

October  
1930

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# GREEN AND WHITE

Second Quarter

*The*  
**HIKE** SHOE  
*Built by*  
*Filipino Craftsmen*

Give Your Feet a Chance  
— to Enjoy Themselves —

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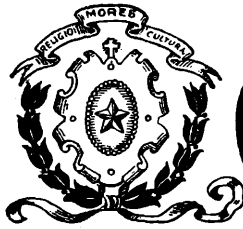


**HIKE SHOE FACTORY**

*STYLE CREATORS*

286 San Marcelino

Manila



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# Green and White

Official Organ of De La Salle College, Manila, P. I.

Edited by the High School and College Departments.

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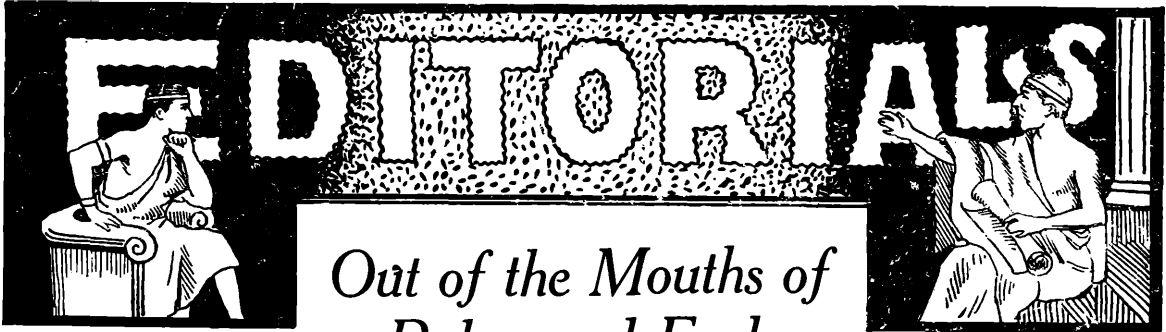
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## Out of the Mouths of Babes and Fools

"Libel," says a popular living writer, "offends because it is false; satire, because it is true."

Nicholas Roosevelt undoubtedly offended by the statement (reported by a local weekly to be contained in his book) that Filipinos are children. For that and similar declarations, he was made game of, read, cursed, and burnt in effigy. It also cost him the vice-governorship of the archipelago.

Is it libel? or is it satire?

Evidently, such a statement can have no reference to the physical or physiognomical aspect of the race; for, while some members thereof indeed bear faces as grave as the face of a child, there are not a few (occupying university chairs and other sinecures) who can boast the wrinkle and twinkle of St. Nicholas himself, whom we make so bold as to consider a type of corporal mellowness.

Coming down to the mind, then, can it be contended that people here, taking them by and large, are adult, full-grown, mature? Can they—as one who could not, innocently asked—put two and two together without help? Hold up the mirror of culture, which is conversation, and look therein for the answer. Does not Addison's description of the gallant conversation of his age hold true of this time and this people? Do not people habitually utter by way of colloquy, 'shallow commonplaces and vapid compliments'?

Consider the Arts: how many of your acquaintance could speak for half an hour about music, or painting, or the drama, without betraying crass ignorance? How many have any idea of architecture or sculpture or poetry? Has anybody heard of the Humanities?

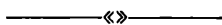
Or, turn to Science: could you find a dozen whose knowledge of history may not be traced to the antiquated fiction known (and sworn by, it would seem, in America to this day) as Wells' *Outline of History*? Does not your most serious-minded acquaintance speak oracles of philosophic what-not learned by rote out of that piece of unmitigated journalism, Durant's *Story of Philosophy*, which was never for a moment taken seriously by anyone who knew anything of the subject? Which one among those you know, not being compelled by the need of bread and butter, has any acquaintance with biology, physiology, geology, chemistry, astronomy? How many can intelligently and with pleasure follow the affairs of the world at large?

Could anybody translate a column out of a French newspaper without perpetrating monkey-talk? Or begin a song by Heine without entire innocence of its import? Finally, could you, by the extremest stretch of memory, think of one who can talk with glowing enthusiasm and firm conviction about his Religion?

Whether this be asking too much or expecting too little, the problem may be simplified still further. We can always turn to that flower of English culture, John Ruskin, for a truly simple test. "A well-educated gentleman," he tells us, "may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. . . . (An uneducated person) has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so

strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever."

You have but to apply this simple test to verify that the mass of so-called English-speaking classes in the Philippines, and particularly in the universities of the Philippines, speak anything else but English, and are anything else but educated. The whole country is a vast nursery of stunted minds, with here and there a pair of seeing eyes timorously peeping out. The charge of libel will not lie.



## *To Those Who Write*

Will those persons who intend to write for our future issues kindly bear the following remarks in mind:

1. That it is not the office of the Editor to correct manuscripts. His business is to read all the matter submitted, to make judicious selections, and (what is most painful to both Editor and Contributor) to reject matter unfit for publication. Too often have we been accosted—by young writers who doubtless mean well—in this wise: "Here's a story I wrote last night. It's not so good. You'll have to correct it. Won't you?" If we had a heart of stone, these things would hardly cause any trouble. But we have not. How, then, could we refuse? Should we be justified in turning them down thus: "You have nerve! You know your story is not good, and yet you would give it in! Correct! Indeed! Do you imagine we have nothing to do but read your story and try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?" That, certainly, would not be proper. For we

want to give every encouragement to our well-intentioned budding storytellers. To avoid, therefore, any further occasion of perturbation of mind on this account, we beg leave to recommend, to our younger and more inexperienced writers especially, that they submit to the Editorial Staff only such compositions as they can look upon as the satisfactory result of their *best* efforts.

2. That the plots of the stories written ought to breathe a Catholic spirit. We do not mean to substitute for detective tales, adventure stories, sporting incidents and the rest, a new kind of story, devoid of all excitement, tame and vapid, and dripping with sirupy sanctimoniousness, and then call it the expression of the Catholic ideal. Heaven forbid! 'Twould be doing an ill-service to Catholicism so to parade it under false colors. The Catholic spirit is manifested in a story when the principal character or characters are made to act as good Catholics would

act in real life. They don't have to be Saints or people of extraordinary holiness. They don't even have to do *all* that a good Catholic does—at least, not in public. They are not supposed, for instance, to go through their devotions before their readers. But they *are* expected to avoid whatever is unworthy of the dignity of a good Catholic. If hero and heroine agree to get married, the wedding should be celebrated in a Catholic Church, and not before the Justice of the Peace. If a baby is born to the happy couple in the story, the parents see to it that baptism is administered as soon as possible. A short sentence or phrase is sufficient to indicate this. It may be that on a Sunday a gay party of young men go out on a picnic. This, the author might mention, took place after the boys had heard an early Mass. It is these little touches, scattered here and there, wherever needed, that reveal the all-pervasive Catholic spirit. Little casual (yet not casual) touches like these are not obtrusive, and they tend to make a good Catholic reader feel at home in the reading of the story. It naturally would be the cause of a jolt to the minds of many sensitive and sensible Catholics to read an account (written by a Catholic student) of a good man gone wrong, persisting in wrongdoing, and when the end comes, concluding his life with a dramatic gesture of heroic impenitence. Of course, our student writers do not deserve severe censure for this. That they have committed similar mistakes

before, we may attribute to inadvertence on their part, and to their quite understandable youthful strivings after dramatic effect. Stories of despair, revenge and the like are easily dramatic, but often also morbid in their effect.

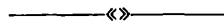
If the essays and stories, submitted to us, do not breathe this wholesome Catholic air, at least their lesson ought not to be antagonistic to Catholic sentiment and thought. This is even more important than local color, technique, etc.

3. That readers are already weary of listening to stories like this: "John was a tall, handsome youth... Mary was a pretty girl of sixteen summers... They met... Wedding bells... ding-dong!" An ingenious and not too improbable story is always read with interest.

4. That slang is not good English and deserves no place in a department consecrated to the fine arts of Shakespeare, Scott and Macaulay.

5. That the Editor's visual comfort should be consulted in presenting articles for his perusal. Would it be too much to ask our contributors to hand in their articles, essays, stories or verses, neatly typewritten in double or triple-spaced form?

The Editorial Staff trusts that these suggestions will not be misconstrued, and that they will be received in good part by those to whom they are addressed.



## Catechism

There are two La Sallites of excellent standing in their respective classes (the Commercial Class and the Fourth Year High) and worthy members of the Sodality of our Lady, who have un-

dertaken the laudable task of instructing ignorant children in the vital truths of our Faith. They have assumed charge of about one hundred boys in the district of Tondo for the purpose

of preparing them for First Holy Communion. We cannot help wishing that there might be more students of their fine stuff (especially among the Sodality) to help them carry on their charitable apostolate. We have been informed that they are in sore need of assistance, and they have earnestly requested us to make an appeal through the GREEN AND WHITE to see if we could recruit from amongst our school

readers at least four new catechists to join hands in this noble and meritorious work of mercy. It does not entail very much labor and bother, we are assured, nor does it occupy much more than one hour a week, on Sundays. It is a labor of love, and the kind souls engaged in it will not go unrewarded.

Mr. Anselmo Ferrazzini will be very much pleased to give further particulars to any inquirer.

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## A Challenge

Like a bolt from the blue the A.A. Class received some time ago a challenge from the La Salle Chamber of Commerce to a debate upon any subject of the challenged party's choice. It was provided in the note of defiance (for such it seemed) that the dialectic joust should take place not earlier than the 20th of October and not later than December 31st. It also stated that Bro. President had generously promised to award a cup to the winning team. The A.A. Class, after some hesitation, decided to take up the gauntlet. By the time this leaves the press, arrangements will have been completed between the two College departments which have—with considerable reason—been long regarded as rivals.

Had an invitation to a handball, tennis, or basket-ball match been issued, no unusual rumpus would have been stirred up. But a challenge to a debate is something new. It is a good sign. It shows that our students of Commerce have not narrowed down their interests to things purely commercial to the exclusion of "irrelevant and impractical subjects." It is very grateful to us to learn that Debating,

the joy of the High School student, still holds out attractions for La Salle's Commercialites. An especial benefit to be derived from inter-class contests of this kind, in which more or less practised orators and debaters take part, is the renewed interest in Debating that is bound to arise among the newer members of the La Salle Debating Club, upon whose constant encouragement and training, and ultimate success will depend in great measure the recovery of that tremendous power and prestige enjoyed by the La Salle Debating Club in those years when speakers of the caliber of de Vera, Gibbs, Ortigas, Ugarte, Araneta, and Heredia fortified her ranks. Any effort made in this direction deserves unstinted commendation.

It is our hope that the A.A.—Commerce debate will come off as well as it gives fair promise to, and that there will be more frequent encounters of similar nature in the future.

We look forward, also, to witnessing a controversial clash between the La Salle Chamber of Commerce, and the Senior Debating Club.



## *What Is The Prize?*

Everytime that a contest is announced most persons immediately pop the question, "What is the prize?" If the prize is a valuable one, they'll enter the competition, but if the prize is only a trifle, or if there is no prize, they won't think of competing.

To this kind of persons, one should never enter in a contest unless the prize is a round-the-world trip, or anything that has an equivalent value that can be expressed in at least four figures.

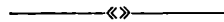
They don't find any glory in winning just to get the honor, the distinction of being the leader in such a line, whether it be sports, spelling contests, endurance flights, etc.

But there are persons who enter competitions not with any mercenary motive, but just for the honor to be achieved in winning that contest. This is the kind of people that make to raise

the standards of competition in all branches of human struggles.

The best example that we have of this sort of persons who enter competitions just for the honor to be achieved, is Sir Thomas Lipton. He spends hundreds of thousands of dollars on a ship, just to win a cup worth a few hundred dollars. Does he care for the value of the cup? Not for its objective value, certainly. But for the honor of having the world's fastest boat.

