

The ARELLANO



Star

I AM A WORKING STUDENT

(A Symposium)

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HERE ARE MY SUGGESTIONS

By Benjamin Torres

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

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WHAT THEY SAY

As yet, the Arellano Star is not so good.

—*Jose Santos*

Why not devote a page to Love Problems? A question box would be in order. Young people should be aided in their problems.

—*J. Roxas*

I dislike "Analysis of Love" (August issue) because if interpreted deeply, it is immoral. Love experiences should not be mixed with the *Arellano Star*.

—*Flavio Gamayot*

I appreciate very much Romulo's "I Am A Filipino" (July issue) and Mr. Galimba's articles.

—*Felicitio Oduca*

Mr. Bejar's article "You and the School" is inspiring. Students must heed the challenge and study harder.

—*Felisa Illorde*

Mr. Galimba's "On Self-Control" is worth remembering.

—*Ilustre Basconcillo*

Print more humorous stories like Bulosan's "My Father and the White Horse."

—*Leonardo Querijero*

The ARELLANO STAR

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

—Thomas Jefferson

VOLUME III, No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1947

Editorial ★

YOUTH AND PEACE

From the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization comes the declaration: "Wars begin in the minds of men; hence, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed."

We do not question the principle. But we have to recognize the fact that young minds are the most fertile fields for wars. Hence, we may modify the UNESCO principle by stating that it is in the minds of young men that the defenses of peace must be constructed.

Youth must find a solution to the problem of peace. That solution, we believe, is the promotion of international understanding.

It is high time for us to recognize that wars are possible only where there is lack of understanding among nations; that peace is attainable only when peoples understand each other's way of life.

It was lack of understanding that caused the first world war. It was hatred, mistrust, and suspicion that brought about the second. And now, we observe, there are tangible signs of another world disaster because of lack of understanding.

We wish there would be no more wars. We abhor them.

War in all its fury has destroyed our farms, cities, homes, industries, and culture. It has undermined the profound virtues of our people. Even youth was sacrificed in order to win and stop that war.

Youth, in spite of his foibles, played a patriotic role. There was a fine showing in Bataan and Corregidor.

Such worthy acts of our youth cannot escape notice. We are aware that youth is obsessed with a restless spirit. His mind is young, yet full of vitality. He revolts as he sees the corruptions around him. He revolts against the forces that tend to undermine international brotherhood. He revolts against the idea of war.

Today, youth is called upon to play a much important role. He has fought nobly in the field of battle. Now he must give a good fight for the brotherhood of all young men, regardless of races and creeds. For it is in the minds of young men that the defenses of peace must be constructed.

—A.A.A.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS EDUCATIONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND CULTURAL ORGANIZATION

1. Wars begin in the minds of men; hence, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed.
2. Ignorance of each other's way and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and mistrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into wars.
3. The great and terrible war which has now ended was a war made possible by the denial of the democratic principles of the dignity, equality and mutual respect of men, and by the propagation, in their place, through ignorance and prejudice, of the doctrine of the inequality of men and races.
4. The wide diffusion of culture, and the education of humanity for justice and liberty and peace are indispensable to the dignity of men and constitute a sacred duty which all nations must fulfill in a spirit of mutual assistance and concern.
5. A peace based exclusively upon the political and economic arrangements of governments would not be peace which could secure the unanimous, lasting and sincere support of the peoples of the world, and that the peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind.
6. Full and equal opportunities for education for all, unrestricted pursuit of objective truth, and the free exchange of ideas and knowledge are means toward the promotion of peace.
7. The means of communication between peoples throughout the world should be increased and other means should be employed for the purpose of mutual understanding and a truer and more perfect knowledge of each other's lives.



PEACE IN THE WORLD

With righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in character. With beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. With harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. With order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

—Confucius

ARE YOU HONEST?

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

The measure of life is not length, but honesty.

—John Lyly, from *Euphues*

Behind every honest act, there is an honest thought. Usually, doing the act is harder than knowing the thought. Different as they may seem, action cannot be divorced from thought. It is easier for one to perform an honest act if he knows the meaning of that act. This being true, an imperative need is felt for a person to acquire much knowledge of honesty if he is expected to perform honest acts.

To be well informed of what a certain thing is, it is best for one to know not only what that thing is but also what it is not. Right can better be understood by knowing both what is right and what is wrong. The meaning of justice can better be learned by knowing both what is just and what is unjust. Familiarity with democracy can better be obtained by knowing both what is democratic and what is undemocratic. Similarly, knowledge of honesty can better be acquired by knowing both what is honest and what is dishonest.

To be honest, one is never too young, for education in honesty begins many years before birth; nor is he too old, for "it is never too late to turn over a new life;" nor is he too poor, for honesty is no respecter of material wealth. As a matter of truth, it is better to be

poor but honest than to be rich but dishonest. "An honest penny is better than a stolen dollar." Much less is it necessary for him to occupy a high position, for an honest janitor is more honorable than a dishonest senator.

To join the ranks of the honest, one needs only two qualifications: that he must be a person and that he must be alive. He must be alive because the dead need not be honest. He must be a person because only human beings need be honest. Animals are not expected to be honest. And yet it is lamentable to observe that in many instances animals seem to be more honest than human beings. Although they have attended neither school nor church, cats do not lie; dogs do not cheat; cows do not loot; horses do not steal; carabaos do not rob. Despite their education and religion, many people lie, cheat, deceive, defraud, betray, loot, steal, and rob.

Honesty is freedom from fraud. Integrity, truthfulness, trustworthiness, dependability, uprightness, sincerity, fairness, righteousness, and justice are some of its synonyms. A person is honest when he is capable of translating honest thoughts into right actions; when he has dedicated his life to the noble task of discovering the gems of truth

from the sands of falsehood; when he has developed a high sense of trustworthiness and dependability; when he has ingrained in his life the lofty ideals of uprightness and probity; when his heart is a paradise for fairness and sincerity to blossom; when his mind is a kingdom for righteousness and justice to reign supreme.

To a dishonest person, lying is not a sin; cheating is not a disgrace; deceiving, defrauding, and betraying are not treacherous; looting, stealing, and robbing are not ignominious. He is every inch a hypocrite. He pretends to be what he is not. On his lips are seen enchanting smiles of truth, but his heart is an abode of falsehood. He preaches continence, but he wallows in lust. He tries to emit sweet fragrance, but he is not a flower. He strives to glitter, but he is not gold. He endeavors to shine, but he is not a star. He is what Shakespeare had in mind when he said "look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under't."

The distinction between honesty and dishonesty can best be shown by giving illustrations. When the Philippines was about to be taken by the Japs, an American businessman had P50,000.00. Before going to the concentration camp, he entrusted the money to one of his Filipino employees. During the occupation, keeping Philippine money was a crime punishable by death. But the employee risked his life. Times were hard; his big family was starving; temptation to dispose of the money was very strong; he could have easily said that the money was discovered and taken by the Japs. But he was strong

enough to overcome temptation, brave enough to keep the money in tact, and honest enough to turn over every centavo of it to the American after liberation.

As a reward for his unshaken honesty, the American gave him P10,000.00 and made him treasurer of his department store with compensation at the rate of P500.00 a month. In terms of money, his reward is great; but in terms of character and reputation, his reward is even greater. His children will inherit from him a good name. People will tell them that their father was an honest man. "No legacy is so rich as honesty."

So as not to leave the point one-sided, to cite a case of dishonesty is appropriate. There was a public officer who was accountable for public funds. Because he was well educated and socially prominent, he was a trusted employee of the government. But he could not live up to the confidence reposed in him. He was too weak to wrestle with temptation. He took advantage of his position. He concocted ways and means by which he could misappropriate the funds under his custody without detection. He succeeded in accumulating wealth. He was then living in abundance. But "wrong doing cannot be hidden." The anomaly was unearthed. Against him, proper action was brought and he had to stay in prison for more than ten years.

Legally, the punishment was severe enough. But morally and spiritually, he had a graver penalty: the stigma of being dishonest. His children too were made to suffer from the infamy. When-

ever and wherever they were seen, people who knew their father would make the despicable remark that their father was a crook. Indeed, there is no heritage that is more degrading than dishonesty.

Success to be lasting must be attained thru honest means. A person who attempts to build his fortune on the loose sands of dishonesty may succeed, but his success cannot endure. It is like a house of cards. It topples down at the slightest provocation of the wind. A case is needed here to drive home the point.

There was a person who looted twenty trucks during the liberation. He executed affidavits and registered them as his own. He engaged in transportation business and became rich overnight. He thought then that the world was his. He spent money right and left, went to night clubs, and frequented gambling dens. "Wine, women, and song" became his formula of life. Exemplifying the philosophy of "easy come, easy go," he lost his ill-gotten wealth as quickly as he had amassed it.

Readers of the *Arellano Star*: Are you honest? If you are, try to be more. If you are not, strive to be.



WHAT'S IN A COMMA ?

Compare the following sentences (note the commas):

1. The Senator says the voter is a fool.
2. The Senator, says the voter, is a fool.

SIGNS AND ADS

1. SLOW MEN AT WORK (a road sign)
2. STOP, LOOK, GLISTEN!
3. LOST: An umbrella by a lady with whalebone ribs.
4. LOST: A table by a lady with varnished legs.
5. Wanted: A talking machine. Must be a female.

PRAYER

Ma: Johnny, do you still pray day and night ?

Johnny: I pray only at night, Ma.

Ma: Why don't you pray at daytime ?

Johnny: That's all right, Ma. I can take care of myself at daytime.

A Student's Prayer

By FEDERICO R. MENDOZA
Class of 1949

Hear, O Lord, a student's prayer
A prayer of a lowly child:
In his uncertain way, guide him
And cast aside his clothes of fear;
Make him e'er safe and sound
For his friends' sake, for his love's sake.
And when voluptuous fear embraces him,
Teach him a song, teach him to smile.



My House

By MODESTO CERILES

The house where I live,
Located in the slums;
That is what God had given
To ease the heart benumbed.

The house where I live,
One room, not a mansion;
With walls of what we saved
From cartoons of "K" ration.

The house where I live,
Enough to keep us warm;
Envious will Eve and Adam be
With their nuded charms.

The house where I live,
It leaks when it rains;
With scrap roofs that burn
Our heads when the sun shines.

The house where I live,
Since built I had much fun;
To exchange I do not like
With bigger, lovelier one.

I Am A Self-Supporting Student

(A SYMPOSIUM)

Hundreds of students in our school are bread-earners. They do not merely indulge in "book-learning." They are learning to eat "the fruit of their brow," taste real life, as they attend to the rudiments of English and Algebra.

Here are some contributions on the subject.

ELISA C. NICOLAS

Class of 1948

I am not sure up to now, whether or not my being a working student is a misfortune. Whenever I see rich people coming to school in elegant cars, I feel embittered against fate for setting up such social and financial difference among men.

Whenever I buy a newspaper, I turn first to the Society Pages. I enjoy reading about the parties I wish to attend but could not. I seldom have the opportunity to witness social events for the salary I earn as a mere employee has to be stretched to enable me to pay my tuition fees and to yield the little necessities of life. There is no other choice. Whether I like it or not, I have to be what I am.

Looking at the other side of the issue, however, I feel that having to work for my education also has its benefits. Instead of feeling bitter towards my parents for failing to give me the education I could have had, I feel humble and patient. My parents should have no qualms about my efforts to obtain a degree. I feel grateful for their efforts to lift my soul. I am studying in order to help my parents.

