

The Arellano STAR

Published Monthly by the H.S. Department
* ARELLANO COLLEGES *

Volume I

December, 1945

No. III



... and behold the star which they had seen in the East; went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was.
"And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."
(From St. Matthew)

The Arellano Star

Published Monthly by the H. S. Department
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EDITORIALS...

TO some, Christmas will mean a day for giving, receiving, feasting, merry-making and the last day of the "Misa de Gallo." It will also mean a Christmas tree fully lighted with multi-colored lamps, heavily laden with decorations, for a Christmas tree has always added a great deal to the spirit of the day. Christmas will be a happy day for some.

But this may not be so with all. To the less fortunate, Christmas will just be another day; a day for the same old clothes and the worn out shoes; a day of sorrow and heart-break because their loved ones will not be with them. To these people, Christmas will not be a day for rich wines, turkey, lechon and delicacies. It will mean another day of canned salmon or chile con carne with stale bread rationed the other day. They will have no Christmas tree; perhaps, they will not even want to hear the carols ringing thru the air on Christmas Eve, it may only bring back memories of a happier past. Perhaps, they will just have to pray and ask the Lord to give them a better life, that may live... and like it. And they will also ask for a joyous Christmas next.

We may be one of those who will be happy on Christmas Day. But wouldn't we be happier if we gave to those who have no one to give to them? Wouldn't we be happier if we made a forlorn person smile, at least on Christmas Day? Certainly, we would be happier, especially so if we gave with all our hearts and not as if we felt obliged to do so. We are not compelled to be charitable. We might have more than what we need, but wouldn't we feel more blessed in the eyes of the Lord and our fellowmen if we shared what we have, for is not the spirit of Christmas the spirit of giving?

THEY say that Christmas is dead. They say that it would be hypocrisy to say that we can be happy in a world torn and bled by the greatest disaster in its history.

Is this true? Is Christmas dead? Has it sunk into the oblivion that is the lot of material things?

No, Christmas is not dead. Christmas will never die as long as there are men and women in this world whose words are not of tinkling cymbals and sounding brass, and whose hearts are not of stone.

Christmas will never die, as long as there is love and patience and tolerance and understanding left in this world. War may take away nations, but war can never go deeper than the earth.

Christmas will never die, for Christmas has, and always will be a part of mankind, to be revered and honored thruout the ages, as long as mankind exists.

WE wish to express our sincerest appreciation to the Women's Club for their intensive campaign to secure Christmas gifts for Manila's needy.

The Women's Club, under the advisership of Dean Benavides and Mrs. Lebron, has shown its willingness to do their bit to alleviate the sordid condition of the city's poor.

And though the people whom they have aided may not be able to thank them personally, we know that deep in their hearts is a fervent and unspoken prayer of gratitude.

THE STAR LOOKS AROUND

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS



POLITICIANS, THEY:

Before the H. S. Student Council went to the Main Building on December 11, 1945, they knew whom they were going to elect. The voluble E-in-C of the STAR, Enrique P. Romualdez (you know him, he's been after you, begging for manuscripts) was never more voluble as he talked his way into the members' hearts. "Chip of the old block" (so he says) Hermenegildo Atienza Jr. glided smoothly along in the accepted campaign manner—campaigning not only for his E-in-C friend, not only for himself (the Vice-Presidency) but also for the aspirant to the Secretaryship. If the opposition intended to fill the vacancies, they were certainly quiet about it.

Mrs. Felicidad S. Crespo, Faculty Adviser, came in with complaints (how like a woman). She had not been told that the meeting would be held in the Main Building, so she went to the usual meeting place, the Annex. The E-in-C offered apologies, and called the meeting to order.

REPORT, RESIGNATIONS:

Before the actual election, Romualdez, as the "senior ranking officer" of the Council (President Acoymo and Vice-President Punsalano have graduated), gave a report of the Council's activities during the past semester. Then he tendered his resignation as Secretary, to be followed suit by Atienza as Reporter, and followed by the written resignation of Para Lizardo as Treasurer. So, instead of filling only two positions, the following positions were vacant: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Reporter.

WANTED—ELOQUENCE:

In order to prove their worth, the nominees were requested to make a short speech before the

new members from the afternoon session. Some of their beginnings:

"I shall not attempt to subdue this Council with flighty heights of imagery..."

"I know I am not worthy of the position, but..."

They fumbled for words, gesticulated, looked blankly at their listeners, to get over that thing called stage fright.

Then Council members were asked to raise their hands (right, of course) to them who pleased them—stage frightened or not. And when they had raised their hands for the last time, the following found themselves running the H. S. Student Council till the end of the school term: Enrique P. Romualdez, President, Herminigildo Atienza Jr., Vice-President; Albina Man-Lo, Secretary; Fe Uy, Representative; Nanena Zerrudo, Treasurer; Mariano Ronas, Reporter, and Geronimo de los Reyes, Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE PRESIDENT TAKES A BOW:

Romualdez thanked the members for electing him to the highest position in the local student government: President of the H. S. Student Council, then gave an outline of the work to be done by the Council for this semester: (1) To help in President Capistrano's "Service to the Youth Campaign" by means of printed matter. (2) the organization of dramatic, oratorical, forensic clubs for the High School Department.

POST SCRIPT:

That the first four ranking officers of the H. S. Student Council are also running the ARELLANO STAR is purely a matter of coincidence.

POST SCRIPT II:

When asked by his friend, HA Jr., if he would like to join the Cadet Corps, the answer of the E-in-C was short. "If they make me Battalion Commander."



NENA PLANS TO GET MARRIED:

As early as November 15, students were beginning to pass it to others with that "Don't-tell-it-to-others" look: "Miss Hernandez is going to get married." She was silent and acted as if there were going to be no change in her life. But her students knew, everybody knew it, and there was no denying the fact. Her students frantically looked around for something to give her on such a momentous occasion. Misses Garcia and Magno gave her a party. Her IV-I class went around in circles, looking for the gift that would wow 'em all. Her students felt her cheeks take on a rosier flush, and they prepared themselves for the big event.

When Miss Magdalena T. Hernandez decided to get married, the rest of her co-teachers went agog over the matter. There was the inevitable hurry and flurry over gift choosing and gift buying. There was the inevitable desire among her unmarried friends to give her a worthy send off, even elaborate.

Anyway, they said, this happens only once. They paused and pondered.

The Misses Garcia and Magno took things into their own hands and threw a party which Miss Hernandez will always remember.

The place was Casa Curro.

Into it last December 4, the big wigs of the Arellano Colleges went (among them: President and Mrs. Capistrano, Registrar and Mrs. Estacio, Dean and Mrs. Gupta, Dean Benavides, Dean de Jesus, Director Colmenar, Principal and Mrs. Galimba, members of the H. S. Faculty), threw all their cares to the four winds, and shared with each other the joy of an afternoon.

HONOREE:

Undeniable was the fact that Miss Hernandez was the happiest. When she emerged from the place, their was happiness in her eyes and the unmistakable blush of the would-be bride.

NENA GETS MARRIED:

As is usual in most weddings, the bride was not there at the appointed time. But to make it unusual, the groom was neither nervous nor fidgety, because he, Jose Tecson, knew that she, Magdalena Hernandez, would arrive in due time. The pitifully packed Sampaloc Church was full as early as six, mostly by Miss Hernandez' adulating students in the Arellano Colleges. Even the communion rail could hardly be seen. Then the bride came in, preceded by three bridesmaids (Misses Rosalia Magno, Angelina Garcia, and.....), to be given away by her father. The people then had a chance to give their Ohs and Ahs at bridesmaids, and even greater Ohs and Ahs at the blushing beauty of the bride. Then the soft music, the intoning words of the priest, the bridal march—it was all over. The groom? Well, people are only human.

YOU TOO, MISS MANAHAN?

