

Arellano STAR

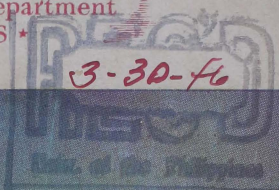
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* ARELLANO COLLEGES *

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SCHOOL'S
SAN AGUSTIN:
ARELLANO



The Arellano Star

Published Monthly by the H. S. Department,

ARELLANO COLLEGES

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EDITORIAL.

PARTING is inevitable, nay, real!

It is hard for one to say good-bye to somebody he loves; to somebody who has become part and parcel of him; to somebody who feels, laughs, cries with him; to somebody who has given him happiness; to somebody who has taught him the meaning of the words responsibility and duty; to somebody into whom we have breathed the breath of life and whose blood runs in ours.

But, even if it is inevitable, must it be ground by the passage of time? Can time dispatch into obscurity the little things that have made up our stay in college a happy one? Can time, and all that goes with its passing, blur the indelible picture that will forever remain in our hearts? Can time take the place of time that is at a stand-still?

We say, nay, we cry: "Never!"

For, if we forget the little things, the encouraging words of our teachers, the smiles, the looks, the pride that surges in our hearts when we see our cadets marching by, the feeling we have when our team fights gloriously to victory or defeat—if we forget these things, then our comradeship is but a mockery; and the world shall become one where the little things no longer count.

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THE STAR LOOKS AROUND

MISS ARELLANO

BETTY REIGNS

(See Cover)

At exactly 5.55 p.m. on the 25th of February, Miss Angelina Garcia, accompanied by Mr. Galimba, Mrs. Lebron and Miss Tecson, were seen entering the Main Building with a buri bag. They did not look nervous—except, maybe, Principal Galimba. Miss Garcia took one look at the crowd that was gathered to witness the final counting for Miss Arellano, muttered a secret prayer, dropped the bag into the box. At exactly 6 p.m., Mrs. Mercedes Vega, of the Registrar's Office announced that the voting was closed, and waited for Registrar Estacio, Chairman of the committee on elections, to give the go sign.

"They're Off!" At 6.01 p.m., members of the committee on election (Angelita Lizardo, Constanter Peralta, et. al.,) started counting. Surrounding them were the inspectors of each candidate. To facilitate the counting, the individual candidates' votes were counted first. Miss Elisa de Jesus, Business Administration, ran up a total of 471,788 votes. Ben Sarile, Elisa's leader, heaved a sigh of relief and waited for the others to catch up—if they could. Then came Betty's buri bag. That was at 6:25. They started counting. At 7.25, they were still counting. Betty's total: 1,006,800. It was nothing—she only beat her nearest opponent by a measly 500,000 something votes. As Jesus Perfecto said, "Magellan discovered the Philippines in 1521. Arellano discovered Betty on February 25, 1945."

The Queen Reigns. Plaudits and honors were soon showered upon the beauty-arresting, breath-taking Betty San Agustin. On the 26th of February, our debaters from the Main High (see Debate)



BETTY GETS HER CROWN
The President fumbled for a pin.



ARELLANO BEAUTIES ENTER
Angelina Tuason and consort Alfredo Desiderio lead them.



THE QUEEN ACKNOWLEDGES THE TRIBUTE
"Honors and plaudits."

romped home to victory under her inspiration. On March 2, the Queen was flanked by President Capistrano and Dean Gupta at the Faculty-Alumni-Student Luncheon, held in swanky Selecta's Pavilion (see cuts).

The Star of Betty. Betty's star was at its zenith on March 3. In Arellano's white-washed, seven day "wonder" basketball court, Betty was officially proclaimed Miss Arellano, by Professor Ruperto Martin. Said the dapper, debonair Law man:

"Tonight, I stand before you, entrusted with a special mission of being the humble harbinger of significant tidings on this magnificent occasion..."

"The truth is, I find myself hopeless and wanting in fitting words and aptful expression to fully convey and express upon the serenity of this moment..."

"If I were a poet, I could weave into roseate sonnets and lilting lyrics the enticing smile, the liquid, childlike eyes, the shapely lips, and the black-as-midnight hair of our Queen..."

"If I were an artist I could eternally dream of her enviable figure, its stature and regal grace..."

"If I were a musician, I could compose gay melodies and tuneful rhapsodies, each musical note echoing her beauty and purity, each singing line a praise to her gifted qualities..."

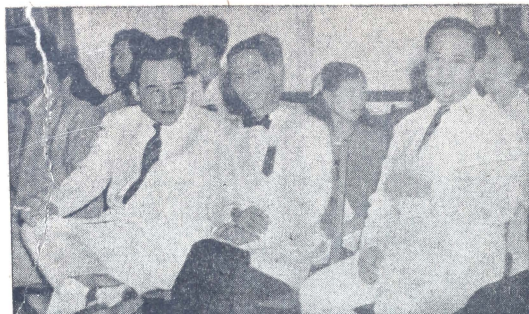
"If I were an orator, I could deliver stirring eulogies on her moral attributes and her lofty intelligence..."

"If I were all this—poet, artist, musician and orator, — I could stand before you now unabashed, resolute and firm and with a background of celestial music, one after the other, recite a glorious poem, based on perfect blending of colors, a lifelike picture and perorate masterfully, lauding and extolling the virtues of our Miss Arellano..."

"But alas! I am neither nor all.



ARELLANO GIRLS PAY HOMAGE
Mrs. Tablan's work was not in vain.



CAPISTRANO, GUPIT ESTACIO,
Top Men Taking a Rest

I am just a simple, average person, so I could offer nothing to our lady queen, accept the genuine admiration and obeisance coming from a common man.

"Our institution is, as all of you very well know, is named in honor of the memory of the most illustrious Chief Justice, Cayetano S. Arellano. And because of that, I believe that no finer tribute and praise can be bestowed or lavished on any girl student of this school other than be chosen as Miss Arellano..."

"I therefore, proclaim Miss Betty San Agustin as Miss Arellano!"

"And She Lived..." At one o'clock, the party ended, and Betty went home, tired but happy. And perhaps, in the solitude of her room, the strains of the sweet music still lingering in her ears, and the shouts and murmurs of her friends becoming a permanent memory, she wrote the following: "My sense of duty to the school was increased a thousand fold... I was representing not only the high school department but also the whole institution. I tried very much to be worthy of the honors and plaudits that the faculty and students were showering on me... All thanks to the tender and caring company of Miss Garcia... Mr. Galimba... Major Munson and

his cadets...the loving cheers of schoolmates... it made me feel as if I were living in a fairyland, dreaming of things heavenly, wishing it would last forever."

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE

Arellano Week entered the portals of the High School Department with strides that promised excitement, thrills, suspense, and intoxicating happiness. When it took its luggage and left we could still smell sweet fragrance in the

air and a memory to last forever.

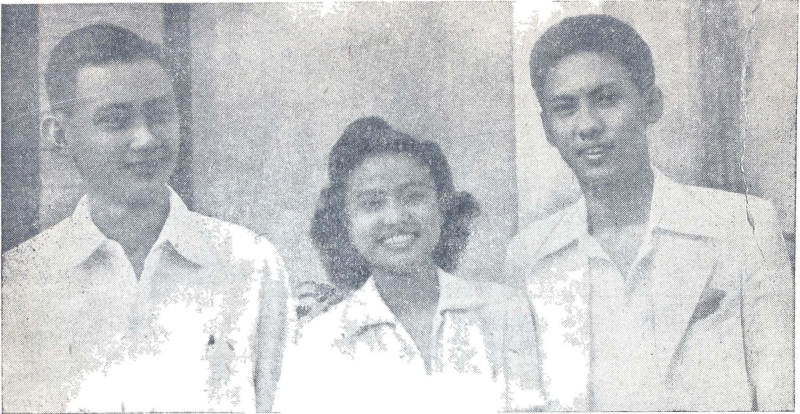
The absence of the drum and bugle corps woke the sleeping thoughts of the students (who were happy because they were spared from the scheduled exams) to a realization that this Tuesday morning would be very different from that spectacular field day.