In my daily work, I have learned to be more appreciative of little things—things in life that really count. When and if I finally obtain my diploma, I think I shall appreciate it more for I know I have earned it by the sweat of my own brow.

* * *

EMILIANO PAYUMO, JR.

Class 1947

Young men study to acquire knowledge, knowing that knowledge will serve as a guiding torch in their future destiny. The hope of the nation lies in the triumph of these students. They are the future leaders of the country.

No doubt the self-supporting student is a big factor in the development of the country. He is self-reliant, upright, and

responsible. He has poise and manners. No one can be irresponsible and still hold a job. A working student must, therefore, be productive and trustworthy.

A working student sells his services in order to study. Endeavoring for the attainment of an educational object, he works without sufficient rest. When he is tired, does he fret and cry? No. He is

too big for that. In the midst of his sufferings, he holds his head high, working his way up in the educational ladder.

His idealistic principle is: study, study, and study; for in the anvil of learning

nothing will be rubbed off except the rust of ignorance.

I am a working student. I am happy as such. Bigger and sweeter will the returns be.

* * *

ROMAN S. DIZON
Class of 1948

The self-supporting students are here to stay—and stay alive. I am one of them. We are here to make “our brain matters in shape;” to satisfy our thirst for knowledge. We are here not only to make up for what we had lost during the Occupation, but also to work with both hands and brain.

We are here to be trained for better living, to learn, to form correct attitudes, and to experience the experiences “old and retold in books. We want to apply book learning to actual life. We may suffer while studying the rudiments of English and Mathematics, but still we are not complaining.

Unfortunately, I was born a poor man's son. But I bear in mind the Dignity of Labor. I work, and I am not

ashamed of it.

Let it be remembered that there is no man who looks for flowers and finds weeds. He who struggles to look for flowers finds flowers; and he who loves weeds finds weeds. It is the self-supporting student who ambitiously strives for knowledge that gets knowledge. To gain knowledge means to be better citizens in a democracy.

By means of our little ingenuity, initiative, and perseverance, we can brave the flaming lines of sacrifice to reach our goal.

Now is our time to work. Now is our time to study. Work and study must go hand in hand for us, the working students.

* * *

MELITON MONDANO
Class of 1949

When I first reached Manila, I lived with my brother. My brother was earning very little and I could not ask him to send me to school. I wanted very much to study. So my job-hunting began.

It took me three months to land a job. My brother, who was always anxious to assist me in my fight for education, found the job for me. I worked

as an assistant to a physician and surgeon.

Words fail me to express my great joy over my new-found job. My boss was very lenient and good-natured. After all my fears, I was able to land a job. What a luck.

I am now enrolled in the Arellano University. This is an ideal institution for working students. Teachers are un-

derstanding, methods are systematic, and tuition fees are reasonable. On top of this, this school is dedicated to Democracy.

In everyone's life there comes a supreme moment when one feels that "all's right with the world." This is my su-

preme moment. I am studying and I have a good job.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Arellano Star invites other self-supporting students to write their experiences. The Star will publish honest, sincere, and fresh compositions on the subject.*

●

W H Y ?

By REMEDIOS F. ADAMOS
Class of 1948

I seem strong
At thought of death;
And stronger yet,
When comes some pain.
But when death comes,
O why the poignant ache?
And when pain leaves,
O why the lingering sting?



Manner Of Living

If you spend a penny less each day
Than you have earned the while,
Then you have learned the only way
To live and play and smile.

Of care and worry not a trace—
You can bravely work and sleep,
And look the world right in the face,
Your manly courage keep.

But if beyond your means you live,
Despair will be your lot,
And all the joys that life should give
Will soon have been forgot.

—LEE ROY COOK

Like a morning when papayas are in bloom—

HOW MY BROTHER LEON BROUGHT HOME A WIFE

By MANUEL E. ARGUILLA

She stepped down from the carretela of Ca Celin with a quick, delicate grace. She was lovely. She was tall. She looked up to my brother with a smile, and her forehead was on a level with his mouth.

"You are Baldo," she said and placed her hand lightly on my shoulder. Her nails were long, but they were not painted. She was fragrant like a morning when papayas are in bloom. And a small dimple appeared momentarily high up on her right cheek.

"And this is Labang of whom I have heard so much." She held the wrist of one hand with the other and looked at Labang, and Labang never stopped chewing his cud. He swallowed and brought up to his mouth more cud and the sound of his insides was like a drum.

I laid a hand on Labang's massive neck and said to her: "You may scratch his forehead now."

She hesitated and I saw that her eyes were on the long curving horns. But she came and touched Labang's forehead with her long fingers, and Labang never even stopped chewing his cud except that his big eyes half closed. And by and by, she was scratching his forehead very daintily.

My brother Leon put down the two trunks on the grassy side of the road. He paid Ca Celin twice the usual fare from the station to the edge of Nagrebcan. Then he was standing beside us,

and she turned to him eagerly. I watched Ca Celin, where he stood in front of his horse, and he ran his fingers through its forehead and could not keep his eyes away from her.

"Maria—" my brother Leon said.

He did not say Maring. He did not say Mayang. I knew then that he had always called her Maria, and that to us all she would be Maria; and in my mind I said — "Maria" — and it was a beautiful name.

"Yes, Noel."

Now where did she get that name? I pondered the matter quietly to myself, thinking Father might not like it. But it was only the name of my brother Leon said backwards and it sounded much better that way.

"There is Nagrebcan, Maria," my brother said, gesturing widely toward the west.

She moved close to him and slipped her arm through his. And after a while she said quietly:

"You love Nagrebcan, don't you, Noel?"

Ca Celin drove away hi-yi-ing to his horse loudly. At the bend of the camino real where the big duhat tree grew, he rattled the handle of his braided rattan whip against the spokes of the wheel.

We stood alone on the roadside.

The sun was in our eyes for it was dipping into the bright sea. The sky was wide and deep and very blue above

us; but along the saw-tooth rim of the Katayaghan hills to the southwest flamed huge masses of clouds. Before us the fields swam in a golden haze through which floated big purple and red and yellow bubbles when I looked at the sinking sun. Labang's white coat which I had washed and brushed that morning with coconut husk, glistened like beaten cotton under the lamplight and his horns appeared tipped with fire. He faced the sun and from his mouth came a call so loud and vibrant that the earth seemed to tremble under foot. And far away in the middle of the fields a cow lowed softly in answer.

"Hitch him to the cart, Baldo," my brother Leon said, laughing and she laughed with him a bit uncertainly, and

Manuel E. Arguilla was the most popular Filipino story writer before the war. In 1940, his "How My Brother Leon Brought Home A Wife And Other Stories" won first prize in the story contest of the Commonwealth. The story reprinted here first appeared in the Story, a U.S. magazine.

During the Occupation, Arguilla joined the Resistance movement. Unfortunately for him, and for Philippine literature, he was caught by the enemy and executed. The Philippines lost a promising son.

A. V. H. Hartendorp, in his introduction to "How My Brother Leon Brought Home A Wife And Other Stories," writes: "His (Arguilla's) work is as salty as the breezes that blow over the Ilocos, as human as the smell of the arm-pits of his characters, as deep as the rumblings in the cavernous bellies of his carabaos."

I saw that he had put his arm around her shoulders.

"Why does he make that sound?" she asked. "I have never heard the like of it."

"There is not another like it," my brother Leon said. "I have yet to hear another bull call like Labang. In all the world there is no other bull like him."

She was smiling at him, and I stopped in the act of tying the *sinta* across Labang's neck to the opposite end of the yoke, because her teeth were very white, her eyes were so full of laughter, and there was the small dimple high up on her right cheek.

"If you continue to talk about him like that, either I shall fall in love with him or become greatly jealous."

My brother Leon laughed and she laughed and they looked at each other and it seemed to me there was a world of laughter between them and in them.

I climbed into the cart over the wheel and Labang would have bolted for he was always like that, but I kept a firm hold on his rope. He was restless and would not stand still, so that my brother Leon had to say "Labang" several times. When he was quiet again, my brother Leon lifted the trunks into the cart, placing the smaller on top.

She looked down once at her high-heeled shoes, then she gave her left hand to my brother Leon, placed a foot on the cart. Oh, the fragrance of her. But Labang was fairly dancing with impatience and it was all I could do to keep him from running away.

"Give me the rope, Baldo," my brother Leon said. "Maria, sit down on the hay and hold on to anything." Then he put a foot on the left shaft and that instant Labang leaped forward. My brother Leon laughed as he drew himself up to

the top of the side of the cart and made the slack of the rope hiss above the back of Labang. The wind whistled against my cheeks and the rattling of the wheels on the pebbly road echoed in my ears.

She sat up straight on the bottom of the cart, legs bent together to one side, her skirts spread over them so that only the toes and heels of her shoes were visible. Her eyes were on my brother Leon's back; I saw the wind on her hair.

When Labang slowed down, my brother Leon handed to me the rope. I knelt on the straw inside the cart and pulled on the rope until Labang was merely shuffling along, then I made him turn around.

"What is it you have forgotten now, Baldo?" my brother Leon said.

I did not say anything but tickled with my fingers the rump of Labang; and away we went—back to where I had unhitched and waited for them. The sun had sunk and down from the wooded sides of the Katayaghan hills shadows were stealing into the fields. High up overhead the sky burned with many slow fires.

When I sent Labang down the deep cut that would bring us to the dry bed of the Waig which could be used as a path to our place during the dry season, my brother Leon laid a hand on my shoulder and said sternly:

"Who told you to drive through the fields tonight?"

His hand was heavy on my shoulder, but I did not look at him nor utter a word until we were on the rocky bottom of the Waig.

"Baldo, you fool, answer me before I lay the rope of Labang on you. Why do you follow the Waig instead of the camino real?"

His fingers bit into my shoulder.

"Father, he told me to follow the Waig tonight, Manong."

Swiftly, his hand fell away from my shoulder and he reached for the rope of Labang. Then my brother Leon laughed, and he sat back, and laughing still, he said:

"And I suppose Father also told you to hitch Labang to the cart and meet us with him instead of with Castaño and the calesa."

Without waiting for me to answer, he turned to her and said, "Maria, why do you think Father should do that, now?" He laughed and added, "Have you ever seen so many stars before?"

I looked back and they were sitting side by side, leaning against the trunks, hands clasped across knees. Seemingly but a man's height above the tops of the steep banks of the Waig, hung the stars. But in the deep gorge, the shadows had fallen heavily, and even the white of Labang's coat was merely a dim greyish blur. Crickets chirped from their homes in the cracks in the banks. The thick unpleasant smell of dangla bushes and cooling sun-heated earth mingled with the clean, sharp scent of arrais roots exposed to the night air and of the hay inside the cart.

"Look, Noel, yonder is our star!" Deep surprise and gladness were in her voice. Very low in the west, almost touching the ragged edge of the bank, was the star, the biggest and brightest in the sky.

"I have been looking at it," my brother Leon said, "Do you remember how I would tell you that when you want to see stars you must come to Nagrebcan?"

"Yes, Noel," she said. "Look at it," she murmured, half to herself. "It is so

many times bigger and brighter than it was at Ermita beach."

"The air here is clean, free of dust and smoke."

"So it is, Noel," she said, drawing a long breath.

"Making fun of me, Maria?"

She laughed then and they laughed together and she took my brother Leon's hand put it against her face.

I stopped Labang, climbed down, and lighted the lantern that hung from the cart between the wheels.

"Good boy, Baldo," my brother Leon said as I climbed back into the cart, and my heart sang.

