent searching by the police. There was no evidence of foul play and besides, Joe's nature would not call for that. He was brought to the Funeraria Nacional where several of his classmates and friends saw his remains.

We write this, with this prayer in our hearts: May he rest in peace.

A BIG SHOT

By Victoriano Mel. Santos

It does not pay to be a big shot — always. Unless, of course, you are too big for the net of the law to hold. In which case it always pays. For from the day you set your foot on the cubby-hole they call your office, you'll find yourself wriggling in an intolerably veritable hell. You will find yourself beset with innumerable problems and headaches ranging from the political to plain office bickerings and intramural disputes.

If you are that type who would want to boss everybody around, after a week's penitence in your office, you'll find yourself courting the disfavor and grudges of your employees who are unfortunately, like you, political proteges in themselves. And before you are fully aware of it, the Big Boss is reprimanding you for improper conduct in office and lecturing you on the tactful handling of men for the interest of the p. . . . , especially if an election is fast approaching. Chances are, after this thrashing, if there's in you a bit of amor propio and decency, you'll be tendering your resignation, and fast.

It won't take you long to realize that Thomas Moore's Utopia is really a far, far away dream.

To get a good picture of a big shot, let us see him from the moment he gets wind of his appointment. More often than not the first ones to get the news of his appointment are not you, nor your wife. No, sir. It's your henchmen, those loyal followers who swear to high heavens they are willing to die in your defense. These people have such a way of producing their ugly heads into the inner sanctum of the official hierarchy, and even months before you know you

are being slated for a position, they have been constantly contracting you — exploring the bright possibilities of effecting the closest connection with you. Your worries start right when they tender a big dance and reception in your honor the day your appointment is announced. Right at the party you will be confronted with so many recommendations for the most suitable positions. You can not afford to get mad on that occasion, no, sir. That party is in your honor and those suckers are not spending their dough for nothing.

During your first week in office, your first concern is to see the roster of personnel under you. You'll find out that there are people in your office who do not belong to the party in power to which you naturally belong. And so remembering the implicit wishes of someone in the higher ups that you are expected to strengthen the party by all means, you decide to lay off those employees, whom you have begun to look on as mere "nuisances". To your surprise, however, you'll find out that it's not as easy as that to lay off people, "nuisances" they may be to you. There are rules and regulations, as for instance civil service rules, which even a big shot like you can not contravene. And so you find yourself between the devil and the deep blue sea — that is the Big Boss on one hand and the "nuisance" on the other.

You think of some means. You may even request for the seasoned advices of predecessors. Yes, by this time you are willing to undertake everything to save your dirty conscience. From your most intimate confidant you get the sugges-
(Continued on page 56)

INCIDENTALLY

By Cayetano Santuico

In the Republic of Commerce, the country where they train men to be financiers, accountants, bankers and business men, the war clouds gathered. It started due to a simple democratic process commonly known as an election. There must be only one head to rule the country unless the country be divided into two. The Republic of Commerce having two potential leaders naturally would vie for the leadership of the country. Hence, this "incident".

Mr. Ben Sarile through sheer power of his electrifying personality or other unknown methods, won a peaceful election with an overwhelming majority last 1946, and thereby became automatically the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. Commander Sarile mobilized all the forces under his command, financial and mental, to insure the welfare of his people and himself. He made a good job out of it; that he did not only do that but made the outstanding feat of having his favorite beauty candidate elected as Queen.

Not to be outdone, Paquito Tankiang with his aide-de-camp Hermie Rodis established a revolutionary government. Military preparations went in full swing. President and Commander of the Army Ben Sarile denounced the facistic action of the Revolutionary Forces headed by General Tankiang. Commander Sarile rallied his loyal subjects to the cause. His cause. With a prepared and tested time-table schedule, Sarile's Union Armies opened up the attack by giving a Commerce Ball to end all Balls.

(Continued on page 10)

THE TEAC

By MARITA PUREZA J. YANGO

If ever there is a group of government employees to whom the government has been indifferent, they are the poor classroom teachers. For years these over-worked public servants have been constantly battling against this marked indifference and apathy. While there have been attempts to improve the conditions of other employees, little is being done by way of improving the conditions of the teachers.

There never had actually been a spirited move towards adjusting their salaries as to come up to the daily requirements. Before the war, when prices were low, their salaries were much lower — too low as not to permit the meeting of both ends. Or, if ends met, there never was 'enough left-over to tie a bow.'

After liberation when prices rose to 582.9% of pre-war rates, teachers' pay increased to barely 35.7% only. Comparing the present pay of teachers with that of binders, composers, cooks, foremen, lithographers, pressmen and ordinary clerks in a printing establishments, and with cooks, bakers, and ordinary clerks in city bakeries, it suffers in comparison. And, if we take into account the efforts in college to earn the necessary educational training and cultural preparation to be a teacher, the government apathy and procrastination becomes more evident.

The teachers' case deserves more than mere passing attention and the heaping of wordly laurels and shallow encomiums upon their achievements. Something tangible and material is necessary. It may be argued that teachers are not in the profession for material reward alone. Yet, it could not be denied that

HER'S CASE

I TALKS

teachers have lives and families to raise and support up to the right standard of society. They must be paid not with a meager pay plus a commendation alone. Something must be done to raise their station in life at least to a decent level. Otherwise, educational efficiency may degenerate into the level of an undesirable commodity.

A teacher may be expected to render efficient service only as long as he is mentally secure and physically strong. A worried and sickly school teacher will never turn out to be a successful mentor no matter how responsible and intelligent he may be. How then can efficiency of the highest level in the teaching profession be attained?

The answer is material inducement coupled with the highest degree of professional training and sense of responsibility.

With the last two factors fully guaranteed—at least, as claimed—by our schools and the student himself, it becomes incumbent upon the government to look after the first. It is the responsibility of the government to the people to give teachers a pay as possibly commensurate with their work, experience and responsibilities; a pay that is directly proportionate to the present cost of living. A pay that would enable them to maintain an appearance if not of plenty, at least of self-respect and contentment. This must be one of the fundamental goals of the government to insure an educational system that would guarantee to our youth a broad and adequate educational preparation, for it has been indisputably proven that more often the quality of education a teacher imparts upon the students is conditioned by his material well-being.

I believes in being punny. That is why I hopes Hope's hopes. Not because Hope is the punniest dope that hopes what I hopes. Magellan knew all along that there would be a Hope born one day and that hope would be good. And punny. So, he started naming a coop a cape. That is the legend of the Cape of Good Hope.

The CEG meeting was intellectual and slightly gastronomical. The FEU people were the biggest intellects of the lot, They attended the meeting as a joke. They spoke as a joke. They were the jokers of the meeting. They were choking with jokes all the time. Even the moderator was joking with chokes. The moderator aggravatingly moderated. To say that he moderated aggravatingly is putting it bluntly. There is very little difference between a moderator and an aggravator, anyway. They both end in ator. There is another word that ends in ator, and that is dictator. If the moderator's powers were similar to a dictator's, that is only coincidental. And if what the moderator says in the CEG is final, that is constitutional. And if the FEU representatives were choking with jokes, that is natural. Jokers make meetings intellectual.

There is too much talk about the difference between a moral person and an immoral one. I will tell you. A moral person is one who knows his onions. An immoral person is one who knows his onions and eats them, too. For in onion there is strength.

It is good I will have a vacation on November. November will mean All Saints Day, Elections and National Heroes Day. And whenever I thinks of
(Continued on page 10)

INCIDENTALLY

(Continued from page 8)

General Tankiang seeing his flanks threatened by the sudden onslaught executed a strategic retreat. Having consolidated his forces, General Tankiang opened up a counter-offensive with Col. Hermie Rodis leading his shock troops by giving the Business Men's Frolic right at his HQ on Dewey Boulevard. Further amphibious landings with considerable footholds were negotiated by the Revolutionary Army in the Le Corterie Ball. The feminine sex flocked on both sides of the warring factions headed by the Ladies Committees. Neutral military observers dubbed this historical encounter as the Battle of the Bulges.

After the Battle of the Bulges, a lull was observed on all fronts. However, President Sarile withdrew mysteriously his candidacy in the 1947 elections in favor of Mr. Justo Ortiz. A propaganda communique released for enemy consumption by Revolutionary HQ termed that "President Justo Ortiz would not have won the presidency without the blessings of Commander Sarile." This communique dubbed indirectly Commander Ben Sarile as a dictator. Following this premise President Ortiz was playing second fiddle to Commander Sarile. However, President Justo Ortiz, denied emphatically this allegation in one of his press conferences. President Ortiz maintained further, that he could win any election in the Republic of Commerce with or without Commander Sarile's onions.

Commander of the Army Ben Sarile on the other hand, forsook the politics in his native land and entrenched himself in the international tribunal of the Supreme Student Council. Reliable diplomatic quarters opined that he was responsible for the present set-up of this tribunal

and that he pulled a lot of strings in this locality.

General Tankiang with his ever present military aide Col. Rodis, pulled a *coup de etat* by having President Ortiz elected as Vice-Premy of the Alpha Upsilon Sigma Phi thereby gaining a strong foothold in the disputed territory.

According to the latest reports of our foreign correspondents both sides are at present employing unprintable sweet little nothings behind each others back.

Here is your war in a nut-shell. And we'll go nuts if nobody ever releases jet-propelled peace doves before long.

I TALKS

(Continued from page 9)

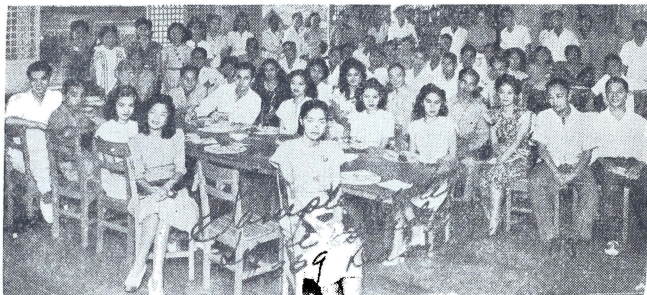
these events on November, I certainly needs a rest. First you light a candle and pray. Then, you light a candle and vote. Then, you light a candle and pray again. It would be much simpler if All Saints Day be postponed till right after elections and just before National Heroes Day. It is not good to burn a candle before election, there might not be dead ducks. They might go lame only.

Final examinations are novelties. There is the big task of securing a permit. Either you have one or you don't have one. If you don't have one, you get one. If you no pay, you promise, pay, you get one. If you no pay, you promise, you get one. If you no promise, there is one other way out. Do not take examinations, then, you will not need the permit.

Then there was that professor who dared I to print this: The trend in fashions in England now is, "down with the petticoats and up with the trousers." He says the better way is up with the petticoats and down with trousers.

Maybe, I is too daring. Maybe, I is too bold. But I needs no selling. I is sold.

● CAMPUS NEWS ●



The CEG meeting in the Arellano Library. Shown in the foreground are: Miss F. R. Cruz, Miss Lulu Villanueva, Miss Zeny Natividad, Moderator Rodriguez, Miss A. Zablan and others.

CEG MEETING HELD IN ARELLANO

The first meeting of the CEG called by Mr. Vic Escasa, first Vice-President and Chairman of Meetings, was held last month at the Arellano Library. Nominations were taken up for the different positions in the Guild. Elections were postponed for the next meeting decided by the majority and approved by the moderator, Mr. Ernesto Rodriguez, later held at the Phil. Women's University. The meeting was adjourned after the officers and representatives of the AUWC served the refreshments.

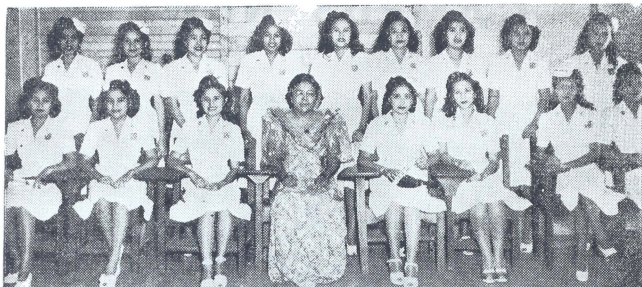
EOJ ARRIVING ON NOV. 4TH

Miss Ester de Jesus, sophomore law student of the Arellano Law is arriving on November 4th. Ester attended the Oslo Conference in the early part of July and proceeded on a world tour. Friends and relatives of Ester are awaiting to give her a warm welcome home.

READY FOR THE FINAL EXAM?

Final examinations have been announced for the last week of October. All colleges have their schedules ready, but are the students ready, too?