To say that they were nervous would be putting it mildly. The night before, Betty San Agustin had just been elected Miss Arellano. And the morning of the debate, faculty members and students alike, told them to run away with the cup, to make the victory complete. Practice (five days of it) was smooth, but there were still some flaws in their arguments. What was more, they did not exactly know the strength of the Pasay team. If they only only knew just how strong they were...

The cadet officers busied themselves reserving seats they claimed to be for the members of the faculty but in reality were for some lucky students. Some students who were too wise for that, sat near the teachers and felt themselves safe from the prying eyes of the "reservists."



DELGADO BEFORE THE UNO
He told them to study both platforms.



ROMUALDEZ, MANALO, ATIENZA (SAMPALOC)

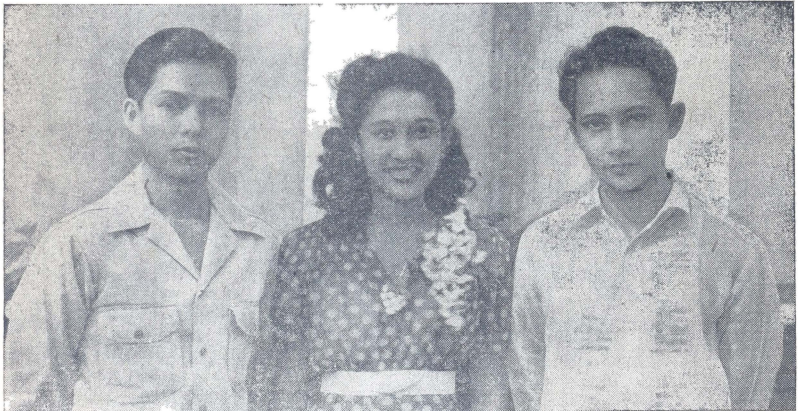
One team had to win.

The seats had to be left but, for a while they had to stand. Why? well, President Capistrano, Justice Delgado, Speaker Pro-Tempore Sanidad, and Director Colmenar were entering the United Church.

of ceremonies (and dressed to kill at that), gave his opening remarks. He informed us of the topic of debate and what side each of the Sampaloc and Pasay unit would take.

that was confronting the masses, our school deemed it wise to bring it to intelligent discussion. The topic was, Resolved: That the Osmeña Administration is a Success, the Sampaloc unit taking the negative side.

Business: Mr. San Jose, master Realizing the baffling question



DE JOYA, OFILADA, MACARIOLA (PASAY)

One team had to lose.

And, the clash of wits began. The fiery and eloquent captain of the affirmative side began the debate.

The audience, a greater bulk of which was composed of the Sampaloc unit simply said he was a good orator.

In contrast with him was the calm and composed Editor in Chief (no volcano inside him) as usual. The debate ended with Albina Manalo giving her opponents a lot of fireworks to say the least which was drowned in a storm of applause.

The board of judges had to confer outside so we killed time (if it still is alive) by a musical number presented by the glamorous debater of the Pasay unit, Andrea Oñilada.

Entry of the judges gave us a feeling that the sword of Damocles was no longer overhead but—not yet—not yet—Hon. Delgado speaking:

"I prefer to be called Mr. Delgado, late, than the late Mr. Delgado," he began in explanation to his five minutes tardiness. He told the students that the Philippines is now in the midst of this political turmoil and that the nation is confronted with a problem which calls for a wise choice of leaders.

"You must read both platforms, study them and weigh the facts stated in each carefully—and may, you choose rightly, the man to lead the Philippines on the bright day of Independence."

Then in came Speaker Pro-Tempore Prospero Sanidad, now running for a senatorial seat.

He begged to disagree with both sides on certain points. When a man fails—he fails. "Success is not conditioned by time nor by anything else and no alibis. When a ship, bound for a certain place, sinks in the middle of the ocean due to a storm, it fails to reach its destination and no alibis," and so poured cold water on the first argument of the affirmative side.

Casting an eye on the negative



HON. PROSPERO SANIDAD

If you fail, you fail.

side, he attacked their definition of the administration. "The administration consists of the executive branch alone, no more and no less."

Decision at last! The winning

team was the Sampaloc Unit (as usual). The gold medal went to the best debater, Albina Manalo, the silver medal to the second best debater, Enrique Romualdez and the bronze medal went to the cap-



FLAMING ARROW HEADS

Corranceja, Evangelista, Perfecto.



PASAY PEOPLE DANCING
Cries of "Sabotage!"

tain of the Pasay Unit, David Macariola and honorable mention, Hemy Atienza, Jr.

President Capistrano awarded the silver cup to the winning team, to be retained only for this year.

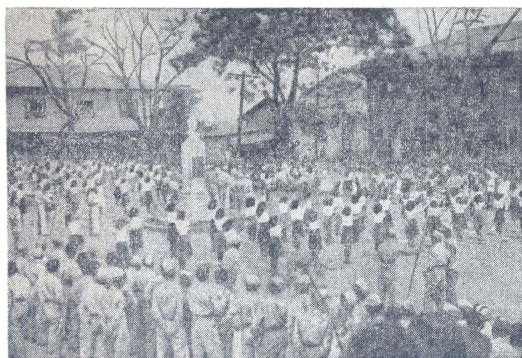
Father Galimba, we dare say was very proud, (not only of you debaters) but of the students as well.

FIELD DAY

To the group of students who were at Plaza Guipit last Feb. 25, the presence* of so many girls dressed in exactly similar dresses, wielding vary colored sticks, and of boys looking like real army men; was nothing to wonder at. Field Day had come to the Arellano Colleges and they intended to



MRS. CORAZON FOSTER
She taught them to twirl sticks.



SAMPALOC GIRL'S DRILL
They won a war with sticks.

make the the most of it. Weren't they waiting for field day all the time? Besides, what was Deputy Chief of Staff Macario Peralta Jr. and the Administration doing there but to witness a big event? When the big truck came in and students of the Pasay Branch rumbled out,



SPONSORS, FLAMING ARROW CORPS
They were the inspiration.

the audience as well as the participants knew that they were in for it, at last.

"A blare of bugles... a ruffle of drums..." That in short, was the beginning. A bevy of beauties that are the sponsors marched to Cadet Capt. Cabawatan's music and the ohs and ahs of the audience. The pass-in-review was merely a repetition of pass-in-reviews that have come to pass. That however did not matter. What mattered was the fact that it was done wonderfully and that there were new faces or rather some faces who were not there anymore. Cadet Capt. Evangelista is now battalion commander and Cadet Capt. Perfecto has stepped into the shoes which the new battalion commander has left. He is now executive officer. In his role as such, he is certainly someone to hark about. He did his job with perfect ease.

The Pasay Branch had theirs to offer too—a dance number. Rizal's Maria Clara was reborn last Feb. 25 in the person of some twenty young girls. Of course the music was, as you would expect it, music of Maria Clara's days. The dancers' paces were slow but graceful. Nothing could be seen in the morning sunlight but the yellow and black of their skirts.

Miss Salva, the drum and... one, two, three. Mrs. Foster's girls in blue and white replaced the dancers in the field. They, with sticks against the blue sky and Bonifacio's imposing, monument made a pretty picture. The number they did was neat, in fact, very, very neat. No one could have seen it better than Mrs. Foster herself, who was we believe the happiest woman of the day.