Now the shadows took fright and did not crowd so near. Clumps of *andadasi* and arrais flashed into view and quickly disappeared as we passed by. Ahead, the elongated shadow of Labang bobbed up and down and swayed drunkenly from side to side, for the lantern rocked jerkily with the cart.

"Have we far to go yet, Noel?" she asked.

"Ask Baldo," my brother Leon said, "we have been neglecting him."

"I am asking you, Baldo," she said.

Without looking back, I answered, picking my words slowly:

"Soon we will get out of the Waig and pass into the fields. After the fields is home,—*Manang*."

"So near already."

I did not say anything more, because I did not know what to make of the tone of her voice as she said her last words. All the laughter seemed to have gone out of her. I waited for my brother Leon to say something, but he was not saying anything. Suddenly he broke out into song and the song was "Sky Sown with Stars"—the same that he and Father sang when we cut hay in the fields

of nights before he went away to study. He must have taught her the song because she joined him, and her voice flowed into his like a gentle stream meeting a stronger one. And each time the wheels encountered a big rock, her voice would catch in her throat, but my brother Leon would sing on, until, laughing softly, she would join him again.

Then we were climbing out into the fields, and through the spokes of the wheels the light of the lantern mocked the shadows. Labang quickened his steps. The jolting became more frequent and painful as we crossed the low dikes.

"But it is so very wide herd," she said. The light of the stars broke and scattered the darkness so that one could see far on every side, though indistinctly.

"You miss the houses, and the cars, and the people and the noise, don't you?" My brother Leon stopped singing.

"Yes, but in a different way. I am glad they are not here."

With difficulty, I turned Labang to the left, for he wanted to go straight on. He was breathing hard, but I knew he was more thirsty than tired. In a little while, we drove up the grassy side onto the camino real.

"—you see," my brother Leon was explaining, "the camino real curves around the foot of the Katayaghan hills and passes by our house. We drove through the fields, because—but I'll be asking Father as soon as we get home."

"Noel," she said.

"Yes, Maria."

"I am afraid. He may not like me."

"Does that worry you still, Maria?" my brother Leon said. "From the way you talk, he might be an ogre, for all

the world. Except when his leg that was wounded in the Revolution is troubling him, Father is the mildest-tempered, gentlest man I know."

We came to the house of Lacay Julian and I spoke to Labang loudly, but Moring did not come to the window, so I surmised she must be eating with the rest of her family. And I thought of the food being made ready at home and my mouth watered. We met the twins, Urong and Celin, and I said "Hoy," calling them by name. And they shouted back and asked if my brother Leon shouted to them and then told me to make Labang run; their answers were lost in the noise of the wheels.

I stopped Labang on the road before our house and would have gotten down, but my brother León took the rope and told me to stay in the cart. He turned Labang into the open gate and we dashed into our yard. I thought we would crash into the bole of the camachile tree, but my brother Leon reined in Labang in time. There was light downstairs in the kitchen, and Mother stood in the doorway, and I could see her smiling shyly. My brother Leon was helping Maria over the wheel.

The first words that fell from his lips after he had kissed Mother's hand were: "Father, where is he?"

"He is in his room upstairs," Mother said, her face becoming serious. "His leg is bothering him again."

I did not hear anything more because I had to go back to the cart to unhitch Labang. But I had hardly tied him under the barn when I heard Father calling me. I met my brother Leon going to bring up the trunks. As I passed through the kitchen, there were Mother

and my sister Aurelia and Maria and it seemed to me they were crying, all of them.

There was no light in Father's room. There was no movement. He sat in the big armchair by the western window, and a star shone directly through it. He was smoking, but he removed the roll of tobacco from his mouth when he saw me. He laid it carefully on the windowsill before speaking.

"Did you meet anybody on the way?" he asked.

"No, Father," I said. "Nobody passes through the Waig at night."

He reached for his roll of tobacco and hitched himself up in the chair.

"She is very beautiful, Father."

"Was she afraid of Labang?" My Father had not raised his voice, but the room seemed to resound with it. And again I saw her eyes on the long curving horns and the arm of my brother Leon around her shoulders.

"No, Father, she was not afraid."

"On the way—"

"She looked at the stars, Father. And Manong Leon sang."

"What did he sing?"

"'Sky Sown with Stars.' She sang with him."

He was silent again. I could hear the low voices of Mother and my sister Aurelia downstairs. There was also the voice of my brother Leon, and I thought that Father's voice must have been like it when he was young. He had laid the roll of tobacco on the window-sill once more. I watched the smoke waver faintly upward from the lighted end and vanish slowly into the night outside.

The door opened and my brother Leon and Maria came in.

"Have you watered Labang?" Father spoke to me.

I told him that Labang was resting yet under the barn.

"It is time you watered him, my son," my father said.

I looked at Maria and she was lovely. She was tall. Beside my brother Leon, she was tall and very still. Then I went out, and in the darkened hall the fragrance of her was like a morning when papayas are in bloom.

—From **How My Brother Leon Brought Home A Wife And Other Stories**, by Manuel E. Arguilla. Philippine Book Guild

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Can you give reasons why this story won much recognition?
2. What sentence best describes Labang, the carabao?
3. Who is the central character of the story?
4. Read some sentences to prove that the author has a keen sense of smell; that the locale is vividly described.

Vocabulary: cud, spokes of the wheel, saw-tooth rim of the hills, vibrant, gorge, waver, surmised.

BIRTHSTONES

For laundresses, the soapstone;
 For architects, the cornerstone;
 For cooks, the puddingstone;
 For soldiers, the bloodstone;
 For politicians, the blarneystone;
 For borrowers, the touchstone;
 For policemen, the pavingstone;
 For stock brokers, the curbstone;
 For tourists, the yellowstone;
 For beauties, the peachstone;
 For motorists, the milestone;
 For lovers, the moonstone;
 For morticians, the tombstone;
 For editors, the grindstone.

—*Exchange*

Without halting, without rest,
 Lifting better up to BEST.

—*Alcott*

Do you have anything to say?

HERE ARE MY SUGGESTIONS

By BENJAMIN TORRES

Class of 1948

In reply to the Star Editorial, Breach of Rules (August issue), I suggest the following remedies:

1. Spending our spare time in the library. Read books, magazines, and study the lessons. Everyone of us has his identification card, I guess. With this identification card, one could borrow reading materials from the library.

Do not chat and make noise in the library. We students must be considerate. If possible, one must remain as tight-lipped as possible in the library. If this would be done, I think it would help solve some of our school troubles.

Our library offers all kinds of books—novels, short-stories, non-fiction, history, dictionary, encyclopedia, and the like. We have comfortable tables and chairs. If one's eyes are not strong enough to read small sized prints, there are the wide windows or the electric light. If boys want to smoke—the habit that is difficult to eradicate — the bridge-like corridor leading to the library is always open to all.

2. Another remedy I wish to suggest is the organization of a student police force composed of honest, upright, able-bodied students. This student police force — if well organized — could enforce the rules and regulations govern-

ing the students. The force could prevent students from loitering on the corridors before and after classes.

3. Another remedy is the provision of more seats in the school yard. This would keep students from sitting on the stairs and on window sills. To avoid distraction of classes, all rooms should be furnished with separate doors. At least, it would lessen the noise made outside the rooms and help achieve, more or less, mental concentration on the part of the students.

4. One thing I've noticed is the great number of students in some classes. I come to the conclusion that the larger the class is, the more noisy and troublesome students are, the greater the headache of instructors, and the lesser knowledge students obtain. If it is not too late, one remedy to avoid all these troubles is to split large classes.

We have a glorious vision. Our Alma Mater has a bright future. It is a school where academic freedom is enjoyed to the fullest extent. It is a home of wise and humane instructors guiding the future leaders of the country. Are we going to fail our school? Surely not. The answer lies in us, the students!



How far a little candle throws his beams —
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—Shakespeare

The Man And The Woman



Who said that the woman is inferior to man? I maintain that man and woman are equal. Victor Hugo, a French writer, says:

The man is the highest of all creations.

The woman is the most sublime of all ideals.

God made for the man a throne, for the woman an altar; the throne exalts, the altar sanctifies.

The man is the cerebrum, the woman is the heart; the cerebrum fabricates light, the heart produces love. Light fecunds, love resuscitates.

The man is the code, the woman, the gospel; the code corrects, the gospel gives perfection.

The man is genius, the woman is angel; genius is undefinable, angel is unmeasurable.

The man is strong for reasons, the woman is unbeatable for her tears; reasons convince, the tears soften the heart.

The man is the temple, the woman is the sanctuary; before a temple we take off our hats, before a sanctuary we kneel.

The man is the eagle that flies, the woman is the nightingale that sings; to fly is to dominate a space, to sing is to conquer the soul.

The man is capable of all heroism, the woman all of martyrdom; heroism enables, martyrdom sanctifies.

The man is the ocean, the woman is the lake; the ocean has its furls that adorn, the lake has its poem that dazzles.

The man has a lighthouse, his conscience; the woman has a star, the hope; the lighthouse guides, the hope saves.

At last the man is placed where the earth ends, and the woman where heaven begins. Who said therefore, that the woman is inferior to man?

It takes a hundred men to make an encampment, but a woman alone can build a home. I, not only admire the woman as the most beautiful object ever created, but I revere her as the redeeming glory of humanity, the pledge of all human virtues, the sanctuary of the perfect quality of head and heart.

She is one thing in this world that remains constant, the one peak that is always above the clouds, the one window where light always burns. The one star that darkness cannot quench is the woman's love. It excuses the most cruel injury; perennial of life. It grows in all climates. Neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it.

The woman's love is the perfume of the heart. It is the one love that is forever constant, the one love that has wrought all the miracles of art, the love that conquers the world, the love that has given music from the cradle, song to the end of the closing symphony that brings away our souls on wings of fire.

It is greater than might, sweeter than life, and stronger than death. Without this love, the world would be a curse.

—Submitted by R. S. Villa
Class of 1947

Here is a definition of Freedom—What's yours?

THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

By **Jose Gabaldon de Guzman**

Instructor, J. Sumulong High School

Man is the most unique of all animals. He can assert his rights and demand respect thereof. He is also born into this world as the master of his own destiny. He is born free to choose his own fate. He is free to choose his own calling. He is free to conquer the world. For man is free.

Now, the question is: How much freedom should man enjoy? How free is man?

Man's freedom in a democracy is not really freedom in the true sense of the word. It is not at all freedom because man is never free to do **everything**. He is restrained by rules and laws of society. His actuations are such that he can only choose to do what society approves.

In the classroom, for instance, any pupil who misbehaves is reprimanded. He is called down by the teacher. Why? Because he is not using his freedom in the right way. He does not give respect to the rights of others. He is using his freedom at the expense of others.

Democracy demands that the will of the majority should rule. School rules

and regulations are made for the good of society. Rules are the expressions of the majority.

Democracy will be a mockery if everyone will demand complete freedom in everything. Man will return to savagery. But man, with his intelligence, is in a much higher state. His being is a complete conduct of a life-long struggle for civilization. His acts, his thoughts, even his personality, are all products of social inheritance. He is born into a social world where society calls upon him to do as society demands.

As a whole then, man's freedom does not necessarily mean freedom to do whatever he chooses to do. Freedom is constrained behaviour. We may say that freedom in a Democracy is freedom modified by the code of ethics. Freedom lies in the satisfaction derived by man in doing what he thinks is right for his own good and for the good of the group. Freedom is the sweet essence of cooperative endeavor to do and think in terms of mutual benefits and not in terms of selfish ends attained at the expense of others.