ROTC Morale Boosters



Sponsors of the Cadet Corps: Misses V. Nieva, Z. del Castillo, B. San Agustin, S. Lucena, L. Rivera, C. Capistrano, L. Crespo, M. Capistrano, L. G. Mallary, A. Magno, P. Castro, R. Limcaoco, R. Nuque, E. San Pedro, J. Enriquez, and S. Velasco.

MILITARY PARADE AND REVIEW

Nice morning. Nine o'clock and the skies above the reviewing grounds seemed to have conspired to put on their best colors for that day's big event: the pass-in-review in honor President Cayco. The sponsors, breathtaking in their white dresses, entered the clearing specially marked off for them and the other "big shots" of the day.

Two blocks away, a bugle sounded. Somewhere on Guipit St., the boys fell in with smart, military precision and to the rhythmic beat of drum and blare of bugle, marched into that portion of Guipit St. that is tacitly considered the "property" of Arellano students, into the small, cramped plaza, in the center of which a statue of Bonifacio looked on the proceedings complacently on, past the reviewing stand: (smartly, now:

hep-hep, hep-hep). When the colors went by, a hush fell over the spectators and the only sounds audible were the sharp, brief commands the steady count of marching feet. Soon, everything was over and the sound marching feet died away in the distance...

—oOo—

FACULTY DINNER-DANCE

This year's Faculty Club of the Arellano University, with Prof Enrique Corpus as President, held its first social affair some three weeks ago at the Manña Hotel in the form of a dinner-dance.

President Florentino Cayco, who was indisposed at the time, was unable to grace the occasion by his presence.

Faculty Takes Time-out From Books and Lessons



Shown in the picture are some faculty members who attended the Faculty Club Dinner-Dance at the Manila Hotel. They are: Mrs. Espares, Mrs. L. Alvarez, Mrs. Ivez Picaso Gatmaitan, Miss A. Garcia, Dean E. R. Benavides, Dean Lebron and Dean de Jesus, Mr. Q. Macainan and Mr. M. de Guzman.



Faculty Club President Corpus' table with Mrs. Corpus, Registrar and Mrs. M. Estacio, Miss E. Cura, Mr. and Mrs. R. Munson, Mr. P. Pascasio, Mrs. C. Foster, Mr. H. Atienza, Jr., and Atty. R. Martin.

Literature As A Form Of Escape

By Lorenzo B. Tecson

HE WHO KNOWS literature dwells in a large and beautiful world that has no limit in time or space. If we only had enough space, our tale might be lengthened. We have knowledge of the great passions that sway the hearts of men—of hate and despair and jealousy, of love and truth and beauty, of the problems of life and destiny. They echo with the refrain of the human emotions and desires of all ages in different countries. Our hearts with the characters, we share their grief, we laugh with them, we admire the face of the sky, the lofty mountain and hills, the lush grass and the prattle of little children, take on a new meaning. "Except a living man," said Charles Kingsley, "there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message from human souls whom we never saw who lived perhaps thousands of miles away... "They speak to us, amuse us, open their hearts to us as brothers."

Literature then is a subsidiary to other things in this world. We find happiness in it. It points to us the singular ways of justice, the blackness of evil, of the exquisite beauty of a woman's soul, the escape from fancy to face the sphere of reality where life is sad and beauty dies. We travel in a world of enchantment and sojourn in fairyland, a world which symbolizes the realm of the imagination only for the space of reverie. We find beauty in the clouds and sunset, we find melody from the wind and song of birds, we feel the nearness of God realizing the beauty of His Creation that cannot be conceived by ordinary eyes. It finds someone with keener perception to interpret all those things for us.

When we are sad and our hearts are

filled with despair and affliction, when the world seems to turn against us, we dread our existence and lose our faith in everything. We cannot sometimes escape this morbid reality, things that cannot be lulled into forgetfulness. When we can no longer stand this misery our hearts cry for peace. We long for the serenity and happiness which had been deprived us. We must find a way to alleviate our suffering, to comfort us, and help us in the problems of life. Let us turn our eyes to the pages of the Holy Bible which makes a universal appeal to all classes, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, young and old,—reaching their hearts, solving their problems. For the characteristic message of Jesus is one of love and sympathy. Note the unmatched felicity of expression in such passages as the following, almost taken at random from the gospels.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: for, behold, I bring good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all peoples."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall have rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, Believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come

again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Let us now listen to the lyrics and sweetness of literature which throbs with the feeling of awe and reverence and taking us nearer to God.

"A Prayer For Faith"

God, give me back the simple faith that
I so long have clung to.
My simple faith in peace and hope in
loveliness and light—
Because without this faith of mine, the
rhythms I have sung to
Become as empty as the sky upon a star-
less night.
God, let me feel that right is right, that
reason dwells with reason.
And let me feel that things grow whenever
there is rain—
And let me sense the splendid truth that
season follows season.
And let me dare to dream that there is
tenderness in pain.
God, give me back my simple faith be-
cause my soul is straying.
Away from all the little creeds that I so
long had known:
Oh, answer me, while I still at least have
the strength for praying.
For if the prayer dies from my heart I
will be quite alone.

Margaret E. Sangster.

One problem that stands in the heart of everyone who attempts to solve life's riddle is the mystery of pain. Very so often we hear of an apparently innocent person experiencing some great misfortune, and there comes to our lips the question—Why? Every story of seemingly undeserved heartache cries out for explanation. To those who have freshly experienced some disillusionment there is, perhaps, very little appeal in the philosophy so beautifully expressed by Emerson, that

our real blessings often come to us in the shape of pains, losses and disappointments." He calls these blessings the rewards of suffering, the compensations for calamity but makes the reservation that we can only appreciate them after long intervals of time.

COMPENSATION

Who never wept knows no laughter but
jest:
Who never failed, no victory has
sought:
Who never suffered, never lived his
best:
Who never doubted, never really
thought:
Who never feared, real courage has not
shown:
Who never faltered, lacks a real intent:
Whose soul was never troubled has not
known
The sweetness and the peace of real
content.

E. M. Brainard....

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy...
Literature entertains and fascinates us in many ways. We find great pleasure in dwelling in them, constantly appeasing our hunger for the things we crave in this existence. We listen to the sweet refrain of Sappho, the passionate sigh of Ben Jonson, we share the laments of Lord Alfred Tennyson at the loss of a friend, we find the strangeness of creation in Rhodora by W. Emerson, with John Keats, who expands his desire to flee from the weariness of the world and hints that poetry may be an avenue to escape. There is Byron, a disillusioned poet who from his youth traveled to escape from his own unhappiness. In his poem the, "The Ocean", he unfolds a rich panorama of the places he visited on his romantic melancholy pilgrimage. Note the sweeping eloquence and power of his descriptions of nature.

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
The rapture on the lonely shore,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more:
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot
all conceal."

Shelly in his Ode To The West Wind stands aloof from other poets. This bold imagery is intense in its emotion and illustrates his attitude towards nature. As the poet watched the swift onset of the mighty wind, he sees in it a symbol of the freedom denied to mankind. He felt himself wishing that there might be in society some power similar to the wind which would sweep into being a social revolution. Throughout the ode the poet uses rhythms that are particularly suited to the sweep of the wind, which is tameless, swift, and proud.

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its
own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal
tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,
spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the
universe

Like withered leaves to quicken a new
birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse,
Ashes and sparks, my words among
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened
earth!

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind!
If winter comes, can spring be far be-
hind?"

This final stanza is a prayer that he

may be as the wind and scatter his thoughts through the universe. The ode ends on the triumphant note that beyond the storm and winter announced by the wind lies spring.

As the years pass, the friends of the reader of literature form a great company: the nonne, the prioress, Eugenie Grandet, and Andromache, and Beatrix Esmond; there are Joseph the dreamer, and Olaf Trygvesson, and Hamlet the Dane, and my Bossy—and a host of others. Wordsworth was right, then, when he spoke of books as a substantial world:

"Round these, with tendrils, strong as
flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will
grow."

And when we get into the habit of reading literature we explore the pleasant land of books, where countless pilgrims have gone before. We who enter the land will do well to linger on the way and to investigate for ourselves its beauty, not overlooking the many trails and paths and winding roads that lead from the great highway. The great poets and writers and philosophers will always be with us. They will help us, console us, make us realize the world we live in. For we are often times lost in the cruelties of this world, and they felt those pangs too. They expressed their pains and sufferings in words which come from the innermost portion of their heart. Things in a blade of a grass, we cannot notice, beauty in a starless night, nor in a storm, they help us understand, make us listen to the refrain of magic words that their hearts dictate. Literature is a great companion. For truly, one who desires to be furnished with human dreams and aspirations, desires, of love and bitterness, of hate, forgiveness, we must indulge sincerely and devotedly to literature written by men of different races, in different times.

"AMERICA IS IN THE HEART"

By Carlos Bulosan

A moving testimony of faith in America is graphically and sincerely told in this biography by the author of "The Laughter of My Father." Far from being like a Horatio Alger hero, Carlos Bulosan's life was one continuous struggle from the time he became conscious of his environment in the barrio of Binonan in Pangasinan up to the time of his initial success when his first book of poems was published. The author did not spare himself when he laid his heart bare to the reading public; -- his years that were made up of "days of pain and anguish, of starvation and fear -- his hopes, desires, and aspirations." Man's eternal striving for the realization of his dreams; of the supreme faith in the goodness of other men, of that hallowed spot, -- the "little island in the heart" make up the theme of this book. Although the sum total of the average man's life is usually made up of annoying defeats and small successes, yet in Carlos Bulosan's life every little event seems to be magnified, -- perhaps 'tis because he is sensitive than most, --and this very sensitivity lends a certain force as well as a touch of realism to his book.

"THE FOUNTAINHEAD"

By Ayn Rand

Unusual, challenging, and daring, -- "The Fountainhead" is the unique story of Howard Roark, architect, -- whose supreme ego made him stand alone in a society of men dependent on each other for survival. Because Roark was "sufficient unto himself" he was both a chal-

lenge and a danger to his contemporaries, -- mediocre architects who built only in the antiquated "tradition of the past", men who lacked vision as well as imagination. The man who understood Roark and consequently wanted to destroy him was Ellsworth Toohey, who, masquerading as a benign humanitarian, was really inherently vicious.

Other unforgettable characters who are vivid and important enough to share the spotlight with Howard Roark are Gail Wynand, rich and influential head of the powerful New York "Banner", and beautiful Dominique Francon whose razor-sharp and double-edged wit made her a formidable columnist and reporter. Both understood and loved Howard Roark, and around these three personalities Ayn Rand has woven a highly dramatic story which once read will not soon be forgotten.

"FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE"

By Osa Johnson

All the splendor and exotism of British East Africa is minutely described in this book of Osa Johnson. Four idyllic years spent in a spot called "Paradise" enabled the Johnsons to capture the glorious scenery, the wild animals, the picturesque tribesmen, -- in fact, all the magnificent creation that make up an unspoiled Nature, -- not only in their famous still and motion pictures but also on paper. This engrossing day-by-day life in the wilderness of Africa, Mrs. Johnson relates in a graphic and vivid manner. Those of us who have a particular liking for "nature in the raw," whose keen zest for living is still undim-

med, and whose thirst for printed adventure is still unquenched should certainly read this book.

"THE KING'S GENERAL"

By Daphne Du Maurier

Here's another diverting story from the author of "Rebecca" and "Frenchman's Creek." This time she takes us to bleak and rugged Cornwall during the colorful years when war raged between Parliament and the King of England.

Inside the ivy-covered walls of a stately house called Menabilly, the drama of Honor Harris' life and that of Richard Grenville, — the King's General in the West, — unfolded in a series of highly

exciting events. Their first meeting, on the night of Honor's eighteenth birthday, marked the beginning of a love affair which, although ill fated, never diminished in intensity thru more than twenty years. The King's General Sir Richard Grenville, although a brave and loyal soldier, was an arrogant, resentful, and cruel man, — yet he was the only man Honor Harris loved. He in turn, in spite of the fact that Miss Harris was crippled, gave her his loyalty and fierce adoration. Interspersed with "hair breadth escapes" and thrilling sequences Miss Du Maurier tells this diverting "tale of three hundred years ago as if it happened yesterday."

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FLASH!!

FEU Editor Cops Presidency by a Margin of Four Votes.

Enrique Joaquin, Editor of the Far Eastern Advocate, won by a close margin of four votes against Presidential candidate, Cicero C. Jurado, Managing Editor of the Arellano Standard, in the meeting of the College Editor's Guild las Sunday, October 26th. Observers say that were it not for the absence of two other school organs, the Advocate editor would have lost. Officers elected were: E. Joaquin, FEU) President, L. Sison (PUW), 1st Vice President, G. Gonzales (MCC), 2nd Vice President, Noroña (CEU). 3rd Vice President, Z. Arrespachaga (UST) Secretary, I. David (AU) Sub-Secretary, A. Warren (JRC), Treasurer, F. Cruz (CC), Sub-Treasurer, E. Rodriguez, Moderator, L. Ty, H. Benitez, R.R. de la Cruz, A. Malay, Assist. Moderators.



