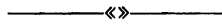


kept silent, they would not be so ridiculous and comical, for it is what they say, more than anything else, that makes them so. It is precisely because they are so ridiculous, and so comical, and so clownish, that their words deserve no heed or credit. Now, one would think middle-age had absolute right in exacting from our youth integrity of life, probity, honesty, purity, and virtue by the way they go about complaining and rebuking their evil proclivities and immoral tendencies. The youth can only say in reply to them, "We cannot give you what you have dispossessed us of—morality,—and yet be justified. If we were to trace back the cause of all our besetting crimes, we should find that these are all due to the lack of moral training. From the halls of our legislature, to the bribe-stained public offices, from the absconded holes of gambling to the fetid cabarets, from the reckless press to the sophisticated books of the day, from the filthy theater to our half-naked women, from the grafting official who controls offices and municipalities, to the base vagabond who does nothing but rob, kill, and evade prison, the taint of irreligiousness and godlessness is every-

where. Had middle-age ceased fretting and stopped rebuking youth for doing wrong, and searched for a bulwark that could hold down their surging passions, they would be doing something very noble, for they would certainly be checking that power—ill-conduct—which brings chaos to our nation.

But middle-age is too proud to believe, too resolute to be convinced, too strong and pertinacious, to be moved. "You cannot sacrifice principles for a religious cause," our leaders try to excuse themselves. Some who know the Church, and honestly believe in her Divine power, suspect the bad state the nation is in, but it is better to stay away and not to meddle with the affair. Their fear of losing their social or political position, is so intense that, provided they are saved, the nation can do as she pleases, or "go hang." Such is our political practical notion of Patriotism and religious freedom, and those other fine principles which are preached with such unction in political meetings and toasted so enthusiastically at public dinners. Tell me what you introduce into your schools, and I will tell you what you are introducing into the life of this nation.



The Come Back

By Jesus T. Anido, H.S. '31.

RAMON del Villar, millionaire-boy "de luxe," and student not so "de luxe," speeded down the boulevard in his shiny, black, low-swung roadster. Behind him, in hot pursuit, came one of the "Harley-Davidson Company's" latest attempts at a motorcycle. Everybody turned to watch the unexpected, but highly exciting race. Down the boulevard they went, roadster and motorcycle. They passed Mr. Perkins' beautiful "El Nido," each one striving to beat the other to the tape,—where that was, no one knew.

The race was, however, destined to end as abruptly as it had begun. At the next corner, a small touring car emerged into view. There was a quick swerve, the screeching of brakes,

the scream of tortured tires, then—a crash. Roadster, touring car, and motorcycle, lay in a confused mass. Here and there broken pieces of glass, of crumpled steel and what not, lay scattered.

From this debris, walking unsteadily, emerged a man clothed in uniform which proclaimed him one of "Manila's finest." After helping the grinning Ray from his uncomfortable and precarious position under the overturned roadster, he calmly proceeded to fill in an invitation to visit the Court of First Instance.

"Where did you think you were going, huh? This little race is going to cost you plenty, Mr. Dare-devil. What's your name?"

"Ramon del Villar," was the smiling answer, "What's yours?"

The officer looked up from his writing. This boy certainly had nerve, the race had proved that. But he must make himself respected.

"Don't give me none of your lip, boy, or I'll . . .," here the officer stopped, being at a loss for words; then, "gimme your license."

"But officer . . ." began Ray, mockingly. But the officer took it seriously, and interrupted him with the line all speed cops are supposed to broadcast for your benefit, when they pinch you for speeding:

"Tell it to Judge!" After a pause, he added, giving Ray his invitation, "See you in court tomorrow, smart boy!"

The following day found Ray in court, sadder, (on account of the loss of his roadster), and wiser (his father had flatly refused to give him a new one), facing the stern Judge of the Court of First Instance. The clerk of the court was reading the charges filed by "The Government of the Philippine Islands, plaintiff, versus Ramon del Villar, defendant."

"The defendant, the afore-mentioned Ramon del Villar, is charged with speeding, resisting arrest, reckless driving, and contempt of court."