The last beat of the drum, Miss Salva's voice being gradually lost

and exeunt blue and white, enter black and white. In them, Pasay girls and plenty of legs (knock-kneed, bow-legged, etc.). The number they presented was done to the accompaniment of music, lively though not constant because it failed them so many times and legs ever on the move had to tarry a while.

FACULTY EATS

One day last March, Principal Galimba called the winning team (see Debate) and told them that they would be his personal guests at Arellano's swank affair, the Faculty-Alumni-Student luncheon. In saying this, he waved off some doubts of the team with a never-mind-the-damage-gesture of the hand. So, on March 2, the team donned their Sunday best, walked over to Selecta and waited for the others to come in, so that they could beg'n eating. Pretty soon, Miss Arellano came in, shook hands with everybody while Mrs. Lebron and Mrs. Patacsil ran around, arranging the places so that you wouldn't sit with one on whom you didn't waste any love, and called them to order. And



CADET CAPTAIN CABAWATAN'S D & B CORPS.
The sponsors marched to "You Are My Sunshine."

then they ate. An hour and a half later, everybody wiped the traces of the lunch and Dean Gupit stood up, reminded the partakers that there were going to be those inevitable after-dinner speeches, that it was part of the agony. For the first speaker, Dean Gupit called on the fighting Famfangan, Supreme Council President Librado Cayco.

"Unconstitutional!" As usual, everybody knew that he would wax eloquent on his favorite subject, democracy. But they did not know that he had an atomic bomb up his sleeve. Cayco took advantage of the occasion to clarify the relations between the council and the administration on the disposition of council funds. Said he: "While it is true that the Administration keeps those funds in trust for us, we are not able to use it in the manner that we want to." Giving a specific example, he further said: "Take that case of the bulletin board. We wanted to donate one to the College, and plans were made, funds were ordered released. But what did the Administration do? It refused to release the money, and up to now, we do not have even a bulletin board to be proud of." He concluded: "While I am president of this council, we refuse to lie supinely on our backs and be a rubber stamp to the Administration's wishes." With this, he sat down, while sobered spectators waited for the Administration to say something.

In low, measured tone weighing each and every word, Dean Gupit explained the matter. Said he: "Being Faculty Adviser of the Council and at the same time a member if the Administration, I am at a loss. Yet, even if I am Faculty Adviser, I can say that spending ₱1,000 for an ordinary bulletin board was untimely as the council did not know how much it could collect... We can wait for better times when the council will be in a better position



CAYCO AT THE FACULTY LUNCHEON
"We refuse to lie supinely on our backs."

to provide funds for various student needs... But one thing is brought to light: A case has come up when the Administration has politely refused a donation of the council... that is democracy in action... what else do they want?... We (the Administration) are keeping that money, your money in trust for you... It is our duty to see that that money is not spent unwisely... there are some other needs, far more important than the bulletin board at present...

"We are exercising only our duty of protecting the students... it is their money, and should not be spent unwisely."

Dean Gupit brought to light the petition of some 500 high school students, asking that the coronation ceremonies be held in the Main Building, instead of in Pasay. The petition was referred to the council which ordered the release of funds to cement the basketball court, where the ceremonies were held. The following resolution was approved on Feb. 26:

RESOLUTION

"AUTHORIZING THE RELEASE OF SUCH FUNDS AS MAY BE NECESSARY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BASKETBALL COURT AND FOR THE PURCHASE OF A BULLETIN BOARD, A

PIANO, A WATER COOLER, AND A KODAK, AS MATERIAL DONATIONS OF THE SUPREME STUDENT COUNCIL TO THE ARELLANO COLLEGES.

"Whereas, there has long been felt in the Arellano Colleges for an appropriate and spacious hall that can be used for school programs, convocations, open forums, dances, and the like;

"Whereas, for the present at least, the basketball court adjoining the Main Building will satisfy this need provided said court is improved in the way of putting up a concrete flooring coupled with needed enclosures and roofing;

"Whereas, this improvement will redound to the immediate benefit of the student body itself;

"NOW, THEREFORE, be it resolved by the Arellano Supreme Student Council, in special session assembled, that authority be granted for the release of such funds as may be necessary for the above-stated purpose;

"Be it further resolved that authority be likewise granted for a similar release of funds for the purchase of a bulletin board, a piano, a water cooler, and a kodak, as material dona-

tions of the present Council to the Arellano Colleges.

"Let copies hereof be furnished the President of the Arellano Colleges, through the Faculty Adviser."

It was learned however that there was a misunderstanding in the case of the bulletin board. When the council went to the Administration about the bulletin board, the Administration suggested that the council wait until better times. However, the council passed a resolution which included the release of funds for the bulletin board, and as funds were already available, the Administration did not question the resolution.

CONVOCAATION

This month (March), a series of convocations or "extra classes" on character education were held at the Main Building. There were three convocations all in all, one for the Annex, one for the Main and one for the abridged course. "Not that we belittle the ability of our teachers to teach character education, but we only want to add greater emphasis," said Principal Galimba, by way of explaining (character education classes are held once a week).

In the convocation for the annex and Main Building students, Mrs. Crespo acted as toastmaster, while Miss Betty San Agustin and Miss Angelina Tuason, led the audience in the singing of the National Anthem respectively. In these two convocations, the speakers were President Capistrano and Principal Galimba.

President Capistrano spoke on the primitive instincts of man. He put stress on the need for controlling these "instincts" or "at least minimize them." "One of this instincts," he said, "is the instinct to take the property of others. Another is the instinct to strike another in a sudden outburst of an-

ger. All this must be stopped, if not put to an end." He then cited several instances wherein men were imprisoned for "striking without thinking."

Humorous as usual, the President pointed his finger at his audience (students) and said that some of them were "estafadores." Why? The answer was simple: "Cheating is dishonesty and dishonesty falls under the law on



TOMAS AGUIRRE
CPA Topnotcher.

estafa. The *Estafa* Law is so broad that a thousand and one acts is under this law. Now... cheating is called 'educational estafa' and therefore, cheaters are 'estafadores.'"

Then Principal Galimba took his turn. He spoke on a subject which proved to be of immense interest to his listeners. "Without malice, I will dwell on a subject in which character, good character, is very much needed. It is spelled L-O-V-E." At the mention of love, he received applause from both sexes.

"In the first place, what do you mean by love?" asked the principal.

In his eloquent and fiery man-

ner, he began. "Love is the great mystery of life; the universal bond of sympathy; the very roots of regulation. It is the torment of one; the felicity of two; the strife and enmity of three. It is a charm that draws two beings together and unites them with delicious sympathy. Life without love is like a world without a sup."

Then he proceeded on to defining the meaning of character. "It is the sum total of the moral qualities that shine in the life of individuals. It is the ethical combination of virtues that stand for the highest type of manhood. One's character is not made of only one trait, but many. Character is the photograph of the soul, the external manifestation of the life which thrives within. Character is to a man what perfume is to a flower. Character is not a matter of money. One's character is not determined as to what he has but as to what he is."

* * *

TOMAS AGUIRRE, a senior student of the College of Business Administration, topped the list of new CPA's with a grade of 84.21.

Mr. Aguirre is from the College of Business Administration. His taking first place was learned last March 27, and it is Arellano's and his honor.

Mr. Aguirre has been in the college since last summer.

For two days now, Arellano students have gone around in jeeps, trucks, in fact, every means of conveyance, to "toot their horns". Other plans for Aguirre: a popular banquet will be given in his honor, and from business firms and friends: offers of a job.

