



Suicide of a Little Missionary in Baguio

All those who visited Baguio this year must have seen Father Carlu, the pastor of the summer capital of the P. I., driving an auto, his own flivver, on his way to some of his schools, or to the hospital, or on some other errand. Everybody at Baguio knows that Father Carlu is rarely at home (if one may call a sacristy a home) and is nearly always in a hurry on the street.

Do not be scandalized, dear reader, when you read that Father Carlu has

an auto! First: Father Carlu works daily six hours overtime and will continue that antihygienic system his whole life, as long as he can move. Second: Father Carlu is a youngster who made his first Communion a great number of years ago. So he well deserved a better conveyance than a St. Francis train: a reason why, some months ago, he received an auto, a Hupmobile. And if you need a third reason to let a poor missionary possess an

auto: the hupmobile was not a luxury, but quite the contrary: it was as old as its master or at least looked as old. Many even said it was a shame such an active Missionary had no better machine. It rattled and sighed with a terrible noise from start to stop, so that its driver hardly ever had to blow his horn, to announce his rather slow coming up from behind the sharpest curves on the mountain roads.

Anyway that hupmobile had become during these last months a nearly inseparable companion to the pastor of Baguio; it helped him greatly in his missionary work, it meant Father Carlu doubled, it was a second little missionary but of course of a special kind: an old Hup.

Once upon a time Father Cardyn, the assistant of Father Carlu, having received a license to drive an auto, went out on the old cripple hupmobile of the Baguio mission. How lovely that machine soared! so does it seem to a new driver on his first expedition.

Father Cardyn made a stop in front of the Baguio station, jumped out of the steaming overheated Hup and entered the station, just for a couple of minutes. Then back he went to his machine. But, oh! horror, the Hup had disappeared, leaving only some marks of the wheels on the sandy road.

Who might have stolen an auto, only worth the price of its scrap? But the thief could not be far. He might still be caught.

Immediately Father Cardyn ran on his tracks. And see: a little farther

the Hup had turned to the right, taking the entrance road towards the Hotei Pines. But . . . was it possible? In front of a tree there stood, there lay, there was the lost Hupmobile: a total wreck!

What had happened? When the Father had left the machine, the Hup had thought (if Hupmobiles can think): I am old and stiff, unfit for work, more unfit to climb mountains. I am ugly and rusty, everybody mocks me. My limbs are weak: they may give way and break at any time, on any road and send my driver and passengers to left or right into any precipice . . . and at this terrible thought, the thought of killing a missionary, old Hup had shivered.

But this trembling had set the machine arunning and . . . down the road it went, taking the curve towards the Hotei Pines, and heading for a huge tree. Into the tree it bumped with all the force of its own weight and the acquired force of a hundred meters' dash downwards.

The tree in selfdefence gave the Hup a terrible blow on its face: it meant a perfect knockout.

The Hup was beaten, terribly beaten, breathless, noiseless, wheelless, shapeless: in one word: everything, less a Hup! *

Poor thing: but a few months ago, a faithful little missionary, it had now committed suicide, to save the life of its master, a great missionary: Father Carlu.