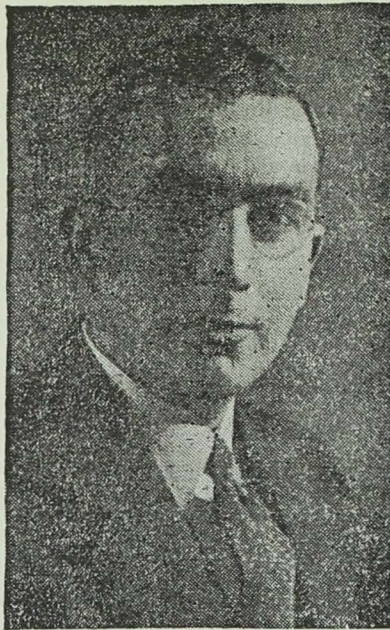


## J. SCOTT McCORMICK

the American  
teacher



who loved  
the Philippines



## DEATH OF A MAN

By BANAO DALID  
Industrial Arts Supervisor, Cotabato

When war was declared on December 8, 1941, Mr. J. Scott McCormick, then division superintendent of schools for Sulu, organized his teaching force for war emergency. Food production was an important part of this organization. A great bulk of our teachers was assigned to this department. Teachers began to plow the school lawns. At the school nursery, high school teachers and those of nearby schools were given a piece of land to cultivate. Evacuation camps were being constructed in the nursery under the management of the writer. Every one was doing his level best. We worked from sunrise to sunset. Mr. McCormick was by nature a hard-working man. He supervised with vigilance the food production work, the propaganda section,

the first-aid work. He held conferences with local officials now and then.

It was in my last conference with him on the 22nd of December when I suggested that he call for the division launch *Sungna* from Tawi-Tawi so we could evacuate in case the enemy invaded Jolo. This was his reply: "Mr. Dalid, we are well protected, let us push on harder." I kept silent and forgot the matter all together. For fear of the airplane that came now and then I always managed to bring my children to the school nursery two kilometers away only to bring them back in the afternoon. On the 24th of December we stopped working so late that I decided to leave my children in the home of the nursery guard, while I went home to my house in the town.

*(There is always a teacher in the life of every educated man and woman, one whose character and personality has had a very deep impression on that of his own—a teacher whose influence has not been confined to the four walls of a classroom or to the period of the tutelage of his pupils but has carried through to the rest of the existence of the latter. Such a man or woman is truly entitled to the noble name of teacher. With this, we start a department devoted to the unforgettable teacher. Contributions to this department are welcome.)*

## MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE TEACHER

By ALVARO L. MARTINEZ

There are some teachers whom we loved, and we remember them because we loved them. There are those whom we admired, and we remember them because we admired them. There are those whom we feared, and we remember them because we feared them. But there are those who lived with us and therefore continue to exist in our lives long after we have parted with them. Such a teacher is not only the unfor-

gettable teacher but the perpetual mentor. Mr. Pio David, my teacher when I was in the intermediate grades, has been such a one to me.

Simple and self-effacing, kind yet firm, he was the one who served as a die to make an everlasting impression on the soft clay of my character and personality which came in contact with his in those formative years of my childhood. His voice was the ideal teach-

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A tired man always sleeps soundly. During that night the Japs landed at Taglibi, fourteen kilometers east of the town. While the people just next to our door moved out that night we kept on sleeping. I did not know whether or not the Old Man knew this landing. If he did, he must have awakened me. He must have some trust in me because in several incidents when our teachers were murdered or a school is burned by recalcitrants he always picked me to do special duty. This time he did not inform me of the night incident.

In the morning of December 25, 1941 about six o'clock the Japs came shooting at the town. I went down from my house and entered a shelter four meters away from the front stairs of Mr. McCormick's house. Two boys came after me, then Mr. McCormick got in, then

Ibra, his house boy, a couple came after, then several laborers. We were packed up in this small dome. Mr. McCormick and I were at the door. Bullets hissed across the door front but since the Japs were east of us and the door was facing south, we were quite safe from the bullets. When the Japanese column was swinging to us and others began to land on the wharf, where we were exposed, I called aloud, "Sir, let us die in our own house." He immediately rushed to his house four meters away, I to mine across the street with my two boys. The rest of the gang ran to a bodega nearby owned by Elizalde and Co. filled with abaca. Not long afterwards a shot was heard in the house of Mr. McCormick. A Jap had shot a man more worthy than himself.

ing voice—soft, well modulated but clear, unassuming but commanding. He was simple in his clothing, yet ever immaculately clean and neat. He was to us the picture of a gentleman teacher.

Calm and serene at all times, I never saw him truly ruffled although many times provoked by his pupils. Even when disappointed, because I can not think of him as one who can really be very angry, his voice maintained its softness and gentleness. Whenever he reprimanded us, that quality of his voice and the mildness of his reproof affected us more than the vindictiveness of the words and threats of our other teachers.

At that early age of mine, I noticed the great care he employed in the preparation for his teaching. It impressed me even then that he was taking teaching not as a routine but as a work of love. In dealing with the weak members of our class, he never betrayed any impatience but rather did his best to help them out. His lesson plans and his board-work were neatly and meticulously prepared—an example which could not but impress us, his pupils. That diligence and loyalty gave us the inspiration to follow suit in the preparations of our own class work. Up to this time I am following the pattern he has set.

Another thing which struck me was his happiness and contentment in spite of the difficult routine of a teacher. Not once did I hear him complain or show dissatisfaction. He dealt with his fellow teachers with the same spirit of fairness and fellowship which he showed his pupils. His joy over their promotions was genuine and sincere, and his happiness over their success was the same as if it had been his own. I observed how contaminating it was and how it affected the other teachers in our school.

When I was assigned to teach geog-

raphy in the intermediate grades, the very first person I ran to for guidance and advice was Mr. David. To confess, I was embarrassed when he received me in his home as an equal, without a bit of trace of the former relationship of teacher and pupil. With that interview, in which he gave me all the advice and guidance which I sought, with the same enthusiasm and attention he used to give me in my lessons when I was under him, I felt confident in being able to handle the subject assigned to me.

His simplicity as a teacher was also depicted and lived in his family life. His home, like the home of most teachers, is deprived of the luxuries which money can buy. However, it is rich in the sterling wealth which love can give. One becomes conscious of the peace which pervades his home the very first visit one makes to his house. His children are well behaved, showing a discipline created by love rather than by the force of fear. This was the same type of discipline he had in his classes in the school.

I do not know whether he is a Catholic or a Protestant but assuredly he is a Christian. He never asked any one of us to do what he was not willing and ready to do himself. He gave more than he received and injected into our young lives, through this way, the spirit of service which most of us possess today. He bore no malice towards any one and therefore received none.

Mr. Pio David, up to the present, is still a teacher. Others may say that he is just a teacher, but to me and many of my classmates who were under him, he is more than a teacher—he is the greatest man we have ever known. What we are now, we owe to him as well as to our other teachers, as much as we do to our parents. Mr. Pio David is to me a perpetual mentor.