There was also a wedding cake, as is usual in most wedding breakfasts. As also is usual, there were things inside the cake. In the giggling that was inevitable when the bride cut the cake, Miss Manahan got the ring. Would she be next?

DEVOTION PLUS:

The newly weds were given gifts, to be sure, ranging from a can-opener to a double sized bed (gift of IV-1). And as they looked upon the world from their newly built home in D. Santiago, they could very well sigh and be happy. For they had perhaps, read the prophecy of the Star Staff: "... And they lived happily ever after." And so, the story ends.

**CHRISTMAS PROGRAM:**

The United Church was not available for Dec. 21 (previous engagement, they said). This the Student Council took with slight mental reservations. So, on the night of the 20th, when the College of Law students decided to go home, Mr. Quintin Macainan (Superintendent of Buildings), assembled his janitors, and started arranging the Main Building so that it would like a hall.

Last November, during the Graduation exercises for the High School, Registrar Estacio said that the College was breaking a precedent in not inviting an outsider to be guest speaker. It was quite a novelty. But at the Christmas program, President Capistrano and Principal Galimba exchanged places, and President Capistrano introduced Principal Galimba instead of vice-versa. That was unusual, and the students went quietly mad over the thing. But to the members of the administration and H. S. Faculty, it was but the President paying tribute to the man who helped him lay the College's foundation.

Presenting Mr. Galimba as "a man of character and loyalty", Mr. Galimba, in his address, returned the compliment with: "He says I am a man of loyalty... my loyalty is not blind... it is, rather, a reasoning loyalty."

President Capistrano completely won over his listeners with this opening sentence: "And now, what do you want me to sing?"

Hit of the day was Severino Pagirigan, who was called upon to sing four times; Fara Lizardo (old reliable) and Aida Clamor, contributed musical numbers. H. Atienza Jr. acted as Master of Ceremonies, while Council President Romualdez said a few words. After the program, gifts were distributed.

THE COLLEGE GOES TO THE FAIR:

Whenever Mrs. Josefa V. Lebron takes things into hand, you can be sure that it will be something you will never forget. Take Arellano night at the Sampaloc Fair, for instance.

People hushed and expectant. The manly voice of Bert Cayabayab ("I AM A POOR MAN FOREVER") telling the story of the Queen of Hope, the barbaric invasion, the return (unexplained), the triumphant entry.

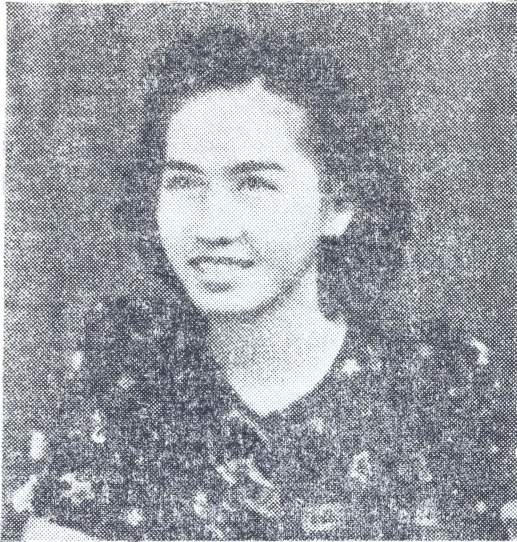
But what was that blare of bugles and the ruffle of drums? ("All right, if it must be announced—the Drum and Bugle Corps, Arellano Colleges...")

ENTER BEAUTIES, EXIT WHISTLES:

Battalion Commander Geronimo de los Reyes and his Executive Officer, Cipriano Evangelista, escorted the escorted beauties to the dais (prepared by EPR & HA). In their order of entry, the beauties were: Aida Clamor (Health), Betty San Agustin (Truth), Leonor Vicencio (Industry), Ester de Jesus (Piety), Angelita Lizardo (Wisdom) Guia Icasiano (Honesty), Maria del Prado (Justice), Rebecca Magno (College Muse), and finally, the queen of them all: Juanita Calimon as the Queen of Hope.

POM SHAKES:

After they had been seated, came dark, dapper Pom Palarca, Law's muse-extoller. But Pom was not running true to form, maybe because of so much beauty, that the paper which he was reading from was actually doing gymnastics. When the last adjective was said, the Model Company of the Flaming Arrow Corps gave an exhibition of silent drill, and then, combat maneuvers.



Felicidad Anastacio was handpicked by the H. S. STUDENT COUNCIL to represent the H. S. Dept. in the Jamboree...



...while Betty San Agustin played Truth to Juanita Calimon's Queen of Hope.

★ ★ ★

THREE WOMEN:

This month, three women from the High School Department made news. Joint reason: they are all beautiful.

First beauty: Unassuming, shy Juanita Calimon was the Queen of Hope of the Arellano night in the fair sponsored by the parish of Sampaloc. Juanita is a sophomore.

Second beauty: Smiling, sweet Betty San Agustin was a member (Truth) of the Queen of Hope's court in the same night.

Third beauty: Felicidad (High School's Own) Anastacio, picked by the H. S. STUDENT COUNCIL to represent the High School in the Jamboree sponsored by the Supreme Council, ran third to Education's Rebecca Magno and Law's Maria del Prado.

★ ★ ★

JAMBOREE:

The beauties were not there. A great number of students waited while Tirso's Ambassadors tried to make them relax by playing a mean tune now and then. It was as early as 10:30 A.M. The Master of Ceremonies, lively, pacemaker Fred Ignacio, had calmly announced that the counting was due at 12:00 noon. Naturally, everyone was expectant. Campaign managers glanced at their watches. They were all nervous and fidgety. It might even be safely said, that they were like fathers waiting anxiously for the first cry of their first born.

The students, meanwhile, in sadistic delight, tried to count the hours.

Time is kind. It was soon 12:00. While students took time out for a bite of the "lunch mother prepared overnight," the managers were busy at the "polls." Members of the Supreme Student Council, all aglow with ribbons were probably busiest.

There was a relaxation of tired nerves for those who found their candidates in the lead and a tightening of fists for those who were quite unlucky. High School students tried to be optimistic when they found their candidate only in the third place. Mr. Galimba, principal, was the best morale booster. They showed the same gamut of emotion through the next counting. Somehow, nervousness had been soothed by soft music and the dazzling beauty of the candidates who finally arrived.

FINALS:

It was like a basketball game. One is put into suspense and one is almost out of breath when the announcer finally lowers his voice and tells in a mild, mild tone that the game is over and that that team has brought the bacon home.

Last Dec. 16, at the jamboree, tall, stately, Rebecca Magno, College of Education entry, sweetly brought it home, taking in a total of 139,000 votes. Maria del Prado, College of Law, placed second with 71,000, while Felicidad Anastacio (High School's Own) showed with 59,000 votes.

Emiliano Tanchico, College of Law and Vernacular editor of the Star's sister, the Standard, dripped with eloquence when he extolled the Muses to the skies. And so was Pompeyo Palarea, College of Law, who did it in English. He would have gone the whole afternoon, if the Master of ceremonies did not announce that the President of the College would now crown the Muse with flowers.

PRESIDENT HESITATES:

He did not bring his umbrella this time. Soft spoken Mr. President walked confidently towards the Muse, then hesitated, went to the side while he consulted Dean Gupit and Angelita Lizardo on the hows of putting garlands and such. Then amply informed, he placed the garland around the Muse's neck—without much ado.

Corsages were pinned on Miss Law, Miss High School and Miss Arts & Sciences by Mrs. Estacio.

Mrs. Crespo and Mrs. Benavides. Mrs. de Jesus pinned an extra corsage to the Muse.

DANCE CONTEST:

Some students thought it wise to go home after the proclamation. The wiser ones, however, stayed to see what was to them even more fun—the dance contest. They stayed to see Principal Galimba (dancing partner Miss Magno) adjudged one of the best waltzers and receive a prize for it. They stayed to see him grin. They clapped their hands for him. President Capistrano, Registrar Estacio and Dean Gupit received prizes too.