LITERARY

With Apologies—

by P. KERIMA POLOTAN

Of a moment when you are suddenly, strangely quiet, they ask you, "Why the silence," but you press your lips together and go on listening, inside your heart, to the elusive, torturing, measured beat of beautiful words all aching to be written. You wonder to yourself if, should you gather the courage to try again, the gods will be kind and favor you with the adequacy and the power this time.

They ask you again. You come back with a witty reply and say that the silence is natural to one of artistic bent. They laugh, of course, and you laugh, too, at the quick, bantering way you can joke about yourself and your "bents." The laughter half-dies on your lips and you are feeling again the tensing inside, of loose, lonely cords and all at once—foolishly, idiotically—you are wanting to cry. You would tell them of your bereavement but you know that not all their love for you can make them understand this bereavement of yours that is the incomprehensible loss of something you have never had, as of a dream denied or an imagined kiss stayed.

They tease and badger, saying they suspect you are in love again. You look at them with tender, mocking eyes and say with the profundity of one uttering an old truth that it is not love alone that can anguish a soul thus. But what else? they ask you wisely, knowingly. Your tongue poises to reply, your lips move to frame the words but your new-found courage quickly ebbs away and the answer remains unuttered.

It is this, you tell them, quietly, with lips unmoving. It is this that can torment you more tellingly than the memory of a lover turned false to his troth. This: a self unfulfilled. A glory ungranted. The beauty and ecstasy of magical words slipping through helpless, impoverished fingers not gifted enough with the strength to capture them. The realization that you can never, never give to a world—that can see only a man's face—a portion of your soul-loveliness. The muted anguish that comes in the wake of the awakening to the fact that, reach though you might on your tiptoes, the stars remain forever beyond your grasp. And so the poem dies and the song you would have sung, is stilled. And stilled, too, your hoping, praying heart.

This is your bereavement—your strange, sudden silence.

Short Story—

THE BELL in the church tower nearby tolled twelve. He stared at the low, unpainted ceiling and counted the resonant sounds. It was very hot and stuffy in the room. He couldn't sleep. He had lain tossing. *Why isn't she home yet? I hope she comes home earlier tonight.* Suddenly, he longed for her inside the stuffy room. The stuffy room that smelt of her: Amanda. Every minute he stayed in the room, he breathed of her and she was forever enveloping him... even in his dreams. Breathing of her and wanting her near, he wanted her now. But she was far... very, very far, perhaps—she could be anywhere at this hour. He stood up instantly as he heard a rustling sound outside the door. He almost tore it open. It was just their cat—it purred and carried itself majestically in. He kicked it aside and slammed the door sending forth a jarring sound into the night. He got his pants carelessly hanging on the bed and went through its pockets finally finding the half-crushed package of cigarettes. He pulled one out and tried to straighten it. He groped for the match on the table. He found it with one match stick left. *There must be something to stop this smell of her in this stuffy room.* He lighted his cigarette nervously. *Heck, she must be home by now, she should be home.* He sat on the edge of the bed, puffing furiously—fumigating the room and thinking sullenly.

Gosh, I do need you Amanda. I need you and I want a drink. I want a bottle and a bottleneck. Bad. Badly. He recalled the first time he had seen her. She was coming out from the neighborhood church. She was carrying her veil and rosary in one hand and was swinging her empty

hand rhythmically. She had shoulder length, wavy hair, firm breasts, and long strong legs. As she walked, she swayed slightly, and her empty hand rhythmically followed the swaying rhythm of her stride. He followed her with his eyes until she was gone from sight.

The night of the same day, he prepared to go on a drinking spree. He went to the REDHOUSE BAR and he almost toppled over when he found her there. At a table. Drinking, too. The girl with shoulder-length, wavy hair, firm breasts, and long, strong legs: drinking. He went to her table, pulled out a chair and seated himself. She eyed him coldly at first. Like



a refrigerator churning ice indifferently. He did not know that she was a waitress there. Not until he shouted an order to the bartender. She had to get up to do the serving. Cold drink... and cold stare—they mix. *Maybe, I was funny then.*

The other two waitresses were openly flirting with their customers. She sipped her drink and never seemed to finish it. He learned her name: Amanda. That was all he got in reply: Amanda. It was getting late, then. But he continued drinking, soaking himself in drink before Amanda's cold eyes. Making a funny spectacle of himself. Getting drunk with whisky and with her. He was crazy because he was

falling in love and he had to get over falling in love. At least, not with this sort of a girl. But drunk or sober or drunk, he had fallen in love.

He did not see another man come in the swinging door of the bar—his name was Bert, he learned later from Amanda. Bert: a regular customer—a damned hellish regular customer. Excuse me she had said before Bert could approach their table. She talked to him. He caught the words... "not tonight", and he saw Bert infuriated. Bert in his mounting anger came to his table and his looming figure looked like the son of Dracula. Bert, without any word, pulled him from his chair and knocked him out.

When he came to, he was in this stuffy

N D A ★

—IRENE L. DAVID

room. She was wiping his face with a cold towel. There was a cup of steaming black coffee on the little table beside the bed. Please drink this coffee? she half-pleaded and he sipped it obediently. Burning his tongue but secretly enjoying her concern. They remained silent. He did not ask her how or why. She seemed like some angel of some sort and he was probably in heaven.

The next morning when he awoke, she was gone and there was a note on the table: that he could go home if he wanted or stay if he wished. He went home feeling rotten. He did not want to think of the night before or of Bert or of

her: Amanda. Fool—he told himself, she is nothing but a tramp. Don't ever get yourself tramped up with tramps.

Now—I'm here in this stuffy room. I am crazy. I am crazy for loving her and living here. I'm nothing but a leech. Crazy enough to let her support me and crazy enough to love her. Being crazy for a whore. A prostitute. Getting tramped with a tramp. Eating on money for partaken flesh: my woman's flesh. Living and breathing of her and sharing her with other men. He threw the cigarette on the floor in utter disgust of himself.

The door creaked as it opened and Amanda entered. He did not need to see her face clearly in the dark. He knew that there would be lines on her face and she would be tired—dead tired. Instinctively, she knew he was awake. You should not have waited for me, she said. I brought you some rice cakes from Mang Pedro's. They're still hot. He grabbed the paper bag with the rice cakes in it and flung them down, down into the empty street below.

The bell in the church tower tolled one...

SACRIFICE BOX FOR X'MAS

A Sacrifice Box will soon be making its rounds at the A.U. Instead of a nickel campaign like that of the University of Sto. Tomas, the Sacrifice Box hopes to have more than nickels clicking inside it. A quota of one hundred poor and needy people in Sampaloc will get a merrier Christmas at a little sacrifice from the students. Gifts will be bought for them from this fund and these gifts will be distributed three days before the Christmas vacation.

YOU AND ME

By AMANDO S. MORALES

*Let there be just soft stirrings from within,
A restless silence and a muted sigh —
There's too much mess the heart performe must win
And feelings strange too great to satisfy.
Let just your looks meet mine with meanings deep,
Or interlock, to form a dream with you —
The eyes convey much sweeter words to keep
Oft than the tongue could give expression to.*

*We met and learned the language of the eyes
And understood it too well since to guess,
I will not break this wordless paradise
I have with you, the heart must well acquiesce.
Till dreams o'erflow and words be rife and free,
Let love be speechless. Dear, 'twixt you and me*



LOVE'S DEBT

*I cannot measure back to you the full
Free gift of love. That was immeasurable.
Compound of tenderness and sympathy,
Your love like a bright shield protected me
Through years which took exacting toll and left*

*You stricken, helpless, of your strength bereft.
Now, in this darkened hour, I must renew
Your valiant spirit by my gifts to you.
Solicitude, devotion and concern
For comfort are inadequate return.
Only from that deep wellspring the soul feels
Can come the selfless love to meet your needs.*

*The care that is not care, but is a part
Of understanding in a kindred heart;
The thought which is so tender and unspoken
It breathes its message in each deed and token.
These I can pledge; these I can give to pay
The debtless debt I owe to you today.*

—ANONYMOUS



Philippine University Athletic Association Schedule of Games

Varsity Basketball Championship
(PUAA)

Nov. 30, 1947

First Game:

Varsity Volleyball (Men)

Second Game:

Varsity Basketball Championship

December:

Tennis Championship (Men & Ladies)

January:

Track and Field Championship

February:

Softball Championship

Boxing Championship

INTRAMURALS STARTED:

The Annual Basketball Intramural Championship games of the Arellano University held its inaugural game last Friday the 17th of October.

The ceremonies included a parade of the competing teams with their respective beautiful sponsors marching around the campus displaying their brand new fancy uniforms while the Drum and Bugle Corps under the baton of Mr. Tom, played the parade march.

The Intramurals was formally opened with Dean Fortunato Gupit tossing the first ball for the President.

Present standing of the competing

teams in the Intramurals:

Teams	Won	Lost
High School	2	0
Edu. and Arts & Sciences	1	1
Pasig	1	1
Normal	1	1
Commerce	0	1
Pasay	0	1
Law	0	1

SPORTS HONOR ROLE FOR THE YEAR 1947

BASKETBALL

Esteracio Villamayor (Varsity)

"Most Valuable Player..

Ricardo Sarrael (Varsity)

"Most Improved Player"

Ricardo R. Munson (High School)

"Most Valuable Player"

Conrado Iñigo (High School)

"Most Improved Player"

VOLLEYBALL

Desideria Ampon, Leticia Mañalac,

Violeta Tablan, Lume Garvida, Vir-

ginia Montgomery, and Nelly Matta.

"Mainstay of the girls Volleyball team"

SWIMMING

Geronimo de los Reyes (Varsity)

"Most Outstanding Swimmer"

Felix Cruz (High School)

"Most Improved Swimmer"

SPECIAL HONOR

Vicente Caoili (High School)

"Outstanding Player of the Year"

Try outs for men's Volleyball, Track and Field, Softball, Boxing Tennis, and Women's Swimming, Tennis, Softball, and Volleyball. Interested parties may report for an interview with the Physical and Athletic Director, Mr. Rudolfo R. Munson.

AUAA BALL:

Spearheading a series of activities sponsored by the Arellano University Athletic Association was an inaugural ball held at the Legarda Building last Saturday evening, October 25.

The affair, as was gleaned from the beaming faces of those who attended,

was a huge success. Music started at about seven o'clock and already a good-sized crowd was in attendance. It lasted up to well past midnight.

Highlight of the occasion was the presentation of the club officers who are: Ricardo Sarreal, Big Brother; Ricardo Munson, Second Big Brother; Remedios Adamos, Second Big Sister; Desidria Ampon, Pen Sister; Violeta Tablan, Second Pen Sister; Leticia Mañalac, Key Sister; Carlos Tan, Accounting Brother; Fortunato Aguas, Ledger Brother; Ricardo Bautista, Peace Brother; Conrado Cabawatan and Aurora Ocampo, News Brother and Sister, respectively.

Adviser of the AUAA is Mr. Rudolfo Munson.



ARELLANO UNIVERSITY Manila, Philippines

July 30, 1947

ADMINISTRATIVE ORDER

No. 20, s. 1947

ACADEMIC REQUIREMENTS

TO ALL CONCERNED:

1. For the completion of a subject with credit, a student must obtain a *final* rating of not lower than 3.
2. All students are required to take the final examination. *Exemption may be granted only on account of superior scholarship.* A rating of 5 shall be entered opposite the name of a student who fails to take the final examination. Un-

der remarks, "no final examination" should be indicated.

3. All reports of rating should be submitted to the Registrar promptly after each final examination. No change in the final ratings or grade may be made thereafter.
4. Students carrying extra loads whose scholarship after two periodical tests has fallen below average should be required by the deans to drop their extra subjects.
5. These academic requirements should be applied uniformly to all students.

FLORENTINO CAYCO
President

Administrative Order

(Continued from page 2)

- (b) To examine the constitutions and by-laws of the student organizations to determine whether or not their aims and purposes adhere to the university's educational policies.
 - (c) To order or conduct investigations of anomalies arising from mismanagement and other causes.
 - (d) To call on student organizations for their help and cooperation in the undertaking of activities by the university.
 - (e) To adopt other measures which in the opinion of the committee are necessary to insure the success of student organizations.
3. Nothing in this order should be

construed as curtailing the freedom of student organizations. Student organizations should be regarded as training ground for intelligent and effective leadership.