The clerk of the court stopped reading, apparently out of breath. He stared at the cause of his present hardship, then at the Judge, and back again at Ray.

"What have you got to say for yourself, young man?" this severely from the Judge.

"Nothing at all, your honor."

"All right, then. ₱55 for speeding, ₱50 for resisting arrest, another ₱50 for reckless driving, and ₱10 for contempt of court, or . . ." here the Judge paused and unblinkingly surveyed Ray, from head to toes, "or one month in jail. Now, young man, let this be a lesson to you. Since this is the first time you have been arrested, I'm letting you off lightly, but next time, young man, that is, if there is a next time, it's going to be harder for you. That is all. Pay the clerk, please."

Ray turned away without a word, as the Judge called "Next." As he approached the clerk, he extracted from his pocket his month's allowance, (his father had refused to pay for his last race), and gave it a last look of farewell. That race had cost him his car, and now his father had calmly, but emphatically declined the honor of playing the Good Samaritan in his latest mis-play. This was more than he had bargained for. This meant that he had one whole month before him, without parties of fun, and this, to his young irresponsible mind, seemed a great deal. He paid his bill, and slowly turned towards the door. His face bore that "Never-again-appearance", but the clerk only muttered, "They always come back!"

Ray descended the steps of the old court house, silently and unobtrusively.

Gone was his gay and bantering smile, gone his pride and carelessness, albeit only for the time being. For the nth time in his life, Ray was worrying on how to get some money, but for the first time in his life, he knew he could not get it from his father. How to get it then, and from whom? Work? No, that was out of the question. Ray did not know what work was! But he MUST get money! He was still thinking on the how and wherefore, when he hailed a passing carromata.

Two days afterwards, Ray had his old Chevrolet roadster cleaned and oiled, and dressed himself for a quiet little spin with his present flame, Patria Clark. This was all he could afford under the existing conditions, and Patria knew it. This seemed to her, however, no reason for not going with him. She looked at it from a romantic angle, from the standpoint of a girl in love. "Would it not be more romantic," she asked herself, "just to sit in the car and hold hands, rather than go to places and be constantly on the jump?"

So five o'clock that afternoon found Ray and Patria parked beside Pier Seven, watching the big, red sun dip into the ocean for its nightly bath.

They had not been there long, when a man, apparently a sailor approached them. He was

dirty, and his unshaven face was black with soot.

"How d'a like to make some money, buddy?"

"What have I got to do to earn it, and . . . ah . . . how much is it?" asked Ray, who saw a way out of his present financial status.

"Five hundred pesos, cold cash, and all you got to do is take a little box to a place up town."

FIVE HUNDRED PESOS! Ray was surprised. Oh boy, what he could do with five hundred iron men, right now!

"Why . . . s-s-sure", he stammered, then, recovering his composure, he continued, "show me the box, and show me the place, and it's as good as done right now." As the man moved away, Ray turned to Patria "Talk about luck!. Here's where we pick up a bit of loose dough, baby!"

A few minutes later the man returned with a little wooden box under his arm. Ray opened the rumble seat and placed the box inside.

"What have you got in that box, may I ask?"

"That's part of the bargain. No questions asked!" replied the man harshly.

"Oh, it's a secret, is it?" asked Ray again.

"Yeah, it's a secret and no business of yours!"

"Alright then," replied Ray getting into the car, "Where do we go from here?"

He felt a slight pull on his sleeve, and Patria whispered, "I'm frightened. I don't like the looks of this terrible man, and besides you may be doing something illegal."

"Doing something illegal?" he asked, puzzled by Patria's manner, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, this man must be an opium smuggler, Maybe that box contains opium!"

"Yes, I do . . . but can't see the connection . . ."

"Why, you big sap, this man may be one of the dope smugglers," she replied with more insistence.

At last he saw! He understood! And like Archimedes he shouted, "Eureka!" Then he added more seriously, "I'm going to turn that man in!"

The man had come back. Ray realized he had to think fast if he hoped to outwit him! His train of thought was interrupted by the man's harsh voice.