Spirit hath much to do with endurance —
By its help, the weak sometimes thrive
While the strong perish.

—L. Wallace

Be Intelligent Like The Ant

By ARCADIO N. SUNGA

Class of 1949

It was Saturday. I was comfortably lying on the vermillion-cushioned sofa reading an article on ants. The author stated that ants have their own language to express their feelings and emotions. I could not believe that. I learned from my history instructor that man has the exclusive power of speech.

Just then I heard my mother calling me. I closed the magazine and went to see her. She told me to cover the bowl of rice pudding she had just cooked. It might be infested by ants, mother said.

I unhesitatingly obeyed her and proceeded to the kitchen. Opening the drawer, I discovered a red soldier ant serving himself on the rice pudding. Here was my chance to experiment. I decided to put the bowl on the table uncovered so that I could watch the tiny creature and prove the truth of the article I was reading. The ant fortunately was not annoyed by the transfer of the food he was nibbling.

After more than a minute, the ant stopped eating, went down the bowl and made his way down the table. I lost track of him. I did not touch the bowl. I wanted to know if the ant would come back.

I was on the verge of impatience when the ant at last returned, followed by a squad of fellow soldiers advancing merrily toward the rice pudding. They were in a single line. They all seemed

to be very happy. They were giggling gingerly and grinning with joy. Probably, they were talking to one another about their fine fortune. The first soldier ant proved to be but an advance patrol. The smell of their target afforded them exquisite pleasure. Upon reaching their destination, they at once deployed aggressively. They made a circular formation (they applied geometric principles). With their sharp mandibles, aided by their tiny feet, they began excavating a piece that they could most likely consume in a day. The biggest ant was at the middle. He was undoubtedly their officer. He appeared to be a veteran of wars. Might be a major.

They were not yet half-way digging when another platoon of ants came. These newcomers helped their comrades. Then a company arrived. The bowl was now red with soldier ants, officers and privates.

Their efforts combined, the ants succeeded in extracting a piece of the delicious rice pudding. With their amalgamated effort, they were able to roll it on the table. They began dragging it. They made some noise as if shouting "one... two... three ... pull!" The captain led the way. Then from nowhere, a couple of negroes (black ants) came scurrying across the path of the red battalion. Upon detecting the negroes, the red ants laid down the rice pudding

and attacked the helpless black ones. "They are enemies maybe, different races," I muttered to myself. After subduing the enemies, the red ants proceeded pulling their heavy load again.

When they were already at the edge of the table, they were met by another group of Russians (red ants). They stopped and greeted each other with their familiar how-do-you-do. They must have been neighbors.

"Where did you get that?" questioned one of the newcomers, upon smelling the tempting load.

"We dug it out of Aling Doray's rice pudding."

"We would like to help you," suggested another.

"Come, lend us your hands and we shall give you a share."

To follow them, I quietly seated myself on the floor. Accidentally, I dropped the spoon I was holding. This confused the ants. They scattered. The patrols were alerted. I immediately picked up the fallen spoon. I chided myself for my carelessness. I resumed my watching. Two of them were badly hurt. The ants did not lose time. Six husky ones

immediately carried the injured to their hospital where their ant-physician could attend to them. There might be an operation, I thought.

After some time, their confusion subsided. They again arranged themselves to pull the rice pudding. This time, they were faster than before. In three minutes they reached a hole on the floor which was, undoubtedly, their ant community or village. Here, they were met by waiting ants. They began kissing each other (this probably was their custom or tradition.) After this ceremonious welcome, they once more attended to their load. It took them a minute to push the food through the dark tunnel.

I stood and stretched my arms, sighing.

Ants are really intelligent. They possess the virtue of helpfulness. They have their own way of understanding each other. They have a keen sense of touch and smell. They have unity that strengthens their physical and moral well-being.

The ants taught me a lesson: in unity there is strength. And it requires intelligence to have unity.

* * * * *

TWILIGHT

By ANTONIO R. PAREDES

Class of 1948

The fields are still, the air is cool,
The shadows creep to embrace the hills.
The mayas sing with their throats full,
Sending my heart a thousand thrills.

The leaves of grass that sway and sigh
Are bathe with dew that cools and chills...
As I behold your shadow with a cry
I feel in my spine a thousand thrills.

MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By Ricardo A. Supleo
Class of 1949

Life is a valuable thing. It should not be made a plaything. It has been given to us by the Creator to use in a productive way.

Life may be defined as action and reaction; hence, I think we were given life to do things, to perfect our qualities, so that when we step on the threshold of another life, we shall be able to say that we had made the best of it.

Like most beautiful things, life gives us pains and joys. It is a constant cycle of happiness and sorrow. Today, the sun shines brightly, the moon shows its brilliance. Tomorrow, the clouds may darken, and the moon may hide its face in sorrow. Man goes from joy to pain. He is never happy forever, nor sad throughout his life.

We show impatience when we think of sufferings, sorrows, bereavement. Yet, can man be perfectly happy unless he has experienced profound grief? Will he know the value of great joy without having felt the sting of mis-

fortune? For truly, it is the contrast between suffering and joy that makes man profoundly happy.

Like most beautiful things too, life is mysterious. We can never tell what tomorrow has in store for us. Man can never fix his own destiny. He can never say that tomorrow will be his. He has only power to do the best of what life brings. Men who always make the best of everything constitute the "lucky" group. Men who daringly battle their way to success in the face of overwhelming odds and great sufferings are the men who triumph in their ambitions. Intelligence and knowledge are not the only forces that they do possess; they also have the two great forces of human progress — the forces of patience and perseverance. Life will carry on, from the darkest to the brightest, from chaos to glory.

Seeing now what a beautiful thing life is, are we not lucky and blessed to possess it? Shall we make our life useful and triumphant over odds?

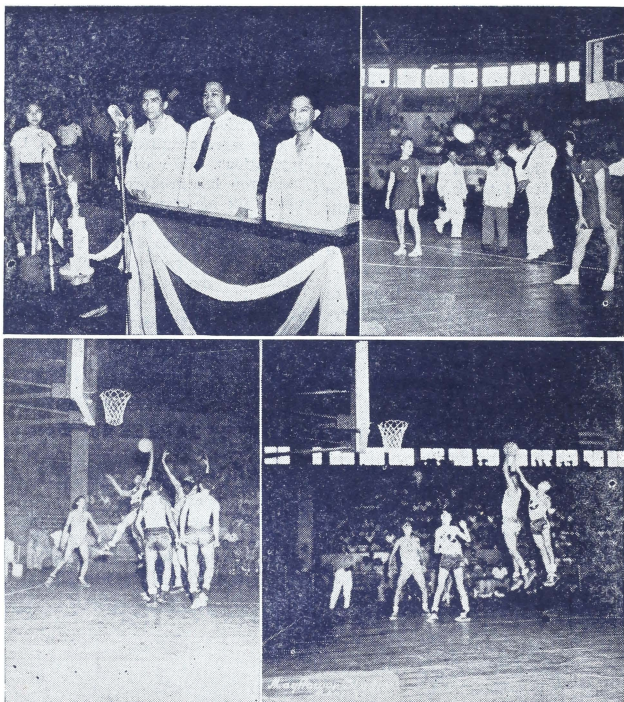


THE SHORTEST POEM IN THE WORLD

Hired.

Tired?

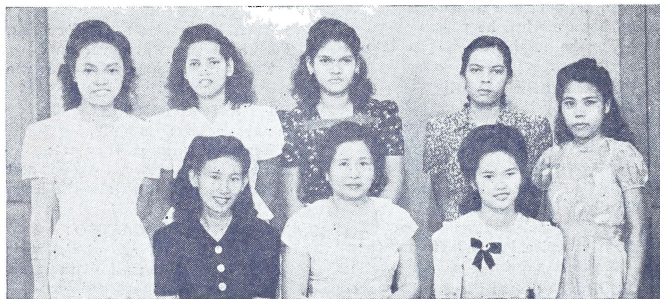
Fired!



AT THE PHILIPPINE UNIVERSITIES ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION DUAL CAGE SERIES OPENING GAMES in the Jose Rizal Memorial Coliseum, September 13. Mayor Valeriano Fugoso together with Dean Fortunato Gupit (Mayor's left) and President Leodegario Alba of the PUA A viewing the parade of competing players a few minutes before the games started (top left photo); His Honor, the Mayor, tossing the first ball; Arellano girl volleyball champions watch tensely (top right); Arellano Senior and Junior Flaming Arrows in action (bottom pictures). SEE NEWSMONTH.



OFFICERS OF THE GIRLS CLUB (Evening). Seated, left to right: *Fermina Arrieta*, vice-president; *Mrs. Luisa V. Pangilinan*, adviser; *Aurora Espino*, president. Standing, left to right: *Trinidad Garcia*, sub-treasurer; *Rosa Moran*, representative; *Aniana Surbano*, secretary; *Josefina Molo*, reporter; *Patrocinio Julian*, representative; *Nieves Casison*, business manager.



A. MABINI HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS CLUB (Morning). Seated, left to right: *Rose Doyola*, president; *Mrs. Luisa V. Pangilinan*, adviser; *Marianita Roxas*, business manager. Standing, left to right: *Minda Serrano*, secretary; *Virginia Montgomery*, treasurer; *Gregoria Maglinao*, business manager; *Lydia Rush*, representative; *Elena Vallinas*, reporter.

FOURTH YEAR SPECIAL PARADE

By JULIETA RIVERA
Very Special

- FELIPE SANGALANG**
When you don't feel like laughing,
Call over friend Peping;
For he will force you to a laughter
That can drive away your cares.
- PURITA MENDOZA**
Like all class treasurers,
You'll see her come and go.
The greetings that you'll hear
Is "Bayad na kayo."
- ELISA ANGELES**
I wonder why she's serious,
In classrooms or in nooks;
I'm sure she'll be years younger
When she neglects the books.
- PIO ACOSTA**
Pio may be called the Hudson
In his bulk and in speech;
So beware when he passes
For he might crush you into
pieces.
- RONALDO BERNABE**
A time boy is Ronaldo
Whose talks are untimely;
And he is always ready to laugh
At every joke that is brought up.
- AUGUSTO MENDOZA**
The hair of Augusto
Is beautiful and wavy too;
But his voice has a different tune
As if it were not of his own.
- TEODORICO ASPIRAS**
When he talks you can observe
It is hard for his mouth to open;
It might be that he is hiding
Something that he is eating.
- GAUDENCIO LACTAO**
Gaudencio's manners and simplicity
Distinguish him from everybody;
But his eyes seem very lazy
For he always looks sleepy.
- HERMOGENES RIGOR, JR.**
Something must be disturbing
In Hermie's peace of mind;
But when he is in a cheerful mood
He heartily laughs as best he
could.
- DAVID ZAFRA**
Talking is the best recreation
That David has in adoption;
When he talks with all his heart,
He gets a juicy mark.
- PRISCILA CENON**
When you see Priscila,
You'll be tempted to ask for Elisa;
For these two will never part
Till handsome guys would win
their hearts.
- FREDERICK YGNACIO**
A favorite of girls he is,
For he's gentle as they are;
His words are kind, his voice is soft
But wait till he breaks the heart
of one.
- FILOMENA DE CASTRO**
You ask me not why all the stars
Are not contented with their
gleam;
But it's our fair Nena's eyes
Of which the stars in heaven
dream.
(Continued on page 27)

The Nation's Builders

By Emilio Danque, Jr.

Class of 1949

This is a story of the common laborer — the nation's builder.

