

SHORT STORY

By G. CORPUZ DARANG

THE NURSE

Angelo's world was dark, harassed by the disheartening memories of the pasts.

He was about to give up hope when one day upon opening heavily his eyelids as if subjected by a ghastly dream, his soul was instantly held by the presence of a nurse whose natural fragrance mingled with the drug-smell of the big hospital room.

"Where am I?" This was the first statement he uttered after one-night of unconsciousness.

Instantly he tried to lift his weight up from the bed but ache quickly railed to his bandaged head. He dropped himself and at the same time his hands drifted to his head.

Abruptly his face, stained with dry marks of his own blood formed a contaminating expression of pain. He moaned and his voice dominated the silence of the room for a while.

"You are in the hospital," he heard the nurse speak, her voice soft and soothing.

"Why?" he asked.

"A cargo truck hit you while you were crossing España street yesterday afternoon. You fell down and your head struck the hard pavement. Remember?"

Remember, Angelo said to himself inaudibly. Only the thing he recalled was that he was crossing the street just after their afternoon class. He met Rosa. At the sight of her, Angelo immediately experienced the irregularity of his heart throbs. It knocked forcefully against his breast, rendering him stupefied and weak.

He saw Rosa with a man who held her by the hands. Rosa did not see him. This made him stand on the middle of the road and follow Rosa with his eyes. As he stood there the memories of

the past rose into his mind like a vivid image of the golden sun at dawn. He remembered the unforgettable words of Rosa in her last letter.

After Bataan, fell I waited for you. You did not return. I thought you were dead.

After my parents were hit by strayed bullets of the enemy's strafing planes I lived with your parents. You know what happened to them. They were murdered by the Japanese soldiers upon refusing to yield the cavans of palay, the only products left of your ricelands in our hometown.

I felt so lonely and alone. I could no longer live with the memories. Tony then appeared as if he were you, coming back to me. I married him, remembering you.

Someday you will also find me in another one's life just as I found you in Tony's.

"Here, drink this hot tea," he heard, the nurse break the silence as a spoonful drifted into his mouth.

Without saying any word, Angelo watched the nurse silently. The nurse looked back with a smile. She was dressed in immaculate white uniform, her lovely figure full of grace and freshness like the sweet image of a young innocent girl back home. Her face was angelic and full of the goodness that he knew would only be found in one so enchantingly sweet. And remembering of it now there was charm in her smile, made radiant by the sparkle of her glossy eyes.

"You're very kind," Angelo said after a while. "What's your name?"

"Amping," she responded. "Thanks for the tea... Amping."

The nurse smiled again.

For days he watched Amping as she moved hurriedly around the big room filled with numerous beds. There were many things that kept her busy; making daily report charts giving medicines at designated time to many patients, changing the bed sheets whenever they get soiled. Literally she always lost herself in the endless hospital work for the cause of the sick. Many patients everyday came in like broken souls and came out, brave enough to face the world again.

Amping was the one who dressed his bruised head and gave him sponge bath every morning. This made Angelo happy and enjoy his hospital seclusion. He became fond of Amping.

One night Amping ap-



FROM QUERUBIN FULGENCIO

I'm sending you a picture of the Business Manager and the Industrial Coordinator of the State Penitentiary at San Quintin, California, with me, during my visit there in the interest of our jute (saluyut) fibers which can be used in the manufacture of bags in this institution where they have a mill for burlap sacks.

At present, they get burlap from India and Pakistan but if our jute fiber can compare with it favorably, which they think it would, they may buy all our jute fiber supply for their mill needs.

At this writing they are undertaking tests with the bales sent by our Bureau of Plant Industry and after about a month or so they can more or less determine just what they think of our fibers.

I brought with me specifi-

THE NURSE . . .

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saw her inside the hospital room. There was iciness and peculiarity in her manners.

"Anything?", Amping said as if talking to a stranger.