* * *

MEN BECOME MEN

After the dances, parties, convocations, etc., students of the High School Department paused awhile and thought of Easter —

(Continued on page 19)

A Teacher Discusses The Factors That Spell Success

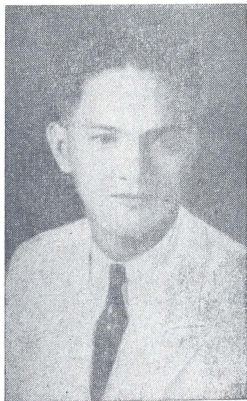
TIME AND INDI

By ENRIQUE

THE word "school" as we know it in English came from the earlier foreign words such as *schole* (Greek), *schola* (Latin), *escole* (Old French), *école* (French), and *scol* (Anglo-Saxon). Originally, too, the word connotes leisure, or that in which leisure is employed. Today, to the millions of people all over the world who are studying in schools, to the teachers and students everywhere, and particularly to the few thousand students in the Arellano, "school" or "schooling" cannot simply carry with it the idea of more leisure and less effort. To students, the school means hard work, more effort. The school means "no vacation" and certainly during the year, there are more school days than vacation time. High school days are generally the happiest days of student life. The high school age, which is the age of adolescence, is also the age of impression. While leisure and fun are most welcome during this age because of youth and the tendency is to take time with the least effort, individually there must be a conscious building of character along this particular matter. The influence of the school, of the teachers and of the other students upon an individual student is not enough. With the march of time, the individual effort is the source of fruitful development and achievement. Others can pull you back or push you forward, but only you can stand firmly and hold your ground. Others can try to make you happy or unhappy, but only you will discover where your own happiness or misfortune lies.

Someone has said that by character we mean the will to endure, the will to do that which is disagreeable if we ought to do it, and the will not to do that which is

agreeable if we ought not to do it. [Ang kahulugan ng Likás (character) ay ang pagkukusangloob na magtiis, ang pagbabatá na gumawa ng karimarimarim na gawain kung marapat gawin, at ang pag-



ENRIQUE P. SAN JOSE
Instructor,
High School Dept.

Presenting the man who coached the Sampaloc unit to Victory in the High School Debate.— Mr. Enrique San Jose.

He is an ardent philatelist (stamp collector to you) and he is a good-natured, serious man.

You would never believe that Mr. San Jose is a teacher until you have seen him actually teach. He is a diligent and understanding disciple of philosophy and literature. "If, by reading this article, just one student can be convinced use his time usefully, I will be more than compensated," he says.

pipigil sa kalooban na huwag isagawa ang kahit anong bagay na nakalulugod kung hindi marapat gawin.] To build *this* character, one needs time and individual effort. Time to use properly and effectively. Valuable time to seize and enjoy every moment of it. Individual effort not to remain idle, not to be lazy, nor to procrastinate on the way today or tomorrow. Individual effort to learn with others, to sympathize with them, or to put yourself in their place to be more understanding and more human. These things can best be developed by example in the home, at school, and in every place where men live together. They grow best where the individual starts doing them the earliest, although in matters of goodness and excellence, it is never too late to begin.

When any child is born into this world, although we can be sure that he is born with God's consent, yet we cannot be sure that the child is born with his own consent. So that from the point of view of the parents, it becomes their duty to rear that child properly, not only physically but morally and spiritually as well. The child is fortunate indeed who has been reared by his elders in the right direction at least up to a certain age, say, seven years. From that age the chances are that fundamental traits of good character will develop normally with time and ordinary individual effort. But the less fortunate children whose homes are nothing but a place of constant want, not necessarily of material things but of parental understanding, affection, and wholesome care or attitude, certainly need the beneficent influence of time and Herculean individual efforts to develop charac-

VIDUAL EFFORT

P. SAN JOSE

ter and promote happiness. The school is a potent factor towards this end, but more than anything else the individual efforts of the young people concerned need re-examination and re-direction.

In the preceding paragraphs a more or less analytical, idealistic, or philosophic presentation has been made. Since life can best be served and lived with alternate doses of idealism and realism, let us now turn to specific illustrations in life wherein ability and character is developed, or what we call success, is attained.

Let us start outside the school. When one watches a first-class swimmer glide through the water with ease, confidence, and rhythm in his movements, or else beholds a fancy diver carry himself gracefully in mid-air and lands in the water beautifully, the spectator cannot but appreciate the performance. If the spectator has a hidden desire to learn the act, perhaps he would wish he could do the act. The same is true when we see an expert tennis player hit a fast drive or make a neat placing into his opponent's court, or conversely, when the other party returns the ball very nicely. The same is true when a good boxer delivers clean, effective punches, or parries blows which may otherwise mean a "haymaker". What can be the simple secret of this all? Is it capability, pure luck, or sheer life? More than these put together, it means time and concentrated individual effort. In the realm of music, the expert pianist whose nimble fingers put forth the whole expression of his soul and create sounds that please or inspire others, the violinist who renders a melodious tune that haunts our feelings, or the singer who chants litting songs of joy or

sings arias of pathos and despair, all have made good use of their time, learned much the hard way, and accomplished the best with their untiring individual effort. Because there is no royal road to achievement.

Even in the eternal question of love, there is much to be said about time and individual effort. Why is it that some boy or some girl is too shy to appear normal when in love? Time has been unkind to some by depriving them of opportunities to discover them-



LINES TO NENE

*Not because your nose cuts
through the air.*

... beauty-tipped;

*Nor because your smile breaks
through the frown.*

... ray-tipped.

*But because you are Nene.
Nene. Nene.*

—BINING



selves in the company of the other sex. Time has not given them enough courage because individual efforts were either misguided, misplaced, or misunderstood. So that people in love sometimes act awkwardly and one healthy way to promote understanding is to take time to love squarely and not avoid pleasant or unpleasant experiences. Happiness in love is usually just around the corner, if in the corners of your own heart you have not imprisoned your own affection.

Some people say that they have no time to do this or to do that. Some say they do not go to church because they have no time. There is always time to do anything if you will it. While it may be admitted that you cannot do several things at a time, the fact remains that certainly one thing can be done at a time. You attend a meeting. You listen to a forceful speaker. You admire him as an orator or as a debater. With a little native ability, you too, can learn to speak well once you take time, exert efforts, and more concentrated efforts in the days to come, learning new words, pronouncing hard ones, and actually delivering speeches of your own, perhaps first to friends in the house and later, to people outside your immediate circle. You are in Arellano. You want to be a better student. You want good grades from your teachers so you can proudly show your report cards to your beloved parents. Certainly that is not far to seek. But first, take time to study harder, to learn more by doing, not dreaming. Take ample time to try your individual mettle. Efforts in the wrong direction need counter-efforts to the right direction. No individual efforts at all, following the line of least resistance, idleness, laziness, and procrastination (putting off till tomorrow what you can do today) can mean nothing but failure and disappointment, not to say waste of golden hours that belonged not only to you but to others as well. Individual efforts should therefore spell W-O-R-K and more work. Time flows like water and, if you work hard enough, someday you will find yourself floating like a feather down the stream of his-

(Continued on page 20)

★ *Why Young People Should Be Educated in Arellano*

EDUCATION IN ARELLANO

JACINTO S. GALIMBA

ARELLANO is a community of democratic living. In this community, the ways of democracy are lived and not taught. Democratic life is regarded as the best book from which students learn their daily lessons. The method employed is learning by living democracy. Democracy cannot be inherited. It can only be achieved as the concomitant of experience. Unshaken in their belief that democracy is not only the best form of government but also the best way of life, Arellano students feel, think, speak, and live in terms of democracy.