Our bus was running smoothly down Sta. Mesa Boulevard one afternoon. Only a single lane was used because half of the boulevard was still under construction. There was heavy rain which had been going on for a number of days already. Nothing could be heard, aside from the bitter lash of rain, but the tooting of horns, the purr of engines, and the screech of wheels as they crashed and rolled on the flooded pavement.

As the bus stopped to give way to another vehicle, I sat patiently watching the laborers at work. For a moment, blinded by the rain, I thought I was looking at beasts of burden. Then I discerned that they were human beings sinking pikes and pounding hammers at the rocks on the road under construction. They were clad in thin, mud-splattered garments. Most were barefooted, but many of them wore

patched shoes. They were chilling, but they fought on — pounding, pounding, pounding.

The sight of an old man, also a laborer, particularly touched me. He was a small man, soaked in mud, and was evidently shivering due to constant exposure to the rain. With clogged jaws, he bent on laboriously sending hammer to the rocks beneath his feet. This sight gave me a queer feeling of sympathy and admiration.

In spite of the hardships encountered by these people, they continued working with a dogged determination.

These people labor from morn till night, rain or shine, for a few measly pesos. They are perennially bathed in sweat like grains of pearls gushing from their foreheads down their broad shoulders. But there is a smile on their heroic faces. They are an inspiration. They are the strong. They are the real builders of a nation.

(Continued from page 26)

14. ROSA ANCAVAN

Unlike some other girls
She's modest, mute, and shy;
Her words we cannot hear
For they're just like a sigh.

TO OTHER GIRL CLASSMATES:

Some words are better kept
unmuttered
When they, in praising me, don't

fit;

For had we stayed in class together
I could have known your jest and
wit.

MY APOLOGIES:

To all concerned now I offer
Apologies that are long due;
Whatever blunders I've committed
I'm still a loyal friend to you.

A Soul Is Saved

By Ricardo C. Mendoza
Class of 1948

It came to Carding in the form of a nightmare. It was the most horrible nightmare imaginable. He would never forget it as long as blood runs in his vein. He dreamed of a veiled woman, as black as night, with a spear in hand beckoning him to follow. The woman had a pronged tail. He was stunned and could not run away no matter how much he tried. The woman held his hand. He was led into a deep pit. The pit was very hot and he could hardly breathe. They walked, almost like floating, and they went down, down a far distance. When he was already gasping for air, he remembered the folks at home. He asked himself why he was going with the woman. He turned back but could not escape her grip. At last, with super-human strength, he struggled. The grip loosened and he ran back ascending to the direction of the Earth.

When he woke up he was panting and was asking for water. It was four o'clock in the morning.

The day after he dreamed about the horrible, bottomless pit and the "princess of the devil," he read a story about the strange place where all evil men were.

Carding was an eighteen-year-old boy who grew up without knowing God. He grew up to be an Atheist. The last time he entered church was when he was baptized. As a small kid he never wanted to hear the name of God. He was heedless of the counsels of his mother. He hated prayers. He hated the church. He hated God.

At the age of fourteen, against the will of his parents, he joined the Underground movement in Central Luzon. He fought the Japs as any brave lad could. At this time he began to realize how hard it was to live without any thing to worship. He envied his comrades who used to kneel in solemn prayer before going to battle. Prayers are a consolation in battle.

When the Americans came to liberate the country, he fought side by side with the allies. He was never afraid to face bullets. But he was afraid to die a godless death.

When he was discharged from the army, he continued studying and forgot all about God. Maybe because he was already safe. We forget God when we are safe. We only remember Him in times of danger.

Fortunately, as Fate would have it, Carding formed a lasting friendship with some ladies. These young women were Maring, Nena, Ligaya, and Gloria Vicencio. They became fast friends. His friends' voices seemed to be the flow of sweet music, filling the air around him. The sight of his friends gave him fresh vigor. In his lonely hours, the sweet, consoling and tender voice of Maring soothed him most.

One evening, he went to his friends' house as usual. They chatted outside the house about the moon, planets, and the weather. Then came the word that would save his soul — God. Carding felt an infinite peace. Immediately, he sought his friends' advice. He was advised to go to church. He prayed and found life anew. He had discovered that he had a soul to save. He had discovered God, and salvation.

LOAF AT FIRST SIGHT

By Charles O. Weber

As their eyes met, they knew that they were meant for each other. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," she replied.

"My name is Baking Powder. What's yours?"

"Flour. Miss Wheat Flour."

He moved closer, his eyes glued on her. "I like roses and orchids," he explained, "but I think you're the most beautiful flour of them all."

"You're not so bad yourself," countered she. "You've already got me under your powder."

He put his arms around her. She was spellbound.

"Mix me," she whispered. "Mix me once and mix me twice and mix me once again."

Miss Flour was mixed like she had never been mixed before.

Silence.

"Wheatheart."

"Yes, Bakie dear?"

"Let's get baked."

Miss Flour was startled.

"Why, darling, this is too sudden. I . . . I've never even given it a thought. Do you realize what you are asking, dear?"

"Oh wheatiepie, please say yes and be mine forever!"

"But getting baked is a serious matter. Why, we don't even know each other very well. Don't you think we ought to wait a little longer?"

"But we've already been together for over a quarter of an hour. It's about time we got baked."

Wheat Flour did not know what to

do. She wanted very much to say yes, but . . .

"Oh dear," she said, "I'm afraid. It might not turn out so well. What if we fail like my sister? She went and got herself mixed up with a certain Mr. Soda and, heavens, you ought to see her now. She's nothing but a miserable old cracker in parrot's cage."

"But we're different," reasoned out Powder. "We're made of better stuff, my wheat. We're not going to end up in the doghouse like some cookies. You and I will make a wonderful loaf of bread. We won't be as rich as the Cakes and the Pies who live in the big-ice-box, but we'll be just happy with a nice, quiet home of our own, way out in the pantry. C'mon wheatstuff, say you'll get baked with me."

Silence. Miss Flour pondered and considered and pondered.

"Bakie . . ."

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you really want me for your loaf-fall, breaded wife?"

"I do."

"For butter and for worse?"

"Yes."

"Till teeth do us part?"

"Yes, yes."

Silence, Then—

"All right, dear, we can go and get baked now."

Powder jumped with joy. He was as happy as can be.

"Ah," he exclaimed with a sigh, "all this and oven too!"

—From *Philippine-American*



QUESTION, MA'AM

The more we study, the more we know,
The more we know, the more we forget,
The more we forget, the less we know,
The less we know, the less we forget,
The less we forget, the more we know,
So, why study?

LAND I ROB

A Japanese guard one day heard the Filipino officer and his companions singing "God Bless the Philippines." He was greatly suspicious and wanted to know what the song was all about. After it was explained to him he wanted to sing it, too. He was not hard to teach and he sang: "God Bress de Hiripins, Rand that I ROB...!"

—Philippine-American

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Our co-eds come to school earlier than usual nowadays. It seems that they take heed of the saying—

*Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and
wise.*

The girls come early because they have to attend the Physical Education class under Mrs. Corazon J. Foster every morning at seven. The morning exercises will give real wealth in terms of knowledge and health. Mrs. Foster is teaching ethics and correct posture.

At present the girls are taking health topics. Half of the period in this class is spent in bending exercises. Their bodies need a little softening—a touch of

grace. Hence, the inclusion of this subject. Students start learning the fundamental steps in ballroom dancing too. It is about time they learn dancing, and properly at that, you know.

Mrs. Foster maintains strict discipline. Imagine instructing two thousand girls. Whenever they become noisy, Mrs. Foster reminds them that they are ladies. That reminder is a sure remedy, and the giggles stop.

I consider unfortunate those girls who are not attending this class. They miss a lot of excitement, clean fun, and little eye-openers that would serve them best at this time and age.

—A. J. T.



CHUCKLE, CHUCKLE . . .

An instructor asked a student for the definition of Physics. The student replied, "Physics is a science of headache dealing with energy and matter that is so confusing that one gets zero in the test and assignment."

—Gerardo Cabalag



A sailor met a group of working men in Legarda St. and asked, "Hey Joe, what do you mean by 'Slow, men at work.'"

The foreman answered, "It means that slow men are working in the street."

S T O R M

By **MEDDIE GONZALES**
Class of 1949

The wake of the storm found the sky
Blue as the sea, clear as the spring;
And like the lashing storm you left
My heart submerged in the flood.
Now, sweet memories reverberate—
Memories of a stormy night like this.



SILVER LININGS

Collected by a Staff Member

Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship never.
—Caleb Colton

However rare true love is, true friendship is rarer.
—La Rochefoucauld

After all, good society is the best invention of mankind.
—Anon

A great man is like an eagle. The higher he soars the less can he be discerned, and he is punished for his greatness by the loneliness of his soul.
—Anon

If you would invest in friendship purchase a dog.
—Le Baron Cooke

Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy.
—Publius Syrus

Learn from her—

The Filipino Woman Of Yesterday

By ASUNCION S. NATIVIDAD

Class of 1949

A real Filipino woman is simple, humble and modest in her ways. The woman we term "woman of yesterday" is naturally shy. She presents an appearance of neatness in her dress—neither gaudy nor exquisite. She never adorns herself for she believes that no matter how much a woman tries to conceal herself, the real self always appears. Looking one's best is not a serious business to her.

She possesses a certain dignity of manner which commands respect among men. Honor to her is the most valuable thing in life. She is willing to die for it if need be. The conservative woman preserves the standard set by Filipino customs. She loves only one and values her love more than her life.

The ideal woman of yesterday is religious. She has a great love of and fear in God. She is not liable to fall into the treachery of temptations. She looks upon her parents as her God on earth and take their words as the laws of God. She is obedient and dutiful to her parents and never does a thing without their consent. She is brought up in the purity and cleanliness of heart.

Her speech is refined, she never talks nor laughs aloud. To her it is always an alternative between staying at home or going out. She prefers to stay at home and devote her time reading good books, or if she is thus compelled to attend a party, one will see her dance the simplest steps. Thus we see that her standard of taste is of the highest. We can learn much from her.



DIPUTADO

An ignorant congressman, not knowing Spanish, asked another what the word "Diputado" meant.

The other said, "Diputao? Depot—ado? Well, it means that you are working in a Depot...?"

"What an insult," said the ignorant congressman. "Just imagine, somebody called me **Diputado!** Maybe he does not know I am already a congressman. He thinks I'm still working in the army depot!"

—Francisco V. Abalos
Class of 1948

NEWSMONTH

ARELLANO CHAMPIONS ROUTE

U. M. TEAM—

The Arellano Junior Basketball team last year's MCAA champion team, routed the University of Manila junior team before 5,000 thrilled spectators last September 13, Saturday, in the Jose Rizal Memorial Coliseum.

The new formed inter-university association opened amid impressive inaugural ceremonies which included a parade of competing players. Mayor Valeriano E. Fugoso threw the first ball in the exhibition volleyball game among girls of both institutions. The Arellano girls won.

The winning Arellano Girls Volleyball team was composed of the following: Captain Mañalac, F. Aquino, N. Matta, D. Ampon, L. Garbida, L. Baketh, A. Mendoza, V. Montgomery, A. Ocampo, P. Gonzales, G. Maglinao, H. Valdez, C. de Jesus, L. Verroya, V. Tablan, R. Doyola, R. Adamos, and A. Polotan. Only nine girls out of eighteen actually participated in the game. They were Captain Mañalac, F. Aquino, N. Matta, D. Ampon, L. Garbida, L. Baketh, V. Montgomery, H. Valdez, and V. Tablan.