4. The committee, through its chairman, is requested to report to this office from time to time on the nature and scope of its achievements.

5. The director of the J. Sumulong High School, the director of A. Mabini High School, the director of J. Abad Santos High School, and the director of the Arellano University in Pasig are requested to organize their respective committee patterned after the committee created by this administrative order.

FLORENTINO CAYCO
President

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DRY SEAL

RIOT



The Arellano Bugle and Drum Corps blasting those martial notes away.

October 19 is one day this year our cadets will not forget easily. It is one day perhaps some of them will cherish until old age. Days like this rarely come. On this day they were given a chance—and they got through with it superbly. Yes, *superb* is the word.

The occasion was a parade and review in honor of President Florentino Cayco, who three days before celebrated his

birthday. It was not the man's birthday cadets were going to honor this time—they would have done it even had his birthday been three months past. It was the man himself that our cadets were honoring—the man who was responsible... but why do we have to tell it again?

Hours before the precise time came, the campus was already teeming with young cadets, anxiety on their faces, as

they eagerly awaited for the chance to show their real worth as soldiers in the making. One could not help sensing the tense atmosphere, as cadets and officers nervously rehearsed their parts. And sensing it, one could not help but feel it, too.

It was beautiful looking at them who never before had been so serious as on this day. It was like looking at a bar examinee just a few minutes before he was to enter an examination room, or a young brother about to make his first speech before a jam-packed public. It gave you the feeling of suspense—that undefinable something which sets you scratching an itch you could not localize. And when that examinee, or that brother makes good, you could not help but breathe a deep sigh of relief. That was how we felt this day as we watched our young cadet officers and men do it splendidly. We were every bit a man, but this day we could not hold back the.... in our eyes. We couldn't figure out what it was—whether sentimentalism or what—that brought down those t....; but we knew we were deeply touched.

At the reviewing stand, we could clearly see the man we were honoring, and seeing him, as did our cadets, made us proud of ourselves and our institution. There were also Dean Fortunato Gupit, Dean Enriqueta Benavides, Dean Josefa V. Lebron, Mrs. Ines V. Pascual, and others who were all part of our institution. Men and women who in one way or another made possible our coming under the roof of an institution that stands for TRUTH and WISDOM. They

were there to share with us the privilege of honoring the man.

There were also our sponsors, those beautiful coeds picked from the cream of our campus beauties to provide inspiration and splendor during reviews. They were beautiful and lovely in their impeccable white silk uniforms that invariably reminded one of WACS and those brave WAVES who contributed much towards winning the last war. As we looked at them for the first time in uniform we were convinced they were every inch soldiers in their bearings. Just before the formal review commenced, these sponsors were awarded diplomas by President Cayco, as Lt. Marcelino Corpuz, adjutant, read their names, making them honorary ROTC cadets.

After the formal review, refreshments were served to the guests, followed by an informal dance. Credit for the entertainment during the dance goes to Dean Enriqueta Benavides and her platoon of cadet sponsors.

The affair over, we were very glad. Glad, for having witnessed our men prove themselves worthy members of an ROTC unit any student could be truly proud of. As we have said, after the ceremony we felt like an elder brother after seeing a younger brother successfully deliver his maiden public speech, which we helped prepare.

Credit for the success of the occasion goes naturally to our men, to our cadet officers and plain buck privates. But to Lt. Florencio Domingo, our commandant, goes most of the credit for having done everything that he could to insure the success of the affair.

Woman never ceases loving a man until she finds another to replace him.

—ANON

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT
ROTC UNIT, ARELLANO UNIVERSITY
MANLA

15 October 1947

THE NATIONAL FLAG

1. GENERAL—The flag of the Republic of the Philippines represents the nation, hence all honors and courtesies due it should be rendered at all occasions.

2. RAISING AND LOWERING OF THE NATIONAL FLAG—*a.* Normally a detail consisting of 3 persons only raises or lowers the flag.

b. The flag should always be raised or lowered from the leeward side of the staff, the halyards being held by 2 persons. *The flag should not be allowed to touch the ground.*

c. The flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note of "reveille" or of the first note of the march if a march is played before "reveille". When prescribed in civilian institutions the National Anthem may be sounded instead of "reveille" and in such case the flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note.

d. In all cases, the national flag is hoisted at a fast rate by the flag detail.

e. The flag will be lowered at the sounding of the last note of "retreat". In civilian establishments the flag is lowered at the first note of the national anthem. The lowering of the flag is slow and is so regulated as to be completed at the last note of the national anthem.

f. During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag or when it is passing in a parade or in a review all persons present except those actually engaged in hoisting or lowering the flag should face it and stand at attention. Cadets in uniform render the hand salute but if armed with rifles come to "Present Arms". Civilians should remove their headgears (hats)

with the right hand and hold them at the left shoulder with the hand over the heart. Civilians without headgears should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. All should remain in these positions described until the last note of the music is sounded.

g. Vehicles in motion will be brought to a halt. Persons riding in a passenger car or a motorcycle will dismount and render the honors to the national flag.

3. DISPLAY AND SALUTE OF THE NATIONAL FLAG—*a.* In times of peace the national flag is hoisted with the blue color uppermost. In times of war it hoisted with the red color uppermost.

b. The Philippine flag is never dipped in salute nor is it ever permitted to touch the ground. Soiled, torn, or badly faded flags should not be displayed but should be destroyed by burning privately. The flag should never be used as costume or dress nor on a vehicle or float except when attached to a staff, nor as drapery in any form. No lettering or object of any kind will be placed on the Philippine flag nor should it be used, in any form, for advertising.

c. When the flag is attached to a staff the sun and stars is toward the staff.

d. When in display horizontally or vertically against the wall the flag should be flat, the sun and stars uppermost, the blue towards the flag's own right (the observer's left).

e. To indicate mourning, the flag is placed at half staff. It is hoisted to the top of the staff before it is lowered to half staff position and again from the half staff it is hoisted to the top before it is lowered to the ground. On Memorial Day, 30 May, the flag is displayed at half staff from sunrise (reveille) until noon and at full staff from noon to sunset (retreat). When prescribed, colors and standards,

are draped to indicate mourning with 2 streamers of black crepe 7 ft. long and about 12 inches wide attached to the staff below the spearhead.

f. In a procession with a line of other flags the Philippine flag is in front of the center of the line. In a procession with a single other flag the Philippine flag is on the marching right.

g. When the Philippine flag and those of other nations are flown from adjacent staffs the Philippine flag should be at the right (to the observer's left). It will be hoisted first and lowered last.

h. When displayed with another flag from crossed staffs against the wall the Philippine flag will be on the right (the left of the observer facing the wall) and its staff will be in front of that of the other flag.

i. In an auditorium or assembly where there is a speaker's platform, indoors or outdoors, the Philippine flag is at the right of the speaker's stand if on the platform, and at the right of the audience if not in the platform. If the Philippine flag is displayed against the wall behind the speaker it should be above and behind the speaker's stand.

j. No courtesies are accorded to small flags in display

HONORS TO THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OR "TO THE COLORS"

a. **OUTDOORS** — Whenever and wherever the National Anthem or "To the Colors" is played—

(1) When not in formation

(a) At the first note all persons without headgear (hat) will face the music, stand at attention, place their right hand over the heart and remain in that position until the last note of the music is sounded.

(b) All persons with headgear (hat) will remove the same with the right hand, place same over the left breast, stand at attention, and remain in that position until the last note of the music is sounded

(c) All cadets in complete uniform will stand at attention, facing the music, and render the prescribed salute, remaining in that position until the last note of the music is sounded.

(d) Vehicles in motion will be brought to a halt. Persons riding in a passenger car or motorcycle will dismount and render the honors to the national anthem as prescribed above.

b. **INDOORS**—When the national anthem is played all persons will stand at attention facing the music.

Prepared by the Dept. of Military Science and Tactics, Arellano University.



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ALABANG

By Jose J. Fernandez

A convoy of 10 civilian trucks left the Far Eastern University at 0820 hours on the morning of April 7 with their passengers of gleeful jubilant R.O.T.C. cadets from various colleges and universities in Manila and the provinces. Their destination: Camp Alabang. There were only six of us from Arellano; Alfredo Sadili of the College of Law; Rizalino Razon and Hermenegildo Unite, College of Education; Juan Rosendo, Felix Abelardo and your truly, College of Business Administration.

One and a half hours later, we arrived at our destination after an uneventful trip and immediately after we "landed", the camp officers lost no time in processing us, issuing us our accoutrements and assigning us our respective tents. The six Arellano representatives were distributed in 3 companies, namely: Sadili and Unite, Co. A; Razon and Rosendo, Co. B; Abelardo and myself, Co. C. Unfortunately, not one among us was assigned to Co. D. which had Lt. fidel Llamas, then Arellano University commandant, as commander; nevertheless, Lt. Llamas, ever solicitous for the welfare of his boys, told us to see him anytime in his tent in case we should need his help.

We noticed that the cadets from the Visayan Islands had preceded us in Alabang one week earlier and had already the "feel" of the camp while we from Manila and Luzon had not the slightest idea of what was in store for us. It did not take us long to know for that very noon we were initiated into what was to be

part and parcel of the 8-week ordeal--our first lunch in camp. It consisted of rice—2/3 messkit of the inferior kind—and a bite of "Dalagang bukid" in water (supposed to be soup). That afternoon 482 picked R.O.T.C. cadets from various colleges and universities all over the Islands—"the cream of the Filipino youth"—to quote Major Manuel T. Flores, superintendent of R.O.T.C. units and concurrently camp commandant, gathered at the spacious camp hangar. Only a few minutes before, we were rousingly welcomed amid the rhythmic strains of "Brazil" which was played enthusiastically by the Philippine Army Band under the able baton of Capt. Laureano Cariño, which unit was thereafter to furnish the music in the camp's varied social activities. After the top brasses of the camp were introduced to us we were given an orientation talk and an intimation of what we were to undergo for the 8 weeks ahead. Said Major Flores, "I promise you nothing but hard work, hard work, and hard work..."

In cadre parlance the term "wife" meant the Garands which were issued to us and which became our daily companion from that day till the last day of our stay in Alabang. I'll say we took very, very good care of our "wives" for to do otherwise meant demerits and, worse of all, no going out on pass.

Almost every morning at 5:00 we were made to double-time around a wide block inside the camp. Both officers and cadets underwent this breath-taking routine. The morning exercise did us

good. It built up our stamina and made smaller the waistline of many a potbellied cadet. Calisthenics was followed by breakfast which consisted daily of 5 pan de sals and half a canteen of colored water (they called this coffee) so that a cadet whose sense of humor must have gotten the better of him, composed a song which runs as follows:

"Li-limang pan de sal ang aming almusal,

At 'sang latang kapeng matabang..." If one knows the melody of the popular tune "Five Minutes More" he will be able to sing this very funny song which became very popular in camp. Breakfast was usually followed by lectures in the classroom or training in the open spaces. Among the many varied military things taught us was how to shoot with the Garand rifle, the carbine, the .45 caliber pistol, the machine gun, the 60-mm and 81-mm mortars, the bazooka as well as how to throw the hand grenade, fight with the bayonet and disarm land mines. Marches were constantly held, most often to and from Muntinlupa where we practiced our tactical exercises. Once we marched fully packed to Tagig — a distance of 10 miles — under a heavy down pour. And we hardly made it back to camp as we were all fagged out after the long, strenuous hike. Flag lowering ceremonies were observed at 5:00 in the afternoon, followed by supper at 6:00. After supper we were free to "roam around" unless otherwise assigned as MP's or interior guards but we had to be back in our tents at taps, which was 10:00 p.m. Failure to be in quarters at bedtime meant an explanation to the powers-that-were and more demerits if the explanation was not satisfactory enough.

The climate in Alabang was desert-

like: hot during the day and cold at night. As a consequence, we had to take off our shirts during lecture hours and many a cadet could not but feel drowsy and some actually slept in the classroom! One ingenious instructor, discovering this dismal state of affairs, had an assistant who set off firecrackers under the seats of the sleeping students. The method proved its efficacy by keeping the whole class awake—in fact, very wide awake. As a retaliation, however, the cadet gave that officer a suitable nickname: "Lt. Firecrackers." Other officer instructors did not escape the baptist-mindedness of the boys. One was dubbed Capt. Bazooka because he taught the bazooka, another officer was called Lt. Carbine, another Capt. Garand, and still another "Spirit of the Bayonet". The officer who taught telephone communication had "Capt. Bahind" as nickname because he pronounced the word "behind" as "bahind". Even Lt. Zosimo Paredes, former AU tactical officer, was no exception to this mass baptism. He was known as "Lt. Message" just because he taught message writing, and so with the rest of the other instructors. Naughty boys, those R.O.T.C. cadets.