Arellano trains for citizenship. The students have their own government. They manage their own affairs. They choose their own leaders. They exemplify the democratic doctrine that the majority should rule, while the minority should follow. To them, rights and duties are co-equal and co-important, because every right has its corresponding duty, while every duty has its corresponding right. Students are educated to be loyal not to man but to principle. Discipline follows, not the dictatorial, but the democratic process. Right behavior is inspired not by fear of authority but by the enlightened consciousness that it is the duty of the individual to behave for the welfare of the society of which he is law-abiding member.

Arellano educates for freedom. We believe that only the educated are free. To be a man one must have freedom. He ceases to be a man when he loses that freedom. Young people entrusted to our care are made physically strong so as to be free from poor health; they are made morally clean so as to be free from vices; they are trained for economic efficiency so as to be free from want; they are well educated so as to be free from ignorance; they are thoroughly

employs teachers whose moral qualities are desired to be ingrained in the lives of students.

Arellano carefully selects its teachers. In their selection, sectionalism and nepotism have absolutely no weight. They are chosen on the basis of their forceful personality and on consideration of their unquestioned ability to form character. They have a high sense of responsibility and an unflinching devotion to service. They regard teaching as the noblest of all professions. They are missionary rather than mercenary. "As is the teacher, so is the school."

Arellano does not believe in the theory of the individual for the state, because this theory postulates that the individual is nothing, while the state is everything. Neither does it believe that the state is for the individual, because this theory assumes that the state is nothing while the individual, is everything. Arellano seeks to harmonize the state and the individual by making both of them equally important and supreme.

Arellano recognizes the glorification of the state, as an objective of education. But it does not place the stamp of approval on nationalism that is narrow, selfish and fanatic. It is aware of the sad fact that excessive, blind and unreasoning patriotism is the root cause of global wars. Arellano advocates nationalism tempered with universalism.

If Arellano is a laboratory of democracy, if it trains for law-abiding citizenship, if it educates for freedom, if it stands for equality of opportunity; if it builds manhood and moulds character, if it employs teachers whose virtues are beyond reproach, if it believes in the theory of making the state and the individual equally important and supreme, if it advocates the development of nationalism that is moderated by the humanizing spirit of internationalism, then young people should be educated in Arellano.



LITERARY



NOCTURNAL INTERLUDE

By JESUS FERNANDEZ

THE SUFFERER

By HERMAN NUBLA

It was a quiet night on a certain Wednesday, and I was all alone in my room. I felt so lonesome. Yes.... thinking of my life. What does the future hold for me? What is my destiny? The sky was like a black mantle, blotting out the moon and the stars. Soft breezes lulled me to sleep and to a dream: I perceived a lovely woman, ethereal and nebulous, standing in the moonlight beneath a tall palm tree, with a flower in her hair, coming towards me, only to bid me goodbye. I was speechless, awe-struck. Just then, the clouds went away and the moon and the stars shone in all their glory. The image grew fainter and fainter, and then no more.

I was suddenly awakened by the sound of the old clock. It was three o'clock. The night was deep. The world was in darkness and slumber. Peace reigned in the stillness of the night. Only the occasional sounds of nature disturbed the night. I got up from the chair where I had fallen asleep and went to bed.

But sleep would not come to me. In the darkness of the room, I could still see her in all her heavenly beauty, bewitching, haunting.... My mind flitted toward her. There was a knock at my door. With hope in my throbbing heart, I opened the door, but I found her not. I went to the window and thru the darkness followed her trail. The morning star was shining in all its majesty.

Casting my eyes around me I saw the leaves of the trees glimmering against the wary light fallen stars crowned by dew from the cool air of the night.

As morning approached, I stood on the veranda to contemplate the bright moonlight in its majesty. The leaves of the trees were like liquid silver in the moonlight. The



RETRIBUTION

My days are done;
Each hour has flitted by.
All were wasted!
I only wait for Death's hand
To wield his sickle:
That all may end:
Each suffering, misery,
And excruciating pain!
But wait! O Death! Wait!
Give me time, time, time....

HA Jr.



world before me was a lovely fresco, heavenly in all its stillness and quiet...

It is now two months since that evening when she said, "Good-bye." Until now I don't know what to say. Oh, Providence, who holds mankind in the hollow of Thy hands, I am undecided, I shriek, I fear. Mortal that I am, what can I ever say? But love

I AM a sufferer, not because of my own desire, but because I was I was forced, compelled. I was criticized, brutalized, hated, loathed.

I am a sufferer—decreed to walk and bear the pain and bitterness alone. Being a sufferer, I cannot enjoy the beauties of nature. Nor the joys of mankind. I am discriminated against. No one cares for me, nor pities, nor greets me.

I am a sufferer—who have to walk or float about disguised, not by choice but by force. To laugh alone. Talk to myself. Hate, love, pity myself.

I am a sufferer—forced to look up at hats that are high and bow my invisible head as if in reverence to look at the greedy rats. A waiting for my death, perhaps. But the fools!!! I can never, never die. Nor live.

I am a sufferer—in short, I am Nothing. Nothing. For no one cares for nothing. They laugh at nothing. I am always criticized. Cursed in everyday life.

And I keep on suffering forever. Decreed to haunt the different channels of life. To haunt, alone.

is stronger than death, and I could not resist saying "Good-bye". My dear beloved, good bye...

★ SELECTED

ANTONIA

My Antonia, do you still recollect those joyful days
When we were young, in love in many ways
You taught me things about love, that had a tender
meaning
Not knowing that to you, it didn't mean a thing.

My Antonia, after you left me out in the rain, I
tried to forget your existence
Pretending to be occupied, to remove a black
memory that stained,
My heart a shame, gossip a platonic love
But still I kept praying for you to our dear Lord
above.

Inspite, my Antonia, of what you have done to me
Paradoxical as it may seem, still I love and worship
you,
You have erred and sinned, it is true
Yet my heart calls and longs for you.

Because I consider your love as a valuable thing
That no money on earth can buy;
If you only know, my Antonia—
That to suffer is hard, to lose you is to die!

And after giving you, the sweetest of my golden
years
Still you have the nerve to repay me with silver
tears;
But I don't blame you my Antonia; for to err is
human
To forgive is always and will be—divine!!!
—Mariano Ronas

LOVE ME AGAIN

Again O Beauteous daughter of my race
Love me again and forever now dear
Give me peace, give my heart a caress
Pure and kind, O Virgin dear!
Let me love you dear for life
And you too love me for sure
My paining heart rises and sighs
For you love me, my treasure.
'Neath a radiant horizon of expansive sky
O Love, O Deathless beauty I compare
No Venus bright can match of your sigh—
With smartness, your smiles of charm desire.
O Heart let me repeat
The tender love I want to meet:
O Love me again, again and again
Forever with radiant dreams, I entreat!

—Romulo Tablizo

MY MOTHER

I still remember when I was young,
In the arms of my mother so humble and kind
Her kisses were wine mingled with love
But now they have faded and gone.

Yes, dear mother pardon me for I didn't know
Then, how to show my love to you;
I was but a child then—
So doubtful and innocent.

But if you were only alive
Now that I can see what is light;
Nothing could make us part,
Save death, which is the will of God.

I had been at times carefree and wayward,
And failed to execute your commands,
You'd only advise me and give a pat—
On my shoulder, you loved so much.

At night time you are in my dreams,
Your face shines to me so clear and serene;
Your long black hair, wavy and drooping,
Your profile so lovely and brimming.

I hear you say as if in advice,
"Go on, have the will and fight,
You'll surely win if you have the might,
Don't look back but look forward."

At the instant you'd vanish,
Your sweet voice would suddenly perish;
And I in turn would be awakened,
And would recite my midnight prayer.