The Arellano junior team had an easy time against the U. M. High, keeping always the upperhand throughout except the first quarter which ended in 6-all.

Our cheering squad, led by Leonardo Gonzaga and Conrado Cabawatan, outsmarted the opponent's cheerers.

The Arellano Drum and Bugle Corps and the Pasay band came along and provided strong moral support.

On the night of September 12, Friday,

prior to the Saturday games, a bonfire program was held in the Campus which lasted till 9:00 o'clock in the evening. Speeches, oath taking, and music marked the program. The distribution of uniforms was sponsored by Miss Vicky Nieva.

INDIVIDUAL SCORES

First Game

| ARELLANO HIGH SCHOOL-37 | | U. M. HIGH SCHOOL-20 | |
|-------------------------|----|----------------------|---|
| R. Munson | 11 | A. Banas | 9 |
| Roxas | 6 | De la Mesa | 3 |
| Padilla | 5 | Guevarra | 3 |
| Delingon | 5 | C. Banas | 2 |
| Iñigo | 4 | Dimayuga | 2 |
| Cabling | 4 | Tobes | 1 |
| Mercado | 2 | Gabriel | 0 |
| Caoili | 0 | Reyes | 0 |
| Magsano | 0 | Espiritu | 0 |
| Bulanan | 0 | Arrienda | 0 |
| | | Calalay | 0 |

Second Game

| U. M. COLLEGIATE-46 | | ARELLANO COLLEGIATE-34 | |
|---------------------|----|------------------------|----|
| Santiago | 10 | Iñigo | 12 |
| Castro | 8 | Lansang | 7 |
| Zapanta | 8 | J. Gavieres | 6 |
| G. Monzon | 7 | Tan | 3 |
| Salazar | 5 | Divinagracia | 2 |
| Caballero | 4 | Villamayor | 2 |
| Sena | 4 | Aguas | 2 |
| Medalla | 0 | Sariel | 0 |
| I. Roco | 0 | Bautista | 0 |
| | | Sarmiento | 0 |
| | | Del Rosario | 0 |

(See Action Pictures on Page 24)

STUDENT COUNCIL—

The J. Sumulong Student Council held a meeting last August 23.

A committee on the constitution was created. Enrico Nano was made chairman. Other members selected were Elisa Angeles, Rodolfo G. Pulanco, Claudina Salazar, Primo Capila, and Agustin Lazo.

It was decided by the members to hold a literary-musical program sometime in mid-September. Dr. Manuel Carreon, director of Private Education, will be the guest of honor.

CRY OF BALINTAWAK—

Filipinos of the present generation are fortunate inheritors of a glorious past. At Balintawak, fifty-one years ago, Andres Bonifacio and his men reached a momentous decision which cleared the way for ultimate freedom.

The Cry of Balintawak of August 26, 1896 was remembered. Wreaths were laid at the foot of the Bonifacio monument by students of the University. A program was held. The life of Andres Bonifacio was retold.

Early in the morning, the Philippine National Anthem was played by the Arellano band. In the different classes, instructors eulogized the greatness of Andres Bonifacio.

RECESS—

Students of the J. Sumulong High School had their first fifteen-minute recess last August 22.

It has been decided by the school authorities to give students enough time to attend to their personal necessities. A recess is of course always delightful. Students welcomed its coming.

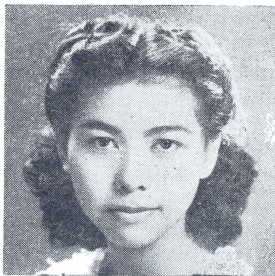
HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENTS--

In order to further increase the efficiency of high school instruction, President Florentino Cayco recently created several departments in the A. Mabini High School and J. Sumulong High School.

The departments created, together with the respective heads, follow: English Department, Mrs. Felicidad C. Crisologo; Biology Department, Miss Angelina R. Garcia; General Science Department, Mrs. Luisa V. Pañgilinan; Physics Department, Miss Simeona Manahan; Social Science Department, Mr. Enrique P. San Jose; Mathematics Department, Miss Milagros C. Saturnino; National Language Department, Mr. Amando San Pedro.

GIRLS' CLUB—

Rain, rain, and nothing but rain. It was the cause of the postponement of the J. S. H. S. Girls' club acquaintance party. At last it was held September 6 in the vacated Legarda building.



AURORA J. TABLAN
President, J. Sumulong
Girls Club

The day came after a week of earnest waiting. The hall was filled with loud peals of laughter when the games started. It was fun watching the participants compete with one another. The winners of the respective games were: Aida Polotan, winner in the spelling bee; Salud Macalintal in the potato race and coca-cola sip; Rose Doyola (president of the A. M. H. S. girls' club), in the trip to Jerusalem; Eva Vicencio, in putting mongoes in bottles; and Javiacion Borlaza, winner in the candle race.

Dean Enriqueta Benavides of the Normal College was the speaker. Highlights of her speech follow: "There is so much of what we see that is wrong; and usually, the blame is laid on the youth—for impiety, disrespect, disobedience, and lack of moral stamina. We must be worthy members of our family. We should behave properly as good girls should be. Remember God at all times, and not only during examinations... work for a good cause, as the YWCA, Red Cross and Anti-TB."

Other parts of the program were opening remarks by Remedios Adamos, declamation by Carmen Eustaquio, vocal solo by Precila Cenon, short talk by Aurora Tablan, president of the girls' club, and introduction of the guest speaker by Mrs. Felicidad Crisologo.

TO PANDI—

To the Special Class, August 10 was red-letter day.

Although it rained cats and dogs, the students' enthusiasm went high. Students donned their Sunday best unmindful of the rain and mud.

The hot spring however, did not appeal much to the girls. Were the boys discouraged upon discovering that no bathing beauties graced the pool? Ah!



AURORA ESPINO
*President, A. Mabini Girls
Club (Evening)*

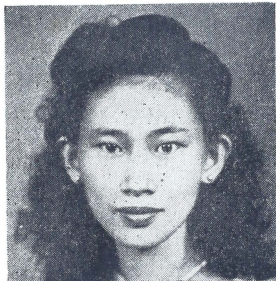
Hermie, don't frown. Filomena de Castro and Luz Valdez contented themselves with picture-taking (Hey! Luz, how about a shot?) Miss Manahan just watched over us... you know, she was the mother of the day. Veronica Yap brought her bathing suit along, but... Ver, why didn't you swim? Or somebody is... The Rivera sisters, Julieta and Estrella, entertained us by their charming talk. Julie, any sandwiches left?

To these boys and girls, that day was to remain forever in their memory.

—E.S.A.

ZURBARAN—

A. Mabini high school students heaved a sigh of pleasant relief when informed that a "snack bar" will soon be opened in the campus. Drinks and light snacks will be offered for sale in the new establishment at reasonable prices. School supplies will also be sold.



ROSE DOYOLA
*President, A. Mabini Girls
 Club (Morning)*

CHIT-CHAT

A little bird perched on my window sill and told me things about some girls. I learned that Rose Doyola is the most active girl in A. Mabini High. Beaute-

ous Minda Serrano has all the luck for she has beauty, and brains too. Josy Roxas, our enviable vice-president of the A. Mabini Girls' Club, draws friends as magnet draws from fillings.

Now, who's this popular brainy freshy? Yes, sir, you got it right. No other than Zeny Buhain. Between you and me, do you think it as awful coincidence that Virgy Montgomery became treasurer of all organizations? (Well, Virgy, no offense meant) and so with Minda. But she's sure worth it (Virgy, I mean) and to spill it, our pretty treasurer is very very honest.

Want to meet an energetic person? Introducing to you Leony Paguirigan, the P. E. leader that is always on the go. Marianita Roxas, sister of Josy, is also as friendly and charming as her sister.

Sorry, the bird flew away, but it promised me more stories. So, till next issue, folks.

—R.F.A.



HEP! HEP!

A RE LLANO FLA MING ARROW
 A RE LLANO FLA MING ARROW
 ARELLANO IS THE NAME
 FLAMING ARROW MEANS THE SAME
 WE WILL FIGHT DURING THE GAME
 TILL VICTORY IS GAINED.

THE FLAMING ARROW
 FROM THE HALLS OF ARELLANO
 YOU'LL SEE US MARCHING BY
 WE'LL FIGHT FOR OUR VICTORY
 IN THE CLASS AS IN THE FIELD
 FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM
 AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN
 WE ARE PROUD TO CLAIM THE TITLE
 FOR ARELLANO UNIVERSITY



JOSE ZAPANTA
Patnugot

EMILIANO PAYUMO
Katulong na Patnugot

BALAKID KAYA SA LANDAS NG KARUNUNGAN ANG KAHIRAPAN?

Ni JOSE C. ZAPANTA

Sa panahong ito, pagkatapos maranasan ng sang-Kapilipinuhan ang hirap na idinulot ng makaraan digmaan, ang karamihan lala na ang mga kabataan ay sinibulan ng mapusok na pagnanasang magtamo ng karunungan upang maging sandata laban sa anumang kahirapan na maaaring dumatal. Sa mga may ganiyang kaisipan ay sadyang hindi sila namamali ng akala sapagka't ang karunungan ang siyang tanging matibay na pananggalang na angkin ng baw't nilikha. Datapwa't sa isang kapus-palad ng iniluwal sa banig ng karalitaan, sa mga nangasawing-palad na pinanawan ng mapagkandiling magulang na siyang sukat sulo nila upang makamtam ang gayon ay maisakatuparan ang kanilang mga mithiin.

Higit sa lahat, ang suliraning ito ang tila siyang pangunahing balakid na humadlang sa kanilang landasin. Masasabing ang bagay na yaon ay isang kaparusahan ipinataw sa kanila ng Maykapal. Subali't sa kabila ng ganyang kadilima'y may liwanag pa rin namanaag na sandigan ng kanilang ikapagtatagumpay. May sulo pang sukat tumanglaw sa kanilang landasin upang ang kanilang mga pangarap ay maging lubos at ganap. At ang gabay at sulo ay ang katalinuhang angkin ng baw't isa at ang kanyang pagsisikap alang-

alang sa kanyang magandang kinabukasan.

Marami ngayon ang nakikita kong nakapagpapatuloy ng pag-aaral sa pamamagitan ng kanilang sariling pagsisikap. Mayroon akong kilalang, sa ika-7 pa lamang ng umaga ay magsisimula ng maglinis ng bahay at pagkatapos ay papasok sa opisina. Lalabas siya ng ika-4 ng hapon at papasok naman sa paaralan ng ika-5, na halos ay wala nang panahong nalalabi sa kanyang pag-aaral sa bahay. Ang kanyang paggugol ay pinakalilimi niya upang hindi kapusin ang kanyang kinikita sa isang buwan. Halos wala na siyang damit sa kawalan ng salaping ibibili. Walang aklat na maaaring makatulong sa kanyang pag-aaral at nakatutupad sa kawaing pambahay sa pamamagitan ng panghihiram sa kanyang kamag-aral. Subali't sa kabila ng kanyang kahirapa'y naitaguyod din niya ang kanyang pag-aaral at ngayon ay magtatapos na siya ng "High School".

Kaya't inaakala kong ang kahirapa'y hindi balakid sa isang tunay na naghahangad ng tagumpay. Sa isang taong naghahangad ng matatag na kinabukasan, ay isa lamang iyan sa kanyang tungkulin na dapat isagawa sa pagtabak niya sa landas ng kabuhayan.

INANG PILIPINAS

Tula ni CONRADO REYES

Mahaba ding araw ang iyong tiniis
Na gapos ang kamay at di makaimik,
Mahabang panahong ang luhang mapait
Ang nilalaspang mo sa gitna ng hapis.