Aside from the food, one of the biggest complaints in the last summer cadre training was the uncertainty of the water supply—for bathing and for drinking as well. Being the first post-liberation training camp of its kind and therefore, a pioneer camp, it was but natural that certain deficiencies such as that of the limited water supply would be an attendant problem. One can just imagine, as a consequence, what essence a "kaydet" would emit after going through a whole day's hard grind and not be able to take a bath. The very thought of it is stifling!

But all was not dark and gloomy in the R.O.T.C. summer camp. The camp tacticians undoubtedly believed in the popular maxim that "All work and no play makes Juan a dull boy" for they saw to it that wholesome recreation and entertainment was given to us. During the first half of our stay in the cadre, we had movies almost every other night and during the second half, we had our "smokers". This was a form of stage show which consisted mainly of skits, singing of songs and guitar and piano playing (we were able to borrow a piano from one of the bars in the neighborhood). Each of the four companies had a smoker night, every company trying to outdo one another, which delightful presentation elicited high praise and admiration from the top brasses and were very instrumental in boosting the morale of everybody. They were also factors in permeating the rank and file of the cadet corps with the spirit of camaraderie and helped improve in a great measure the instructor-student relationships in the camp. As in all army camps, we, too, had a PX in Alabang. Ice cream, coke, Pepsi-Cola, beer and other knick knacks could be had at controlled prices. To supplement our poor army rations, a Chinese restaurant was allowed to operate in the camp compound where one could have pansit and other Chinese specialties, just like at any downtown restaurant. In every tent could be seen frequently miniature parties or snacks, with canned goods as the principal dish. Inter-company basketball games were played in the camp hangar and on May 7 a team was sent by HAP which played against a picked team composed of cadet basketeers. We lost by a lone point, 35-34 after a hectic, thrilling game. On April 27 we held a dance in the camp's

recreation hall—the ever-accommodating hangar. Nurses from St. Luke's Hospital and from the PGH went out of their way to take a trip to distant Alabang and be our dancing partners. There were some very charming and gorgeous coeds from Sto. Tomas and FEU, too, who helped make the affair a huge success.

Despite our military set-up, democracy was in action in the cadre. From time to time, we held open forums which gave the cadets opportunities to air whatever gripes they had as regards the administration of, and certain practices in, the camp which were none-too-pleasing to them. And the camp commandant, like a good and conscientious father, listened with open ears and an open mind to the complaints and suggestions of his "sons" and always saw to it that whatever defects there were were remedied in due time.

Now, if an Alabang "internee" were to talk about the camp, he, perforce, cannot dissociate laundrywomen therefrom, for if one had to stay clean he had to have a "lavandera", so that each and every cadet had his own washer of his uniforms (including the inner garments). These women visited us every afternoon and, in passing, it is not amiss to mention that some campers actually fell in love with them—a sort of emotional relief, I suppose, from the daily intensive grind. And as every cadet will affirm, there was one laundry woman who was "tops" of them all, by the name of Siony. She really had the looks and naturally, everybody wanted her to be his "lavandera". Catcalls and wolf-calls would fill the air every time she chanced by, although I am inclined to think that she did not do the washing herself as her hands were smooth and soft, unlike the other laundrywomen whose hands plainly manifested the

after-effects of washing. Another very interesting feature of our training was "Mail Call". Twice a day the mails were distributed to the trainees and like its counterpart in actual warfare, this event was always a moment of expectation and inspiration. Everybody milled around the mailman at mail call and everyone felt very happy when his name was called, which meant a letter from a relative, a sweetheart, or a friend.

May 27 was D-day. The Secretary of National Defense and top officers of the Philippine Army witnessed a tactical operation given by the R.O.T.C. cadets in the hills of Muntinlupa. Bullets and shells—live ones, mind you—whined and burst and the infantry advanced under a hail of deadly machine-gun and mortars fire. We were demonstrating to the military observers the "Rifle Company in the Attack". One and half

hours after the offensive was launched, the objective hill was captured. Result: Mission accomplished. Casualties: 2 cadets who swooned due to the intense noonday heat and natural portrayal of the simulated battle. Comment from the nation's top army experts: "The regular army could not have done better."

The 31st of May was the greatest day of all. That was commencement day and it meant the culmination of our hardships. We had Senator Salipada Pendatun, himself a notable military man, as commencement speaker with Lt. Col Marcos Soliman, Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3, distributing the certificates to the first post-war R.O.T.C. graduates. That afternoon we bade farewell to Camp Alabang—not without regrets—but happy with the thought of a job well done.

GREETINGS:

Arellano Students & Members of the Faculty

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WOMAN'S Section



Mrs. Trinidad Legarda, prominent social worker, addressing AU Girl Scouts in the Investiture held at the Campus, Troop Leader Elisa Atacador looking on.

The AUWC is betting again on the success of the next activity. This activity is guaranteed to bring the interest of the girls because a well-known make-up artist will give demonstrations on how to place proper make-up and how to do their hair to conform with the features. Three of the girls will give lectures on different subjects of interest.

The try-out for the Oratorical Contest saw three women pulling in. From what we hear, women can become threats to men even in oratorical contests.

The National Federation of Women's Club is presently arranging to have the poor and needy children secure some place where they can play. Gardens and backyards of well-to-do families will be open

to these children between two and six in the afternoon. Soon, the AUWC will give a petition to the President to give a permit to open up our playgrounds for these children at these same hours. They will not disturb us in our studies, we only hope to give them a safe and healthful place to play in.

In the last issue, we mentioned something about the Girl Reserves Investiture. Correction please: we meant the Girl Scouts' investiture which was very praiseworthy indeed. The pictures taken of it cannot fully grasp the spirit of solemnity attendant throughout the ceremonies.

An open forum will be held soon in Plaza Guipit by the Portia Club. The Guest Speaker will either be Vice-President Quirino or President Laurel. One of the outstanding topics of the day will be the subject of the open forum.

The sponsors of the Military Parade and Review last Oct. 19th were scenic. Their white uniforms lent a certain class and color to the whole thing. Those cadet officers do know how to pick their sponsors, they chose the loveliest girls in the University. They walked not with a military bearing, they walked with swaying rhythm and all liked to see them walk.



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Social Notes



Officers and members of the Arellano Women's Central Student Council with Dean Enriqueta R. Benavides at the Manila Hotel Pavilion.

Luncheon at the Manila Hotel Pavilion was a feature of last month sponsored by the Arellano Women's Central Student Council. Waiting at the lobby for everybody to arrive was very trying but what made it more trying was the fact that the waiters were also waiting to serve the food. The waiting was unpleasantly pleasant with bare-midriffed women flitting to and fro, and fashionable foreigners chatting the hours away. The chicken was good, so was their

dressings. Dean E. R. Benavides came in a flowered terno, and all the others girls looked as if they just came out of the Vogue. The photographer, didn't know whose picture he would take first, for wherever he looked, he saw red. That was because about four girls wore red.

Excursion of the Normal Students at the Balara Filters last Saturday was a much-talked-about affair, even if it did view. The food was excellently prepared coincide with the Military Parade Re-

and the plan of the days was brilliantly executed. You can always call on the Normal girls to make an affair more than normal.

President Catalina Carbonnel of the Portia Club gave an ice-cream blow-out to the officers and members. It might have hurt her pocket-book a bit, but almost all of the male population will agree that she is a hurt in the eyes. You get tearful when you see Kate, because you have to stifle your cheerful urges. She's lovely to look at and delightful to know.

Other officers are: Sioning Villanueva, Vice-Prexy, Miss Luna, Sec'y, Miss Betty San Agustin, Treasurer, Miss I. L. David, Press Relations Officer, and Miss Prescing Vargas, Business Manager.

* * *

Three Sundays ago, after the investiture, the Girl Scouts had a weenie roast party. They were very gay and one would almost wish that girls never grew up.



ON BEAUTY

There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty.

—ANTOINE BERGER

The expression a woman wears on her face is far more important than the clothes she wears on her back.

—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

*It matters more what's on a woman's face than what's in it.
Woman's greatest asset is man's imagination.*

—BARBARA STANWYCK

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New expectations...new hopes...aha! the arrivals!

Balara... the drinking fountain of Manila, was the sitio of the grand excursion of the Normal students sponsored by the Student Council of the Normal College, mothered by Mrs. Leonor Patacsil. The jolly group started from Manila at 9:00 o'clock in four bustling busses. The girls and boys chatted and teased on the way, and the place

was reached in no time. Of course, rocking inside the busses were the dressed chicken killed from the start to make tasty adobo. And the big shrimps, and the ensalada rocked, too. The sun, cooperating in full blast, gave blooming cheeks more color and the hatched chicks more heat.



Looking out in the far yonder, the scene, the water, beyond compare.

As soon as they arrived, the students branched off in all directions following their own bents. Some chose to swim, some chose to dance and still others to hike. The rest, well...they did the next best thing to do under the circumstances.

When chow time was announced, it was greeted by an onrush of hungry people and Dean E. R. Benavides nodded in satisfaction at having hit their taste in food (she was the cook!). The Cielito Lindo orchestra providing such

inviting music, easily vied away the excursionists to more dancing. Dance contests were held with Miss Cristie Carreaga, Mrs. E. R. Benavides and Mr. Eugenio Guillermo as judges. After the prizes were awarded to the winning couples, the group was ready to retire.

In an effort to record the event for posterity, pictures were snapped here and there, throughout the day. Everybody's eyes gleamed with contentment as they left Balara... renamed fountain of youth.



WORRY THIS OUT

*There are only two things to worry
about in this world:
Whether you are rich or you are poor.
If you are rich, why worry?
If you are poor, there are only two things
to worry about:*

*Whether you are healthy, or you are sick.
If you are healthy, why worry?
If you are sick, there are only two things
to worry about:*

*Whether you live or you die.
If you live, why worry?
If you die, there are only two things
to worry about:*

*Whether you go to heaven or you go to hell.
If you go to heaven, why worry?
If you go to Hell, you'll be very busy
congratulating your friends there
so that you won't have time to worry
about anything.*

So WHY WORRY?

—ANON

X-CHANGE SECTION

From **THE BEDAN**: The Editorial on Humor was timely for it came out just before the CEG meeting. It says: Let us therefore, cultivate college humor, practice it, give it, take it, enjoy it... but take into prime consideration all the while... to do it with the right person, at the right time, at the right place, and under the right circumstances. The Scholars Club was organized composed of all students in the H. S. department who qualified themselves in the monthly Roll of Honor. Contest for the most outstanding boy scout is on. The Red Lions Junior Police has been reorganized and its officers appointed. Reports of Red Cubs downing Mapua and Red Lions losing to Mapua was a grand feature in the Sports Page. Honesty Album is a place where one may find what one has lost and gets good results in improving honesty. Success of the paper is mostly attributed to the Ed, DAVAT—compliments!!!

From the FEU ADVOCATE: Central Council tackling vital problems of the student body which includes drinking, lighting facilities, etc. CEG elections to be held meeting on Saturday at place to be designated by Ricardo de la Cruz, outgoing President (News in contradiction because of the fact that it has been decided by the body that it will be held at the NU). CSC Prez called the attention of the Mayor of Manila for the nuisance caused by the juke boxes in the FEU vicinity. New law faculty coming in on November 1st because of the resignation of the old law faculty in order to establish their own law school. Regular columns are: Walkie-talkie, Chaff & Grain, On Second Thought and Pin Point. Editorial was on the CEG (you said it!)

From the **ADAMSON CHRONICLE**: Dr. George Lucas Adamson, President of the Adamson U issued a code to maintain high moral standard of the university. Felix V. Espino, chairman of Board of Examiners for Chemical Engineers pictures bright future for chemical engineering in the islands. Bobby Soxers were hit by the WILOCI head on the occasion of the Girl's Club convocation. Walkathon Contest considered "Chicken Feed" to that walk in the Balara Compound. Adamson by Lib the Ed is numerously humorous. Features include: Facultyisms, Chronic-Quiz, Adamsonettes, and Adam-son and Eve.

From **THE TRI-ALPHAN**: Newly born paper of the Department of Architecture, Mapua Institute of Technology is edited by Demetrio L. David and Rey C. Millan. It is published exclusively for the Tri-Alfa Fraternity. Brother Alcudia proposed a Code of Ethics. Fraternity made its first bid for gala social affairs, last Sept. 27th when it held its first induction ceremonies. From the "Corn from the Movies" corner: Were the soldiers at camp happy to see me! They actually got down on their knees. What a spectacle! What a tribute! What a crap game! (B. Hope) The Classified Section was like a jam session. It was full of jams. Example: For sale: one slide rule, one T-square, 2 triangles, 1 set drawing instruments. Owner shifting to "Hair Science". Apply-Loge, Times Theatre between 6 and 8 p.m.