THE FIRST LADY VISITS OUR COLLEGE:

December 15 will always remain in Mrs. Benavides' memory. On that day, Mrs. Sergio Osmeña visited the college to receive the gifts solicited by the Women's Club from the different colleges and departments to be given to Manila's needy. Mrs. Osmeña also was guest of our women at the Tea Party held afterwards.

But if there was an unsung heroine there, it was soft spoken Mrs. Genara M. de Guzman, President of the Women's Central Student Council. She was the power behind it all.

Native dances, under the direction of Mrs. Corazon Foster, were also presented (one of them: "Esperanza").

THE FIRST LADY SPEAKS:

That schools and teachers are by far the most important in the country's program of reconstruction was shown by Mrs. Osmeña when she said "... bridges... roads... buildings... can be reconstructed and rehabilitated... but minds... especially of the young... cannot be repaired."

Even the Japs knew the importance of this, she said, by their control of education.

In concluding, she asked our students to make use of life, and live life honorably, for in only so

doing can we attain the purpose for which we live.



BUT WHO?

If there was one person who took the news of Miss Hernandez' approaching marriage with a slight foreboding of the future, it was Principal Galimba. Miss Hernandez had six classes. Who could take over while she was away on her three weeks vacation? Mrs. Crespo and Miss Magno could not take over—both of them were carrying the maximum load. Mr. Galimba looked around among the college people, and went to his good friend, Dean Benavides of the College of Arts and Sciences for help. Mrs. Benavides said she would see.

BEAU GESTE

Into room 5 last Dec. 3, walked in slim, charming Mrs. Inez V. Pascual to take over Mrs. Tecson's classes till she came back from her three weeks vacation with pay (others call it a honeymoon).

One of the most promising instructors from the College of Arts and Sciences (English 2 and 17, Spanish 1 and 2), Mrs. Pascual ably picked up where Mrs. Tecson took off—no fuss, no delay, and conducted her classes in a style purely her own.

To those in the know it was no surprise. Mrs. Pascual and Mrs. Tecson were old time classmates.



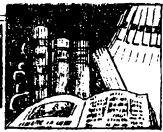
POLICY WANTED:

Last month, students who thought they were exempted from military training were surprised, to say the least, when they saw grades ranging from 65 to 70 on their report cards, depending on the state of affection and acquaintance between them and the instructor's staff. These students thought they were exempted on grounds of health and physical inability, and were allegedly exempted by the Principal.

What they want now is a definite policy with regards to exemptions.



LITERARY



X'MAS VIEWS



HECTOR TANTOCO

NANENA ZERRUDO

ELENA EUSTAQUIO

FOUR years ago in 1941, the memory of which is detestable, we spent our Christmas busily dodging shells and bombs indiscriminately dropped by the inhuman invaders.

Three years ago, in 1942, the first year of occupation, it was quite unnatural to hold celebrations and festivities during Christmas of that year because we could never enjoy and be happy in the presence of enemies.

Then in 1943, two years ago, Christmas was spent in solemn, fervent praying — praying and hoping that the day would come when once more, we could enjoy the privileges enjoyed by a free people living in a free soil.

As if in answer to those prayers came the successful landing in Leyte in 1944, which marked the beginning of the end of Japanese imperialism in our country. Despite the fact that people suffered most on that year, still there could be seen signs of happiness in their faces, and they had the feeling of joy deep in their hearts so that gloom and despair began to fade slowly from them.

Never was there so much rejoicing in our land as when the war finally reached its climax and ended September 1945. Its significance can never be forgotten for it marked the beginning of a new life in a new world for everybody.

Many innumerable thoughts have come into the peoples' mind. How different is our Christmas going to be this year? Has the thought we have always appreciated with Christmas, "Peace on earth, good-

(Continued on page 15)

"SILENT NIGHT... HOLY NIGHT... all is calm... all is bright..." Then came the whine of the air-raid signal, the shriek of the fire sirens, the drone of the enemy planes, then the big noise, the confusion, the dark nights... and with it the horrors of a thousand deaths... 'Twas December, 1942.

Three years elapsed: Three Christmases came and went. 'Twas the same pattern; X'mas, cold and dreary... dreary and cold X'mas. 'Twas the same Xmas spirit: the great and near-great had warmth and plenty while the poor and the downtrodden went to the dogs... the oppressors and the unbelievers enjoyed and drowned themselves in revelry while the oppressed and the children of Christ suffered in want and in hunger and died a thousand deaths... There was no such thing as "peace" and "goodwill." There was only one will: the will to kill for the conquerors and the will to live for the vanquished.

Then 1945! Liberation! The Americans!

Christmas at last. Peace. Light and plenty... and once again we have the real Christmas with the true Christmas spirit: the poor and the rich share alike the blessings of liberation and peace.

Christmas 1945: Three years of want and privations made a lot of changes: the common "tao" whose mouth had been shut tight for three years is now frothing with all the freedom of speech and opinions: the hands which for three years had been bound and gagged are

(Continued on page 15)

"An old flame never dies, but it forever remains an ember."—If such is so, the Christmas spirit which comes when the cool December breeze glides by shall not fail to come. It's an old flame that will never die. It might have been mitigated but the old vivacity still lingers.

But we'll not talk about those yesteryears. We shall not entertain the thought of the past sufferings which tend to mar the perfect happiness on Christmas Day. What shall we do then?

Ah!... first let's go to dreamland, then we shall reach for the moon and finally we shall gather stars.

When we say Christmas, we think of dolls, of play trucks, of Santa Claus and of new dresses. But we've grown and all the beauty of dolls and play trucks have vanished just to be replaced by the seeds of care which are slowly budding from our hearts. Then we begin to think of presents for our "loved ones." We begin to have our first lesson of thoughtfulness. Then we dream of happiness, more happiness and nothing but happiness.

We've no time to reach for the moon if we never leave dreamland, for you know that the moon is very hard to reach and it would probably take us 10,000,000,000, 000,000,000 trains to reach it and even that wouldn't take us right to the moon. That's a silly idea so well drop it and we will just follow a guiding star as the three kings did, long, long ago.

This time our guiding star will
(Continued on page 15)

RENDEZVOUS

ELISA ANGELES

ALL is well that ends well, such was the end of a great, a beautiful day. Sunday, December 2, 1945, is a red letter day in my social calendar—the day set aside for our sight-seeing tour.

Early Sunday morning, we were all excited and jubilant; eager to get away from the humdrum of the beaming metropolis, to have a rendezvous with Nature. Our objective was TAGAYTAY—located amidst the palm clad mountains on the border of Cavite and Batangas provinces. Nestling in the hills 2,000 ft. above sea level with swaying palms and a cool breeze, Tagaytay has been and will always be a lure for pleasure seekers and lovers of nature. You, who love the haunts of nature, will find Tagaytay the answer to your heart's desire for the great and wild outdoors with the sweet scent of the refreshing and invigorating cool air.

Standing atop the highest peak overlooking the ridge, all around for miles and miles are spread glorious vistas of rugged mountains, giant cleft valleys and gorges, winding passes and canyons, covered with a never ending cloak of evergreen. And in the heart of the green glades are the blue waters of Lake Taal, hugging in its bosom Taal Volcano—extinct but defiant, challenging the young adventurer to come and see what is deep within her crater. So, here on that lofty eyrie the eyes are dazzled and the heart is fascinated on the beauty of that great landscape where Nature has been prodigal with her gifts of beauty.