This example should be followed by all students when any competition is started. Don't ask, "What is the prize?", but go into it, heart and soul, just for the honor of being a winner, or a leader, a top-notch in a chosen field, whether it be sports, literature, or any competition that may start in which you have a chance to win. Go into it whether there is a prize or not, not for the prize, but for the honor and distinction to be achieved.



## *Cleanliness*

It is rather disagreeable to note the state in which most of our classrooms are to be found during afternoons. One often sees papers and other rubbish strewn about the floor. This is a step to carelessness and then—to disorder and loss of discipline.

We are never better pleased in receiving visitors, than when our homes are spic and span. Does not the same hold good with the College? What would we think if some one were to come to our house and make it anything but what it should be? Then, we should not do unto others what we do not wish done to ourselves.

Besides, a true La Sallite must at all

times make it a point to defend his Alma Mater. He must refrain from doing anything tending to belittle her. His great desire must be to stamp a favourable and vivid impression on the visitor of the model college that is La Salle. Considering all students to be LA SALLITES, we appeal to their cooperation in this small sacrifice—if it can be called such.

Furthermore, respect for one's self is shown in neatness and cleanliness, and these go far to win the respect of others. It is high time for us all to have developed this. Thus, when we step into the world, we need not make an effort to be neat or clean; they have become part and parcel of ourselves.



## On Local Color

By Alfredo E. Litiatco.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE—Those whose memories are merciless, may remember that of the nine narratives the writer has had published in the GREEN AND WHITE, only two had a Philippine setting. Of the remaining seven, one purported to transpire during the days of the Crusades; another in the course of the American Revolution; a third when Cardinal Richelieu was the power in France; a fourth in Chicago; and the rest in an imaginary city I chose to call Erewon.

It is thus quite evident that I was myself partial to the writing of "foreign" stories while a student; and yet, what I propose to do forthwith, is to criticize and preach to those students of La Salle who are partial to the use of alien settings. Hence am I a perfect example of people who, though living in glass houses, recklessly throw stones. May I mention, though, that my two GREEN AND WHITE stories that *did* have local color—or some vestiges of same, at any rate—were both written when I had become what I am now: i.e., no longer an under-graduate. And the alumni are mature persons who, some time or other, go through (with immense profit) that school which is alleged to be for fools only.

Thus, while most people profit by their mistakes, I am affording you the rare privilege of learning from *mine*. That is how generous I am!—A. E. L.)

ONE may reasonably indulge in the encouraging supposition that, even outside readers of more than ordinary taste, find the articles and verses of the GREEN AND WHITE of interest; but, with possibly greater certainty, and more reason, one likewise cannot but arrive at the depressing conclusion that, they probably totally ignore the majority of the efforts at fiction-writing.

This may be attributed to at least four major causes, namely: first, lack of vitality; second, faulty technique (if there is at all a semblance of form); third, immaturity; and lastly, the absence of local color.

With the first three flaws, we shall not concern ourselves: they are natural and almost inevitable. One cannot expect people young in age, education, experience, and observation to be discriminating in selecting material for a story, and skillful in fashioning that material; nor can one expect their viewpoint to be anything but adolescent. But surely, inasmuch as this magazine's story-writers are Filipinos, or at least residents of the Philippines, presumably writing for readers who are Filipinos, or residents of the Philippines, one may look forward to finding the GREEN AND WHITE narratives colored with native tints. But one does not so find them.

One of the rules of fiction-writing requires that authors never utilize settings with which they are not completely familiar; and once decided on a particular setting for a story, another rule dictates that the characters and descriptions be in accordance with that setting. Of course, the latter rule is automatically broken, once the former is disregarded—which is precisely, if in all probability, inadvertently, what practically all GREEN AND WHITE story-writers do. (In any case, should the first rule, as in a few instances, be followed, the second is usually not—and again, unknowingly, maybe.)

This, it goes without saying, has not been observed by the writer alone. Outside readers and exchanges have also remarked it. "Why is it," an outsider who is himself an author once inquired of me, "That your writers are so fond of running around the streets of New York, London, Paris, Berlin, when they have not even attempted to tread on the Escolta?"

Let us see: what does the average La Salle student read in the way of fiction? That is, those students who write for our school publication?

As a rule, these are they who are in one of the classes from the first year high school up. The Freshmen are fresh from, and mayhap, still enjoying, the Alger books and the Rover Boys series. The Sophomores are reveling in the Merriwell stories, the Juniors live Sherlock Homes, while the Seniors and the other upper-classmen probably think that the novels of Rafael Sabatini constitute the acme of adult fiction. If they read any other stories or novels, they are those which they are compelled to read in connection with their classes in English Literature. At all events, whatever they read is "foreign." They seldom, possibly never, read local works of fiction—which is probably just as well.

Thus, when they write for the college periodical, they turn out would-be detective stories, would-be historical romances, would-be sports narratives, would-be rags-to-riches epics, and so forth, in an attempt to create another *Craig Kennedy*, another *Ivanhoe*, another *Jack Lightfoot*, or another *Herbert Carter*. And of course, they use an alien background. Granted, they have never traveled or even read extensively. But they have a fair knowledge of the countries concerned, anyway. Haven't they gone to all sorts of places with the heroes of Henty and Stratemeyer? Haven't they sailed to Treasure Island or served under *Captain Blood*? Haven't they fought with *Richard the Lion Heart*, or gone sleuthing with *Nick Carter*? Haven't they been "adrift in New York," and "risen from the ranks" with *Julius the Street Boy*? Haven't they—oh, what period have they not lived in, what class of people have they not known, what nation have they not gone to? None, none—except the different eras of Philippine history, the race of people known as Filipinos, that country which is called the Philippines!

Yes: we can, in a measure, account for the absence of local color in the bulk of the stories in the GREEN AND WHITE. We know the "reason." But it is a reason that is not truly a reason, because it is not excusable. We can understand why the characters, and even the plots may be essentially exotic. But we cannot comprehend why the settings, as well, should deliberately be made foreign—why La Salle story-tellers, as a whole do not at least *begin* or *attempt* to write *Filipino* short-stories. *Paucity* of native touches may be unavoidable under the circumstances; but surely, not *total absence*.

At this juncture, it may be illuminating to point out just what is, or what constitutes, local color. (1) The writer will endeavor to do this negatively and indirectly—in the main.

(1) I suggest the interested reader procure a copy of the very first number of the *Literary Apprentice*, issued late in 1928, and read Casiano T. Calalang's "On Local Color," which is an almost perfect exposition of the subject.

It is not having local color to simply name your characters Juan and Maria instead of John and Mary, to merely state that they live in Manila instead of in Los Angeles, that they ride in carromatas instead of in taxis, that their house is a wooden one instead of a "palatial mansion."

It is not having local color to fill a story with descriptions of nipa shacks and *taos*, carabaos and rice fields, *kundimans* sung and *cariñosa* danced. Nor is it having local color to intersperse your English words with native terms conspicuously italicized.

No, it is not sufficient to state the bald fact that your character, either implied or definitely designated—that he is a Filipino.

It is all very well to say that fundamentally all men are equal, that hearts are hearts the world over, that art knows neither national boundaries nor race distinctions, that Caucasian, Malayan, Mongolian, or what-not, we all feel the same emotions: love, hate, sorrow, joy, etc. But superficially, the manner in which we react to those emotions, and give them expression differs with each race. And there are conditions which exist only in certain countries, conditions typical of them, just as there are individual traits characteristic of those living in them. Be it ever so subtle or slight, there *is* a difference between the way a Filipino acts, thinks, talks, and all in all lives, and the way of an American, a Frenchman, or a Turk.

"There are," writes Walter Robb (2), "humble servants in Philippine villages, types as thoroughly grandiose and picturesque as those the world smiles at, with French writers, and those who will be smiled at with American authors when American literature is somewhat farther along than it now is; the policeman, the policeman's family, the town-council member, the *teniente del barrio*, the councilman's lieutenant, usually quite puffed up by his little portion of authority.

"The little woman in village life is all-important to the student, and it must, in literature, be shown by incident and not by preachment. Just what is it? Many a *tao* is driven by apron strings, yet, craven though an aggressive spouse has made him, to his children his word is law. Here is humor, pathos, drama of the richest sort. Man squirms like a brow-beaten child under woman's discipline, and without doubt the Philippine peasant squirms adroitly. But just how? The answer lies in specific incident . . . . . Some day, somebody with a learned mind and a comprehending soul will spring from our peasantry, or go out into the country and live among them; and then Philippine literature will be born. Once born, it will wax vigorous. Here is a story of the centuries, which has never been told; the loves and hates, the hopes and disappointments of a simple people, and how they manage the enigma of life from the bamboo cradle, swung on a bamboo pole, to a sodden grave in the *campo santo*. If they did this grudgingly, if they were a morose and morbid folk, the golden secret would be gilded dross. That they do it joyously, stoically, obediently—that is the unsullied treasure-trove hidden in their humble careers."

There are those who hold that all things Philippine are in the country. With this radical view, I cannot wholly concur. I contend that the Filipino of the city, changing though he may be (indeed, this very fact lends him importance, rendering him the potentiality of what may, in the distant future be an inevitable actuality), and adulterated with Occidental views and traits. I believe he, too, merits portrayal, is worthy of study. Less and less is he becoming the exception, it must be admitted, for in this country, in truth, East and West have met and are swiftly blending.

(2) In the fourth of a series of articles under the heading of "Haphazard Studies in the English Language," published in the September, 1928, number of the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal*.

Coming again to the task of coloring our short-stories and other works of fiction with native tints, there are many things to avoid, among them:

(a) *Superfluous description.* This will retard the movement of the story, make it lag, and so render it uninteresting and spoil its technique. A choice bit of description here and there is more effective than several useless paragraphs. Make the description really an integral part of the narrative. For instance, in "Soft Clay" by Casiano T. Calalang (3), in the part where father and son are traveling in a *banca*, you will find this sentence: "They were nearing a bend, and the old man held the paddle horizontally, midway, and struck it many times against the side of the *banca* to warn other boatmen who happened to be on the way of their approach." This incident is at once a part of the story and typically Filipino.

(b) *Excessive use of native terms.* If you are writing in English, never forget it in your desire to have local color. Do not use vernacular words unless you cannot find English equivalents for them—such as *naman*, *ano*, *po*, etc.—or else, when translated literally, will not convey the correct and precise impression you desire.

Sometimes, conversations are a great help, and are more effective than descriptions. For instance, in "Dead Stars" by Paz Marquez-Benitez (4), the second paragraph runs thus: "Papa, and when will the long table be set?" Which means, as we Filipinos know, "When will the wedding be?" Then again, one may resort to the usage of such characteristic expressions as "Suppose I vomit blood!" as in "Dahong-Palay" by A. B. Rotor (5). Finally, there are the common methods hinted at previously in this article.

Genuine local color stories are not at all easy to write. Such are not produced regularly by even some of our best fiction-writers, not excepting such authors as José Garcia Villa and Loreto Paras. Only a few have a reputation for writing truly native stories more or less consistently: Casiano T. Calalang, Alvaro L. Martinez, Isidro L. Retizos, Mariano C. Pascual . . . . It is quite well known that the majority of our short-story writers (who number about a thousand, conservatively estimated), turn out stories which, strictly considered, have very little or no claim to being Filipino. Conditions, of course, are constantly improving, but as yet, they are far from ideal.

And why?

"The Filipino writer in English labors under a great handicap," Mrs. Benitez (6) once said. "He is smothered by an atmosphere of clever American magazine fiction. His horizon is so full of it that, he cannot see anything else. He thinks and writes in American fiction terms . . . . One comes across Juana at a railway station with a poodle on her arm, elegantly consuming bonbons while waiting for her lover to arrive, or across Juan, addressing the 'Gentlemen of the Jury' in defense of his clients . . . ."

