

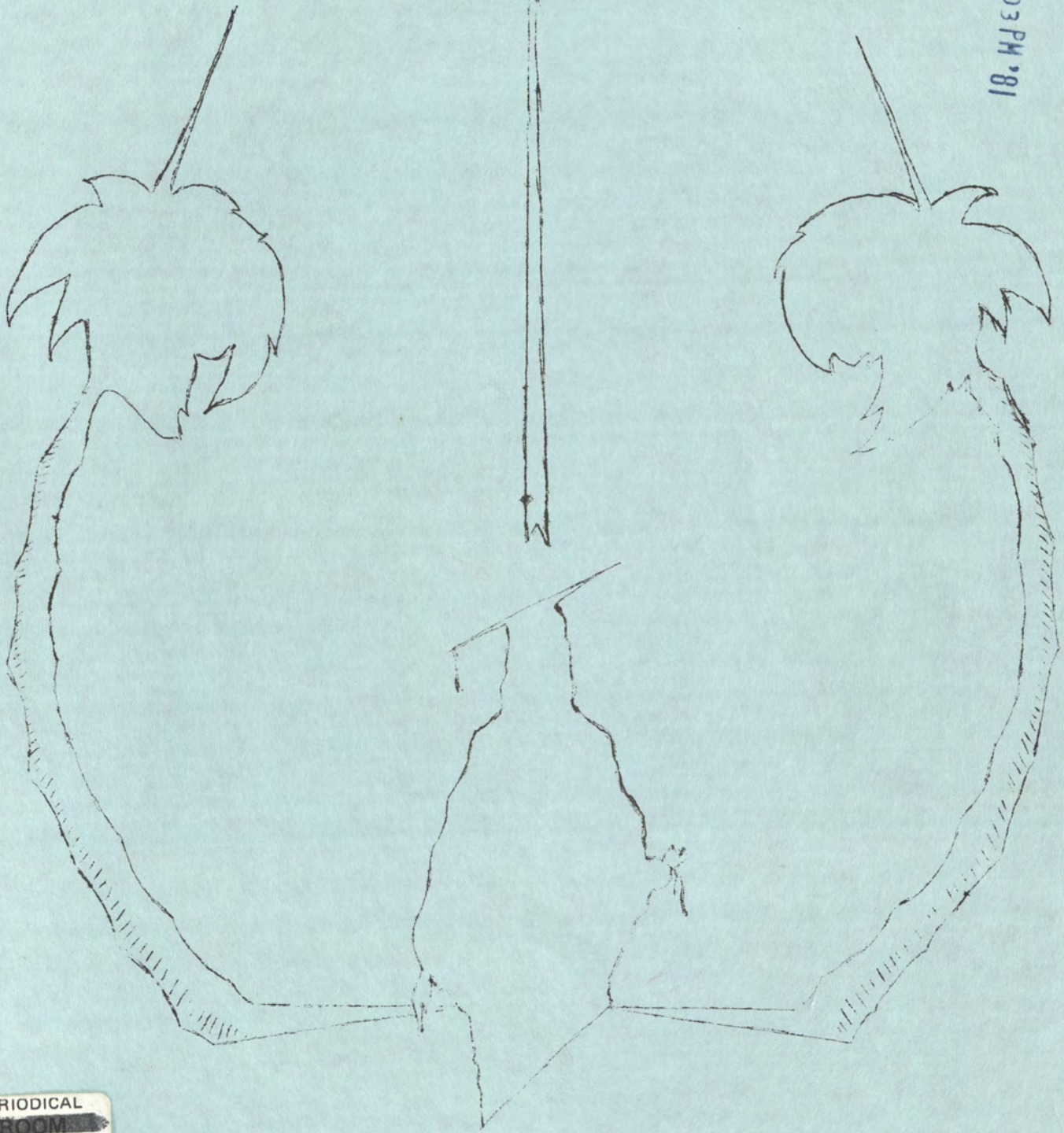
1981 Issue



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THE THREE COVERS

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PRIDE or PREJUDICE?