We could have sat there all day gazing at that panorama of nature, but the happy-go-lucky adventurers were not satisfied. Los Baños was likewise luring and inviting. Once again the three trucks rolled on, this time not on open country, but on rugged, zig-zag mountain passes, on the edge of deep ravines, several hundred feet deep. We drove uphill and

downhill, zig-zagging on the crests of a series of hills, blazing a winding road, aware that with a single miscalculation of the men at the steering wheels—we would be tumbling down the precipice, perhaps on another journey to join our forefathers to the Great Beyond in the Regions of the Stars. But thanks to the capable men behind the wheel, they did just the right thing at the right moment, with the grim determination—to get through safely.

The rolling hills became farther and seemed smaller when we entered the Canlubang Sugar Estate, passing by the old sugar mill. And once again we were speeding down the long road to Los Baños. We had heard so much about the hot springs of Los Baños and the beautiful plant and flower nurseries of the Agricultural College. We wanted to see them in reality to satisfy our eyes for we have "eyes to see them and lips that we might tell." Majestic Mt. Makiling with its verdant vegetation and the mythical legends woven with it, loomed in the distance. We wanted to roam once again in Nature's playground. But it was already late afternoon when we rolled into the College campus, and there was not enough time to survey and explore another of Mother Nature's habitat.

The sun was slowly receding behind the hills in the golden west, when we hurried back home, exhausted but happy. And to everybody in that lively party, the "sight seeing tour" is an indelible memory deep in their hearts, while to those who preferred to stay behind, a regret for the thrills they missed...

OPUS IN HORSE FLESH

ANONYMOUS

WE really do not know why a song bird should fall for a horse, even if that horse ran third in the Derby. Anyway, the song bird falls for Sir Horse, who likes it very much, to say the least.

However, Papa Bird, who now comes in, has different ideas. He does not like song bird riding on a horse, even if that horse won third in the Derby.

So, Papa Bird tells Sir Horse to get out of Lady Song Bird's life. In short, he tells the Horse to go jump in the lake.

Sir Horse gets very mad, and would like to kick Papa Bird, just to show him, but out of his horse love for Lady Bird, kicks a brick wall instead. Needless to state, he breaks his leg, and Papa Bird shoots him. Lady Song Bird dies of a broken heart, and Papa Bird shoots himself.

MORAL: Don't ride your horse in public.

BETTER STILL: If you *must* ride your horse in public, do not let prejudiced Papa Bird see you.

PARADOX Rosa Yambao

The twinkling stars

In heaven high

Shine in the vast

And blue black sky.

But why is it

This maiden fair

Sobs grievously—

Does she not care?

REVERIE

ANONYMOUS

I AM packing my old gray pants and my faded blue shirt in the Ilocano blanket which Mama gave me before she left, and I must hurry so I can catch the late train to I have said goodbye to Panching and Doro, and I will see you before I go. You will want to know that I am going, never to return. Perhaps you will smile inwardly and rejoice that I shall no longer bother you with promises that would take me eternity to fulfill anyway.

Downstairs, I hear Panching trying to play the rickety piano, trying to make it give something which it no longer has. Poor Panching. Poor piano. But I envy him. Certainly. He does not have the cross which I carry. He will never know the meaning of want, the want of warmth, and the want of love.

Nene. Poor Nene. You will be forever happy. Nene. I shall be forever sad. Perhaps it is for the best that you have refused my love, not because I am poor, but because you really do not care. I wonder what would happen, if we faced life together. Quarrels, for sure. You are sensitive. I too, am sensitive. Would I be a painter, and a starving one at that, if I were not sensitive?

I am finished with my packing, and my room is bare, except for the bed near the window. I shall write a few letters before I leave, and then say good-bye to Aling Pinay. I still owe her something. She can put that down to bad debts. Maybe when I get to somebody will be kind enough to let me do a landscape or a portrait. I will not ask for much. It is disappointing to ask for much, and then receive so very little.

Like you, Nene. I asked and hoped for your your love, and you gave me pity. But why do I think

GATHERINGS

ANTONIO TUASON

In this inviting tranquility of midnight, I shall gather my blanket into my arms and go out under the thick ilang-ilang tree and beneath its wide branches, lie on the cool grass.

I shall wait for the stars to shine. I shall wait for the wind to gather the perfumed ilang-ilang flowers for me and scatter them over my breast and into my lips and cover me entirely.

I shall wait for the moon to sing its midnight song. And its song will be my song of desire. Then I shall call for you, beloved, and you will see me under the ilang-ilang tree dreaming of you.

I shall wait for you with a dream!

For the stars shall light your way. And the nightwind shall wake you from your sleep. And you will come to me: I who is become a bunch of ilang-ilang flowers.

II

There is a call and the stranger is calling, calling in the early morn. And I hear the pad-padding of his feet on the dusty road.

His voice is calling: "Come, it is not yet sunset of the day, and the night is bared behind a tray of shining clouds."

I shall hearken to the call of the stranger. My heart shall release its aches of desires for there is a sadness in my heart.

of you? All is over between us. The sooner I forget you, the better. Forget? Forget the girl I have dreamed of, night after night, as the mother of my children and my companion in life?

Children. Life. What mocking words. What simple, haughty, mocking words. I shall never have them. They do not belong to the hell I live in.

It is almost time. I shall write those letters when I reach And I shall not say goodbye to you. You will not mind. I have no place in your heart, nor in your world.

I am sick, terribly sick for I cannot think of your tenderness without fearing that I have made to bleed your sense of delicacy and modesty.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Rodrigo Martinez

Dear Lord on this day,
With my heart so full,
Brimming with gratitude
For the blessings I have had
I give thee thanks

CHRISTIANITY . . .

(Continued from page 10)

woven with every fiber of our inmost beings. We should be Christians, not only on Christmas Day, but also on all other days. It cannot be gainsaid that the principles for which Christianity stands have been shattered during the war. Fearing that the foundation of Christian living was weakened to a considerable extent, we should re-dedicate ourselves to the noble task of solidifying our faith in Christianity, if we are sincere in our desire to perpetuate it in our land.

Offering these humble thoughts as subject for contemplation during the Christmas season, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

PREDICAMENT . . .

(Continued from page 10)

bled for something in the air, and asked:

"Mrs. Cruz, will you let me have ₱100 at the same rate of interest you gave to my friend, Kiko?"

X'MAS THOUGHTS

RODOLFO RIEGO

Better a world without the flowers
Than flowers without dew;
Better no stars when evening lowers
Than a heart that is untrue.

Better a night when Diana is gone
Than a tear our hearts to rend:
Better the day without the Sun;
Than life without a friend.

Better a Christmas dawn that smiles
O'er humble peasant's cot,
Than dry-eyed morn over palaces
Where kindness enters not.

Better to give than take He said,
The Man of Galilee;
And they came not with empty hands
Those ancient Wise Men Three.

With frankincense and myrrh they came
And laid them at His feet;
So go thou forth with laden hearts
And thus thy brothers greet.

So wilt thy Christmas day be glad
So wilt thy feet be light;
So wilt thy feel the Christmas joy—
Thy day be heaven bright.

TEMPTATION

HERMAN NUBLA

Listen to those little people,
Playing soldiers, playing nurses,
O what exquisitely peaceful
And innocent games.
Hark, to those little ladies
And gentlemen! "Let's play
And sing and forget our
Troubles and misison on earth.
Let the devil do his utmost,
Anyway it can be rebuilt."
Thus temptation, the unsuspected
Sabotages their minds.

FRIENDSHIP

ADELA GARVIDA

Friendship is like a strong band
That binds two hearts together
And promises never to let them part
From now on and forever.

Friendship resembles a precious gem
To those who are sincere and true
'Tis priced and adored by faithful friends
Who sow, plant, and make it grow.

Friendship is like the garden of Eden
Where two young hearts met one day
They embraced and kissed each other there
And promised never to go away.

But when this band is broken
'cause one forgets his vow
Friendship is just a mere thing
Which makes one full of woe.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

Pacita S. Fernandez

He was the idol of her heart
Wishing, Waiting, and Yearning
for something to repose
Since the time to part
Only in deep sighs she came to pause.