"Our new writers are blazing the way, and like all pioneers, their progress is difficult, slow, and blundering. There are no traditions to guide the hand of the Filipino writer in English. American traditions will not serve him.

"That is the great advantage the Filipino writer in Spanish has over the new writers. The first can look on writing in Spanish by Filipinos. That is why their writings are maturer, more finished than those of Filipino writers in English of the same age and ability."

(3) First published in the *Philippines Herald*. Reprinted in the booklet "Filipino Love Stories", edited by Paz Marquez-Benitez, and published by the *Philippine Journal of Education*.

(4) First published by the *Philippines Herald*. Reprinted in "Philippine Prose and Poetry," a textbook for First Year Students in the public schools, published by the Bureau of Printing.

(5) First published in *The Tribune*. Reprinted in the anthology "Philippine Short Stories," containing the best Filipino short-stories of 1928, as selected by José Garcia Villa, and published by the *Philippines, Free Press*.

And Dr. G. P. Shannon (6), formerly head of the English Department of our state university and now dean in the University of New Mexico: "It is fatal to think that a second-rate American story becomes a first-rate Filipino story by adding a few Juans and Marias, and saying that it happened in Laguna. Few writers seem to realize the wealth of legendary and historical material available for the romancer; or the dramatic, often tragic, clash of creeds, races classes and cultures that are crying for treatment by a realist. But our writers are young; in no country of the world would they at their ages be expected to be great authors. Time will improve them; and if they can learn to write history without bombast, and describe native life without sentimentality, they may do something."

La Salle story-tellers, therefore, may take heart: they are not the disgraceful exceptions. More experienced writers have made mistakes similar to theirs; not so grossly, perhaps, but still reprehensibly.

And let us learn from, and profit by our errors—and *show*, eventually, that we have. Let our future slogan be that of the patriotic tourist, suitably altered: Write about the Philippines first! We may not be thoroughly proficient at present, but at least we can make a beginning, and try earnestly—and the future, once that is done, is assured.

As for material, we have that in abundance, as already pointed out in foregoing quotations. Apropos of which, let me conclude with another one, this time from former Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison (7):

"Here in the Philippines, I would, if I could, arouse you to more earnest devotion to a literary career. You have natural advantages second to no country in the world. Your history is replete with incidents and romance. Last winter, when I returned to New York for my first vacation home, I remember one particularly dark and gloomy day when the people on the streets, which are nothing more than cañons between high buildings of stone and glass, were jostling one another without a spark of human sympathy or appreciation, conscious competitors in the struggle for the survival of the fittest; and my mind went back to those scenes of everyday life in the Philippines, to this land of sunsets across Mariveles Mountain, the dawn over Mount Arayat, the blue haze upon the rice field in the evening, all the familiar scenes and sounds of a life made animate by the sun, and made happy by the richness of nature. As I remembered the deep and tender lights of the coconut groves, and the busy industry of your daily life, I said to myself: 'There is a country which could inspire any man to literary efforts with all its wealth of romance' . . . When I recall the history of the Philippine Islands, the coming of the Christians with the sword and flaming cross, the coming of the Mohammedans, with the crescent and the crooked kris, and their cry in many a hard-fought battle, the enterprise of the Spaniard in spiritual teachings, as well as in material investments, the shouts of Legaspi's sailors across Manila Bay, the guns of Dewey so many generations later, the efforts of our country to establish here our principles of democracy, it seems to me that any young man or woman, born upon this soil, and inspired by these ideas, has an opportunity to take a place in the very foremost ranks of literature and history, and to show to the world not only what has been done here in education, but what the world may expect of the Filipino people when they take their rank as an independent member of the brotherhood of nations."

(6) In the symposium entitled "The Future of Filipino Literature," compiled by Vicente L. del Fierro and published in the *Philippines Herald* for July 15th, 1928.

(7) From "Rizal as a Patriotic, Author and Scientist" published in the *Rizal Day Review*, Dec. 30th, 1925.

# A Ring and A Ring

By Dionisio J. Rivera

**H**ELLO, is this Attorney Fernandez?"

"Yes," answered the man at the other end.

"This is Mr. Nicanor speaking. Could you come to my office right away, please? I have an important matter to speak to you about."

"Very well. I shall be there in an hour. Good-bye."

As Mr. Nicanor hung up the receiver, he leaned against his big office chair, and sat there motionless, staring at a check which he had in his hand.

Mr. Nicanor was about fifty, and his gray hair betrayed the worries which the man had encountered during the many years he held the position of manager of the East Side Jewelry Store. He had met with so many troubles of the company, that he had grown extra-cautious about little matters concerning it. In fact he was so careful now, that his fellow-businessmen said that, if anyone tried to deceive Mr. Nicanor in any business, he would have to be extremely clever.

As he sat motionless, still staring at the check, a man opposite him, who likewise appeared to be an old timer, broke the silence:

"Well, Mr. Nicanor, what do you think of this matter?"

The questioner was likewise of considerable age, though a little younger than Mr. Nicanor. He had, for many years, been the Company's cashier, and whenever he encountered any trouble of a nature similar to the one in question, he would seek the manager's opinion about it. As he put the question before the gray man, he paced the room to and fro, with his hands behind his back, waiting for an answer.

Presently the manager had laid the check on his desk, and was now looking at the cashier. After a few seconds he answered him:

"This looks like the usual case, doesn't it?"

"Indeed it does, Sir," returned the other.

"Anyway," put in Mr. Nicanor, "whether it does or not, we had better wait till we hear what our attorney says, before taking any further step in the matter."

"Very well, Sir." And he took his leave.

Half an hour later the office boy announced:

"Mr. Fernandez to see you, Sir."

"Show him in, sonny," responded the manager.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Nicanor," said the visitor, as he came into his office, hat in hand.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fernandez," answered the other. "Take a chair."

"Thank you."

Mr. Fernandez had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of possessing excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. He had been the company's lawyer for several years, and it seldom happened that his cases were not of a nature demanding payment of some article bought from the company in installments which the buyers had neglected to pay. But his fame did not come of these petty cases which he often brought to court, for besides being the company's attorney, he had cases apart from this company's which gave him his high reputation with the public. The company's cases, he considered almost "natural," and would call them mere trifles, though some demands went as high as ten thousand pesos. In fact, they were so common to him that, he took very little trouble, if it could be called trouble for him, in preparing his cases for the court. Such was the man who had arrived.

When he had been comfortably seated before Mr. Nicanor, he inquired in the same old way:

"Well, Mr. Nicanor, what's up this time? Nothing very serious I hope."

"No, not serious," answered the man, "but rather a peculiar case."

"Peculiar," repeated the other, somewhat curious as to what Mr. Nicanor's statement meant. "What is it then?" he finally asked.

After a few seconds' pause, Mr. Nicanor began:

"Well, Mr. Fernandez, the case is this: This morning at about ten o'clock, a man came into the store and asked for me. He was shown in here, and inquired if he could have a few words with me. I answered him he could, and after he had been seated, he told me that he wished to buy a ring from us, and wanted to know if I would accept a check in payment for it, as he did not have enough money with him at the moment. As I saw that the man was sincere and honest, and seemed an educated man, I accepted his offer. Besides, you know, I didn't want him to lose his confidence in the company.

Mr. Fernandez nodded as he listened attentively.

"So, he bought a ring; a diamond one," continued the manager. "We charged him one thousand pesos."

"And he issued the check?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," said the manager, at the same time handing it to him.

"Dominador Relucio", read the signature.

"Proceed, Mr. Nicanor".

"At about half past two this afternoon, I got a telephone call from a man who wanted to know if it was true that Mr. Relucio had really paid one thousand pesos for the ring he bought. I asked the man why he wanted to know, and he answered me that it was being offered to him for that amount."

"You mean this Mr. Relucio was selling the same ring this afternoon?" asked the lawyer.

"Exactly," returned the other, "and I can't make head or tail out of it," he concluded.

"Neither can I . . . . but . . . . let me see; who was the man who called you," he asked.

"I don't know," answered the gray man.

"Don't you think it was Mr. Relucio himself?" inquired the lawyer.

"I don't think it was," said the manager, "because, this man had quite a different accent. In fact I guess it was a Chinaman," concluded the manager.

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Fernandez. Mr. Nicanor nodded.

There was silence for a few seconds afterwards, during which both were absorbed in deep thought. Then Mr. Nicanor asked:

"What do you think of the matter, then?"

"Let me think . . . .," said the lawyer reviewing the facts in his mind.

A minute passed and neither one spoke. Then Mr. Fernandez broke the silence saying:

"After all these things that have happened, don't you think we should be careful about this check? It looks like a bluff, doesn't it?"

Mr. Nicanor just nodded.

"Yes. That's our trail," added the lawyer. "We will follow up this check and see where it leads us to."

"By the way, did you inquire from the bank if Mr. Relucio has any account?"

"No. I can't," said the gray man. "To-day is Saturday, and banks close at noontime on Saturdays.

"You are right at that," returned the other. And he paused to think. But Mr. Nicanor was very anxious about their next move. He felt it a great mistake in accepting the check of a man whom he did not know, and was now wishing that this lawyer would do something to prevent the loss. Presently the lawyer had concluded his reasonings and was ready to state his next move.

"Well," said Mr. Fernandez, as he stood up and started pacing the room, "I think the best and safest thing that we can do for the present is to ask the police for information about this man, and see if he has any record with them."

"That is a good idea," said Mr. Nicanor, who was glad to hear the suggestion.

"Well, then," said the lawyer, "I'm going down to the Police headquarters and see what we can find out."

"I leave it all to you, Mr. Fernandez," said the gray man as the lawyer left the room.

Upon inquiry at the Police Headquarters, it was found that about seven years ago, Mr. Relucio had been accused and found guilty of



an estafa case, though he only got a light sentence for it. Upon further conversation with the Chief, he was persuaded that it would be a safe thing to have the man in the hands of the law against the time when he should be needed. So, taking the matter into his hands, and suspecting that his man might give the slip overnight, he asked for the arrest of Mr. Relucio.

Monday morning found Mr. Nicanor himself before the paying teller, cashing the check, expecting of course that it would be returned with the mark: "Refer to Drawer", but to his utmost surprise he was not only paid the required amount but upon further inquiry found, that the said Mr. Relucio had still a little over ten thousand pesos in reserve.

So great was the shock to Mr. Nicanor, that for a time he was speechless. When he recovered from it, he hurriedly left the bank, returned to his office in quick time, called up his lawyer, and related everything that had happened. Within half an hour, both the manager and his lawyer were before the desk of the Sergeant, asking for the release of Mr. Relucio. In a few minutes they were face to face with the man himself, who looked as if nothing had happened; calm as ever! No sooner had they met than both men begged his pardon and offered all their apologies in the most gentlemanly way, and which could not have been more sincere than in such a case.

"You owe me no apologies at all, gentlemen," said Mr. Relucio as soon as both had finished offering their explanations. I would have played safe and done likewise, had I been in your place."

But such a return after causing the poor man to pass two nights in a police station, was too mild to believe. How could a man be so composed after being treated the way he had been? Wouldn't anyone feel angered, if the same thing were done to him, and without any cause whatsoever, as had been done to Mr. Relucio? Indeed one would. But such was not the case here. Mr. Relucio took this affair coolly, so coolly indeed, that both the manager and his lawyer said to themselves: "This is too good

to be true." And it really turned out *Too Good*, and after a moment, Mr. Relucio slowly and distinctly said:

"Gentlemen, my sleep in this cell, is all forgiven; nay forgotten, but mind you, the wrong that you have done to me is not small. I have a reputation. You have also one. And you would not like it marred how little soever. And here you are, staining my little reputation without any cause whatsoever. So, I'm putting two alternatives before you," and he paused.

Both the manager and his lawyer held their breath, hoping that the alternatives would not be too difficult to choose between.