To the sight-seeing tourist visiting the campus promissos, the rooftop view of a couple engaged in earnest conversation under swaying palms on the outskirts, the main corridor glimpse of boys and girls bent over their desks in the Study Hall, and the sound of a coed school. But to a good number of alumni and today's boarders, female enrollment at Xavier High School has become a controversial issue.

In 1976, Xavier High School stemmed its pride as an all boys high school and admitted twelve girls. Over a span of five years, the number has increased to the present 33. The school has had no major difficulty concerning the girls since their admittance besides finding living accommodations and assisting them in their studies. The only visible change brought about because of girls admittance is the laxness in the school scheduling. As an alumnus, now a Jesuit scholastic, stated, "In the old days when we were all boys, the administration brandished a rigid time table, enforced by strict priest prefects. There was a set time for every activity, even on Saturdays. We were free only on Sundays." Questioned further on the present situation, he added that with the acceptance of girls, the only notable difference is that the school has had to adjust its scheduling to meet the needs of the girls who they have no structured time since they are living off campus. The schedule is now a bit flexible but that has no particular effect on the standing, and for that matter, neither do the girls. Explained the principal, "It is hard to say that girls have affected the school's academic standard because the method of the school evaluation is a very complicated process. It just is hard to draw such a conclusion."

Contrasting the past and the present school situation--the intermingling of boys and girls--the "old timers" in the administration share a common view: The present situation is much more healthier. In the past students acted in a more embarrassing manner when it concerned the opposite sex. The style of clothing then was neither bold nor self assertive. Boys didn't care much what they wore as long as they had on a pair of trousers and a shirt or tee-shirt. Concerning the scheduling practice, Xavier High School of the past was run more like a military academy.

Today, boys students have a much healthier relationship with girls. They are relating with girls of their own peers, and both boys and girls lives have become a learning process for positive social growth. Boys are now more attentive about their manner of dress. It is no longer just any pants or shirts but the right pair of trousers and shirtwear. Not only does the presence of girls influence the dressing style, but times have changed and boys are catching up on fashion and things appear more respectful and neater looking.

The administration, in the years before and ever since the school became coed, has given students more responsibility to perform--but not without privileges. The change in tactics was undertaken for the training of students to operate more effectively on their own. As a teacher commented, "We don't run a military academy anymore." Incidentally, when Xavier High School's policies were being modified, the administration and the Bishop felt that girls had as much right to an opportunity to train themselves at Xavier, like the boys, and to study from a very renowned high school's programs.

Unfortunately, a good number of alumni and male students now here don't agree with the school's and the Bishop's way of thinking. Whether the alumni are sincere in their cherishing of their past experiences, that they want the school to continue as before despite the visible improvements in the school policies and programs, or that they have other motives for protesting against the girls enrollment, I don't know.

continued on the next page

The arguments of the students nowadays are more plausible. Boys feel that girls are trespassing on a Hill that has been inhabited by boys for over twenty-five years. Xavier High School was made for boys. Let the girls go to Mount Carmel or such schools for girls only. As a boy pointed out, "With the acceptance of girls, boys are less open with each other and are not as serious with their studies because girls distract them. And there is always the possibility of pregnancy-- a problem that will hurt the solid reputation of the school." In fact, the students are so worried that they have harbored a particular rumor intended more as a scare. The origin of the rumor is unknown. The rumor is that if a girl gets pregnant, no more girls will be accepted at Xavier. They go for good. To the girls, this is indeed news. They never know of such a rumor because apparently it circulated mostly among the boys. This problem of pregnancy has no stated immediate solution. As the Director put it, "Pregnancy is a problem that will be dealt with when it happens, but let's hope it doesn't happen."