He was the hero of her life
That bore all virtues she
admired
Not long till then was she deprived
Of love and joy she once desired.

Come then, oh love, and light the path!
Grief and sorrow she dared not part
Beauty and love t'was all she hath
NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART.

P O E M S

MEANT FOR ME

HA Jr.

Your eyes foretell a future that would be
More blessed if with me,
Your lips, a sign of a passionate,
Faithful and everlasting love,
Your smile is my encouragement,
Your every breath my life!
The symmetry and pattern of your young
And lovely figure, each curvature,
A perfect silhouette it is. Ah! Yes!
'Twill ever be there to keep romance for you and me.
Your beauty will never fade away,
At least for me, 'twill ever be
As rare and exquisite, as fragrant and as fresh.
My mem'ry of you will linger in my heart
Wherever I may tread—
Thru stormy seas or blistering sands,
Thru rosy paths and shady lanes,
I'll always say a pray'r or two for you.
If we will be together then,
In every storm of life, I will be rock and steel,
In the sunshine, vine and flower.
Yes, if we be together... but if apart...
What then?

DANCING WITH MATHEMATICS

FARA LIZARDO

Learn the rhythm of Mathematics
Before attempting to rumba the number beats,
You'll know that two points make a straight line
But always choose the smooth curved lines.
Dance not with Roman numerals, stiff and straight
Swing your body like Hindu Arabic number eight.
For hard equations like y plus z equals eek
Shrug your shoulders and conga in X.
Short cuts are applied in problem solution:
Also in cute dresses worn for camera-action.
In Boogie Woogie boys use inversion;
So, do they in solving fractions by division.
Tango with Math, twirl it well and swell
Never mind the ringing of the minus zero bell.

THE WAY

Domingo Lebatique

My sorrowful days have passed away,
The flowers and leaves have lost their scent,
Where is the way
To glory, and the way to Heaven?
Have mercy, my star, and give me light
To see the glistening and pleasant way
Show me your eyes so bright and exquisite
To find the true way.
Oh, God! Have mercy on me
To find my Way to see;
Give me, Oh God! a clear path
To avoid your wrath!

DREAMY MOOD

LINO CUBE

Sometimes in my leisure moments,
I ponder and reflect on things
Unseen! Unknown! Magnificent!
Profuse with thrills and mysteries.
My mind entertains memories
As visions parade before my eyes.
Conscious and wide awake, I seem
To be in slumber with dreams around.
Things of the past and the future
Yield to manifest and proclaim
Their thrills! wonders! puzzles!
That keeps my mind in rotation.
Suddenly the visions drift away
And the memories cease to yield.
Then I would mentally perceive
That I was in a dreamy mood.

POEM TO THE SEA

RODOLFO VARIAS

Come to the sea, come O lovely maid!
Hear the things we have to beg of thee—
Dance and sing with wind and shell and wave,
Feel the heaving of the free.
Flowers and roses we bring for you,
Encased in pearls bounded with blue
So sweet and lovely just for you.
Do come!
Prove yourself the fair woman
And for all the love you have, be calm.
So take your lover by the hand
And fear not the moans we have to make
Those are for souls that were left on deck!

CHRISTMAS PREDICAMENT

by epr

WHEN HE stood at her door, it suddenly occurred to him that he did not know just what to say. He hesitated, backed away and then, as if he were going forth on a suicidal mission, rang the door bell. He stood there, waiting for somebody to answer.

What shall I say? How? My God, why did I ever get into this? Of course, it's nothing to her—she has probably heard what I want to say a thousand times already from other people.

The maid opened the door and led him to the sala. She did not ask him who he was; she was instructed never to ask.

He pulled out a cigarette and waited for her to finish her toilet. Then, when the cigarette was almost gone, she came down the stairs, slowly, with great dignity. Why, he asked to himself, does she always have to make a grand entrance, as if she were the queen of some place or another? To be sure, she was queen, all right. But certainly not of a kingdom.

She sat on the chair opposite him, looked long and good, and settled down on the soft cushions.

"Well?", she asked.

"Well."

They talked about the weather. Did she plan to go to Baguio for Christmas? No, they say that traffic is very heavy up north. There's nothing like home when it comes to Christmas. Yes, but definitely.

But, he thought, I did not come here to talk about the weather. I have a more important purpose, something that will mean a great deal to me. I'd like to get it over with. The quicker, the better.

He pushed his chair nearer, fum-

(Continued on page 7)

THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKING:

Christianity

VS.

Hypocrisy

JACINTO S. GALIMBA

SHOULD I be asked to give the best example of a man whose life was completely devoid of hypocrisy, I would not hesitate to mention Jesus Christ. Unlike the proverbial priest who advised his followers to do as they were told but not to imitate what he was doing, Jesus "really lived the best truth he knew, took what he had taught and interpreted it to humanity by embodying it in his own life." In other words, he lived what he preached, and preached what he lived. It is well that people should follow his example.

But it is deplorable to observe that hypocrites abound even among people who call themselves Christians. By all appearances, they make others believe that they are beautiful angels, but in reality, they are ugly Satans. Under the guise of equity and fairness, they find pleasure in doing injustices. In public, they condemn vice; but they commit it in private. They avow the principles of benevolence; generosity, and magnanimity, but they turn deaf ears to the wail of distress and the cry of suffering. They pretend to believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, but deep down in their hearts, they are godless. "They preach continence, but they wallow in lust; they inculcate humility, but in pride, they surpass Lucifer." In words, they show they are firm believers in the universal brotherhood of men under the brotherhood of God; but in deeds they are uncompromising foes of everything that fraternizes mankind. They are like the Japanese who used to tell us that they were our friends, but the naked truth was that they were our most brutal enemies. There is indeed plenty of wisdom in what

Shakespeare said that one may look like an innocent flower but be the serpent under it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, yet it is true nevertheless that a hypocrite may know what is right but he is inclined to do what is wrong. He knows that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," but he prefers receiving to giving. He believes that it is a sin to tell a lie and yet he does not have the moral courage to tell the truth. He knows that "to err is human; to forgive, divine," and yet he is vindictive. He wants his rights to be respected, but he is fond of trampling upon those of others. He hates to be falsely accused but he is in the practice of misrepresenting others. He loves freedom, but he enjoys enslaving others. He wants to live but he is reluctant to let others live. How different he is from Jesus Christ!

If men should only love their neighbors as they love themselves; if the spirit of live and help live should only reign supreme in their hearts; if in their dealings with their fellowmen their actions would be regulated by the golden rule; if they would only use right knowledge as basis for right action; if they would only make it a part of their religion to so live that their hearts and souls are entirely beyond the reach of the far reaching tentacle of hypocrisy, this world would a better place to live in. Life would be happier, sweeter, safer, grander, nobler.

We profess to be Christians. As such, we should see to it that our hearts are deeply imbued with the lofty ideals of Christianity. The principle of love, brotherhood, neighborliness, equality, peace and goodwill to men should be inter-

(Continued on page 7)

OUR FIGHTING PRINCIPAL

WHEN the Arellano Collegees shall have become the Arellano University, and its High School Department shall have made its name as an outstanding preparatory school, President Francisco Capistrano and his host of well-wishers will only have a man named JACINTO S. GALIMBA to thank. He is the spark plug, the driving power of the High School Department. Incidentally, he is also its Principal.

Running a high school department, like love, cooking and other basic subjects, is a highly complicated matter and it needs a man of forbearance, foresight, and the will to fight for it to solve the numerous problems that confront it.

Principal Galimba's life reads like a Horatio Alger story. He did not have the advantages of that thing called money to start life with, except a grim determination to fight and see what he could do by making our world a better place to live in. He is one of the Great Unwashed who has made good.