Sa bawat sandali'y ang dinadalangin
Gapos ng kamay mo sana ay kalagin,
At sa pagdurusa'y nais mong tamuhin
Ganap na paglayang laon nang mithiin.

Ngunit isang araw; ikaw ay natuwa...
nang ipagkaloob ang iyong pithaya,
O, mahal kong diyos...! ang iyong nawika;
Malaya na ako, ako ay malaya.

Ang mga anak mo sa gitna ng galak
Ipinagsaya kang may ngiting matimyas,
Sa bawat langsa'y iwinawasiwas
Ang iyong bandilang sa luha ay tigmak.

Dapat sana ngayoy aming ipadama
Ang pagmamahalan sa piling mo Ina,
Ngunit bakit Inang, may ligalig tila,
Kaming mga anak, sabihin mo sana.

Kasalanan kaya ang umibig?

Sawi Na Nagpakasawi

MAIKLING KUWENTO

Ni Emiliano M. Payumo, Jr.

Melapit na noong ihudyat ang kalahatian ng maghapon. Sa daang Espanya ay may namataan ako na sa taya ko ay mag-asawang "provinciano" na kagagalang lamang sa lalawigan.

Ang lalaki ay nakabarong tagalog, nakasambalilo ng balanggot, nakapanatlong puti at sapatos "army" ang suot samantalang ang babae ay nakabaro't sayang bulaklak in at nakabakya. Bakit kaya sila ay nandoon at sa daang legusan pa naman ng Pamantasan ng Santo Tomas? Sila kaya ay naligaw o mayroong hinihintay? Kung sila ay nag-aabang ay sino kaya naman?

Atin silang subaybayan.

Sa nayon ng X, bayan ng Kabanatuan sakop ng lalawigan Nueva Ecija ay may isang tahananang pawid na katamtaman ang laki na sa malas ay pinaluma na ng kapanahunan. Ito ay pinaninirahan ng tatlong mag-anak na bagama't mahirap ay di naman nagdadahop sa kabuhayan. Sila ay sina Carmen ang hiyes ng tahanan, si Aling Rosang labandera ang ina at si Mang Pasiang magsasaka ang ama.

Sa nayong ito kumita ng unang liwanag si Carmen. Sa nayong sagana sa yaman ng kalikasan; may mga batis na dinadaluyan ng tubig na sing-linaw ng kristal na kadluan ng walang hanggang kaligayahan, may mga ibong malayang naglalakbay sa papawirin na umaawit ng malalambing na kundiman. Ang

mga punong kahoy ay tila mandin si-nadyang itanim ng Lumikha upang maging malayang indayugan ng sariwang simoy ng hangin na pampalusog sa mga yayat na katawan. Kung dapit-hapon ang mga punong kahoy ring ito, kung natutudla ng namamaalam na mga ginintuang silahis ng araw, ang nalalarawan sa batisan na kawiliwiling pagmasdan. Anupa't ang nayong ito ay masasabing isang tunay na paraiso!

Dito naging buko at namukadkad na bulaklak si Carmen. Katatapos pa lamang niya sa Nueva Ecija High School at siya ang naging "salutatorian".

Upang ang kanilang anak na si Carmen ay mapatangi sa mga kanayon ay pinagsumikapan nilang maipagpatuloy nito ang kanyang pag-aaral sa lunsod ng Maynila.

Isang araw nga ay nakita ko silang tatlo na lulan ng isang Rural Transit patungong Maynila.

Sadyang ang pagkakawalay ng isang anak sa magulang ay masaklap, nguni't alang-alang sa magandang kinabukasan ni Carmen ay pinilit na rin nilang lunukin ang mapait na dita ng pangungulila.

Sa isang dormitoryo itinira si Carmen at ipinasok sa Pamantasan ng Santo Tomas upang dito kumuha ng "Pharmacy".

Sa mga unang araw ni Mameng ay malimit siyang dalawin ng kalungkutan.

Lagi niyang hinahanap ang kalinga ng kaniyang mga magulang lalo na ang kinagisnan niyang pagpapala ng kanyang ina, kaya di mamakailang tangkain niyang bumalik sa dating pugad dangan nga lamang at napipigil siya ng kanya na ring sariling panghihinayang sa tatamuhing kapalaran pagdating ng araw. Dahil dito'y pinagsumikapangan niya ang pag-aaral upang mapahalagahan ang pagpapakasakit ng kanyang mga magulang, laluna kung napagdilidilili niyang ang kanyang ama ay ginagawang araw ang gabi ng pamamahinga.

Patuloy ang pag-inog ng daigdig at sa tangkay ng panahon ay marami nang mga araw ang nalagas. Si Mameng ay nawili ngayon sa magulong lunsod ng Maynila. Sino nga ba namang taga bukid ang di mawiwili dito sa pugad ng haliparot na karangyaan?

Isang Linggo ng hapon...

Samantalang ako ay patungo sa Lyric Theatre ay may nasalubong ako na isang dalaga sa daang Escolta na siyang napagpakuan ng aking mapanuring paningin. Kinusot ko ang aking mga mata sa pagaakalang ako'y nagmamalik-mata lamang. Nguni't hindi! Siya'y kilala ko! Siya si Carmen ang dating tunay na larawan ng isang dalagang Pilipina, na di pa nalalao'y ntagpuan natin sa lalawigan, nguni't ngayon ay mapagkakamalang isang mapanghalinang artista ng pinilakang tabing. Kay laki ng kanyang ipinagbago!

Ang maitim at alun-alon niyang buhok na dati kung nakalugay ay abot sa kalemnan ng kanyang binti ay ipinaputol, hinubog ang kilay, pinapula ang labi at pinintahan di lamang ang mga

kuko ng kamay kundi pati ng sa paa na nasulyapan kong nakalabas sa kanyang "high heeled shoes".

Naku! ang dalaga nga naman!

At di lamang pala ito ang kanyang ipinagbago. Ang kanyang pusong datirati'y isang labuyo ngayon ay isang mayang sakdal ng amo, pagka't lupaypay na dahil sa tudla ng maharot na palaso ni Cupido. Napabayaan na niya ang pag-aaral at malimit na di pumasok sa klase.

Patuloy si Carmen sa ganitong gawain.

Isang hating-gabi... Lulan ng isang Yellow Taxi si Carmen ay inihatid ng isang lalaki sa dormitoryo.

"Carmen, anang tinig mula sa taksi, tutuloy na ako. Till tomorrow, darling! Good night and sweet dreams." Isang matamis na ngiti naman ang itinugon ni Mameng.

Ang ganitong pagkabalang ni Carmen ay di minabuti ng dekana kaya siya'y nakapagbitiw ng ilang pananalita.

"Carmen, mukhang nakakaligtaan mo na iha ang iyong pag-aaral. Dapat mong alalahanin ang iyong mga magulang na nagpapakasakit sa pag-asang ikaw ang magiging matatag na gabay sa kanilang katandaan." Nagkibit lamang ng balikas si Carmen sa halip na pahalagahan niya ang paalaala ay minasama pa. Ang akala niya ay hinahadlangan siya sa kanyang kaligayahan sapagka't siya'y umiibig. Nguni't, masama nga kaya ang umibig? Ang pag-ibig ay di masama sapagka't tayong lahat ay mula sa pag-ibig. Nguni't di naman lahat ng pag-ibig ay mabuti. May pag-ibig na tumpak at may pag-ibig na lisa at ang kasamaan nito ay kung ikaw ay namamali't nalalabuan ng mata at di mo nakikita

ang taglay na pagbabalat-kayo nang sa iyo'y umiibig.

Si Carmen ay patuloy sa pagtatampisaw sa bulaang batis ng kaligayahan langgang sa patuluyan na niyang mamimutan ang kanyang mga magulang. Dati ang kanyang mga magulang ay malimit gulantangin ng kanyang mapagbalitang liham subalit ngayon ay tila wala siyang mga magulang na dapat tumanggap ng nakapananawik na balita ng isang anak na malayo. Ito ang bunga ng kanyang higit na pagmamahal sa isang nilalang kaysa sa kanyang mga magulang na pinagkakautangan ng lahat at lahat sa buhay.

Sa kabilang dako ang ganitong pangyayari ay nakaligalig sa kalooban ng mag-asawa.

"Ano kaya ang pangyari? Nagkaroon kaya siya ng karamdaman?" Iyan ang malimit itanong ng babae sa lalaki na di rin batid ang kadahilanan na tulad niya.

"Marahil ay abalang-abala siya sa pag-aaral," ang tugon ng lalaki. "Mabuti pa yayamang di niya makuhang umuwi ay tayo na ang magsadya doon." "Mabuti pa nga," sangayon ng babae.

Nguni't... anong himala! Nang tagayon ng dekana si Carmen ay wala ito pati ang ari-arian maliban na lamang sa isang liham na nagsasaad na huwag siyang aklalahanin pagka't siya'y nasa mabuting kalagayan; sa bahay ng kanyang kamag-aran.

Dahil sa ganitong pangyayari ay minarapat nila na abangan na lamang sa paglabas ng paaralan upang malaman tuloy kung saan lumipat ng tinutuluyan.

Sumapit ang oras ng pag-uwi ng mga mag-aaral. Ang kanilang inaibangan ay di rin nagdaan, paano'y nang sila

ay masulyapan ay umiba ng daan at gumawi sa lagusang patungong Dapitan. Kay saklap na pangyayari! Mga magulang na naging lason sa kanyang mga paningin. Kung ganitong lahat ang anak na ikinahihiyang pakipagkitaan ang mga magulang sa maraming tao, laluna kung ang mga magulang ay mga "provinciano" ay mabuti pa nga na di na matupad ang "magmahalan kayo at magparami" sapagka't dadami lamang ng bilang ang masama; mabuti pa ang wala kaysa maraming pawang masasama.

Nainip na ang kaawa-awang mag-asawa nguni't ang kanilang paghihintay ay wala't wala ring kinahinatnan, kaya umuwi na silang taglay ang matinding dalamhati at kasiphayuan.

Dalawang araw pa ang lumipas nang sila ay tumanggap ng isang liham buhat sa Maynila. Makituhay tayo.

Maynila

Septiembre 15, 1941

Minamahal kong mga magulang,

Ipagpaumanhin ninyo ang di ko pagkalaham ng mahabang panahon. Ito ay di nangangahulugan na di ko na kayo naalaala kundi mana pa'y sanhi ito ng aking masikha'y na pag-aaral, batid naman ninyo na ako'y magtatapos na sa taong ito. Upang kayo naman ay huwag ng magambala pa sa inyong mga gawain diyan huwag na kayong luluwas kung ang sanhi ay ang di ko pagkalaham.

Humahalik ng kamay,

Mameng

Habol:

Nanay, sabihin nga pala ninyo sa tatay na laki-lakihan ang ipadadalang gugulin at sa paaralan na rin ninyo paglapakin sapagka't di ko nga pala nai-

balita sa inyo na ako'y lumipat ng tinutuluyan bagama't wala kayong kapahintulutan. Ang sanhi ay mahabang salaysayin.

Ako rin

Pagkabasa sa liham ay saka lamang nabawasan ng ligalig ang kaloobang pinaghaharian ng di-masayod na pag-aalaala. Dahil sa kahilingan ng kanilang anak na nag-aaral ay lalong nagsikhay sa paghahanap-buhay upang lalong madulutan ng ibayong kasiyahan ang kanilang pinakamamahal na bunso.