The attitude of the girls toward the fact that the boys and a good number of other people don't agree with having them around is not one of retaliation. As a sophomore said, "I am not surprised about the boy's reaction. I expect them to act that way because they have been here for such a long time. But," she added, "the boys' feelings will wear off given time." These words more or less sum up the whole situation. Boys can mumble and protest but times have changed and some are adjusted to the situation and are liking it the way it is now. Alumni can scream all the complaints they want concerning girls at Xavier but it will do little good. Women's Lib has finally reached the summit of the boys' beloved Mabuchi Hill,

by: Otong H. Emilio

Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

The breeze coming through the window, I sat down and thought of my past. I've been a student most of my life, but so what? Man is a student of his environment. What particular event in my life, then, is significant enough to be remembered?

It was in my fifth grade that I found my other half. Before this, I lived in a world of my own. The things the people around me see was invisible to my eyes. The pictures of things in my world were like those seen on a damp, foggy morning when everything is blurry. I remember times when I had to lie just to keep up with my peers—"Oh yes, I can see it. It's beautiful." Though deep within my heart I was crying. The pure, beautiful world they see and talk about is but a puzzle to me. I strained my senses and strived for answers, but still I found strangers. I began to tell myself that I was going to come out of my world, but as the years sailed by, I grew more and more aloof.

The vivid, unforgettable moment chose a clear, bright evening when the sun sprayed the heavens with colors. I was given my first pair of eye-glasses. For the first time in eight long years I saw a real sunset. I remembered the warm tears flowing down my cheeks which followed a second of true harmony. Not wanting to let my family know what was happening to me, I walked up the hill to be alone with my half. The setting sun I've longed to see sank into the stillness of the lonely western hills.

Jonathan Tun

LUCK

The birds started singing and the tide started rising. Behind my back the sun rose from the horizon. My chin in my hands, I sat thereon the rotting, old log and waited patiently for the right time. Fifteen minutes had passed since I sat on the log. The shaded area of the sand before me was getting smaller. The ants which had leisurely strolled under the coolness of my shadow were now exposed to the rising temperature of the morning sun. Time was surely passing fast, but my part of it was still ahead.

I wonder if those sarn sharks found it. They're always getting there first. A poor, old man can't ever have a real fish without sharing it with a shark. The worst part comes when a man has to return home with a net tangled up with sharks.

The coolness of the tide sinking my heel into the sand woke me up from my web of thoughts. Time does pass fast. The shade now was half buried under my posture. The sun was high now. Without hesitating I rose, shouldered my fishing gear, and pushed my bamboo raft off the warm sand.

Continued on the next page.

With my sturdy paddle, I pushed myself towards where I had stroched my net the other night. A fishing bird glided by, swirled over the area of my net, and plunged skillfully into the surface of the water. I have beaten the sharks at their own game.

Jonathan, M. Tun

It's no longer and will never be a lonely place for me.

My first few months of being a Xavierite was an imposing burden. Because I knew nothing about friends, I found myself in the wilderness of loneliness. The familiar faces of the other students from my home-Island offered a little comfort. But still, the shadow of loneliness lingered. One day, the Dean of students advised me not to stick around with only my country-men. I began to worry about my future life here at Xavier.

Finally I decided to seek for help from my academic advisor, who seemed to understand my problem. After a small discussion with him, I ultimately realized that I wasn't the only one encountering this kind of problem. In-fact, it had happened to some of the students in the upper classes and some of the ones that had graduated long before I came to this lonely green hill of Mabuchi. My academic advisor pointed out that what I needed was a couple of friends. However, approaching somebody from the other states was difficult for me. As a result, I kept on living in my lonely world while hoping that someone would initiatively come along and guide me into a world, where I can't find myself being lonely. Unfortunately, nobody seemed to notice how lonely I was. So I thought it was God's will that I was to be lonosome. I had promised myself to stop thinking about it.