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Mga Luksang—Talata

Isang mariing dagok ng tadhana sa dibdib ng Inang-Bayan at Inang-Wika ang maagang pagkamatay ni Ginoong Julian Cruz Balmaceda, Patnugot ng SURIAN NG WIKANG PAMBANSA (INSTITUTE OF NATIONAL LANGUAGE).

Sa pagkamatay ni Ginoong Balmaceda, ang Inang-Bayan ay nawalan ng isang matalino, masipag at matapat na anak. Ang Inang-Wika ay nawalan ng dalubhasa, mapagmalasakit at matiyagang alagad. Ang Panitikang Pilipino ay nawalan ng isang pantas at tanyag na makata, mandudula, kuwentista at nobelista. Ang mga nag-aaral ay nawalan ng isang masipag at matalinong guro.

Namatay na nga si Ginoong Balmaceda. Ang kanyang katawang-lupa na galing sa wala ay nagbalik na sa walang simula. Nguni't ang kanyang mga ginawa ay hindi namamatay.

Sa kabuhayan, mga kaisipan at sa buong kasaysayan ni G. Balmaceda, karapat-dapat iukol ang sumusunod na taludturan ng isang tula ni Propesor Jose G. Katindig:

Tao palibhasa'y sa wala nagmula
Kaya't nagbabalik sa simulang wala;
Datapwa't ang tao'y di tulad sa bula
Na kapag napawi ay napawi na nga:
**TAO'Y NAMAMATAY UPANG MAGSIMULA
ANG BUHAY NA GANAP SA PUSO NG MADLA.**

Sa pagkamatay nga ni G. Balmaceda, nagsimula naman sa puso namin ang lalong malaking pagpapahalaga sa kanyang mga ginawa at ang lalong mataos na pagdakila at pagmamahal sa kanyang kabuhayan at kasaysayan.

—Remedios Pelayo.



ANG LUMANG PUNTOD

ni Remedios M. Pelayo

Masaya ang libingang nailawang ma-
buti nang gabing iyon na "Araw ng Mga
Patay". Ang dating nakatatokot, madi-
lim at payapang libingan ay nagdiri-
wang wari sa kanyang kaarawan. Ma-
rami ang may-sinding ilaw-tagitab at
mga kandila, humahalimuyak ang bango
ng sari-saring bulaklak, nagkalat ang
iba't ibang paninda at nagyayao't dito
ang naggagandahang mga dalaga at
nagkikisigang mga binatang nagsisipa-
masyal. Sa mga dalaga at binata, ang
araw ng mga patay ay isang pagkaka-
taon ukol sa pagpapasyal; sa mga bata
namang naroroo't nagsisipaglaro—ito'y
isang gabing punung-puno ng kasiya-
han.

Nguni't samantalang ganyan ang la-
rawang nakalantad sa ating paningin,
dumaku-dako tayo sa sulok na iyon ng
libingan na di gaanong matao.....sa
dako roong di gaanong maliwanag.....
sa dako roong mangilan-ngilan lamang
lumang puntod ang makikita't mapapan-
sing ulilang-ulila—sa dalaw, sa bulak-
lak, sa ilaw.

Sa isang lumang puntod na walang
kagayak-gayak at naiilawan ng dadala-
wang kandila, sa puntod na iyong may
kalayuan nang kaunti sa karamihan, ay
isang babaing luksa ang makikitang lu-
haang nakaluhod. Siya'y buong kataim-
timang-loob na nag-uukol marahil ng
panalangin sa kaluluwa ng yumaong
doon marahil nalagak ang katawang-
lupa. Sa kataimtiman ng kanyang pa-
nanalangin ay di niya mapigilan ang
pagpatak ng luha. Sapagka't hanggang
ngayo'y sariwa pa ang sugat ng kan-

yang puso na nilikha ng isang alaalang
kailan ma'y di na makakatkat sa kan-
yang isipan.

Parang kakahapon lamang

Ang libingang iyon ay madalas din
niyang tahakin, nguni't di siya nag-
iisa. Kung tag-ulan, at nakakatuwaan
nilang magkakaibigan ang dumayo sa
San Francisco del Monte upang ma-
nguha ng mangga, bayabas o santol
kaya, ang libingan iyon ang kanilang
tinatalunton sapagka't nalalapit sila. Si
Matilde at mga kasamahan ay tila hindi
nakadama ng pagod sa paglalakad nang
ganoon sa ulan. Lalo na si Matilde.
Sapagka't sa gayong mga pasyalan, ay
di nawawala si Victor, ang lalaking si-
yang unang nagturo sa kanya ng pag-
ibig. Palibhasa'y kapuwa pusong nag-
mamahal at umiibig, ang dalawa'y natu-
lad sa mga ibong lagi nang nagtatalik
na asa mo'y wala nang kamatayan.

Sa kanilang pamamasyal, minsa'y
nagbiro si Victor, na siya tuloy naging
dahilan ng tawanan ng magkakasama.

—Halimbawang, ako ang laman ng isa
sa mga nitsong iyan, dalawin pa kaya
ninyo ako?

—Ikaw! — at humalakhak ang pil-
yang si Lucing — tatapakan namin ang
paglilibingan sa iyo.

—Ano bang dalaw-dalaw — susog na-
man ni Dioning, — ni hindi na kami da-
daan pa uli rito.

Si Matilde lamang ang walang kakibu-
kibo. Hindi niya minaganda ang ga-
yong biro. Nakadama siya ng biglang
kalungkutan. Ano nga kaya kung...

—Diyos ko! Huwag Mo pong itulot!
—ang nasabi niya sa sarili.

Si Matilde naman ang hinarap ni Victor na di niya alam na ang gayong pagbibiro'y di nakabubuti sa dalagang kasama.

—Alam mo, Tindeng, pag ako'y namatay, ayokong malagay sa gayang kay gagarang mga nitso. Hindi ko rin lang makikita, anong kasiyahan ang maidudulot noon sa akin? Tama na ang dalawin mo ako sa tuwi-tuwi na. —Mag-

papatuloy pa sana ang binata nguni't napuna niyang tila hindi siya pinapan-sin ng kanyang kausap. —Nguni't hindi ka nakikinig, Tindeng. —Nakita ni Victor ang pamumula ng mata ng dalaga, kaya't: —Mahal ko, nagbibiro lamang ako. Alam mong kinakailangan ko ang mabuhay sapagka't dalawa tayong magtatayo ng isang magandang daig-dig na ating-atin lamang, hindi ba?



Si Andres Bonifacio

*Sa bubong ng munting langit pinaypala ni Bathala
Sa nayon ng Tondo sinilang ang munting bata*

*Iya'y si Andres Bonifacio, na Bayaning darakila
Magiting na Pilipinong may matibay na adhika.*

*Noong unang bago bagong, dipa halos nagtatagal,
Itong ating munting bansa'y, kinalaro ng paglalaban,*

*Nang magtigis ang mga punglo't kampihan ng matatapang,
Si silangang nagbabagay kumislap ang katarungan.*

*Si Gat Andres Bonifacio ang lalaki na nanguna
Na humango ng mabigat na krus ng pagdurusa*

*Nang magngitngit ang panaho'y isa isang nakilala
Ang bayaning magigiting Bonifacio't si Luna*

*Kaya nagayo'y nararapat na batiin ang Bantayog,
Ng bayaning mga tapat nasa Bayan ay naglingkod*

*Mabuhay si Andres Bonifacio ang bayaning napabantog
Mabuhay ang ating Bayang na nahango sa HIMUTOK!*

—Q. N. Gabriel



*Ang lumalakad ng marahan
Matinik man ay mababaw*

AKLAT

ni

JOSE G. KATINDIG

*Pagsipot na sa daigdig ng nilikha o nilalang
O ng tao kung tawagin, pangalana't tagurian,
Ay may taglay nang damdamin, ng diwa at kaisipan;
Dapwa't isip, saka diwa at damdaming hindi linang,
Kaya dapat na busugin ng dunong at kabihasanan
Na sa aklat nababasa, nakukuha't nadudulang.*

*Sa loob man at sa labas ng tahanan't kolehiyo
Ay sa aklat nakukuha't nadudulang ang talino;
Maging guro't nag-aaral ay sa aklat natututo
At aklat lang ang lagi nang matapatin na katoto;
Isang aklat na mabuti, maging sa palasyo't kubo
Ay sulo ng kabihasanan na kailangan ng tao.*

*Ang damuhang nakalatag, ang halamang malalago,
Pag di nahagkan ng hamog, nalalanta't natutuyo;
Aklat ay hamog ng dunong sa isipang tulog, dungo;
Ang sa aklat na mabuti ay lagi nang lumalayo
Ay lumalayo ring lubos sa mga aral na ginto
Na kailangan ng lahat upang bumuti'y tumino.*

*Daan-daa't libu-libo ang dumakila't natanyag
Dahilan sa karunungan nadulang sa gintong aklat;
Libu-libo't daan-daan ang nasawi at bumagsak
Pagka't hindi nagsikuha ng dunong na mapapakpak
Sa aklat na mabubuting siyang gamit sa paglipad
Ng sinuman at alimang nagmimithing mapataas.*

*Kung ang aklat na mabuti ay sulo ng kabihasanan
At hamog na pansariwa sa damdami't kaisipan,
Ay tungkulin ng lahat nang nagnanais mapatanghal
Ang sa aklat ay magbunyi, magpahalaga't magmahal;
ANG DI-MAGMAHAL SA AKLAT, KATOTO NG KABALIWAN....
ANG NAGMAMAHAL SA AKLAT, KAPATID NG KATINUAN....*



SECCIÓN Castellana

UN TOQUE DE ATENCION

El de construir un edificio, al amparo de nuestros sueños, es una empresa difícil. Tal vez, por medio del conocimiento del buen vivir, talmente como practicaron nuestros viejos, de temple de un molave, podemos mejorar la precario condicion de nuestros país.

En lugar de contentarnos con un pedestal en la cumbre del mundo, haciendo indiferente a la miseria de nuestros conciudadanos, debemos abrir las puertas de nuestro corazon al desesperado, dandole albergue para disimular la crueldad de otras sonrisas.

Nopodemos esperar a vivir decentemente a menos que sembremos la semilla de la honradez. Este preceptos necesario a fin de poder reportar una cosecha abundante. Debemos guiarnos de la voz de la experiencia. Esa es una voz que siempre impera por su antigua grandeza.

La vida, sin lucha, no aspirando sino solo las comodidades de la existencia, es absurda. Por desear enriquecer pronto, hay muchos funcionarios del gobierno que se corrompen. En efecto, pueden dormir tranquilamente, a pesar de tanta riqueza acumulada, con consciencia asi atribulada. Tales oficiales que roban la caja del estado, tales oficiales que sacan ventaja sobre el pan destinado al pobre tao, deben ser ahorcados. Pues, a ellos, la riqueza es, sobre todo, el motivo primordial de su vida.

Los patriotas que murieron para el bien de nuestro dan un buen ejemplo a la juventud consus actos de heroismo. Debemos saber que se lucha bien con honradez y lealtad. Como el baluarte de la democracia, las Islas Filipinos debe ser libre de corrupciones. Incumbre a la juventud de preservar siempre por la lucha de un principio sano, y asi, a la postre, no se morira nuestra integridad nacional actualmente decaida.

—ORTANES DE GUIA



PLEGARIA (Al Juez Zoilo Hilario)

Dios omnipotente: D'ame mucha luz—
Estar en vigilia no puedo con calma—
Ala unica lumbre de mi abatida alma—
D'ame mucha lumbre: tu luz en la cruz.

—J. MAURICIO PIMENTEL

El Día De Los Heroes Nacionales

En una nueva e independiente existencia nacional, La Republica, el dia de los heroes nacionales adquiere subidísimo significado, pues que en esta fiesta de los heroes, una independiente Nacion filipina, joven como esta, experimenta la misma emocion que sientan las otras nacionales libres de allende el Pacifico en sus heroes grandes. Es que en cualquier pais del globo, este dia de los heroes como en el nuestro, esta consagrado con indelibles caracteres de altísima significacion para la humanidad, pero mucho mas para esta tierra tan mimada como acariciada del sol y de los mares. Es por todo el mundo el dia del homenaje a los espíritus inmortales de la sin par hazana de nuestros distinguidos martires.

Ya es ocioso relatar la dolorosa tragedia de los sacrificios de estos heroes que murieron por dar la patria su gloria en el campo de batalla de Bataan, que sucumbieron por enfermedades o por las crueldades de los brutos japoneses en el campo de Capas y que padecieron victimas de los brutalidades de los japoneses en los carceles del Fuerte de Santiago o lucharon con delirio en los pasos incognitos de los montes desafiando tenerez y valerosamente el poder de los brutos conquistadores japoneses.