Ilang araw pa ang lumipas at sumapit din ang pinakamaligayang araw ng dalawang pusong nag-iibigan. Linggo noon, ikaapat halos ng madaling araw ng ang dambana ng simbahang Santa Crus ay pagkaliwanag, may ilaw ang lahat ng aranya. Sa harap ng pari na noon ay bumubulong ay dalawang mapapalad ang nakaluhod at taimtim na nakikinig sa mga pangungusap ng pari. Ang lalake ay si Jose Santos, ang kaibigan kong naganyayang saksihan ko ang kanyang pakikipag-isang-palad kay Lolita Magsalin, ang ipinagmamalaking "Miss Pharmacy" ng Santo Tomas University.

Nang Isuot na ni Pepe ang singsing sa kanyang kabiyak ng digdib bilang tanda ng kanilang pinagtaling mga damdamin ay isang paimpit na taghoy ang aking naulinigan.

"Pepe... lumigaya ka nawa sa kanyang pag-ibig"... Nilinga ko ang pinangalangan ng tinig at nakita kong sa magkabilang pisngi ni Carmen ay matuling naglalandas ang mga luhang nagpapakilalang siya ay mayroong tinataglay na malaking alalahanin sa hinaharap. Ipinikit ang mga matang lurod sa luha at waring ayaw niyang sumigaw nguni't waring nagsisikip ang kanyang dibdib. Kaya't patalilis niyang nilisan ang simbahan sa wari niya ay isang yungib ng kadiliman. Sumakay sa isang taksi at matuling nagpahatid sa kanilang tahanan upang doon ibulalas ang kanyang damdamin.

Diyata at si Carmen ang dalagang sinumpaang ni Pepeng mamahalin at ihahatid sa dambana? Bakit ngayon siya ay lumuluha at labi ng isang pag-ibig na may patak ng lason ng pagdaraya? Oh... kay lupit magbiro ng tadhana...

Nang umaga ring yaon kaalinsabay ng pagliliwanag ng sanglibutan ay isang pangyayaring napakasaklap gunitain ang natambad sa mata ng mga tao. Sa isang silid na nilipatan mula nang siya'y umalis sa dormitoryo ay naliligo sa sariling dugo si Carmen Crus, ang "SAWI na NAGPAKASAWI". Kinitil niya ang sariling buhay sa kahihiyang maging ina ng isang sanggol na walang kiki-lalaning ama.

Magbigay, at nang pagbigyan.

Mahuli man ang magaling, ay naihabol din.

Kung kailan nagpapalalo'y saka dumarating ang kahihyan, subali't ang nagmamababa'y siyang nagkakamit ng karangalan.

KAMI'Y KANDIDATO

Ni G. AMANDO SAN PEDRO

Mga kababayan; kaming nangaritong mga kandidato
Nagsasalapala na walang sismurang humarap sa inyo,
Noong nakaraang halalan sa ami'y nagtiwala kayo
Dahil sa pangakong papalisin namin ang lahat ng gulo;
Tatlong taong "back pay" na pinag-agawan ng maraming tuso
Ipinangako ring inyong masasahod pag kami'y nanalo;
Sa malaking tuwa kayong mga ungas ay nangagsiboto
Kaya kami ngayoy pawang matataba't kayo ang tisiko.

Kayong nariritong santambak na dilat ay panis ang laway
Dapat makatanto na kami ay lubos ninyong kailangan,
Rehabilitasyo't pagbabagong-tatag nitong ating baya'y
Hindi matutupad kapag kami'y hindi siyang napahalal;
Katunayan: Kami mula nang maluklok sa Kapangyarihan
Inatupag nami'y mangutang sa ating katotong Tiyo Sam;
Kami sa Nobyembre kapag napahalal ay pakaasahang
Pati apo ninyoy isasangla namin sa pagkakautang...

Nalimutan na bang kaya pinagtibay batas na "parity"
Ay nang upang kaming mga matatakaw ay may makaparti?
Di baga natupad ang aming pangarap; kayo ang magsabi
Sa may isang bilyong kaloob ni Kano na bulok "property"?
Kung ang kapalit man ng "surplus" na iyan ay yamang sarili
Nitong ating bayan... eh ano! sa kami nama'y namutete,
Kaya kung sakaling kami'y mapahalal muli sa Nobyembre
Kayo at ang inyong kaapu-apuhan ay mangangamote.

Kung sa pag-iingat sa yaman ng bayan ang pag-uusapan
Kami ay eksperto't sadyang maaaring pagkatiwalaan;
Ang surplus properting may bantay na empi't may bakod na bakal
Kung anong himala't ay biglang nawala't sinupot ng aswang;
Nang mangyari ito kunwari ay aming inimbistigahan
"All are on the level, nobody dorobo" walang magnanakaw!
Sa kumedyang kunwa ay imbistigasyon bago ay takipan
Mahihilo kayo't sa kinaiisip ay baka mahibang.

BAKIT KAYA?

Ni ELENA M. SIAN

Oh, inang walang kaparis,
Pagibig ay matimtiman,
At ngayon ay tumatangis,
Tila mayrong kailangan.
Bakit kaya?

Dahil sa anak na wala,
Siya'y sadyang nililimot.
At mandin ay naggagala
Inang sakdalan ng lungkot.
Oh! Ina!

Nasaan ang iyong anak?
Di malayong hinahanap.
Nakikita na ang yapak
Ngunit di pa kitang ganap.
Bakit kaya?

Ang kanyang anak na tunay
Ina'y winalang halaga,
Banyaga ang ginagamay,
At siyang minahalaga.
pinupuri sa twina
Paano si Inang Wika?

Salamat sa ibang anak,
Ang ina'y di hinahamak.
Sa kapatid ay iminulat
Pagmamahal sa kabalat.

At sa wakas aming mga kababayang tanga't sira-sira
Sa itinatatak ng aming kalaba'y huwag maniwala,
Huwag papansinin kung ang hukbalahap man ay naglipana
O sa paglalakad kung gabi'y harangi't matepok na bigla;
Kung sa pagpapasyal sa lubak-lubak na lansanga'y madapa,
Pasalamat kayo magkambabali man ang tadyang at hita;
Ito'y kasawian nitong ating bayang kami ang may gawa
Kasabihan ngayon; Kami ang bahala, kayo ang kawawa.

L I H A M

Ni BOB CUEVAS

"Carmelita",

"Parang Kahapon Lamang", ang lumipas nating araw na ang "Ligaya Ko" ay "Ikaw Tanging Ikaw". "Maala-ala Mo Kaya", "Isang Gabing Tahimik" noon na isinumpa ko sa iyo na "Habang Ako'y May Nalalabing Buhay" ay "Iibigin Kita". Inari kong "Perlas ng Silangan" ang sumpang ipinagkaloob mo sa akin "Sa Tabi Ng Batisan". Magmula noon, "Kung Kita'y Kapiling" ang "Guniguni" ng "Magandang Bulaklak" ay di na napawi sa ala-ala. "Tanging-Tanging Ikaw" ang siyang nagturong umibig kaya't "Natuto Akong Magmahal".

Nguni't "Kataka-taka", "Linggo Ng Umaga" noon nang makita kita na kasama mo ang isang "Binatang Taring" at wika ko sa iyo'y "Ikaw Pala'y Salawahan". Agad kang nagtampo at dumaloy ang luha sa "Mata Mong Mapupungay". Hindi mo nalalaman na "Binibiro Lamang Kita". Kaya't kinagabihan ako'y naghandang ng isang "Harana" upang patunayan na "Tunay Na Tunay" ang "Pagibig" ko sa iyo at ang "Pangarap Ko'y Ikaw Rin." "Nasaan Ang Ligaya Ng Buhay" kung "Sa Piling Mo" ay iba ang hihimlay: Dapat mong malaman na "Lagi Ka sa Aking Puso" at "Ang Langit Ko'y Ikaw". "Kahit Ikaw Ay Nasaan" maging "Hanggang Langit" ikaw'y aking hahanapin sapagka't ako'y "Iyong Iyo".

Oh, aking "Paraluman" bakit mo "Siniphayo Yaring Puso"? Bakit mo binayaan "Nabasag Ang Banga" na naging saksi ng ating sumpaan? Kaya buhat ngayon "Kung Ako'y Ibig" kahit na siya ay "Probinsiyana" ay aking pag-iingat sapagka't kapag ang isang nilikha ay nasawi lahat ay magtatawa pati mga "Bulaklak At Paroparo".

"Kamagong"



Ang marunong ay nagkakamit ng tagumpay, subalit ang hangal ay ginagantingpalaan ng kahihyaan.

Nahuhulog ang tao kung walang pangaral at naliligtas naman ang tao kung maraming nangangaral.

Ang may malinis na kalooban ay walang kinatatakutan.

Ang nagsasalita ng patapos ay siyang kinakapos.

Kung sino ng palasumpain, ay siyang sinungaling.

Kung ano ang mukha, siyang gawa.

Matitiis ang hapdi, ang kati'y hindi.

Kung ano ang sarap ay siyang antak.

What They Say . . .

The Arellano Star is training students to write. We want more humorous stories like Bulosan's "My Father and the White Horse." We need also articles with moral lessons like Mr. Galimba's.

—*Minda Serrano*

The column "What They Say" is a good column. Will you allow outsiders to contribute to this column?

—*Ceferino Dulay*

(Of course. —*Editor*)

The "Jingle of Words" (August issue) will widen the vocabulary of students.

—*Epifanio David*

The writers in *The Arellano Star* can write good English. I envy them.

—*Rodolfo Ordoñez*

The main purpose of this institution is to teach democratic ways and principles. It prepares us for a rightful place in a civilized and cultured society.

—*Leonardo Alfonso*

The *Arellano Star* is the best star I have seen so far.

—*Aurora Macapagal*

Studying in the *Arellano University* is an experience and enjoyment in life.

—*Lydia Yumping*

I enjoyed reading "God, Give Us Men" by Enrico Nano (August issue). These days especially, we need more men with strong moral fiber and character.

—*Leonardo Perez*

The messages of Mr. Galimba in the *Arellano Star* should not be taken lightly. We should be conscious of our duties as students.

—*Antonio Paredes*

I have read "Why I Enrolled in the *Arellano University*" by Felipe Delgado, Jr. (July issue) and I perfectly agree with the author.

President Cayco's words, "Think more, do more, talk less," should guide us students.

—*Ildefonso C. Resuello*

They say that the *Star* has improved a great deal. They say it is perfect and up-to-date. But it won't be as good as excellent unless there is a Military page and Comic page.

—*Benjamin Torres*

I hope the *Star* will not turn out to be a *Moon*.

—*Leonardo Concepcion*

Why are there no short stories in Tagalog?

—*Petronila Alcantara*

The Tagalog poems "Ang Dunong" by Felisa Illorde and "Ako Raw Ay Hamak" by Gliceria Landayan caught my attention as examples of good poetry. I hope to read more poetry of the same vein. Congratulations to the authors!

—*Priscila Cenon*

I notice that the articles published in the *Star* are timely.

—*Luz Tesoro*

Nano's article "God, Give Us Men" is inspiring. I say God, Give Us More Articles Like That.

—*Crispin Reyes*

The *Star* will help spread the fame of the *Arellano University* in every nook and corner of the country.

—*Virginia Tanyag*

I hope the *Star* will keep on shining.

—*Alfredo Javier*

ARELLANO UNIVERSITY

Plaza Guipit, Sampaloc, Manila

(Member, Philippine Association of Colleges & Universities)



COLLEGES & SCHOOLS

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



FLORENTINO CAYCO

President