When he graduated from High School, he wanted to see the insides of a military academy, but he had to abandon the idea in order to follow the unsung profession—teaching. Taking his B.S.E. in the NATIONAL UNIVERSITY, and working in the Philippine Constabulary in the daytime, he grimly went on, day after day, till he prepared himself for the even greater battle—the conquest of ignorance. He almost gave up, it was so hard. Up by six in the morning, walking long miles to office (his thinly spread budget would not allow even a street car), taking cold lunches, and off to school after office hours—that was his lot in those days of preparation. But even in this almost hopeless situation, when a man would study just to get it over with, campus politics were strictly pie to this born debater and orator. His fellow students saw his worth when they made him President of the University Council in his se-



JACINTO S. GALIMBA
Principal, H. S. Dept.
For him: School problems.

nior year. That was in 1932, the same year that our Mrs. Crespo graduated with honors in the College of Education.

The then President of the National University, now Under-Secretary of Instruction, Florentino Cayco, also saw his worth when he made him Principal of the High School Department in 1936. And when the Arellano Law College, then operating the National University, decided to establish its own college, President Francisco Capistrano also saw his worth. He asked him to head the same Department which he had so ably handled.

Principal Galimba's success as a moulder of character springs from his view of discipline. He says: "There are two kinds of discipline, the totalitarian and the democratic. In the first, the people are disciplined due to fear of punishment. In the democratic, people are made to realize that a rule is enforced for their own good, so that instead of following a rule because they have to, they do so because they want to."

Coming from the Great Unwashed, he does not consider it a disgrace to be poor, and that there is nothing in the world that can make us realize that we are men as good, constructive labor. One of his favorite quotations from Lincoln, who was also poor, is: "God has a greater love for the poor, because we have so many of them." Sometimes we wonder if Principal Galimba could not have been more useful as a minister of God. "Work done in the spirit of service to others is the only prayer that God answers. Work is life—so, honorable work is honorable life."

We once asked him what virtue is. "Virtue is moral excellence." He considers woman to be one of God's masterpieces. In fact he would refuse to live in a world without women, for without women, life would be meaningless, but with women, life is beautiful and interesting.

Principal Galimba's devotion to his teachers is almost to the point of being fanatical. His teachers are the probably most cared for in the world, for he goes thru every effort in order to give them the best. In any growing college, friction of the constructive sort is likely to develop between the different branches of the Administration with regards to methods. They have the same goal; only they have different ideas on how to go about it. Frequently, his teachers are made the target of criticism, because of their close contact with the students. Consider Principal Galimba's tribute to his teachers: "They live what they teach and teach what they live. They work to serve. They are men and women of sterling character. To them, humility is a virtue, but they have the moral courage to say "yes" when they mean the affirmative and "no" when they mean the negative."

Visiting Principal Galimba, one will not wonder why he is in the position he is now holding. He

(Continued on page 15)

THE FLAMING ARROW SPEAKS...

Cadet Lieut. Federico Galang, S-4
Guest Editor

MILITARY training has meant more to us than anyone in this school. We have been drilling under the blistering heat of the sun. It is indeed a part of our education and it is the first step towards our sacred duty: the defense of our country. We the youth of today, carry this duty on our shoulders and must see to it that we hold it higher as the future and prosperity of our country depends on us.

Military training is not merely drilling or marching our to know what the Army is. We must put into practice what we learn, actually and intelligently in our daily life. Our success lies on the factors with which everyone of us is imbued; military spirit, discipline, courtesy, and cooperation. Our school looks on us with great confidence and has bestowed upon us responsibilities of maintaining order and obedience.

By military discipline, we mean the intelligent, willful and cheerful obedience to the will of the leader. Its basis rests on our voluntary subordination to the welfare of everyone. It does not mean to say that we obey and follow orders because of fear of punishment; but rather, as our moral obligation. The symbol of military discipline is courtesy. It is the foundation upon which our Corps is built. Courtesy to our officers and specially to our teachers must be observed both inside and outside the school. It is only thru this way that we can compensate the good they have given us. They are our guides on the roads to success.

We are now at the age to know

FLAMING ARROW COMMAND

<i>Battalion Commander</i>	Cadet Capt. Reyes, Geronimo de los
<i>Executive Officer</i>	Cadet Capt. Evangelista, Cipriano
<i>Adjutant & S-1</i>	Cadet Capt. Carranceja, Ricardo
<i>S-2</i>	Cadet Lieut. Gonzales, Regino
<i>S-5</i>	Cadet Lieut. Borja, Casteler
<i>S-4</i>	Cadet Lieut. Galang, Federico
<i>Company HQ</i>	Cadet Capt. Perfecto, Jesus
<i>Company A, CO</i>	Cadet Capt. Bautista, Ricardo
<i>Company B, CO</i>	Cadet Capt. Pimentel, Eleno
<i>Company C, CO</i>	Cadet Capt. Passaporte, Gonzalo
<i>Company D, CO</i>	Cadet Capt. del Carmen, Jose
<i>Company E, CO</i>	Cadet Capt. del Carmen, Ediberto
<i>Company F, CO</i>	Cadet Capt. Tancioco, Ernesto
<i>Bugle & Drum Corps</i>	Cadet Capt. Cabawatan, Conrado

CLOSE UP

(Listen—the Executive Officer, Cadet Capt. Cipriano Evangelista is still in his teens, but despite his age, he knows lots of military tactics. (Girls, take note: He's only 18.) Handsome, well-groomed, and ever smiling, he seldom talks, but I know he has got one in his heart.)

The Military Editor

ATENTION! from the ExO! Occasionally succumbing to a mood of jesting jollity, I love to tease the student officers, specially the Military Editor, Cadet Capt. Jesus Perfecto. He has never lost his modesty. He is content with what duty is; to know what is right and what is wrong. We must always be mindful and conscious of our work. We must stick to our flaming ambition and tackle all problems which confront us, with calmness.

It is thru ourselves that we can obtain our military and educational purpose: SUCCESS.

trally excellent and everybody likes him. I owe it to myself to make open expression of my cordial gratitude to him for the many things he has given me. He has taught me simple proportions.

Cadet Capt. Perfecto is a big man, but there is still a bigger man. He is Cadet Capt. Geronimo de los Reyes, a burly, blustering collector of commonplaces and flatnesses. Gery has a loud, harsh voice. In addition to being loud, it is long. It is all day long. He is a clever fellow, I shall even concede him to be a witty fellow. A very good friend and co-sufferer confided to me that Gery is a clown. He is not. My vision is still clear enough to see that Gery is no clown. He will ruthlessly crush the Corps with his heavy, lumbering jokes. Very often, in order to save his face, we have to strain out our laughter, an operation of great pain and undoubted-ly, the most excruciating of social duties. At ease!



Wikang PAMBANSÁ



PAGBATI

PACITA S. FERNANDEZ

Bakit natin kailangan ipagdiwang ang araw ng Pasko? Bakit?

Sapagka't isinilang sa madla ang Panginoong Dios. Siya'y Dakilang Lumikha na namamahala sa lagay ng mga tao at ng bayan.

Wariin natin ang kanyang kadakilaan. Itong araw ng Pasko ay magbibigay liwanag sa kadiliman at nagpapawi sa kalumbayan. Nagbibigay galak sapagkat pangwang nakatatanggap ng ala-ala sa kanilang mga magulang, kamag-anak, kaibigan, at sa kanilang mga minamahal. Tastas natin lahat na hindi nawawaglit ng Panginoong Maykapal ang lubos na panglingap sa lahat, maging pantas man o mangmang, mayaman man o dukha. Dahil dito ating dalawin siya sa Simbahan at Manalangin bilang ala-ala sa araw ng Pasko.

Siya ay Dios na Makapangyarihan at Dios na Dakila, makaligtan kaya nating magpasalamat sa kanya sa araw ng kanyang pagsilang, sa ating mga makakamtam na kaligayahan sa balat ng lupa? Ilimbag sa ating isip at bigyan ng malaking pagtingin ang mga gin-hawa at mga biyayang ating nakakamtam. Kaya't bilang paggalang tayo'y magalak at magdiwang sa kanyang kaarawan at nawa'y tayo'y bigyan ng mahabang buhay.