Then Mr. Relucio placed the matter before them.

"You see, gentlemen" he said, "I could sue you for damages, and come out with it, but your reputation then would be at stake, and it is not my wish to humiliate you before the public. So it is up to you to decide whether I shall sue you or fix the matter among ourselves privately. What do you say about it; gentlemen?" he concluded.

The manager and his lawyer exchanged meaningful looks, and at once decided to patch up matters privately rather than in court. Anyway if the case were brought to court, it would be almost impossible to prove their innocence, and they might have to make reparation after all. So it was agreed upon that Mr. Relucio would be paid five thousand pesos for the offence committed against him.

That evening as Mr. Relucio was sitting in his library, smoking a cigar and reading the evening papers, he broke into a smile and with a feeling of satisfaction exclaimed:

"Oh Wu!"

"Yes sir," answered his Chink servant, as he entered the library.

"You have the evening all to yourself, and this into the bargain," said Mr. Relucio, handing him a ten-peso bill. "You deserve it."

"N . . . no, Sir, th . . . tha . . . nk you sir," answered the happy Chink who after taking the offered bill, retired—to celebrate.

## On An Essay and Two Men Also

By Boniface Tor

ONE who has run the gauntlet of English courses at the University of the Philippines, and is now upon the staff of a local daily, (but not, I am glad to say, for good), being once seized with what he fancied to be an inspiration to write what he imagined to be an essay, did it, and having done it, hied away to another whom he had long known to be a bit off on that particular subject—essay-writing. He repaired to the other, as official endorsements say, for comment and criticism. The result of the interview is soon told: No. 2 bit No. 1 with his madness, and for the space of a fortnight, both talked, ate, drank and dreamt nothing but essays. They discoursed enthusiastically and at large of the personal element in essays, and how no other form of literature is so thoroughly English, and so wholly lends itself to the cultivation of style; they expatiated on the different kinds of style and even went so far as to attempt to classify all styles under two heads: (1) the *plain*, such as Swift, Addison, Steele, De Foe, Hazlitt, Meynell, Thackeray, and Johnson in his talk, all habitually employed with force or fitness, with wit or grace; and (2) the *rich*, such as Elia preferred, and Goldsmith, and De Quincey, Thompson, Ruskin, Alexander Smith, Stevenson, and Johnson in the *Rambler*, wielding it with equal force and fitness, with no less wit and grace.

The two *dilettanti*, in fine, not merely sought to write essays—not forgetting how Sir Edmund Gosse had described the writing of them as 'the gente art'—but actually lived after the fashion of consistent essayists (if such beings could be), roving east and roving west,

roaming far afield amidst all sorts and conditions of men and matters,—of life and letters,—and grazing in the pastures of human wit and learning.

One of them thought Montaigne the originator of the form; and, reading from out the *Essais*, bade the other mark well what he heard, for nowhere, either before or since, would he find such perfect frankness, such hearty, fine, engaging frankness. But his companion thought the form much older, and, after pointing out one or two passages in Chaucer—whom, by the way, the first one did not know to have written any prose, much less an essay—he turned to certain translations from the Greek (for they were; neither of them, read in the original classics, being mere *dilettanti*, and young and unconscionably lazy) of one known to posterity,—or at least to that considerable portion thereof which communicates in what is called "English", which runs through the whole gamut, from the precocity of the Decadents, through honest, homespun John Bull, and dialectal Scots, Irish, Australian, Canadian, and so-called American, down to plumb talkee-talkee in its various shapes, such as pidgin English, bamboo English, carabao English, *und so weiter*,—he turned, then, to an English translation of the original Greek of one known to this heterogeneous posterity by the inscrutable initials, "T.T." The other was naturally taken aback by a cast so far into the past, but he was also delighted to learn that the Essay belonged to such an ancient line, and upon being asked, willingly granted without stopping to think twice (for he had been struck with a bright thought), that he had been hasty in believing that a finished Art

like Essay-writing could be in its callow two hundred and fiftieth year or so. It was simple of him to be taken in by the Montaigne story!

"And yet," he added, after pausing a bit, "I am not at all ashamed of such simplicity, so but I be of dear old Noll's ilk. You remember how they used to say of him, that he wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll. But do you think Boswell conceived of him aright, who could say to the burly Doctor, 'If you were describing little fishes, Dr. Johnson, you would make the little fishes talk like whales.' Of all the wise and witty remarks that have been made to my knowledge about the great lexicographer, this seems to me at once the simplest and the best. Simplicity, then, far from laying one open to ridicule, makes rather an excellent foil for genuine wit. Consider that other charmingly simple figure in Literature, La Fontaine, who on one occasion at a theatre . . . ." Here he launched forth upon a sea of anecdote, and very nearly drowned in it, too, but that the other took him up in the very nick of time with an anecdote about Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy, which he made up out of his own head on the spur of the moment, neatly finishing it off with a quotation from Pope. But he had not got to the middle of the fifth line, when his companion, regaining his breath, cut him short with a couplet from Dryden; whereupon the two fell to capping verses, Scotch proverbs, nonsense rhymes, hoary Latin saws, geometric axioms, book titles, and what not—all with immense gusto.

Thus they spent the livelong, garrulous day, calling up the shades of the past and the wraiths of the present, and pointing out one little forgotten beauty of character or circumstance after another; and, as Night came down upon them, and brushed their shoulders with her sable wings, they parted company, solemnly swearing—as many a noble pair had done before them since that Golden Age when heroes walked abroad — swearing upon their four clasped hands, that for the two of them, the Shades and Spirits of the Past should haunt the woods and towns forevermore.

And so they parted, walking on air. They felt within their veins that ichor which the gods of olden Hellas must have felt when keenest bent upon some mad Olympian escapade. He who had survived the English courses at the U. P., poured out a libation of Dedicated Ink to Pallas Athene, and vowed his fresh young (but married) life to Essay-writing. He who had hitherto been a bit off on the subject, sped homewards all but wholly off, going more and more off with every step. "I shall fly through life", he announced to the stolid Moon, "a Mercury or messenger of the gods that cannot be, and my heels shall be winged with the fly-leaves of a book of essays which no one yet has ever dreamed of, and no one ever will, and whose title shall be 'Nothing' and whose subject 'Everything'."

Thus they parted, raving far into the night, until Morpheus mercifully drew his inky veil about them, and wrapt them up in dreams.

## *Gregorio H. del Pilar*

For thirty years there mouldered, in a nameless mountain grave,  
The bones of one who ventured his country's cause to save.  
For thirty years the hillside clasped him tightly to her breast,  
Thru sunshine and thru storm, proud of her martial guest.

At length this kindly mother relaxed her fast embrace,  
And yielded up the relics to the worship of his race:  
Behold these bones now honored by his country's grateful sons,  
Enshrined for aye in glory, while the nation's sequence runs.

The chieftain gave his orders to the youthful del Pilar  
To hold the mountain gateway, and hostile forces bar,  
What time his troops, in safety, to their fastness should retire,  
For they were pressed right hotly by foeman's sword and fire.

Full well the gallant remnant stood in that fateful Pass,  
Cheer'd their valiant leader, against the pressing mass.  
But a vantage height was captured by the unrelenting foe;  
Anon the sturdy rearguard drank deep their cup of woe:

The lofty Pass is trodden by horse, and footman ranks,  
Of superior foreign legions that clamber o'er the banks.  
Around, the dead are lying, their hearts blood gone to earth,—  
That blood they freely offered for the land that gave them birth.

On the trail is stretched a body, on the coat the lonely star,—  
The victors shout in triumph, for dead is young Pilar.  
They gave him shroudless, prayerless, to his mother clay,  
A soldier's sigh they heaved, and lightly went their way.

Oh, life so nobly given in such a noble cause,  
Awaken us to duty, make us think and pause.  
And Tilad Pass so honored!—Proclaim the name afar,  
For there was drained the life-blood of dauntless del Pilar.

His bones are wrapt in glory, as fitting they should be;  
But more than this, O truly, upon our claims has he:  
His spirit must inspire us to water well the seeds  
Of sacrifice and valor, which our country sadly needs.

These seeds he nobly planted and nourished with his blood  
Which raced from ev'ry conduit, in warm crimson flood.  
Forever and forever, be his name embalmed in song,  
To steel our drooping courage, to right our nation's wrong.

Oh mighty God of Battles, be with our countrymen,  
Sustain them in their struggle, may they rise and rise again:  
We're tired of talking heroes, we're tired of Mission tours,  
Vouchsafe to us a leader whose hand is held by Yours.

## Tomorrow at Eight

By G. Hernandez Gavira, Com. '29.

THAT insidious germ, hallucination, firmly implanted in my brain that my appendix was getting unruly. Having been branded a fathead by numberless wise-crackers (the advent of the talkies is to blame), it is but natural that the aforementioned germ should wax fat and assume unbelievably huge proportions. The beastly old germ finally outgrew the old cranium, and had to be orally expressed; and it wasn't long before my whole family and most distant connections, on being informed, extended their sympathy, but depreciatingly belittled an appendix operation.

Nature passed me up when she endowed physical and mental courage to mortals. It may be well and good for people to refer to their operation as something to jest about; but, for the life of me, I cannot, and never will see the funny side of having my stomach opened. Get this straight though. I can hold my own when it comes to a fistic encounter, and maintain a sweet and even disposition, and courageously suffer the pangs of hunger, if needs be; but to be opened up without any say in the matter, ugh!

My inborn disinclination toward operations, saddened my once carefree existence, and cast gloomy shadows on my innocent recreations. Within a month, four intimate friends of mine had gone to the slaughter, and had their obnoxious appendages removed. They won my sincere respect and admiration when they jestingly narrated the opening-up process. I took heart from their true experiences, and after due consultation with my parents and other branches of my family, it was unanimously agreed that my appendix had to be removed, severed, separated, operated and kindred synonyms.

Being of a loquacious nature, I poured my fears, misgivings and apprehensions on sympathetic ears until the subject became an obsession. Formerly compassionate and condoling

ears suddenly turned deaf. Nothing daunted, I still broached the subject, hoping, in desperation, that the appendix would crumple up and die from too much publicity. Appendages, however, seem to thrive on advertisement, and I realized that no amount of talking could substitute for an operation.

Things came to a sudden and unexpected head. The appendix clamored for attention, thereby obtrusively painning my side. In a panic, I was rushed to the hospital, and after a thorough examination of the unruly area, the attending surgeon seriously announced that the appendix would have to come out next morning at eight. "Tomorrow at eight," he had said in the most perfunctory manner. I was surprised at my nonchalant feelings. Little did I know that it was the treacherous calm before the turbulent storm. The night before "tomorrow" passed uneventfully, except for the food and the usual enemas. Of course the hospital pyjamas were anything but in keeping with my idea of the width and cut of my clothes; but then, on the eve of momentous moments men seldom find fault.

"Tomorrow" dawned beautifully and serenely. I rebelled against the thought that my appendix should spoil such a lovely day. The very thought started the little chills up and down my spine with which I was to be harassed for the next hour. The long and serious-faced nurses, who were to escort me to the operating room, did not lessen the now constant up-and-down chills. Once in the operating room, I was laid on the operating table, and without consulting me, my hands and feet were strapped to the table. By this time my extremities were cold, in fact, they were numb. After the injections, I had a weak and sickly feeling, but the appendix must have been frightened, for it had ceased annoying me.