—Adela Garvida

LOVE

Love — this thing called love,
What is it?
Is it to look and sigh
And to laugh and cry
And to shout and murmur
And feel as if on fire?
Is it the smile
Or the unspoken word
Or the outspoken look
Or the choke in the heart?
Is it to feel heaven
And then hell
In one and the
Same moment?
If this be love,
Then, ah, life! Ah, love!

—Anon

POEMS ★

MY DREAM

From my restless, uncozy slumber,
Emerged a wonderful vision, beckoning me,
Lovingly she raised me, as I gently held her,
Whispering "Dear."
I clung to her and prayed and hoped,
It would last forever,
Ever until the last moment of our life,
But slowly:
Vanishing was her lovely image into boundless
space,
Ended was my dream but everlasting is my love,
You are my inspiration and ideal,
Over the fateful phases of my borrowed being,
Unswerving and unflinching with trust,
I look up to you as my beacon light.

From X

OF RICHES and DEATH

When you were young, you never knew,
Of what you would become when life is due.
You thought of life, filled with gaiety,
To be in the world as free as can be.
Treasures and pleasures you always had,
Riches, too there was no doubt
Of sorrow and pain you never had
For joy and happiness were always in your heart.
The poorer man you looked upon
As if on your head was perched a crown
With selfish pride, you roamed the town
To show your wealth to men around.
In later years your riches were gone,
So poor and low you had become;
Gone were the treasures, pleasures, and all
The happiness and joy, you could recall.
Then came death knocking at your door,
"Get out of there, and come with me."
You answered him, "Can it be,
"That my day is short, and life no more?"
You thought of your past and you
Repented for all that was due;
T'was too late, if you thought so,
For it is time to know the Law.
The Devil shall rejoice of your presence
To suffer the pain for all eternity,
The fire shall burn up all your body
For that was what you wanted to be.

—Dominico Nilo

LAST FAREWELL

You used to take care of me
Despite the fact that you are troubled.
You used to hold me tight
Despite my being bad a while back,
You used to scold, and then kiss me later,
I took everything for granted,
Even when you used to hum and lull me to sleep;
When I was old enough to go to school,
I caused you a lot of trouble and yet
You took it good-naturedly
And forgivingly;

Mama, I hate to leave you like this,
But mama dear, I have to,
For they are calling, the angels are calling,
They are calling to fetch me.
Do you hear the church bells tolling?
They are tolling for me,
Mama, O! I am so inebriated,
Mama, Kiss me... I am going now, Mama,
I am so happy, so happy, Good—
Good-bye... Ma...Mm...m...a...ma...aa...

—Anon

UNMASKED . . .

As the stars appear
Rapturously in the
Mild blue sky,
The moon emerges
Half, quarter or a full moon;
As they emerge
To occupy a definite space,
Beautiful and Charming
Empresses
Rule with beauty
And Coercion;
Niceties are ruptured away,
And in place,
Unmasked, the Rulers,
Fierce and overpowering.

—Anon

BEAUTY and BRAINS

WHEN the sun is sinking, the mortal craves for beauty—the beauty of the sunset. When the sun is setting, the mortal craves for beauty—the beauty of the night. When the night is long, its beauty fades, and the mortal craves for beauty—the beauty of the dawn. For the mortal is not contented with the beauty that he sees. He craves for something more, for something more beautiful. When he sees the fields and woods, he wants something greener. When he sees the snow, he wants something whiter, something more velvety. When it is winter, he longs for the flowers of spring. When it is spring he longs for the summer sun. When it is summer, he longs for the autumn breeze. And when it is autumn, he longs for the winter snow.

But when the mortal sees the beauty of Miss Magno, he will not crave for something more—for her beauty transcends all, and asks for nothing more.

But beauty without wisdom is like a rose without fragrance. For 't is always better to have wisdom without beauty at all. And when a woman possesses beauty and wisdom alike, she becomes not only a Venus nor a Minerva, but a Venus and a Minerva at the same time. That is Miss Rosalia Magno—a combination of beauty and brains.

Since her childhood days, she showed that she was talented. She took her primary and elementary courses at the San Carlos Elementary School in Pangasinan and graduated a salutatorian. Soon afterwards, her proud parents deemed it wise to send their daughter to Manila to pursue her studies. They were not mistaken. For no sooner had Miss Magno started at the Sta. Rosa College in Intramuros, she began collecting medals for every subject. She graduated with an average of more than 90%. She then took up education at the University of Santo



MISS ROSALIA MAGNO
Instructor, High School Dept.
The mortal will crave no more.

Tomas. She finished her studies and right after graduation she applied at the National University. On that very same day, the then President Cayco saw in her the makings of a good instructor, and the next thing she knew, she was in a classroom before her first pupils. For Miss Magno, that was the happiest and most thrilling moment in her life. But we know that there is still going to be the happiest among the happiest moments of her life. So she stayed in the National University and taught English for five years until the outbreak of the Pacific War.

When asked how she liked to teach, she replied: "Teaching before the war was easier, better. I enjoyed it. The students at present are harder to teach. They have become stubborn and rowdy—very hard to discipline. But I cannot blame them after three years of seeing nothing but bad examples. Of course, there are always exceptions to the rule."

We were not surprised when we learned that she was also

taking voice culture and that she plays the piano. With the talents that she has, it is only natural that she possess a voice that is sweet and mellow and a pair of piano-playing hands. Miss Magno loves Kundimans best, which only goes to show that she loves things Filipino, her own. Although going to the movies (with heavy drama) is her weakness, she loves to read good books, especially fiction. In fact, she owns a "small" library of her own consisting of about four bookcases only. Once she wanted to take home economics, but later changed her mind. Miss Magno knows and loves one thing which every man would like every woman to know and love—cooking. And more than that, she can also bake cakes and muffins. Flowers (waling-waling) candies ice-cream and biking are among her favorites.

Being one of the "homely type," she is not keen about parties. She prefers staying home with a good book, or indulge in indoor games such as, chess, mah-jong and cards. But this last only for recreation.

We might say that Miss Magno is romantic. When asked about her further ambition, she gave her usual sweet smile and said laughingly in a soft voice: "You know it already." Someday, with the lucky man she hopes to own a house in the outskirts of the city where she can be free from the turbulence of the city and where the scenery is beautiful. For Miss Magno loves the beauty of nature more than anything else in the world. If conditions permit, she is planning to spend the summer with her folks in Baguio, where she can feast her eyes upon the colorful panorama and the evergreens and smell the pungent scent of the pines. She does not like to travel much, but loves to ride in airplanes and is planning to do so, soon.

The attitude of Miss Magno to—
(Continued on page 20)

The **FLAMING ARROW**

Speaks

PARTING ADDRESS

One day next month you will be graduating from our Alma Mater and as you leave many will miss you. All of you have done your share in making a good name for our school, and organizing our own High School Cadet Corps. You have taught the other cadets the importance of cooperation, the joy of comradeship, and the burden of shouldering responsibilities and its fruitful outcome.

To the Battalion Commander, Cadet Capt. Cipriano Evangelista, we owe a great debt which can only be repaid by taking and extending his methods of leadership. He has headed the battalion for more than five months and in that short period of time, proved his great skill and leadership. Ever simple and ever joyful, Cadet Capt. Evangelista will long be remembered when all shall be forgotten.

Cadet Lieut. Rosito Golpeo— we shall never forget his simplicity. He has always been simple, always emphasizing the need of discipline during our past meetings and has been very patient and determined.