LITERARY

THEFT

IS

PLAGIARISM!

BE CAREFUL.



HANDOG SA PASKO

Mercedio Alfonso

Nagsisitunog ang mga kampana,
Bukas na lahat ang ilaw sa dambana,
Nagsisipunta sa bahay ni Bathala,
Yaong mga taong nagsisigala.

Ating limutin ang kalungkutan,
At alalahanin ang kaligayahan.
Pagkat araw ngayon ng kadakilaan,
At Pasko na ng sangsinukuban.

Sa araw na ito aking handog
Munting ala-ala, ma'y kahalong lugod;
Nawa'y pagpalain at iyong mahalín,
Ya'y Pagibig, Buhay at Dalangin.

ANG DATING NG PASKO

Fidencio Quintos

Sabik tayong mapakingan ang mainam na balita:
na, malapit na ang araw na maganda at dakila...
Oh, ang Pasko ng pag-ibig... Oh, ang Pasko ng
Bathala.
daratnan din tayo ngayon maligaya't mapayapa!

Kung sa lupa mayroong palalabang nag-aalab.
masugpo na sana nito ang matagal niyang ningas...
dalawin ang mga pusong kalupitang ang watawat at
madamang Pasko ngayon hindi dapat mag pahamak.

Sa araw na maligayang taon—tao'y sumasapit,
sa kapuwa ang ihandog pag mamahal at tankilik...
isulat sa bawa't puso ang pag-ibig na malinis,
sa Bathala at sa bayang mahal nating labis-labis.

TILA KAHAPON LAMANG

Lauro Manalo

Tila kakahapon lamang
Ang nakaraan nating kahirapan
Nakapataw man din sa ating bayan
Ang maitim na ulap sa kalangitan.

Ngunit naririto tayo ngayon
Sumasaliksik ng karunungan
At tayo'y maligaya
Sapagkat pasko na naman.

Ang Paskong kahapong ating iniwanan
Pulos na lagim at kalungkutan
Masagana tayo sa kagutuman
At ang Port Santiago nama'y luksang libingan.

Iwaksi nating sa alaala
Ang lumpas nating mga dusa
At tayo ngayo'y umasa
Na ang inagaw na ligaya ay manunumbalik na.

Magsaya tayo ngayon, pagkat pasko na
Maligayang araw sa bawa't isa
Ang mga kampana ay umiiskila
Na nagsasaad ng tuwa't ligaya.

TALA NG ARELLANO

Arsenio Bernardo

Nang malasin ko ang pisngi ng langit
Nakabubbod ang tala sa lahat ng panig,
Kung may tala sa sanglangitan
May tala din naman sa sangsinukuban,
Kaya kaming mga magkamagalar
Nagsumikap at naglalang ng isang tala ng paaralan.

Tala kang aming nilalang
Upang maging tanglaw sa pagaaral
Sa lahat ng tala ikaw ay bukod tangi
Kahit katanghalian ang sinag ay nakangiti,
Pagingningin mo sa maraming bagay
Sa halos kabutihan sa kaayusan ng paaralan.

Ang nais ko lamang huwag kaming lahan
Pagkat tanglaw ka sa landas ng pagaaral,
Pag ikaw ay naglaho sa gitna ng kadimlan
Maglalahong tuluyan itong pagaaral,
Kaya pagningningin ang liwanag sa amin
Upang maabot ang kinabukasang hangarin.

Tanglawan mo ang madilim na landas
Nang marating ang haharapin bukas,
Oh! tala ka, ng paaralang Arellano
Halos lahat ng bagay ay nasa sa iyo,
Kaya mga kamagalar ating pagsumikapan
Pagingningin ang "Arellano Star" upang
magtagumpay.

MGA KABATAAN

Francisco Estocapio

Ang putukan sa dakong silangan
Ay unti-unting napaparam;
Natapos na ang digmaan
At malapit na ang ating kalayaan.
Pagmasdan ninyo ang ating bayan
Sira-sira ang malaking gusali at puro abo na
lamang

Nasira dahil sa mainit na digmaan
Na nagdulot nang kahirapan sa ating Inang Bayan.
Kaya ngayon, Oh mga kabataan,
Tulongan natin ang ating Bayan
Itayo natin ang mga nasirang kayamanan

Upang bumalik uli ang kagandahan at kaayusan.
Tularan natin sina Rizal at Bonifacio
Namatay sila dahil sa ating Bayan
Upang makita nila ang lubos na kalayaan
Ng naghihirap na sangkatauhan.
Ang mga bisig nating malalakas, ay itulong at
huag ipagkait

Upang sa mga darating na mga araw, Ang ban-
sang ating tinubuan
Ay magiging isang tanyag dahil lamang sa
kabataan.

Kaya, Oh kabataan, idulot ng buong puso ang
ating mga makakaya

Dahil ang Bansang Pilipinas, ay hinihintay niya
ang kapayapaan
Na manggagaling sa atin.... Oh mga Kabataan.

ANG BIOLINISTA

Edilberto del Carmen

Ayaw ko na sanang muling mangundiman
At muling humabi ng tulang mapanglaw
Aking nilibing sa laot ng lumbay

Panitik kong dati ay gustong makinang.
Ayaw ko na rin bumigkas ng tula

At sadyang nilimot sa patak ng luha
Sa hardin ng palad ngalang magmakata

Ay bulang naglaho at biglang nawala.
Ngunit isang gabing lahat ay tahimik

Ako ay ginilita sa aking naringig

Tinig ng biolin na sakdal ng dikit

Ang sa aking puso'y hindi nagpaidlip.

Sa sandaling yaon kay laking himala

Pamuling nagbalik laho kong diwa

Ang aking nilimot na pagkamakata

Nagbabalik ngayon magandang diwata.

Ngayon naririto at nangungundiman

Magandang dalaga ako ay salivan

Biolin mo'y tagna't humilis kang minsan

Ng itong tula ko ay maging mainam.

At kung ang hiling ko ay maging pangarap

Napauunlakan mabangong bulaklak

Sa iyong paanan ay handog kong lahat

Pagkat sa puso ko'y ikaw ang lumunas.

Manena Zerrudo

to do their share in the
and rehabilitation of
torn, blood-smear
as, as the cold wind from
blows to this "Pearl of
orient Seas," we who survived
ravages of war, and now en-
joying the warmth under the Stars
and Stripes, have all the reasons
to thank our liberators, and on the
occasion of the birth of the Prince
of Peace, let there be real silence,
real calm and ethereal light.

Peace on earth and good will to
all men.

OUR FIGHTING . . .

(Continued from page 11)

knows only one formula for suc-
CESS: Ambition plus work. "There
is no short cut to success. You
have to go the whole way, and
stand, or perish by the road."

In the office, by eight in the
morning, Principal Galimba never
leaves his desk unless to hush-hush
a noisy class. When he is not do-
ing that, he is at his desk, draw-
ing up plans to improve the effi-
ciency and conditions in the de-
partment. If he is not doing that,
he prepares his lectures on his col-
lege courses, principles of second-
ary education and modern educa-
tional theories.

A comparatively young man
(forty-three, though "I feel 20")
Principal Galimba has a none too
rosy future before him. There are
problems that he must solve, ob-
stacles to surmount, and difficul-
ties to encounter. Students today
are not the students of pre-war
days, and they carry with them
the traces of the past war, so they
are, for the most part, war con-
scious. But Principal Galimba is
not afraid. He knows that by the
grace of God, and with the loyalty
of his co-workers, our High School
Department will soon establish it-
self as the foremost of secondary
schools in the Philippines.