I had but a faint and hazy memory of that awful half hour in the white room. I do re-

member having bestowed a sickly smile on the surgeon, and I do remember regretting my having been persuaded to remain conscious during the bisection. All things have an end, though, and the knife-inclined surgeon must have tired of his pastime, for he finally sewed me up. All I had to do now was to get well. My recovery would have been the simplest thing in the cutting process, except for the ravenous appetite of the patient in the other wing of the hospital across from my room. He would munch pieces after pieces of bread, and eat the most appetizing victuals. How I longed for his digestive organs! Even my dreams were haunted by his seemingly insatiable hunger. His gormandizing whetted my senses to emulate him. I tried bribing, cajoling and threatening my attendants to bring me food, food and again some more food. Alas, all to no avail. With a firm resolve to catch up with my eating, when the surgeon discharged me, I

forgot the matter and turned all my energies toward a speedy recovery.

It is surprising to note that my friends, far and distant relatives, and parents, treated and spoke to me with a certain consideration to the point of being embarrassing. Being commercially inclined, I naturally took advantage of their eager-to-help attitude by little requests ranging from a package of "Luckies" to a woolen suit. What a whale of a difference an operation makes.

Being of a loquacious nature, I look forward to the day when I can once more pursue my stenographic duties, and distress my friends with stories of my indomitable courage, and smiling nonchalance during my major appendix operation, enlarging on the difficulty of locating the unruly appendix, which is a lot of "hokum," but which is the way of all flesh.

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## Fate

By Salvador J. Mendoza, Comm. '31.

*He fails, he whines, and fate he blames,  
He succeeds, he exults, the honor he claims.  
But to whom is failure or success due?  
For sure not fate but it is you.*

**M**AN'S conceit and vanity make him declare, with an air of despondency, when he is in the neap-tide of misfortune, or when he fails in an undertaking, "Oh it is fate." Seldom does he rise to that grandeur of pointing to himself, and asserting with an indomitable courage and dignity, "It is I who am a failure." But when he succeeds, and is made to sip the intoxicating cordial of popular homage, and becomes the cynosure of the world, he exults, puffs out, and urged by Dame Vanity declares, "I am the sole person who is responsible for my success." Both are types of conceited men who see only through the blinding cloud of false pride; but at least, the second helps in bringing to light the truth that self is the determining factor in the building of one's destiny.

When you fail, why blame fate? What is fate? At first it is nothing but the immaculate white canvas of a painter called self. What shall be on the canvas will largely depend on the ability of the painter.

In the good olden times, and even at present palmistry was, and is practised. For me it is absurd and illegal except for one redeeming feature; and that is, it does the reading of one's fortune through the palm, and then unconsciously admitting the fact—that in one's hand shall his fate be.

God is just and simple. "He made and loveth all." Unlike human creatures He has no favorites. He endows every man with all the necessary tools and materials for making the most of his life, and for which every one must be thankful. Justice prompts Him just

to place us on the starting line of the race of life, and leave us there for us to do the rest, while He goes to the other end to do the reckoning afterwards. He decrees not, and wants not, that one shall be a Rizal, a Napoleon, or an Edison; nor does He desire that one shall be rich and another shall be poor, or that one shall be wise and the other a fool. He only helps those who help themselves.

It is evident that we are the architects of our fate—that nothing is predestined in the fabric of our life. That there is no such thing as an unlucky or a lucky fellow. The mansion of life shall be as it is built—no more, no less. Therefore do not depend upon luck or destiny, but endeavor and struggle if you desire success, but never quit because you say you are unlucky, and what is the use of going against luck. But I say, "If there is a will there is a way." It is not luck that is against you. It is yourself, and in yourself alone can you find salvation. The trouble is that, sometimes

one sleeps the hibernal sleep of winter hoping that Fate will wake him up in spring replete with life and beauty. But, disillusioned, he finds, when too late, that bound are his feet and handcuffed are his hands, ready to be led to the abyss of doom and oblivion, or to that caravan of innumerable men, whose mission is but to struggle on and on, to the grave!

Despond not, and yield not, but struggle on and on; and if in the course of your struggle you stumble, do not blame any one, or wait for Fate to raise you, for you are the one who will put fate into complete existence. Rise and take more careful steps.

After you have run the race of life, when life's picture on the canvas is complete, you will meet your Starter Who will ask.

"To whom shall the praise or blame for the picture largely be?"

Answer solemnly, "My Lord, to the one before Thee."

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## The Confession

By *Horacio Villavicencio*, H.S. '31.

THE hour was midnight. The moon shed her soft silvery light upon the calm and peaceful waters of the bay. The cool breeze fanned the trees, and broke the silence of the night with each fresh gust. All around was profound silence, as I sat upon a rock near the seashore. I was enjoying the sea breeze, as it pleasantly whizzed past my face. I was watching the waves dash against the shore one by one. I was admiring the brilliant reflection of the moon's rays upon the waters. I was musing, meditating, dreaming.

Suddenly, a continuous faint splash of water disturbed this reverie of mine. The monotonous splash-splash as paddle struck water, had an unnerving and dismal effect. The sound seemed to come nearer, for every second it sounded more and more distinct to my ears. I looked around, scrutinized the horizon from end to end but in vain! I saw nothing! But

that sound still continued to disturb me. I looked again and this time a dark moving object emerged from the horizon and came steadily across the waters towards the shore. As it neared I could make out the faint outlines of a fisherman's boat, tossed by the rippling waves of the sea. A figure, darker than its dark background, sat rowing, rowing steadily and vigorously. With bated breath I waited. At last the boat dashed against—the sands and its prow stuck. A moment later the dark figure alighted and walked slowly towards me. Slowly and rigidly, as if moved by some mechanical device, it walked. I was frightened. This was no living man. It was a ghost! For a moment I felt as if I would faint. My very nerves seemed to fail me. Everything else, even the witchery of this beautiful night, was forgotten. Everything but that tall, rigid figure which now stood before me. At first I

thought of running away, but I met his look, so fierce and evil that all courage quickly oozed out of me and left me helpless before the terrible thing.

With a super-human effort I looked at it. The eyes that mine beheld kept me for a moment spell-bound. They were dark, dark as the darkest night. They looked at me, seemed to burn me through and through. And those cheeks so pale and thin. I looked away, unable to meet his gaze any longer.

"Be not frightened, my friend," he said with a voice which long afterwards seemed to haunt me, "I have travelled far, far from my land only to unfold to you a mystery of long ago, a mystery which still remains unsolved. After I shall have departed, my friend, after I shall have told you my story, judge for yourself, if justice has been rendered to a priest, a minister of God who has been sacrificed, by a criminal in an ignoble manner,—sacrificed on the gallows."

The mysterious stranger paused. For a moment tears glistened in his expressionless eyes, and then slowly rolled down his hueless cheeks; these were tears which for a moment moistened his countenance only to be roughly wiped away with a coat-sleeve. They were tears which laid bare before me a sorrow-laden past.

"Once I lived in the distant land of Zamboanga, where bloomed the fairest maidens of the land, and the most valiant men of the country. But that was many years ago."

Again he paused to wipe another glistening tear from his eyes. A moment of silence ensued, a moment of silence which I dared not and could not break.

"It was on a night like this," he continued, "beautiful and bewitching. The church was deserted and silent. Darkness covered all around. There in one corner of the church I stood, immobile and unperturbed, clothed in a long dark cloak which covered my entire figure. The little altar lamp gave but a faint, flickering light which scarcely reached the place where I stood. Adroitly concealed under my dark cloak was a long open knife. I held it

with a grip so firm and tight that I shuddered as I felt it, trembled as I thought of how I would make use of it."

There in one corner of a church in Zamboanga stood Pierre, the son of the town's wealthiest man, hidden in a corner of the darkened church. He was waiting, waiting patiently for one whom he dearly cherished . . . the girl whom he loved. The girl who had so cruelly toyed with his affections, the girl who had broken her promise to him. Now he was waiting for her to come in answer to his summons, waiting for her with a knife in his hand, and with murder in his heart. Yes, he would kill her. Once he had loved her beyond comprehension; once he had offered and sacrificed his honor, his liberty, for her sake. Now he was here to kill her, to destroy, to butcher her for her ingratitude. He had not stopped to consider the penalty of the crime which he was about to commit. He did not care. His mind, his heart seemed to cry out for revenge, for blood!

Suddenly the church door, not far from where he stood, creaked. She had come! Slowly and silently he approached her. As silently he stabbed. Then, as he pulled the knife away from her bleeding breast, the sight of it dripping blood seemed to madden him. Blood! His heart seemed to cry out again for blood. Yes, there it was. There was blood flowing in a torrent from a horrible wound. Blood! Yet that much blood could not appease his raging thirst for it. Again and again he stabbed, scarcely knowing what he did. Then with a murderous laugh, he loosened his grip on her throat, and watched her body, as it lay in a pool of blood, at his feet.

The sound of faint footsteps seemed to awaken him from his reverie, for with a quick movement, he grasped the lifeless body and disappeared through the door. A moment afterwards another figure, that of a priest, followed him. For a few minutes the chase continued, until with a quick movement, Pierre disappeared among the bushes by the roadside. For a moment he waited behind the bushes, waited until the priest had passed. In that



short moment a plan had formed in his cunning brain. Yes, that priest had given him an idea. In a moment more, that plan had been perfected.

With great care, he proceeded towards the convent. Once there he threw the bloody knife under the stairs, and began to stain the floor with the blood of his victim. He knew that his plan was unscrupulous and terrible; but on its success depended his safety. Then straight to the convent door he went, and knocked.

A moment afterwards he was in the church, kneeling before the confessional, telling the priest what he had done, telling him what the priest himself had seen. This was part of his plan to save himself. Here he was revealing himself to another man, disclosing his identity, confessing himself the author of a terrible and inhuman crime. Yes, to another man! But to a man he was sure would not reveal him. To a man who was a priest of God, a man bound by silence to keep secret what is revealed to him in confession.

The next day the priest was placed under arrest. As Pierre looked at the flaring headlines which adorned the front page of every newspaper in the city, he chuckled. He had succeeded. He was in a safe box. Now he could go away and roam through the world as free as if a bloody, heartless murder had not stained his soul. Now he could draw a curtain between his past life and his future, he could start all over again. A day or so afterwards, Pierre disappeared from Zamboanga, without even waiting to hear of the possible fate of his second innocent victim—the priest.

Years fled by. In Russia an old man, weak and dejected seemed to think otherwise. The passing years had treated him cruelly. Lines of care and worry marred his once handsome countenance. Long gray hair covered his head. It was Pierre. No longer was he the same Pierre, who had left his country to forget, yes, to forget his past. But his past had haunted him unrelentingly. He could not forget that night in the church, that venerable old priest whom he had "framed." The years that had passed were years of sorrow. Years of battle

against his conscience. Years of slow, heart-rending tortures. His shoulders once so broad and strong, now were weak and bent. Bent with the toils of many years. Now he lay vanquished. Beaten by his own conscience. Humbled. Repentant. At last he decided to return, from his self-inflicted exile, to his own country. He would save the poor, uncomplaining priest from further torture in a cold, dark prison. Yes, from prison. He could not have been condemned to death. The thought of the poor priest dead, sent pains, steady and poignant darts into his heart. No, he could not be dead.

A day after his arrival, Pierre learned from an old friend that the priest had been executed years back. The proofs had been too convincing and strong. Yes, thought Pierre, he had worked well. But this time he was sorry that his plan had worked so smoothly. Even as he had figured, the priest had refused to reveal his identity.

Weeks passed. Weeks laden with days of sorrow and sleepless nights for Pierre. Weeks of haunting memories and horrible visions. As he lay awake on his bed, he seemed to see the aged priest seated on the electric chair, pale but firm in his resolution. He seemed to feel the feelings which surged through that old priest's breast as he sat on that cold death chair. He seemed to see the priest's face as it twitched in nervous apprehension of what awaited him. He could almost see the battle which raged in that old man's heart. The battle between his instinct of self-preservation, and his vow to his God. One word and he would have been free to go his way. But that word was never spoken. The thought of a reward, far greater than any this world can give, held his tongue. As these thoughts flashed through Pierre's mind, his conscience revolted and a feeling bitter and painful, shot through his heart, which seemed as if it should burst in his breast. Every thought of the heroic priest was a stab at his heart.