Empero sus sacrificios no fue vano porque el arbol de la libertad que fue regada con la sangre de nuestros martires ya ha rendido su fruto por una cosecha llena de gloria nacional—la independencia. Hoy gracias a los labores

de nuestros heroes conocidos o no, desde Rizal, Bonifacio y Mabini y los otros heroes de Bataan, Capas y del Fuerte Santiago, nosotros hemos alcanzado el triunfo definitivo de nuestras aspiraciones libertarias. Hoy ocupamos un puesto de honor en el concierto de las naciones cultas y libres del mundo.

Heroes nacionales, intrepidos hermanos de Lapu-lapu y hijos nobles de filipinas, sois la gloria perenne de nuestra Patria: el recuerdo de tus grandes nombres no se relegara jamas a las calendas griegas y solo desapareceran con la desaparicion de nuestra Raza Malaya. Aunque tus cuerpos mortales ya yazaís en nuestro sagrado suelo, empero, tu memoria venerada siempre sera susurrada por las cimbreñas ramas de los cañaverales. En el ambiente de nuestra pacifica tierra bajo su cielo azul, sobre la ondas que aprisionan montañas de zafiro y orillas de esmeralda; en sus diáfanos arroyos que sombrean cocos, bordean las flores nativos y animan las libelulas y mariposas con su incierto y caprichoso vuelo; en el profundo misterio de nuestros bosques, en el canto místico de nuestros arroyuelos, a la luz de nuestra luna tropical; en el agosto murmullo de los vientos que sostienen el soberbio flote de nuestra solitaria bandera por el aire, por ende, en tu dia, fiesta de los heroes nacionales, hemos de resolver ser digna de tu, nuestros muertos heroicos y patrióticos... que tu, que hayais caído en la noche... no murais en vano!

—F. R. Amante



AS WE GO TO PRESS...

Of what was supposed to be the College Editors' Guild meeting held at our library last Oct. 12 turned out to be an uninhibited, free-for-all debate between stubborn mules and flaming arrows. Those who have little, if at all, confidence in our representatives' ability to handle difficult situations demanding quick wit and resourceful intelligence should have been there. They would have had the occasion to witness the eloquence of Miss I. David and Mr. C. Jurado, who stood put like old sedate oaks in the wake of confused windstorms of muddled protestations from the FEU boys.

The basic issue was the legality of the congregation to vote for the presidency and other officers of the Guild for the academic year '47 and '48. Indeed it was a sound ground to base their queries and protestations, but unfortunately, thru a confusion of minds, things went astray and digressed towards a deprecated show of bloated egos and blatant, if not downright roguerish, natures. If it were not for Mr. Jurado, who made a very timely entrance to augment the denunciation of Miss David with strong invectives, forcing them (at least their brain-child and mouth-piece) to the stand of a mere apologist (apologizing for the same misdemeanor every chance he had), the heated discussion would not have settled to a more ap-participants, doubly to our representatives: I-jurar-do-david.

For a dreaded moment, we were fearful of a fistic tussle (we had raved to see) which seemed inevitable, but fortunately, the heat and excitement fizzled out. The self-control was commendable, and we doff our derby (we rarely do it) to the participants, doubly to our perfect couple and representatives: I-jurar-do-david.

Then some thoughtful gent (we almost kissed him for that) suggested a recess for the sake of our aching bread-basket. Received with loud cheers, and overwhelmingly carried into effect, everybody prepared for the most gratifying part of the afternoon. A licking of lips, patting of complaining bellies (ours did), expectant smiles, sloppy shop-talk, and chow was served... lovely and solicitous girls thrown in. Full mouths and hungry stomachs prevented the congregation from making much noise. (You know how it is when you are almost starving and tasty food is placed before you.)

We, like clairvoyant boys that we were, slipped away to the kitchen, the fountainhead, to have more of this pie and more of that girl. We had (and how!) come to like both. The pie (ice cream plastered over it like nobody's business) was delicious and the girl was ah-o-o-o-ow! Recommendable desserts, we dare say.

We had both, but more of the other. There was Miss R. Pelayo, our Tagalog editor, (she writes a lot about sad themes. We suspect a disappointed lonely heart beneath) jolly, not sad, with her plateful of pansit; charming Misses F. B. (Bonnie) Uy and A. Claudio, sweet and no less happy about their ice cream and fruit pie; beautiful Miss F. Yumul (we like her simple country beauty) smiling the pansit away; and an assortment of their tender kind, equally charming and then some, and not forgetting our dear friend, "Po-nga." (Nice name, eh wot?) Needless to say, the girls and we had more than enough.

When it was time for the thank-you-very-much-we-enjoyed-it-a-lot-and-goodbye ceremony, we were stuffed to the neck, not mentioning our pockets. We were happy, (that is to say), we were beaming like contented cows (for comparison only, mind you), and were eager to romp away. So we said our thank-you-we-had-a-lovely-time-hope-you-would-have-more-like-it-and-we-get-invited-thank-you-again-goodbye, and scampered away to take our rest due us, (we didn't really know what for, but blissfully did) bless our souls.

FROM MY JOKE BOX by Gago

It is said that the zipper is the undoing of the modern girl.

* * *

DEUCES WILD

A Kansas preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of the deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you open?" Deacon Brown roused a bit and sleepily replied, "Open, hell, I just dealt."

* * *

And then there's a Hollywood chorus girl who called her offspring "Contempt" because he was bred by familiarity.

* * *

When the Chicago subway was being dug a "drunk" stopped beside the excavation and called down to the men at the bottom of the pit: "Shay, watcha doin' down there?"

"We're building a subway," one of the men responded.

"How long is it goin' to take to buil' it?"

"Three years," came the answer.

"Three years!" (hic) "To 'ell with it. I'll take a taxi."

* * *

She broke her boy friend of biting her nails—she hid his teeth.

* * *

Lawyer, over phone: "They can't put you in jail for that."

Client: "Oh, yeah? Where do you think I'm phoning from—the public library?"

* * *

It was a good many years ago that Deacon Jones took his wife to the races.

Just as the horses were lining up at the barrier, Mrs. Jones grasped the Deacon nervously by the arm and in a voice which was filled with emotion, asked him for a safety pin, and at the same time grabbed frantically for something that seemed to be slipping at the knees. Just then someone nearby shouted. "They're off" And Mrs. Jones fainted.

* * *

A cute young thing walked into a dress shop and asked to see some silk dresses. The sales lady tried to convince her that she should buy a wool dress, but to no avail. Finally, she asked:

"But why do you insist on a silk dress?"

"I'm tired of having the wool pulled over my eyes."

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF CLASSES
ARELLANO UNIVERSITY
Manila, Philippines

Second Semester 1947-1948

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

MORNING SESSION

First Year—First Semester

M. W. F.

7:30— 8:30—English 1—English Composition
8:30— 9:30—Spanish 1—Elementary Spanish
9:30—10:30—Economics 1—Principles of Economics
10:30—11:30—Psychology—General Psychology

T. Th.

7:30— 9:30—Finance 1—Money and Credit
9:00—12:00—Accounting 1—Introductory Accounting

First Year — Second Semester

M. W. F.

7:30— 8:30—Spanish 2—Spanish Grammar
8:30— 9:30—English 2—English Composition
9:30—10:30—Accounting 2—Partnership Accounting
10:30—11:30—Accounting 3—Corporation Accounting

T. Th.

7:30— 9:00—Finance 1—Money and Credit
9:00—10:30—Economics 2—Philippine Economic History

EVENING SESSION

First Year — First Semester

M. W. F.

5:00— 6:00—Accounting 1—Introductory Accounting (Daily)
6:00— 7:00—English 1—English Composition
7:00— 8:00—Economics 1—Principles of Economics

T. Th.

4:00— 5:30—Finance 1—Money and Credit
5:30— 7:00—Accounting 1—Introductory Accounting (Daily)
7:00— 8:30—Spanish 1—Elementary Spanish

First Year — Second Semester

M. W. F.

5:00— 6:00—English 2—English Composition
6:00— 7:00—Spanish 2—Spanish Grammar
7:00— 8:00—Accounting 2—Partnership Accounting

T. Th.

4:00— 5:30—Finance 1—Money and Credit
5:30— 7:00—Economics 2—Philippine Economic History
7:00— 8:30—Accounting 3—Corporation Accounting

SECOND YEAR

M. W. F.

5:00— 6:00—Business 4—Domestic Trade
6:00— 7:00—Accounting 4—Practical Accounting
7:00— 8:00—Spanish 4—Advanced Spanish

T. Th.

4:00— 5:30—Business 26—Fundamentals of Insurance
5:30— 7:00—English 4—Advanced English Grammar
7:00— 8:30—Business Mathematics 2—Business Mathematics

THIRD YEAR

M. W. F.

4:00— 5:30—Economics 110—Economic Reconstruction
5:00— 6:00—Accounting 111—Accounting Problems
6:00— 7:00—Business 105—Foreign Trade
7:00— 8:00—Accounting 6—Government Accounting

T. Th.

4:00— 5:30—Finance 4—Taxation in the Philippines
5:30— 7:00—Accounting 107—Third Year Accounting I
7:00— 8:30—Finance 2—Principles of Banking

FOURTH YEAR

M. W. F.

5:00— 6:00—Business Statistics
6:00— 7:00—Accounting 110—Advanced Auditing

7:00—8:00—Finance 121—Central Banking

T. Th.

4:00—5:30—

5:30—7:00—Business 11—Business Psychology

7:00—8:30—Business 22—Transportation

SPECIAL CLASSES

2:30—5:00—Saturdays—Accounting 6—Cost Accounting

5:00—7:30—Saturdays—Accounting 108—Accounting Reports

LAW SUBJECTS

5:00—6:00—M.T.W. Th. F.—Obligations and Contracts—Sec. B.

6:00—7:00—M.T.W. Th. F.—Obligations and Contracts—Sec. A.

5:00—6:00—M. W. F.—Mercantile Law—Sec. A.

6:00—7:00—M. W. F.—Mercantile Law—Sec. B.

5:00—6:00—T. Th.—Partnership—Sec. A.

5:00—6:00—M. F.—Partnership—Sec. B.

6:00—7:00—T. Th. S.—Credit Transactions

4:00—6:00—Saturday Only—Taxation

6:00—7:00—M. W.—Insurance

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Morning Session

Subjects	Time	Days	Room
English 1	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	1
Social Science	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	2
Spanish 2	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	3
English 4	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	5
Spanish 1	8:30—9:30	M. W. F.	1
English 2	8:30—9:30	M. W. F.	2
Chemistry 4	8:30—11:30	M. W. F.	9
Principles of Science	9:30—10:30	M. W. F. T. Th.	1
Economics 1	9:30—10:30	M. W. F. T. Th.	2
Mathematics 1	9:30—10:30	M. W. F.	4
Geology 1	10:30—11:30	M. W. F.	1
History 5	10:30—11:30	M. W. F.	6
Psychology	10:30—11:30	M. W. F.	5
Political Science 1	11:30—12:30	M. W. F.	2
Mathematics 2	11:30—12:30	M. W. F.	7

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoon and Evening Sessions

Subjects	Time	Days	Room
Chemistry 5	1:00—4:00	M. W. F.	8
Psychology 2	4:00—5:00	M. W. F.	2
History 4	4:00—5:00	M. W. F.	4
History 8	4:00—5:00	M. W. F.	3
Physics 2	4:00—7:00	M. W. F.	9
Political Science 3	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	7
English 1	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	1
English 5	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	12
English 2	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	2
Principles of Science	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	5
Educational Measurements	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	3
History 6	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	4
Current Problems in Ed.	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	8
English 3	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	1
Philosophy 1	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	12
Mathematics 1	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	2
Spanish 2	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	8
English 1	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	5
Mathematics 4	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	3
Comparative Education	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	4
Economics 1	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	1
Mathematics 2	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	2
Social Science	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	3
Political Science 1	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	6
English 12	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	5
Spanish 4	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	8

Tuesday and Thursday Morning Session

Subjects	Time	Days	Room
Spanish 3	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	4

Zoology 2	7:30—10:30	T. Th.	6
English 3	9:00—10:30	T. Th.	1
Spanish 4	9:00—10:30	T. Th.	6
History 6	10:30—12:00	Th.	6
Political Science 4	10:00—12:00	T. Th.	5

**Tuesday and Thursday
Afternoon and Evening Sessions**

Political Science 2	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	2
Sociology 1	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	12
English 13	4:00—5:30	T. Th.	5
Administration & Supervision	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	7
English 4	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	4
Spanish 3	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	5
Spanish 1	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	5
English 10	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	1