From Cadet Lieuts. Castelar Borja, Eleno Pimentel, and Jose Zarudny, we have learned the importance of obedience. They have always followed the instructions of the commandant, Major Munson, and have accomplished them to the best of their abilities. This is one factor that makes up a good corps and to these officers, we give our thanks and our promise, on the Flaming Arrow, that we will continue their work.

To the graduating sponsors, Lourdes Angeles, Fe Uy, Leonor Rivera, and Betty San Agustin, we give our thanks for their kind guidance and inspiration. The

Corps would not be what it is today if it were not for them.

And to the graduating cadets, we can proudly say that without them the Cadet Corps could not have been a success. They have struggled hard and long and thru the night to make our Corps the best. They have always been loyal and obedient and to them, we can only say: "Thanks a million."

You will be leaving us, all of you, and as you leave, we have nothing to give, nothing to offer, nothing but our sincerest thanks and everlasting gratitude to the great work you have accomplished. And when the time comes for the final accounting, when what we have learned shall have been tested in the crucible of time, we can say proudly, profoundly, and in fact, defiantly: "This was their finest hour."

DUE to the inevitability of time, the few days of our last association is coming to an end... slowly, yet surely. It seems so quick for a harmonious relationship, on whose memories the past shall forever remain fresh and ever eternal...

Under the heat of the sun, and the beating of the rain, we have undergone training tantamount to that of a full-fledged soldier, on whose strength our nation will be depending on when invaders shall attempt to desecrate our soil...

Fellow officers and cadets of the Corps, in you we have found the success and justification of our efforts... in you, we look up to for everything...

This is the beginning of the bigger task that is ahead. Ours today is the beginning of a glorious and dignified existence, yet an existence that does not forbide any good. Who will say that while today we are in khaki, and spic-span in our uniforms, that tomorrow will see us not in spic and span khaki uniforms, but in tattered rags, fighting with all our blood and sweat and tears to keep away the invader? Who can say that the ghosts of Bataan and Corregidor will not call upon us to do that for which they died?

You are our successors. We bequeath to you all that we have, and we leave with the expectation that the unfinished task will be completed; that the bugle shall blow more proudly; the drums more strirringly; you shall march more proudly, calmly.

To you we say: "Carry on!"

—Cipriano Evangelista,
Cadet Captain, Jr. ROTC
Battalion Commander



MAJOR RUDOLFO MUNZON
Commandant



Wikang PAMBANSA



PAGBATI

—PACITA FERNANDEZ

HABANG nalalapit ang araw na aming pinananabikan ay gayon namang lungkot ang naghahari sa puso ng bawa't isa. Ito'y dili iba't bunga ng anino ng aming malungkot na paghihiwalay.

Isa-isang bumabalik sa aming guni-guni ang nangakaraan namin araw, puspos ng kaligayahan at batbat ng kasiyahan. Bagama't nuong una'y, para-parang nangingimi, nitong nangakaraang araw ama'y nag-ibayo ang walang kapantay na pagtitinginan ng bawa't isa. Ala-laong бага'y parang nagpapahiwatig na di na malauna't sasapit na sa amin ang matinding dagok sa aming buhay—ang paghihiwalay.

Hahanap-hanapin namin ang dating matatamis na pag-aaruga at mahahalagang payo ng aming mga mahal na guro na siyang naging gabay namin nitong nakaraang apat na taon. Namamalagi sa aming puso nag kabutihang asal na ipinadadama sa amin ng aming mahal na punong-guro, na kung bagama't kami'y nagpamalas ng di karapat-dapat, ito'y aming pinagsisisihap at kapagkarakay tinutupad ang mabubuting asal na ipinapayo niya sa amin.

Nguni't sa kabila ng lahat, ngayon namin maipadadama ang pagmamahal sa aming "Alma Mater" nagngangalang Arellano. Iwawasiwas namin ang kanyang bandila at di kai-kailan man ipadadaig at sa alin mang suliranin ay ipagtatanggol namin ang marangal na paaralan, na magtangkilik sa amin. Mabuhay ang Arellano!

SA INYONG PAG-ALIS

NIEVES S. ESTACIO
Guro ng Wikang Pambansa

*Samantalang lumulubog yaong araw sa kanluran
Dumarating naman ang panahong kayo naman ay
papanaw*

*Lilisanan itong paaralang pinagyamang
Pagka't kayo'y natapos nang tumuklas ng karunungan.*

*Kayo'y binabati ko sa tagumpay na kinamit
Pagka't iyan ay kinantap pagkatapos magpasakit...
Ang tungkulin ay tinupad sa laot ng pagtititis
At ng upang bukas nama'y matamis ang panaginip.*

*Sa pagalis ninyong ito'y inyo sanang tatandaang
Hindi lahat na makislap ay ginto ng madalisay.
Pagka't inyon ding makikitang mayroon ding mga
bagay*

Sa salat man sa pahiyas...wagas namang matuturan.

Ang ulirang pagsasama'y maging saan man dumating

*Sa kadluan ng ligaya at matamis na damdamin...
Iyang hindi pagtatapat sa kasamang ginigiliv
Ang nagiging kadalasa'y nagbubunga ng hilahil.*

*Ang lakas ng naguisa'y maaaring makagawa
Subalit sa marami lalo't higit at mabisa,
Kaya't sisikaping ang magkaisa sa nasa
At ng upang magtagumpay sa layunin at pithaya.*

*Ang pagtitiyaga't sikap sa binalak na gawa'y
Kapatid ng pagwaragig't kasayahang sapis-sapis
Ang habkang na dalus-dalos sa malawak na labkayin
Ang malimit na matamo'y ang matinik na malalim.*

*Kaya't iyang pag-iingat ay kakalasing lagi
Sapagka't sa pag-iingat ay malayo ang pighati
Magtagumpay nawa kayo sa layuni't mga gawi
At ng upang magtamasa sa ligaya't luwalhati.*

INA

Tula ni AMADO S. PACHECO

*Handog ko kay INA, na sa
sinapupunan ay tinawagan na.*

Sa puntod ni INA'Y aking hina-hanap...

*Mandin ay ligayang lumipas sa hirap,
Pag-ibig niyang sa puso ko'y namugad...
At isa niyang titig na aking hangad;*

Ang libingan niyang lupang matitigas...

*Ay lupang naglusak sa luhang nanatak;
At pati ang pusong bato sa pangmalas
Ay batong lumambot; kandilang naagnas;*

Kung dili-dilihin kay INANG lumipas...

*Lumipas niyang sa puso ko ay hiyas,
Mandi'y nagbabalik araw na nalagas
Sa tangkay ng panahong agad na kumupas;*

Kay saklap bulyit muling sariwain...

*Ligayang naglaho natulad sa hangin,
Naparam na usok, bungang nalalain
Ang sandaling yaon kay tamis yakapin;*

Minsa'y maulinig tinig nga ni INA...

*Hina-hanap ko ay di naman makita;
Binabakas man ay wala ng pag-asa
Oh...! mutya kung INA'Y ikaw ang ginhawa;*

Sa puntod ni INA ay aking dinalas

*Dinalit ko yaong awit na mapanglaw;
Tiniklop ang tuhod at aking tinanaw...
Ang kanlurang yaon, lubugan ng araw.*

THE STAR . . .
(Continued from page 9)

which has been ushered in as matter of factly as anything. With this, came the utter realization that there is a duty to be done, come Easter time. So, taking the matter into their own hands they approached Miss Angelina Garcia and talked to her about the matter. Naturally, she agreed — in fact, was delighted — to help them as much as she could. Knowing that everybody would welcome the idea, sound as it was, she did not go into the intricacies of consultation.