"Fifteen years ago in a dark prison cell the Grim Sceptre Death claimed another victim. Justice, or rather injustice, had taken its course.

The noble priest had sacrificed himself for me. The priest is dead, forgotten of everyone, dead to the world! But his spirit still lives within me."

Silence, dreary and dismal reigned for a moment. I sat there speechless, spell-bound. Afraid, yet interested.

"As soon as I learned of the priest's fate, I felt as if I had lost a very dear friend, a very close relative. Long afterwards I was haunted by this memory, this spectre, this horrible truth, until one day God willed to

call me to leave this world. Thank Him for that. I thank Him for my death!"

At the sound of his last words I felt as if shot.

"Dead?" I gasped, my teeth chattering.

"Yes, dead," he repeated slowly, "I am dead. Go, my friend, and proclaim to the world what I have told you."

In another moment he was gone. I looked, I tried to pierce the thick shadows which enveloped me, but the spectre was to be seen no more.

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## Cemetery Thoughts

*"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

*Gray.*

ONE can not forbear allowing one's thoughts to drift anon and again on the subject of death and the hereafter, since one's soul, being immortal, also claims the right to force one's mind to rest and think on the dwelling place of one's soul.

This is as it should be. Why concentrate only on what is mortal, thereby pleasing the body, and forget what is immortal? Why not give a thought once in a while to the final resting place of something that belongs to one's self and life, namely the soul?

But then, another thought assails one. How best can one meditate on death if one, not having died, can not know what death is?

But although death may not yet have visited us to claim us as his own, then let us visit death in his abode, see him in his work, gaze on those that were but are no more, feel the better for having known death the nearer, and try to grasp, as it were, wrestle with the problem that is life and the puzzle that is death.

I do not fear death.

Death is a gallant adventure that appeals to minds akin to mine. Why allow the small earth to compose and rule my entire existence? Why allow the boundaries of this sphere to

stop me from further achievement and tell me in hoarse and hollow tones "Mortal, you can go no further." Perhaps it must be pride that rules my spirit. Perhaps the thought that I am too great to be only for the earth, and that hence I need something eternal, something lasting, something for the ages, to truly reward my soul. That is why to me, death will be a reward, and not a punishment.

Come with me to the cemetery. Rest awhile your tired mind and gaze on the sepulchers. Some are white, but they are all dust beneath. Gaze on the remains of what once were mortal beings. See the whitening bones. See that piece of cranium that once held a brain as fruitful as your own. It is empty now. See that femur. Once upon a time, it belonged to a great athlete, renowned for skill and prowess. Nay, do not shudder when you see that set of yellow teeth. Are they strange to you? Why, only a few years ago, they belonged to a man that thrilled audiences. It was said that he had a "golden tongue". The worms that ate it could best describe it, I can not. But all is natural. It was so foreordained. He lived but to die and in that he has only followed the inexorable law of life and death.

Men fear death as children fear darkness.

Because they do not know what it is all about. Because to them, what is not clear as daylight, must be bad. Because they can not feel their blood a-tingle on the thought of that wonderful adventure, of that separation of soul and body, on that voyage through immense and immeasurable distances that the soul must travel before it can reach its Maker and render its account. Men fear death because they do not understand it.

But this is silly. This is childish. Tell me, have you never been thrilled when standing before the awful ferocity of an angry ocean? Have you never felt something of the immortal when you have been able to gaze on profound precipices while standing safely on the summit of a mountain? Have you not felt as if you could, with a wave of your hand, command the elements? Death must be like that. Feature yourself standing on the brink of life, gazing on the precipice of death. Feature your soul, tired of the small earth that encompassed it, now thrilling to the prospect of "returning home", of winging to its destiny. Feature the earth, and all its envy and wars, and disorder, and petty cataclysms, become a speck as you travel through ethereal regions.

I repeat again. Death will come to me as a gallant adventure, as something I have never known before, but longed to know. Life, I regard as something very transient. They say that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Maybe. What is that to me? What is earthly glory. I gain it, only to lose it. Like the great athlete, my femur shall rot in a mouldering tombstone. My tongue, that could thrill thousands, shall be a dainty dish for worms. My brain shall evaporate into nothing. My name shall be forgotten—my life shall be ended.

But my soul? Ah, that is something different. It shall live, for it can not die. It could not die. It is immortal. And with it shall

live all the greatness that was mine, or it shall be perhaps be tarnished with all the malevolence and sin that stamped me. Come, let us leave the cemetery in peace. We need not be in any special hurry to join the caravan of the departed, for one day, tomorrow perhaps, we too will be called and asked to join the legion of phantoms. Liberty will then be given to our soul. Liberty to think with an immortal mind. Liberty to act without any hamperings of social or civil order. Liberty to do what we please when we please. Liberty, liberty, liberty.

And then what else? What after the strange adventure? Perhaps something bigger, something more thrilling. We still shall have the anticipation of greater reward, of knowing that in death there is life.

I live, because I have not yet died. But I shall live when I die, a higher existence, a life that shall never end. Then I shall truly live, not before. Death will come as reward, as momentary rest ere I fling myself on the brink of eternity, and start on the gallant adventure.

I shall not struggle for life. I shall not fear to die. I shall not grasp my bedsheets and frantically yell to doctors and nurses to let me live. No, I shall close my eyes, as if in a dream. Death must come to me in all its majesty. I shall not meet it. I am the ruler, death the servant. He shall come to me and offer the fruits of reward. He shall beg me to accept them. I shall condescend to parley with him, perhaps pat him on the back and tell him, "Well done, good and faithful servant: I waited long for you. You have come. Let us go."

"I shall approach my grave

Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

*Manuel Olbes.*

## *Fire and Water*

*(Being earthly echoes of a Song sung in Heaven by the Fool  
of the Celestial Court—St. Francis.)*

*By Boniface Tor*

Brave Brother Fire and sweet Sister Water,  
Merrily dancing hand in hand,  
Tripping and shouting all through the land,  
Sparing not stony ground, sparing not sand.

Brave Brother Fire, how bright and how red  
Are the sparks from your eyes, and the hair of your head!  
Have you ever by any chance heard it said,  
That a heart without you is a heart of lead?

Brave Brother Fire and Sweet Sister Water,  
Come gladden my heart with your pretty laughter:  
Buds shall you play with, and blooms follow after,  
Heigh-ho! we're daft—but the others are dafter!

Sweet Sister Water, inviolate and pure,  
Clear as a tear are your accents demure—  
Music to me is your fall from the ewer;  
But as for the rest, you're quite cold, to be sure.

So Brave Brother Fire and Sweet Sister Water,  
Pass not my heart in your run through the land;  
Shout as you go, and dance hand in hand,  
Sparing not stony ground, sparing not sand.

## Painted Lips

By A. M. F., H.S. '31

MRS. Glench descended from her limousine. She was a tall, slim woman who took great pains in her toilette—she was the last word in elegance and perfumes. Now in her prime of life, she had become loquacious as most of her sex are, and remarkably careful of her purse-strings. The day before, her husband gave her a box for the opera and she lost no time in inviting Mrs. Irving, an old classmate and very close friend, and Mrs. Jackson, her neighbor. On their way to the opera, sophisticated Mrs. Glench found out she had left her purse at home and as the tickets were in it, they had to drive back.

Turning to her friends she said: "I won't be long, my dears. I will be back with my purse in a few minutes." With this, she mounted the low, marble steps, opened the portal of her stately mansion and vanished from their sight.

Five minutes elapsed—ten minutes—but Mrs. Glench had not returned. Mrs. Irving began to show signs of impatience, and advised the chauffeur to blow the horn. Another five minutes passed and still no Mrs. Glench.

"Come," said Mrs. Irving; "Something is the matter; let us see what detains her."

The two entered the mansion. In the corridor, they met Jane, Mrs. Glench's maid.

"Mrs. Glench?" the latter queried in surprise, as they inquired for her. "I did not know she is here. Will you follow me, please?"

She led them upstairs, and asked them to wait as she approached her mistress's room. Jane knocked at the door. No answer. She opened it and stepped in. The room was lighted. She swept the whole chamber with a searching glance, when all of a sudden, her attention was arrested by something on the floor. In the moment that followed, she started with horror, and let out a most unearthly scream, and her hands clutched at her throat. She was on the point of collapsing, when the

others, in amazement and with a vague sense of what had happened, rushed into the room in what seemed to be less than a second, and paled and shuddered at the sight on the floor. It was ghastly. Beside the bed of that elaborate room, lay Mrs. Glench agape and lifeless, her face livid and distorted, and her gray hair in a tangle.

Mr. Glench, awakened from his sleep, hied from his room to his wife's door.

"What is all this?" he glared questioningly at Jane, and then at the two ladies.

"Mr. Walter Glench was a well-known business man, who had advanced far beyond the stage of romance. He was an irascible person, of average height, and thin, although his stomach bulged somewhat. His hair lay soft and crumpled against his head, and had grayed considerably. His eyes blinked against the glare of the light, manifesting his sudden awakening from sleep. His person was covered with a vivid dressing gown.

Each of the questioned attempted to speak, but remained silent—the words stuck in their throats. Mrs. Irving managed to point nervously at the crumpled figure.

Mr. Glench's behavior was suddenly transformed.

"Mary!" he uttered, and fell sobbing upon his knees by her side; he would have hugged her head to his bosom, but refrained by a masterful effort, stood up with his head cast down, and muttered half-audibly:

"This is a matter for the police."

Making his way to the opposite side of the bed, he called up headquarters, after which he nervously led the guests to the library downstairs, carefully locking the room.

There was suspense in the library. The guests sat uneasy and embarrassed. Their host paced uneasily over the Feraghan rug before the fireplace.

Knocks at the door, reported the arrival of the police. Jane opened it, and led Inspector Cortland and his young assistant into the library. The former had ordered three policemen to inspect the exterior of the mansion. With an abrupt nod, he approached Mr. Glench, whom he knew facially, and introduced himself.

Inspector Henry Cortland was a slovenly man, destitute of good manners, and with ponderous features. Perhaps it was his abhorrence of criminals more than anything else that made him an unmannered bigot. His very lips constantly showed a vague but sardonic sneer. As a detective, he merited an inestimable reputation for the incredible amount of intelligence and acumen he possessed.

The library was a big room; its walls were trimmed with hand-carved hickory. Cortland glanced appreciatively at the rows of well-bound books; and when he returned his glance he found Mr. Glench impatient and irritated. The latter directly opened the case by stammering out that his wife was murdered.

"Humph!" the Inspector grunted. Then, "I would like the members of your household in this room."

"Jane!" Mr. Glench called; and when the maid appeared, he ordered: "Have the rest of the house here."

This complied with, the Inspector posted one of the policemen in the library without as much as looking at the members. "See that no one leaves the room," he directed, and turned to Glench.

"Do you lock your doors and windows at night?"

"That is my order," the other said.

"How do you know they are closed to-night?"

"I am sure, Inspector, unless my butler has neglected his duty. Abner," Mr. Glench turned to his butler. "Did you lock up every door and window?"

"Save the main entrance, sir. It is always left unlocked when Mrs. Glench is out."

Cortland pressed his thick lips meditatively, after which he called another policeman in.

"Brant, you had better inspect every opening you find. Take the usual precautions. Report when I come down."

With this, he wheeled slowly to Glench. "Show me where the crime was committed."

Both left the room with Assistant Craig following. Arrived at the room, Mr. Glench unlocked and opened the door. Only the Inspector entered. In disgust, he sniffed the air and scowled. There was a strong scent of costly perfume. He examined the position of the deceased, approached her, and in a few seconds, guessed how she was murdered.

"Call the coroner, Craig," he ordered. "— and you, Mr. Glench, will please keep company with the others."