Then, one day, I found myself hanging around with some boys from the other districts. I didn't believe my eyes. I found it hard to believe that was real. At last I realized that I was no longer alone. I found myself more acquainted with the other boys. Now I'm sure that Xavier is no longer and will never be a lonely place for me.

Alfred Alfred Jr. "84er"

MYSTERY OF THE PAINTED BLACKBOARD

Joe "Hardy" Hawryluk, the science teacher at Xavier High School, began renovating the science classroom walls, ceiling, lab stations and cabinets repainted. When beginning his work, little did Joe Hardy know that he would soon confront a baffling mystery-- The Mystery of The Painted Science Blackboard.

The science blackboard was painted with oil-based paint in three hues: light green, dark green and white. A huge X was painted in the middle of the black board. The puzzling aspect of the paint job was that it appeared to have been done by a professional painter. There were no mess or crooked lines. It was a very neat job. In fact, too neat for a job done in the black of the night.

The unknown painter completed his mission on the night of Thursday, March 7. The damage was discovered the next morning. According to a lab assistant, the classroom was locked by the science teacher himself on Thursday evening. Until the following morning, the only persons who could enter the room were the classrooms caretaker and some faculty members who were doing a project in the A.V. room, one of the build-in rooms in the science classroom. The classroom caretaker is found innocent of charge. Yet, the possibility exists that other students obtained the key and did the job. But so far, there has been no arrested suspects.

The investigation of the matter hasn't produced any results so far. The Xavier Intelligent Network (XIN) has two bothersome questions to analyze; what student could have the guts to play such a cold trick? or was the job a faculty member's idea of a practical joke? Until XIN answers these questions, the case shall remain in a mystery for the "Hardy Boys".

BY: Otong H. Emilio

A REMINDER

As a Junior at Xavier High School, I would like to share my final thoughts, and comment regarding the present Seniors.

The Senior class is composed of all kinds ideals. It tends to travel in a straight path, but in some cases, it goes the other way. The class is great in many ways; for example, the members did try their very best to follow the school regulations.

The class is full of great spirit and with this spirit filled within them, they can strive for success for the benefit of their fellow micro-nosians and coutry.

I think the members of the class are the only Seniors whom I came so close too, and it even hurts to know they are leaving soon. But this is not the end; it is only the beginning of a now path to success.

Although the Seniors will be leaving campus, they are not erased from the memory and the heart of those who look at them not only as Seniors but as leaders of the future.

Darin R. De Leon '82

KEY-WORD TO SUCCESS

The question that some youths usually ask thomsolve is "Why do people criticize?". In the dictionary criticism moans: "Unfavorable remarks or judgements or analysis of merits and faults". Most youths think of criticism as a negative description of a person who has a bad reputation, without thinking of the good effects.

Criticism in accordance to some faculty members, helps us to grow and improve ourselves by developing in a more mature and human way, in other words criticism helps us in our responsibilities, our concern for others including honesty and initiative.

"How can a person with faults improve if he doesn't know his mistakes first?" In order for a person to be better by improving his mistakes, he has to know what to improve. It is true that some criticism might not be true, so arguments and trouble result; therefore I advise you, my dear friends: arguments may lead you into trouble which may cause a fight, and fighting would cause war, so let us not declare war but proclaim peace.

To maintain peace, the opposing persons must and should settle an argument about a certain criticism which is falsely rumored. I assure fellow friends, that the problem would be solved.

John T. Fritz

Trash With Hearts

We see, what we've done
We feel, what we've seen
And we know, what's hidden
For we are no fools
But the class of '81

By Inca R

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship takes on a special meaning
When we share
.... Tears as well as laughter
.... Fears as well as dreams
.... And silence when the time
for words is past.

By Inca R & Marilyn A

Too Bad, But a Real Dream

My dream, my own dream, that comes
to me as a real dream.
A dream mine, not yours, that
cheers me up at times of frustration,
hopeless, and sorrow.
Who are you to take away the dream
I created. Not you, nor anybody
Please, let it be me.
A dream that is for me. Not for you,
"My parents." But a dream that's
dreamed by me. Leave me alone, for
it is my own dream, that comes to me
as a real dream.