**Tuesday and Thursday
Afternoon and Evening Sessions**

Mathematics 3	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	6
English 9	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	3
History 2	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	4
Political Science 4	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	2
Economics 2	7:00—8:30	M. W. F.	12

Saturday Classes

Principles of Science	7:30—11:40	Sat.	6
Educational Sociology	7:30—10:00	Sat.	15
English 1	9:00—11:30	Sat.	1
English 3	9:00—11:30	Sat.	3
Political Science 1	9:00—11:30	Sat.	5
English 7	9:00—11:30	Sat.	7
National Language 12	9:00—11:30	Sat.	8
Library Science	11:30—2:00	Sat.	1
National Language 2	11:30—2:00	Sat.	2
English 2	11:30—2:00	Sat.	3
National Language 10	11:30—2:00	Sat.	7
National Language 1	2:00—4:30	Sat.	1
English 4	2:00—4:30	Sat.	2
Political Science 4	2:00—4:30	Sat.	5
Education 6	4:30—7:00	T. Th.	4
Psychology (General)	4:30—7:00	Sat.	1
Principles of Sec. Educ.	4:30—7:00	Sat.	5

COLLEGE OF LAW

<i>Subjects</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
FIRST YEAR:			
Obligations & Contracts	—Sec. "B" 5:00—6:00	M. W. F. T. Th.	17
Legal History	—Sec. "B" 5:00—6:00	S.	17
Roman Law	(4:00—5:00)	S.	17
	(6:00—7:00)	M.	17
Criminal Law	6:00—7:00	T. W. Th. F. S.	17
SPECIAL SECTION			
Mercantile Law	—Sec. "A" 5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	11
Partnership	—Sec. "A" 5:00—6:00	T. Th.	11
Obligations & Contracts	—Sec. "A" 6:00—7:00	M. T. W. Th. F.	11
Legal History	—Sec. "A" 6:00—7:00	S.	11
Constitutional Law	—Sec. "A" 7:00—8:00	T. Th. S.	11
SECOND YEAR:			
Criminal Procedure	5:00—6:00	M. T.	16
Partnership	—Sec. "B" 5:00—6:00	W. F.	16
Law on Natural Resources	5:00—6:00	Th. S.	16
Mercantile Law	—Sec. "B" 6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	16
Credit Transactions	6:00—7:00	T. Th. S.	16
Constitutional Law	—Sec. "B" 7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	16
THIRD YEAR:			
Brief Making & Use of Law Books	5:00—6:00	M.	15
Evidence	5:00—6:00	T. W. Th. F.	15
Taxation	4:00—6:00	S.	15
Insurance	6:00—7:00	M. F.	15
Administration & Election Laws	6:00—7:00	T. Th. S.	15
Statutes & Their Construction	6:00—7:00	W.	15
Public Land, Mining & Irrigation Laws	7:00—8:00	M. T.	15
FOURTH YEAR:			
Civil Law Review	5:00—6:00	M. T. W. F.	10
Political Law Review	(5:00—6:00)	Th.	10
	(6:00—7:00)	M. T. S.	10

Legal Clinic	5:00— 6:00	S.	10
Civil Procedure Review	6:00— 7:00	W. Th. F.	10
Mercantile Law Review	7:00— 8:00	T. W. Th. S.	10

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Morning Session

<i>Subjects</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
English 1	7:30— 8:30	M. W. F.	1
Social Science	7:30— 8:30	M. W. F.	2
Spanish 2	7:30— 8:30	M. W. F.	3
English 4	7:30— 8:30	M. W. F.	5
Spanish 1	8:30— 9:30	M. W. F.	1
English 2	8:30— 9:30	M. W. F.	2
Chemistry 4	8:30— 11:30	M. W. F.	9
Principles of Science	9:30— 10:30	M. W. F. T. Th.	1
Economics 1	9:30— 10:30	M. W. F.	2
Mathematics 1	9:30— 10:30	M. W. F.	4
Geology 1	10:30— 11:30	M. W. F.	1
Histo. 5	10:30— 11:30	M. W. F.	6
Psychology	10:30— 11:30	M. W. F.	2
Political Science 1	11:30— 12:30	M. W. F.	5
Mathematics 2	11:30— 12:30	M. W. F.	7

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoon and Evening Sessions

Chemistry 5	1:00— 4:00	M. W. F.	9
Psychology 2	4:00— 5:00	M. W. F.	2
History 4	4:00— 5:00	M. W. F.	4
History 8	4:00— 5:00	M. W. F.	3
Physics 2	4:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	9
Political Science 3	5:00— 6:00	M. W. F.	7
English 1	5:00— 6:00	M. W. F.	12
English 2	5:00— 6:00	M. W. F.	1
English 5	5:00— 6:00	M. W. F.	2
Principles of Science	5:00— 6:00	M. W. F. T. Th.	3
History 6	5:00— 6:00	M. W. F.	4
Philosophy 1	6:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	4
Spanish z	6:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	12
English 3	6:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	1

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoon and Evening Sessions

<i>Subjects</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
Mathematics 1	6:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	2
Mathematics 4	6:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	5
English 1	6:00— 7:00	M. W. F.	3
Economics 1	7:00— 8:00	M. W. F.	1
Mathematics 2	7:00— 8:00	M. W. F.	2
Social Science	7:00— 8:00	M. W. F.	3
Political Science 1	7:00— 8:00	M. W. F.	6
English 12	7:00— 8:00	M. W. F.	5
Spanish 4	7:00— 8:00	M. W. F.	8

Tuesday and Thursday Morning Session

Spanish 3	7:00— 8:00	T. Th.	4
Zoology 7	7:30— 10:30	T. Th.	9
English 3	9:00— 10:30	T. Th.	1
Spanish 4	9:00— 10:30	T. Th.	6
History 6	10:30— 12:00	T. Th.	6
Political Science 4	10:30— 12:00	T. Th.	5

Tuesday and Thursday Afternoon and Evening Sessions

Political Science 2	5:30— 7:00	T. Th.	2
English 13 etc.	4:00— 5:30	T. Th.	5
Sociology 1	5:30— 7:00	T. Th.	12
National Language 5	5:00— 7:00	T. Th.	8
English 4	5:30— 7:00	T. Th.	4
Spanish 3	5:30— 7:00	T. Th.	5
English 10	7:00— 8:30	T. Th.	1
Mathematics 3	7:00— 8:30	T. Th.	6
English 9	7:00— 8:30	T. Th.	3
Spanish 1	7:00— 8:30	T. Th.	5

**Tuesday and Thursday
Afternoon and Evening Sessions**

<i>Subjects</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
History 2	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	4
Political Science 4	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	2
Economics 2	7:00—8:30	T. Th.	12

Saturday Classes

	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
Principles of Science	7:30—11:40	Sat.	6
English 1	9:00—11:30	Sat.	1
English 3	9:00—11:30	Sat.	3
Political Science 1	9:00—11:30	Sat.	5
English 7	9:00—11:30	Sat.	7
National Language 12	9:00—11:30	Sat.	1
Library Science	11:30—2:00	Sat.	2
National Language 2	11:30—2:00	Sat.	3
English 2	11:30—2:00	Sat.	7
National Language 10	11:30—2:30	Sat.	1
National Language 1	2:00—4:30	Sat.	2
English 4	2:00—4:30	Sat.	5
Political Science 4	2:00—4:30	Sat.	1
Psychology (General)	4:30—7:00	Sat.	

GRADUATE SCHOOL

<i>Subjects</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
Social Survey	7:30—10:00	Sat.	17 B
Contemporary Literature	7:30—10:00	Sat.	16 B
Philosophy of Education	10:00—12:30	Sat.	17 B
Shakespeare	10:00—12:30	Sat.	16 B
Advanced Course in Test & Evaluation	1:00—3:30	Sat.	17 B
Creative Writing	1:00—3:30	Sat.	16 B
Methods of Research	3:30—6:00	Sat.	17 B
Literary Criticisms	3:30—6:00	Sat.	16 B
Advanced Educational Psychology	6:00—8:30	Sat.	17 B
		Sat.	16 B

NORMAL COLLEGE

**Monday, Wednesday, and Friday
Morning Session**

<i>Subjects</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
English 1	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	1
Social Science	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	2
English 4	7:30—8:30	M. W. F.	5
National Language 1	8:30—9:30	M. W. F.	3
English 2	8:30—9:30	M. W. F.	3
Art Education	9:30—10:30	M. W. F.	2
Principles of Science	9:30—10:30	M. W. F. T. Th.	1
Psychology	10:30—11:30	M. W. F.	2
Principles of Teaching	10:30—11:30	M. W. F.	4
Music	11:30—12:30	M. W. F.	1
Social Science (Elective—Political Science, History, Economics)	11:30—12:40	M. W. F.	(See program of other colleges)

**Monday, Wednesday, and Friday
Afternoon and Evening Sessions**

	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
Elementary Methods 2	1:00—2:00	M. W. F.	2
Principles of Education	1:00—2:00	M. W. F.	3
Elective (See other programs)	2:00—3:00	M. W. F.	—
Elementary Methods 1	2:00—3:00	M. W. F.	4
Principles of Teaching	3:00—4:00	M. W. F.	2
National Language 1	3:00—4:00	M. W. F.	3
Psychology	4:00—5:00	M. W. F.	2
Educational Measurements	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	5
English 1	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	12
English 2	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	12
Principles of Science	5:00—6:00	M. T. W. Th. F.	3
Philosophy 1	5:00—6:00	M. W. F.	12
Elementary Methods 2	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	6
Philippine Educational System	6:00—7:00	M. W. F.	7
Elective (See other programs)	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	—
Elective (See other programs)	7:00—8:00	M. W. F.	—

**Tuesday and Thursday
Morning Session**

	<i>Time</i>	<i>Days</i>	<i>Room</i>
Observation & Participation	7:30—9:30	T. Th.	1

English 3	9:00—10:30	T. Th.	1
National Language 2	10:30—12:00	T. Th.	1
Tuesday and Thursday Afternoon and Evening Sessions			
Philippine Educational System	1:00—2:30	T. Th.	1
Art Education	4:00—5:30	T. Th.	1
Vocational Education	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	1
English 4	5:30—7:00	T. Th.	4
Saturday Classes Morning Session			
Principles of Science	7:30—11:40	Sat.	6
English 1	9:00—11:30	Sat.	1
Principles of Teaching	9:00—11:30	Sat.	2
English 3	9:00—11:30	Sat.	3
National Language 2	11:30—2:00	Sat.	2
English 2	11:30—2:00	Sat.	3
Vocational Education	11:30—2:00	Sat.	4
Elementary Methods 1	11:30—2:00	Sat.	5
Saturday Classes Afternoon and Evening Sessions			
Elementary Methods 2	2:00—4:30	Sat.	4
National Language 1	2:00—4:30	Sat.	1
English 4	2:00—4:30	Sat.	2
Music	2:00—4:30	Sat.	3
Psychology	4:30—7:00	Sat.	2
Art Education	4:30—7:00	Sat.	2
Educational Measurements	4:30—7:00	Sat.	3



Ambition And . . .

(Continued from page 6)

make a person feel really worthwhile.

However, praises are insufficient nourishment for mental happiness; acclamations and applauses are poor support for the inner satisfaction; moreover, vanity is a cheap veneer for one's inferiority; and accomplishments are inadequate feed for mental health; because life is full of adverses, disappointments, and failures over which man often has no control and for which he should not necessarily depreciate himself.

It is indispensable to know how ambition, originating from unconscious wants, can often lead to mental distress and great incapacities. It is perhaps

accurate to say that ambition to be substantially wholesome, merited, and beautiful must be the product of self-discipline, balanced emotions, and self-control. We must nurture ambition with the higher purpose, putting into it the nobler essence of self-denial and humility, placing it above mere compensatory drives; and we will be able to realize that we are not much different from thousands of others and that our satisfaction must ultimately be the fruit of an inner strength and a deeper feeling of discipline and worthwhileness rather than from a superficial outward show.

A Big Shot . . .

(Continued from page 7)

tion that in order to get rid of those people, you should abolish their position. Yes, abolish them on pretext that they are no longer necessary for the smooth performance of the office. Because of this seasoned advice you won the first

round. You sigh deeply, and thank God.

But that is only the real beginning. It was merely an opening round for a long-drawn-out bout or contest that usually ends with your early communion with your Maker.

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*

The Christmas-New Year issue of the ARELLANO STANDARD, a special number in a large edition, will be off the press before December 20. Submit contributions NOW.

* * *

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Manila, Philippines

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- * ARELLANO GRADUATE SCHOOL
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