In a few minutes, an old, benign gentleman presented himself in Craig's company. There was no greeting between him and the Inspector save the former's gracious smile and nod.

"There's your job, coroner," the Inspector said, simultaneously pointing at the deceased.

The unfortunate Mrs. Glench was lifted to the bed. Not long after, the doctor straightened up and stated briefly: "Strangled to death."

"Just as I figured," agreed the Inspector who was by his side.

Cortland drew a big lens from his pocket and meticulously examined the neck. Marks were found. They were evidently from a man's big hand. There were no prints of the left. Furthermore, the hand was gloved. Coroner and Inspector whispered to each other, one concurring with the other's theory. They turned their attention toward the head. The gaping-and-staring expression remained. On the flabby flesh between the lower lip and chin, a little rouge was spread. The coroner keenly regarded both arms and hands. Careful inspection of the left hand revealed two or three minute black fibers beneath the somewhat finely manicured nail of the index finger. These the Inspector took and carefully encased. Further examination of the body, they found to be fruitless.

"Well, how do you find the case?" asked the doctor—he had finished his job.

In reply, Cortland shrugged his shoulders, after which he said: "I suppose you'll report tomorrow?"

The coroner nodded.

"Well, I shall leave," he said, and wishing the Inspector an early success, he left.

Alone the Inspector reconnoitered the room. It was large, the furniture of the same quality and design as the walls, and all in the proper place. He came to the phone and looked at the scratch pad. Its sheets were blank. Beside the telephone was a three-mirrored dresser. He scanned the surface—a morocco a few valuable jewels, as well as Mrs. Glench's lay there. The first he held. It was opened. He viewed its contents and grunted. There were Mrs. Glench's vanity case and three opera tickets. The first drawer was also opened, a bunch of keys hanging from the keyhole. He found a flat box which contained a few valuable jewels, as well as Mrs. Glench's diary. This done, he pocketed the book, and concluded his investigation.

All eyes were fixed at Inspector Henry Cortland as he appeared in the library. His search was apparently successful. There was that domineering smile.

Brant, the policeman, advanced to meet him.

"Every opening locked sir, save the main door."

Cortland nodded and gave him the encased fibers, muttered a few, almost indistinct words. The other bowed curtly and left.

"Now," he said, "I shall interview every one of you. We'll begin with you—Mrs. Irving. You are acquainted with the —er— Mrs. Glench?"

"Mrs. Glench was my best friend," the lady replied matter-of-factly. "She invited me to this night's opera."

"When did she invite you?"

"Yesterday afternoon, at tea. She said the opera manager gave Mr. Glench a complimentary box for tonight."

"What time did you meet Mrs. Glench tonight?"

"She passed for me at about twenty past eight."

"Was she alone?"

"Mrs. Jackson and her own chauffeur were with her," Mrs. Irving replied.

"Was the deceased herself tonight?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, that is," explained Cortland, "did she not act queerly or uneasily?"

"Not that I know of. She was quite herself, sir."

"Why did you return so early?" the Inspector innocently inquired.

"We have not seen the program," she rejoined. "Mrs. Glench forgot her purse; the opera tickets were in it."

"What time did you arrive here?" was his next question.

"At 8:26; I remember quite clearly, I looked at my watch to see if we would be in time for the beginning."

"That'll do Mrs. Jackson."

This "female orator" needed no suggestion; she knew her turn. Her garrulity seemed endless, and to make matters worse it carried the Inspector nowhere—she stated everything but the right thing. When the disgusted detective perforce motioned her to sit down, she clapper-clawed indignantly and culminated with, "This is an outrage!"

Jane followed. The Inspector eyed her suspiciously but found her quiet, but certainly nervous.

"How long have you worked here?" he asked.

"Three years, sir."

"What occupation do you hold?"

"Chambermaid for Mrs. Glench," she replied and added, "I also assist in cleaning and arranging the house, sir."

"Did you help Mrs. Glench in her toilette this evening?" asked Cortland coming to the point.

"Yes, sir."

"What time did Mrs. Glench leave?"

"About 8:10," was the curt reply.

"Where were you then?" he inquired.

"I followed her to the car and went back to the room to prepare her night gown and other things. Then I closed both light and door and headed for the library."

"Did you hear or see anything peculiar this evening?"

The Inspector did not look at the girl as he snapped out this question, but eyed the rest. He did not fail to note the intentness of two pairs of eyes. The owners of these breathed as they heard the reply.

"No sir," she answered.

"How long were you in the room?"

"About five minutes."

"Therefore, you left the room about 8:15," the Inspector queried.

There was a pause.

"Yes sir, I am sure of it," Jane replied.

"Did it occur to you that Mrs. Glench forgot her bag?"

Jane hesitated but she confessed boldly enough if nervously.

"No sir," she said. "Not till I was informed by Mrs. Irving."

"You afterwards went to the library, you said?"

"Yes sir," the girl responded.

"What did you do in the library?"

"I read 'The Woman's Journal', sir. Mrs. Glench permitted me to read in the library during my spare moments at night."

"That's all."

The Inspector's eyes now fell on the cook. So this was the fellow! He decided to give the cook a surprise and presently called him.

"You are Francois, the cook, are you not?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," answered the questioned, a stubby Frenchman with thick, upcurved moustache and bulging arms and legs.

"You broke the big punch bowl, eh?" the Inspector said scrutinizing the other's countenance.

All in the library were surprised. Evidently Cortland knew more than they thought; but how did he?

The unexpected statement rendered the cook speechless. Finally, he managed to stammer. "Y-yes sir."

"What did Mrs. Glench do to you?"

"She wanted to fire me, sir."

"You don't seem to have been fired," declared the Inspector.

"No, sir," replied the cook, apparently recovering from his shock. "Mr. Glench, would not hear of it. You see, sir, I have served Mr. Glench for thirty years."

The Inspector paused, and motioned his dismissal to the cook as he saw Brant appear. He advanced.

"Well?" he softly inquired.

"Black serge, sir," the policeman whispered.

Cortland's face twisted into a terrible smile. He looked at the butler and Mr. Glench, who still remained.

Turning to Brant, he whispered something. The other nodded and vanished mechanically. Evidently, there was something in the wind.

"Mr. Glench," Cortland stated, "in a few minutes, if I am not mistaken, I shall have found the murderer. He is in this room."

The three men—Francois, the butler and Mr. Glench—suspiciously eyed one another. The cook, with quivering lips and unsteady footing; the butler silent, with marked anxiety and maintained decorum of his office; the master, badly shaken and glaring distrustfully at his two domestics—chiefly at the first.

The speaker continued: "It is a matter of waiting, but since I wish to be sure, I shall finish my examination."

There was a short pause—the Inspector did not know whom to question first. At last, he said, "What is your name?"

"Abner Philipps, sir," replied the butler, a tall, bald-headed man. His suit was perfectly clean, save for a faint white scratch below the knee.



"What is your occupation and how long have you been serving here?"

"I have been butler here for almost a year."

"Where were you when the murder occurred?"

"In my room, sir."

"What were you doing?"

"Reading the night papers."

"Did you not ascend the stairs when Mrs. Glench left for the opera?"

"Indeed, no, sir. I closed the main door directly Mrs. Glench left. Jane, who escorted her to the car ascended the stairs, but I went straight to my room."

"Humph! How can you prove you went to your room?"

"I believe the cook saw me when I passed the pantry, sir. I even bade him goodnight."

"Is this true?" Cortland demanded of the cook.

"Yes, sir."

That was all. The Inspector turned his back to the butler and looked at the door. Brant had not arrived. Cortland therefore turned to Walter Glench. The eyes of all present were fixed on the two.

"When did you see your wife last?" This, from the Inspector.

"This afternoon shortly after tea."

"Did your wife not sup with you this evening?"

"No sir."

"Where was she?"

"In her room. We had a little quarrel over Francois," Glench said glaring at the mentioned in his smouldering mistrust, and added: "After that, my wife would not take anything Francois cooked."

"You supped alone therefore?"

"No, sir; I went up to her room, but found it locked. When I called her, she said she did not want to have anything to do with me. After that I lost what little appetite I had, and went straight to my room to sleep.

"What time did you sleep?"

"About half-past seven."

"You did not leave your room after that?"

"I do not think I did; at least not till—I was awakened from sleep by a scream," Glench slowly said, lowering his head. "When I came out she—she was dead—murdered."

"You love your wife, Mr. Glench?"

"Yes, Inspector," the questioned sighed.

"But did she love you?"

"I am quite sure she did."

"And yet—" Cortland stated leaning against the end of the sofa with his legs crossed, "and yet, she filed a petition for divorce against you this very afternoon?"

Glench started. It was long before he recovered his voice. When he did, he frankly said:

"I did not know you knew that, and I thought it was futile to disclose anything about it."

Cortland grunted contemptuously.

"Yes, Mary is like that—that's just Mary," Glench continued. "You know, Inspector, my wife has a sort of haughty disposition, and when she was angry this afternoon, she would stop at nothing. If our quarrel had held out a little longer, I am afraid, I should have had to fire the cook."

"And still she was gay enough to go to the opera?" queried Cortland.

"My wife always kept her engagements."

Brant entered the room with a small parcel in his hand.

"Found them?" Cortland quickly asked, unable to suppress his anxiety.

"Yes, sir," the policeman acquiesced, as he came forward and murmured in the other's ear: "Pocketed in one of his trousers in the trunk."

In bewilderment, those present stared blankly at the two exchanging these words.

In the meanwhile, Cortland's characteristic smile gradually appeared. He was relieved.

"May I see your hands, Mr. Glench," he said.

"What for?" inquired Walter, his face whitening. Nevertheless he complied.

The Inspector glanced at them and turned to the butler.

"Yours," he asked.

Philipps showed his reluctantly. Quick as a flash, the Inspector moved, his deft fingers closing tightly about the other's wrists. The latter was handcuffed.

"What does this mean?" he asked infuriated.

"It means that you are wanted for the murder of Mrs. Waltern Glench," Cortland said complacently. "Consider yourself arrested."

The rat eyed the cat brazenly, his whole aspect blackening sourly. The nut was cracked, and so far the law had its way. Rats when cornered generally grow desperate. Vis-a-vis, each maintaining his stare—the one defiant and furious, the other cool and triumphant.

With a snarl, Philipps crushed his handcuffed hands upon Cortland who was just in time to move his head, receiving the blow upon his shoulder. Down he went, his heavy frame thudding on the carpet, but with the resiliency of a ball was on his feet the next moment. Brant toppled down unconscious as he attempted to bar the butler. Like a madman, the latter made his way to the door with a sprint that was vigorous, decisive, bodily stumbling against the policeman formerly left to guard the members of the house. Both rolled to the floor. A struggle ensued.

Craig did not remain idle; in an instant, he came to the policeman's assistance, followed by Cortland. The criminal was brought to bay.

"You will swing sure..." growled Cortland, "and like it too."

The butler remained quiet.

Jane and Craig took care of Brant who was not so badly off.

In the meantime, Mr. Glench, who seemed to have been storing all his anger, now came forth like thunder.

"You, you—" he bellowed. "Why you scoundrel."

"Mrs. Glench got what was coming to her."

"Not a word about her—"

"I killed her all right," confessed Philipps; "I could not help it. I had been badly off for a long time, and neither Mrs. Glench nor he would lend me money. Well, I had to get it—somehow. I thought it all out. After seeing her leave, I purposely went to the kitchen to deceive Francois, in order to establish an alibi. I was not heard. I went to my room, but noiselessly slipped out. When I went to my mistress' room, Jane was not there any more. Everything was as I desired. I put on the light, and with luck, found the purse with the bunch of keys; so I did not force open any drawer. The first disclosed all I desired—a case of jewels. As I held one of them, Mrs. Glench came in. I found no excuse to give, nor would she hear any. She said she would call the police. I begged, but all to no use. As she reached for the phone, I sprang at her. She tried to scream, but my left hand was in the nick of time. My hate must have overworked me, for when I released her, she was dead. I got all I wanted, and saw to it that nothing was against me. But you should be complimented, Inspector. I salute you."