H. Tantoco

will to men" come at last?
It is the thought of how differ-
ent this Christmas is going to be,
which will induce us to gaze back
to the last four grim years we
had and how we commemorated
this holy event. It is not that we
want to be reminded of those
gloomy days that have passed but
it is because we know that the re-
miniscence of it will help us realize
how happy we are now that it is
all over. Turmoil and killings have
passed, peace has come in its stead.
Greed and hate toward men have
passed, good will has come in its
stead. But we must not forget
those men and women who sacri-
ficed their lives for the preser-
vation of freedom, those men, wo-
men and children who were the
victims of atrocities, who never
lived to see this day again. Let
us always remember them, pray
for them, and do our best to help
the loved ones they have left alone
in the world. Undeniably, people
have always that charitable insti-
nct which makes it possible for
the needy to commemorate Christ-
mas happily as well as anybody.
Let us have charity and do our ut-
most to help the poor for a little
something may do great deal of
help to others.

Elena Éstauquio

be wise counsel. With wise coun-
sel I'm sure we will arrive to
somewhere—at least not to no-
where. If we should just follow it
carefully with slow and even steps
I'm quite sure we shall reach our
goal. We will climb the steep lad-
der of success and finally we shall
reach its zenith, then our hearts
will be filled with the intoxicating
sweetness of the flowers of suc-
cess. Without shedding bitter tears
we will never know real happiness.
As Shakespeare once said, "They
are sick that surfeit with too much
as they that starve with nothing."

Let's then gather stars. There
are millions of stars in heaven,
there are stars in the Christmas
trees, there are stars in the stores,
but we are not interested in these
stars because there is one particu-
lar star that we can call ours. That
is the ARELLANO STAR. It is a
star composed of Arellano students.
This Christmas we shall make the
Star throw its radiance on the
student body more than it has ever
done before. We will make it
outshine the other stars.

You might blink your eyes as
much as you can and even imagine
yourself in dreamland, but you'll
wake from that reverie to find the
Star close by your side wishing
you a Merry Christmas and the
Happiest of New Years.

REQUIEM

Anonymous

Under or over or around
Here or there or everywhere
It's all the same
To me or to you or to everybody
This or that spaceless and star-
less world.
I wander to and fro
Homeless, lifeless, useless
I can never sleep.
Nor can I ever wake
In this worldless, nameless
Decreed to wander ever
And that is my state of place
With only a sigh to console me..
Ever more...

REMEMBER

*Deadline for the Feb-
ruary Issue is at 12:30
P.M., January 19! Sub-
mit your manuscript
now to the Editors
Room 5, Annex B
ing.*

THE EDITORS



POOR MAN'S CHRISTMAS

BENJAMIN DEFENSOR

The church bells I hear, people pass by me,
 Hurrying to church, as I could plainly see,
 Their white clothes so neat, dainty and clean,
 While me for my clothes, from rags I only glean.
 Hastening past by me, to hear the midnight mass,
 This is for me, what they call Merry Christmas.
 The little childrer, innocent and full of glee,
 I wish they would never, go astray like me.
 How I wish I could be like them, and then
 Wholly my life, I'd do all over again.
 But now look at me, with outstretched arms,
 Sitt ng here all day, begging for your alms.
 I'm happy in this state, for this is my way.
 He gave this to me, for other people to pray.

The sweet scent of food, floats in the air,
 And me, my hunger, I barely can bear.
 All that I ask, is a coin for a loaf,
 To satisfy this hunger, that is enough.
 For me today, two meals had to pass,
 Is this what you mean, by Merry Christmas?
 Forgive me my Lord, for I have sinned,
 I wish I knew long ago, what Christmas meant.
 Fellow men, for me don't shed a tear,
 It is all my fault, that I am now here.
 If I only had listened to what my mother said,
 I now would be in a different state, instead.
 So now young people, take on my cue,
 It is never too late to begin anew.

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DS AND ENDS. BY WAY OF PARTING... a.m.

When the E-in-C said "Put in the Christmas spirit," we promptly said yes for the simple reason that we thought it simple enough. But when we got hold of pen and paper and prepared to write, we came upon the shocking realization that the Christmas spirit is elusive, like the will o' the wisp, that it still is far away, that we could grasp it only as we could a moonray. It was as elusive as that.

When we took a walk last week, however, we, strangely enough, felt Christmas in the air but pen and paper were not there. Did we curse our luck? (Imagine us, cursing!) We wanted to, but for the sake of the spirit, we didn't. It was very sacred.

We saw a lot of Christmas cards and many other things which we wanted to buy, but which we couldn't, because our pocket is full of holes. Now, isn't that exasperating with the Christmas spirit just in and the belief that it is more blessed to give than to receive? We tried to console ourselves that it is more fun to receive—hence, better. But the spirit came again. It was almost like a mother.

We toured more stores for curiosity's sake and made many a sales-girl curse under her breath. Are we that stingy? We promised to make up someday, when our pocket will have been mended. And with this thought in mind, we went home. The Christmas spirit never left us. It was hotly suffusing, but joyously warm.

We surprised everybody at home by talking about Christmas and nothing more. Sis even had the suspicion that we wanted a Christmas gift—hence all the blabbering—so that she tried to insinuate that her pay wouldn't be coming till after Christmas. We stopped the silly chatter, which was in reality intended to keep the spirit alive within us. It was, as we said before, very elusive. We were afraid.

We tried it in school and almost succeeded. We had hardly said more than two sentences when our friends started telling things of their own that we got almost tongue-tied. (We aren't so talkative after all—or are we?) Nanena Zerrudo would like to go downtown with us one of these days to do some shopping. She will buy plenty of gifts, it seems. We are praying... (no insinuations, though)... Pacita Fernandez stops at every store to go Christmas card gazing. She has not found the card up to now, we believe, because we came upon her one day, still gazing. Veronica Arceo suggests the Catholic Trade School as the place where Christmas cards and gifts can be bought cheaper. (The black market is unknown there.) We asked her to accompany us... as if we had any money.

Before we found out that our pocket was punched full of holes, we had a desire to give many gifts. We intended to give:

Mr. Galimba: a new bell that would not sound like a vendor's nor a church's.

Miss Manahan: a new watch so she will forget that there ever was a thief.

Mrs. Estacio: a basket of cucumbers because we happen to know that she is madly in love with them.

Miss Garcia: a big box of coins for her waiting piggy-bank.

Mrs. Crespo: a car so she wouldn't be out of breath coming from the Main to the Annex everytime.

Miss Lizardo: a new pair of wooden shoes, and an ice cream cone, so she won't lick ours.

Miss Saturnino: a brand new eraser so she won't bother with a nasty, juicy rag.

Ah... if only.

So sorry, very sorry, what with us promising you that you would get this issue before you went home for the vacations, and now look at this—you're reading it after the vacation.

In our "conference" with the printers, we almost shot everybody who is somebody out there—from the big boss down to the pressman. (No, No, Col. Holland, we were only kidding!)

But for a bit of somberness: In the last issue, somebody gave us a poem in the National Language. We read it, and liked it. It was very good, to say the least. But when the paper was distributed to the students, we were flooded by questions of whether Francisco Balagtas had taken on a new name, and if not, what in blazes was a fragment of his masterpiece, "Florante at Laura" doing in the Arellano Star? We checked up on the matter, and it so happens that the poem is a carbon copy of the work of Balagtas.

Being young in the National Language (we studied in a Jesuit school, you know), we asked Miss Pura Tecson to be our National Language Critic, and appointed our very good friend, Pacita S. Fernandez to edit the Tagalog section. We hope there will be no more repetition of this in the future.

Some changes: Dominco Nilo Jr. is no longer with the staff... pressure of studies. Elena Eustaquio has taken the place of P. Sentacion (P. J.) Fernandez, Society Editor.

The cut on the cover is by courtesy of SINAG-TALA, who were very kind to let us use it.

This is supposed to be a December-January issue, so we can catch up. We are one month late in our editions.

The Editor

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