"Here buddy, here's your salary in advance", he said handing Ray a roll of bills. Ray hesitated for a moment, then took it. He had hit upon a plan, a good plan.

"Climb in there, old man," he said, indicating the rumble seat.

The man climbed in and directed him to pass through the Luneta, and Burgos Avenue. As they neared the police station, Ray proceeded to put his plan to work. He speeded up, and as they passed the station, he opened his cut-out. In an instant a motorcycle came roaring after them. Ray slowed down and allowed the motorcycle to catch up with him. A moment later, the dilapidated, old Chevrolet caressed the curb-stones, and the motorcycle settled behind it. The rumble seat had seemed strangely quiet throughout the whole chase, and now Ray turned around to see if his passenger was still there. Yes, the man was still there, calmly smoking a pipe. Ray got out of the car and smiled. The speed cop was his old friend of the memorable crash, memorable because his father refused to be made the goat.

"Don't bother about my ticket, officer. The one you want is that man," he said, pointing to the man in the rumble seat.

Ray told his story. After he had finished, the officer went towards the man, with his revolver ready for instant use. He approached the man slowly, but as the man did not seem to notice him, he screwed up enough courage. As the cop came nearer, the man suddenly shouted: "Put away that gun, you fool, or I'll have my legions after you!"

"His legions?" thought Ray. Patria then was right. The man was the leader of a gang of dope smugglers. But the legion part still puzzled him. Perhaps this man referred to his men in that way. Gangsters were funny that way, he thought. By now, the officer had taken hold of the man, and had searched him for hidden weapons, but he found none.

The officer let go of the man, and took out his note book, "What's yer name?" he asked the man.

"Mark Anthony," was the calm yet startling answer.

"Hey? Say, you crazy or what?" suspiciously from the cop.

Both Ray and the officer stood dumbfounded. This man was either crazy or he was just stalling. But the man was willing to prove that he was Mark Antony. He was going to show them what was in that wooden box. He opened it, and showed it to Ray and the officer.

"Take a look at that vase! Isn't it a peach?" he asked. But Ray and the cop could see no vase. The box was EMPTY! The man was still speaking, "Cleopatra didn't want to give it to me, but I took it just the same."

Now Ray was sure of one thing: this man was crazy! He remembered the money! He hoped against hope that that part was not crazy too. He took out the money and stared at it. Somehow the money looked different. He let out a groan, "Fake!" was all he could say. After a while he continued, "Take him away with you, officer, before he takes a notion to show us something he swiped from Caesar."

"Nothing doing," replied the officer, "you take him to his palace, yourself. Do you think I want a crazy man tagging along after me? Nix, Mr. del Villar, you take him home."

But as Ray started to climb into the car, he heard the officer's voice.

"Hey, wait a minute. Where do you think you're going? I haven't given you your invitation yet."

"Oh. . . but officer. . .", this time Ray meant it, but the officer interrupted him with that old, old, line, "Tell it to the Judge!"

Ray turned to Patria, "See what you've done! If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have gotten this ticket," and as he saw that Patria was about to speak, he let out a loud "Shut up!"

* * *

The next day the clerk of the court cast out a big knowing pitiful glance as he saw Ray entering the court room. And when at the end of the hearing, Ray came towards him to pay his fine, he sighed, "They always come back."

Ray came out of the court house and slowly walked towards his old Chevrolet, where Patria was waiting for him. He was sadder (he had just paid his fine with his next month's allowance), and wiser, (he had learned another lesson). But the clerk was right after all, "they always come-back!"

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Waiting

By Jorge Ma. Cui, H.S. '31

TWILIGHT on the bay. Against the blue and gold horizon, two silhouettes could be faintly discerned. On one of the rocks of the breakwater sat a boy and a girl. The girl was reading the last stanza of a beautiful poem:

*"In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each land-ward blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;*

*"Till my soul is filled with longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."*

The girl stopped reading. She turned to her companion, who sat staring at the waves, which now and then dashed against the rocks at their feet.

"What's the matter, dear? Didn't you like that poem?"