Last March 24, some 150 students, with faith unquestioning and love without measure, partook of His Body — the everlasting nourishment of a human soul at a solemn mass said by Father Montero at St. Anthony's college. Those who heard mass with the students included Mrs. Cecilia San Agustin, mother of Betty, and other faculty members of the college.

One striking note: the boys heavily outnumbered the girls at the communion rail, showing that in spite of the times, our boys still retain some of the finer things in life.

Betty's Dress Was Cut And Designed By

JUANITA MINA ROA

428 Aviles, Manila

ODDS . . .

(Continued from Inside Back Cover)

tion") a tongue-lashing. Of course they didn't behave, but when did boys ever do that?

A group of girls who had erstwhile said "nix" to the sticks for dancing were taken in and given the proper initiation. They could not do it at first. In fact, all they did was to make the funniest gestures you ever saw which reminded us of Salvador Dali. The honorable kibitzers (including us) had the time of our life laughing at a thing they could not have done better. A few days afterwards, these same girls danced, and did they dance!

We have been told that the basketball court fairly brimmed over with glamour the night they danced. And so the Week came to pass. Sticks were duly discarded. Some girls however kept theirs like real treasures. Reason: It has a sentimental value. Were they not the cynosure of all eyes the day they held those sticks? Girls can be sentimental, yes, sometimes even over sentimental, they get to be funny and before you know it you get bored with the stuff.

The boys will remember Field day, particularly the officers. Weren't all the sponsors there—Of course they cannot, keep the sponsors no matter how sentimental they are. They only want to keep the memory... and they will.

BEAUTY . . .

(Continued from page 6)

wards co-education is one of intelligence and broad-mindedness. She believes that co-education is more important and better than segregation because, "in co-education, competition eventually comes in and hence provides better mental training and students strive to do their best."

During the Japanese occupation, she took up secretarial courses and taught for a time at the Centro Escolar University. When the Americans came back, she was simply overjoyed, such that she could not describe it. She had the time of her life waving at the Yanks passing by her house in their big trucks. (And who are we to say the Yanks did have the time of their life too?)

Miss Magno is liked and admired by her students and she in turn reciprocates in her sisterly manner—gentle, kind, endearing, patient and inspiring. However, her only regret is that there are some students who are fresh, disrespectful and rude, and in her usual way, she says: "A teacher really enjoys teaching when students are well mannered and bright. When a student tries her

best in class, although not bright, the teacher feels satisfied through and through." But Miss Magno is very understanding. She believes that the wrong can be righted only in a way that is patient and persevering. "You do not need to be harsh." Because of this, she has very few or no enemies at all. She has much faith and confidence in Divine Providence and she is happy as she is.

For Miss Magno, "To err is human; to forgive divine."

BY WAY . . .

(Cont. from Inside Back Cover)

ter the rain... We are so much wiser for all this, weighted knowledge, but sometimes, we can not help wishing that we had not lost our rosy-hued glasses somewhere along the road we have come up thru. We cannot help wishing we still believed in fairies, still lived in a dream world — we wish we could believe that that twinkling fragment up there is what they call a star and not the piece of shining mud it has proven to be...

Kerima Polotan,
Arellano Standard,
Guest Editor

COMMENCEMENT

EXERCISES

ON

APRIL 17, 1946

MAIN BUILDING

6:30 P. M.



Law

Arts & Sciences

Business Adm.

Education

Normal

High School

Elementary

TIME . . .

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tory. That simply means that he who values his time the most and works the best will enjoy his leisure the greatest. With this idea in your minds, you may also bear something else in your hearts. Something that will truly develop a high degree of manhood wherever you may be. And this, is what Dwight Morrow once wrote to his son, "The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition."

ODDS AND ENDS

ALBINA MANALO

By Wa, Of Parting . . .

The day last month, the E-in-C told us matter-of-factly that the column beside ours (By Way of Parting) will have Miss Kerima Polotan for guest editor. That was a scare. We know Miss Polotan as someone who can dish out something out of nothing and make it sparkling and interesting. If we could do just that . . . but we will be chasing rainbows.

The E-in-C's eyes read this way when we read it: "You have got to make good this month—or . . ." And the "or" glitter kind of gave us the scare. We checked the impulse to look him straight in the eye and defiantly say, "Who's afraid of you?" But he has known that all along and to say that all over again would be like telling him that little Red Riding Hood met a big bad wolf on the way to her grandmother's cottage.

Anyway, we hope this column doesn't smell like a skunk now. It always did.

One day last month, a classmate of ours played a mean joke on a good friend of ours by slipping unnoticed some fifty bucks or so from her handbag. Naturally, our friend almost cried because she thought there wasn't any joke being played unless she played it. Of course the teacher had to interfere and when she did, out came the fifty peso bill and a red face to top it. Another classmate of ours after the incident patted us (and how) and said, "I bet that will come out in your column next month." SHE is in it. There is the implication we have been driving at all the time. But can we help it if we write about her every issue of the STAR when she is probably the only one who does anything worth writing about?

Yes, perhaps we ought to write about something else or many other things for that matter. Perhaps we ought to forget that Fara Lizardo exists and that she is a very nice girl. That Mrs. Crespo is a "ray of sunshine"; that Miss Garcia is a "perennial young in heart"; that Mrs. Estacio is a "typical mother"; that Mrs. Sison lost her baby; that Miss Saturnino is a "math wizard"; and that Mr. Macainan smiles. If we forget these things we can write about other things, and write them well. And also please our classmates.

Take for instance the field day which came to the Arellano Colleges' life last Feb. 25 and passed out of the Arellano Colleges' life last Feb. 25 also. But how can we give it the austere simplicity of fact rather than the tangled wof of fiction? Shall we write about the sponsors? If we do, Fara Lizardo will have to come in again. And she will be so gloriously interesting that we cannot prevent ourselves from splashing this column full of her. We believe we ought to write about the girls, all of them. We ought to write about them who fought only with sticks and won because the sticks were red and white and blue.

The field day had a sort of lure for the girls. When Mrs. Foster told them about it, they were instantly on their feet, all up and doing and before the lazy ones knew it, they were being herded to the big field and told to stretch their bones like real nice girls.

Esperanza Villanueva cut quite a figure during those days of rigorous practice. She came to it a sweet clinging vine. Suddenly she was the strict disciplinarian. "Girls keep your lines straight and pick up your sticks at the same time." One time she really got mad and gave even the boys (who were also having their "physical educa-

(PKP is one those rare jewels which are seldom found, and never seen again when lost. She is, so to speak, a reg'lar girl. She is not one of those shrinking mimosas who wither when you crack jokes—in fact, PKP will battle unto death against you in the master art of the pun and the retort subtle. It will be with pride for us to say that once upon a time, PKP was our guest editor.—Ed.)

WE teased EPR into lending us his column for one issue — and when he acceded, rather too quickly, we gave ourselves a mental kick in the pants for having voluntarily asked for a Situation. But, of course, being in college, we are presumably a more intelligent animal, and can, at the drop of a hat, dissert impressively on any subject. That is, presumably . . .

When we were in the high school, some four or five years back, life, to us, was one great illusion. We quoted poetry. We sang to the moon and counted stars. We believed passionately in the idea of fairies and a dream world. And how much agony we went thru, trying to convince our more realistic parents that we were not their daughter, but a princess really in disguise, come to live on earth by some sweeping act of condescending divinity! All this was long, long, ago.

Now, we are five years older — and wiser, in that we can recite to you, to the minutiae, the framework of the American government and conjugate tricky Spanish terms and explain to you, in cold, scientific words, that the rainbow is a "concentric exhibition of the colors of the spectrum, brought about by the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays on drops of rain," — and not, as we used to believe — some mystical enchantment appearing when fairies were out dancing in the woodlands af-

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