By Inca R

ACROSS THE MILES

Don't count the miles between us
They don't matter much at all
Just count the many joys we've
shared together, big ones and small ones
Count the thoughts that bring us close
together
Sweet memories so fond and dear,
and the miles that lie between us
will disappear.

By Patricia S

XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL

Soding Xavier for the last time,
my tears stream down my cheeks
like rain drops falling from
the sky

Wondering when will I meet Xavier,
perhaps I never will

Being here for four years, it's
hard to escape without tears

Thinking not to leave but something
bogs me to go, for something
important lies ahead to be
fulfilled

Reflecting back, again my innocent
tears flow down like a stream

Everwhere I go fear not, for, for
the spirit is always with me

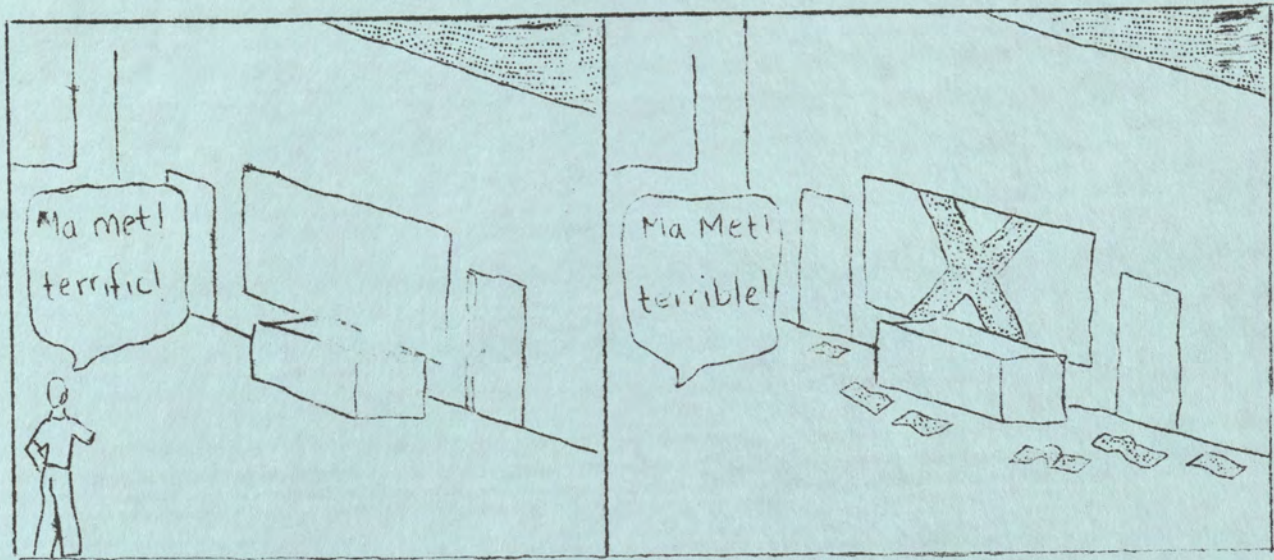
Never will I forget the remin-
scence of Xavier High School

By the Legislature Group;
Chansor Y, Gooflan C,
Joanos S, and Rsci I

SAVE YOUR TEARS:

There is always an end but a
new beginning, Sadness is the
end of friendship, but tears
cannot bring you back, only
hope can, Save your tears,
Don't cry no more and hope for
the best ---- Now beginning.
Though you will be gone, we
will forget not the memories
of laughter, spent on this
hill of Mabuchi. A teardrop
may be a portion of our
being friends.

By John F



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* UPING EVENTS *

Freshmen weekend trip...March 27
 End of 3rd Quarter

Easter vacation.....April 16-21
 Pats vacation

Juniors' weekend trip...May 2nd