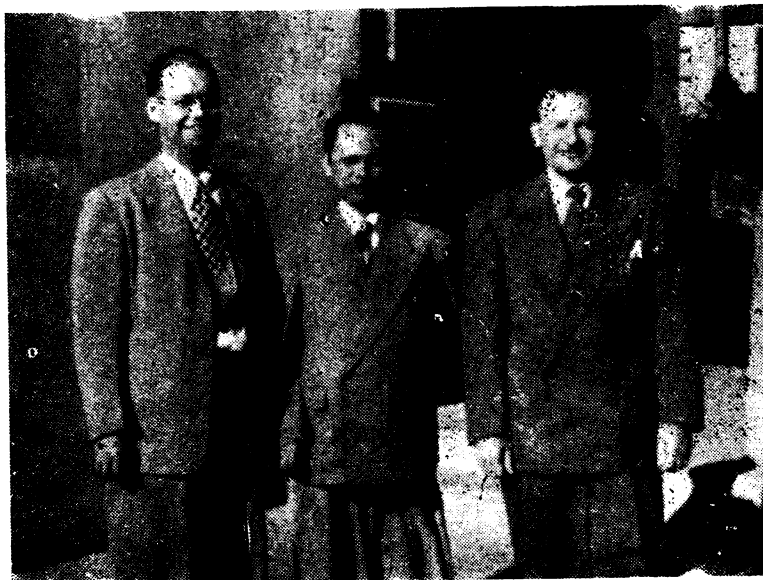
Angelo was about to speak when another gasping nurse coming from the same door breathlessly announced, "Amping, your patient just arrived from the operating room. Blood transfusion. Quick!"

"Oh, excuse me, mister," she said frantically and hurriedly walked away.

Angelo suddenly became conscious of his self. He peeped inside the room into which Amping had entered. Every nurse was busy doing something. They looked like a confused crowd with a definite thing to do. Slowly he walked down the stairway. His dream was dead! Rosa's words bobbed up again.

Someday, you will find me in another one's life the same way as I found you in Tony's.

"Someday . . ." he murmured audibly, as he passed out of the hospital gate. Aimlessly he dragged his feet across the hard pavement of a long and seemingly endless road.



Dr. Fulgencio, center, at San Quintin

cations and details of the sacks we make experimentally in Manila at the request of Mrs. Irene E. Murphy and they will use those information in the making of sacks under our standard and pattern.

In the same occasion, I met the President of a Bag Manufacturing Company in Houston, Texas and he gave me the names of three companies which are interested in buying the portion of the jute fiber near the roots which cannot be used in the

manufacture of jute sacks.

During my present observance in the Social Security Administration of the Federal Security Agency under the sponsorship of the United Nations, I believe I may be able to get in touch with those companies, which if successful, would redound to something good for the Philippines in about two years.

You may use this photo and pertinent portions of this letter for publication.

Thank you very much and I'll try to be in touch with

you as regularly as I can for the duration of my fellowship here and Europe.

Very sincerely yours,
Querubin Fulgencio, M. D.

United Nations Fellow
from the Philippines

BUSINESSMEN . . .

(Continued from page 9)

performance, Mr. Carrion further explained, the trend now is definitely towards electric typewriters. He believes that in the near future the manual typewriters will be out of the market and the greater demand will be for the electrically-operated ones. The reason for this radical prediction is that this IBM product has undergone the acid test of clerical efficiency, proficiency, speed, and economy with flying colors, and the requirements of modern business is to lean heavily on a mechanized system of office work. This is persuasive and convincing salesmanship, wherein Mr. Carrion feels at home. His pet sales promotion plan is to secure the patronage of all colleges and universities, and government offices in the use of the IBM electric typewriters.

We rate Mr. Carrion as a businessman of achievement for this week not only for his vast experience in mercantile operations but also for his having been the recipient of 3 gold medals from the world headquarters of IBM in New York. Reason for the series of awards was his having successfully and successively covered the 100% quota allocated to the divisions wherein he is the sales manager. For this exceptional accomplishment he qualified for membership in the IBM 100% Club of New York for the third time. So far only three Filipinos have been afforded this honor, including Mr. Ramon del Rosario, general manager of the local branch of the International Business Machines Corporation and Mr. Jose L. Arguelles, IBM salesman of electric bookkeeping and accounting machines.

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