"Come along now, I want to get some food," Cortland said, and added when he was at the door, "Here's your wife's diary, Mr. Glench. Goodnight everybody."

Late that evening found Cortland eating with his friend, Craig.

"I say, Sherlock," said Craig. "You have not told me how you did it."

"Did what?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," the other rejoined impatiently. "How did you know Abner Philipps was the murderer?"

"Give me a match, will you. Thanks. That's easy enough. I found black fibers in Mrs. Glench's finger nail. When Philipps

strangled her with his right hand, she tried to free herself by trying to take his hand off. In so doing her nails pulled off some of the black fibers, from his coat, which was made of black serge."

"But another man might have worn black serge too."

"Sure enough. But where was he going to get out? After committing the crime, he had to escape thru some opening. But all of them were locked. I am positive that he could not have passed by the main door as the chauffeur was there with those ladies."

"But he might have been in league with some of the domestics."

"You mean that he unlocked one of those windows or doors, slipped out and had the domestic lock it afterwards?"

"Exactly."

"There could have only been one—that was Abner Philipps. The girl was too good to help the murderer. The cook has a nervous constitution. That eliminates him. So Philipps could have been the only one in league with the real murderer. And that was Philipps in league with himself. It could not be otherwise. You will doubtless notice there was a faint white scratch in his pants."

"I did not notice it."

"Then you have much yet to learn. I examined him very carefully. He had it all right. I am sure that was caused by the demised. She struggled and kicked uselessly. Nevertheless she marked Philipps."

"That is not enough to warrant his arrest."

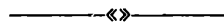
"True. Did you see that the rouge was scattered below the lower lip?"

"What of it?"

"Philipps placed his left hand over her mouth to keep her quiet. In so doing, he unknowingly rubbed the lips and spread the rouge. I did not know he did it. But I guessed. If the rouge spread, surely it would mark on the glove. And it did. I followed up my guess and it succeeded. You remember, I sent Brant to the pantry? That was to have him search Philipps' room. Philipps thought that by hiding the gloves in the pocket of his newly ironed pants, they would not be found. He was mistaken. And that evidence convicted him."

"Gee, but you are great," declared Craig with enthusiasm.

"I know I am," said Cortland slowly, and emitted a cloud of smoke.



## *"Embalmed Minds"*

SOME short while since, the Editor of this Journal approached me with his best smile, and after a few preliminary, unctuous remarks, shot me a bolt from the effects of which I am still troubled: Would I write a list of one-hundred good books I had read, for publication in the GREEN AND WHITE. This was the burden of my seducer's song. A tall request, methought. A veritable dilemma for unwary me; Was I to say "No" to a good friend who had never refused me a favor? Or was I to put into the hands of the public, vulgar and elite alike, what must seem a sort of confession of my private life, a betrayal of my

nature, if not of my name.

I remonstrated that I was not a wide reader, not even along one line. That sometimes I am humbled and humiliated, when queried by my friends as to whether I have read G. K.'s latest, or what I think of G.B.S. as a rival of Shakespeare for the dramatic laurel. But the Editor was adamant, and would not brook refusal. Again he smiled, chiefly with his eyes this time; and after some more hopeless dilly-dallying on my part, I yielded the fatal "Yes". No sooner had he made his triumphant retreat, than I was stricken with remorse for my softness. I had been inveigled into his coils; and

now, the price has to be paid for my temerity and folly.

A hundred books! Surely, many even of our High School students, must have read that meagre number. And no doubt the ever-increasing army of those who constitute the present epidemic of gowned graduates, not to mention, except in terms of hushed awe, the mushroom crop of absolute, dictatorial purveyors of information, yclept professors,—no doubt most of these would be positively insulted were they asked to write the names of a paltry hundred books they had read and studied. And our innocent Editor would be upbraidingly asked to make it at least a thousand.

"A book's a book although there's nothing in it," satirises Byron in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Books with nothing in them are only too common, and their readers are legion. Any of our literary hobblederoys could easily write them while you wait. Such literary and literal mockeries are not only voraciously devoured, but even requisitioned to decorate, by profuse quotation, the many "articles", which their wretched readers use to profane the Press,—if that were possible. And of course, they supply our "column writers" with an inexhaustible emporium of padding, when their own reserve of piffle fails—if even that, *a fortiori*, were also possible.

But my cruel friend, the Editor, is fastidious. All men with a true literary taste are like that. They will not be fed on garbage. They insist on rejecting the husks of swine. They will not drink at the fountain of folly. Their aliment must be gathered from the fields of Eternal Truth. More. They are particular, to a nicety, that it be served with the delicate condiment of literary art. Unlike the scavenging millions, they insist on regarding a book with nothing in it, as no book at all. Much more, if it contains untruths, half truths, or travestied truths; and this no matter how delectably soever these may be camouflaged.

Ruskin's remarks, as to what a real book is, may here be quoted: "A book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, nor to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has some-

thing to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him,—this the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on a rock, if he could, saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated like another. My life was as a vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew, this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' This is his writing; it is in his small human way, and with whatever of degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription or scripture. That is a book."

Elsewhere Ruskin calls all such books enduring writings, books of all time, books properly so called, in contradistinction with what he terms books of the hour, ephemeral writings. Of these he says, "The good book of the hour—I do not speak of bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. These bright accounts of travel; good-humored with witty discussion of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes general, are a peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use of them if we allow them to usurp the place of true books."

The appended list includes books of both species, but no bad ones of either. Bad books! And permanent bad books! They exist; a plenty. Genius is not infrequently pressed into the service of evil,—into the service of infidelity, irreligion, immorality: Into the service of the devil rather than into that of God: Into

treason against truth rather than into loyalty thereto: Into the degradation of the nation rather than into its uplift. Such a book comes off the Press. It is grabbed up like the proverbial hot cakes. The unsteady of purpose read it, and, become more unsteady. The author acquires fame, and maybe, wealth. When he is festering in his grave, the stream he has polluted, flows on. Generation after generation, the accursed things move on to poison millions of minds, to damn millions of souls.

I must avail myself of the reader's long-suffering to once again appositely invoke John Ruskin: "Sir, you have this gift (genius), and a mighty one; see that you serve your nation faithfully with it. It is a greater trust than ships or armies: you might cast *them* away, if you were captain, with less treason to your people than in casting your own glorious power, and serving the devil with it instead of men. Ships and armies you may replace, if they are lost, but a great intellect once abused, is a curse to the earth forever."

It would seem as if our English classics,—the good ones,—are not so widely read nowadays as formerly. This is a pity. New books come and go. "They have their little day, and die." The rust of time they cannot resist. But the classics remain forever. Royal metal, they defy all corroding influence. They are like our artesian fountains gushing forth the health-giving stream of clear sparkling water, of clear sparkling Truth. As has been said, higher up, the reading of such treasures does not at all preclude the harnessing, into our service, of the numerous splendid books which are the product of our own age. The Scotchman, in the joke column, when asked which would he take, white wine or red, quickly formulated the orthodox reply, "Baith, mon, baith." A wise motto for the shrewd reader. No need to follow what the witty Rogers is alleged to have been wont to say, "When a new book comes out, I read an old one."

The classics never tire us. We go back to them again and again, and each time we find them as fresh, wholesome and racy as ever. This applies even to classic novels. A second

reading opens up vistas and pandora boxes that we missed on our first exploration. Most of the books, in the accompanying list, I have read twice, and I long for the leisure to take them up again. Not a few I have read thrice. And the reader will doubtless be puzzled to diagnose what form of insanity has led me to read *Treasure Island* from front to back at least ten times. The very mention of the title, whets my appetite for another feast.

But, whither have I been led! Here, then, is a "list of a hundred books which I have read" with pleasure, and I like to think, with profit. It is not claimed that they are the hundred best I have read. In a few cases, the author's name has slipped my memory, but the Editor has promised not to bring me to book for the omission.

Shakespearean Tragedy	A. C. Bradley
The Poetic Mind	F. Prescott
The Conquest of Mexico	Prescott
The Conquest of Peru	Prescott
Life of Voltaire	John Morley
David Copperfield	Dickens
Introduction to English Literature	Hudson
Poets and their Art	H. Monroe
Old Mortality	Sir W. Scott
Christ in the Church	R. H. Benson
Robinson Crusoe	Defoe
Vanity Fair	Thackeray
Paradise Lost	Milton
Selected Poems (Ed. M. Arnold)	Wordsworth
Leaves of Grass	Whittier
Essays	R. L. Stevenson
A Midsummer Night's Dream	Shakespeare
Childe Harold	Byron
More Joy (Translation)	Kepler
Poems	Matt. Arnold
Lorna Doone	Blackwell
The Divine Comedy (Cary's Translation)	Dante

The Mill on the Floss	G. Eliot	The Dark Ages	Oman
The Dream of Gerontius	J. H. Newman	The Last of the Mohicans	F. Cooper
Martin Chuzzlewit	Dickens	Kenilworth	Scott
The Boree Log	Harrington	Poems	Thomas Gray
The Lady Next Door	H. Begbie	The Glories of Mary	St. Alphonsus Liguori
Lectures (Delivered in U.S.A.)	Tom Bourke	History of Europe (1789-1870)	Fyffe
The Psalms	King David	Historical Essays (2 vols)	J. H. Newman
Hamlet	Shakespeare	Gulliver's Travels	Swift
Selections from the Spectator	Addison	Henry Esmond	Thackeray
The Compleat Angler	Walton	Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics	Palgrave
Oxford Lectures on Poetry	A. C. Bradley	Reflections on the French Revolution	Ed. Burke
Essays of Elia	Lamb	Departmental Duties and Barrack-Room	
Collected Essays	Macaulay	Ballads	Kipling
Confessions (Praises)	St. Augustine	The Last of the Barons	Lytton
History of Ireland (3 vols)	Dalton	The Life of Napoleon	Lockhart
Poems	Alice Meynell	A Tale of Two Cities	Dickens
The Voyage of the Beagle	C. Darwin	The New Testament	
We of the Never-Never	.....?	Church History 1500-1900	
The Count of Monte Cristo	Dumas	(3 vols) .....	MacCaffrey
My New Curate	Sheehan	Poems .....	Tennyson
Life of Cardinal Newman (2 vols)	Ward	The Arabian Nights	
Barnaby Rudge	Dickens	Life of Gladstone	John Morley
Past and Present	Carlyle	Commentary on Tennyson's "In	
Collected Poems	F. Thompson	Memoriam"	A. C. Bradley
The Philosophy of Literature	Bro. Azarias	St. Francis of Assisi	..?
The Art of Thinking	Dimnet	Apologia Pro Vita Sua	J. H. Newman
The Jungle Book (2 vols)	Kipling	By What Authority	R. H. Benson
The Dangers of Spiritism	Raupert	The South African War (1900)	Conan Doyle
Self Knowledge and Self Discipline	Maturin	Psychology .....	M. Maher
The Beauties of Life .....	Avebury	The Fortunes of Nigel	Scott
The French Revolution (2 vols)	Carlyle	Life of Christ, (2 vols)	
The Queen's Fillet	Sheehan	Translation	Fouard
Treasure Island .....	R. L. Stevenson	Reminiscences (Twenty-five Years)	K. Tynan
History of England (13 vols)	Lingard	St. Paul and His Missions	Fouard
St. Ignatius of Loyola	F. Thompson	The Old Riddle and the Newest	
Alice in Wonderland	Carroll	Answer	Gerard
Life of Johnson (3 vols)	Boswell	Moral Philosophy	Rickaby
The Imitation of Christ	Thos. A. Kempis	History of Philosophy	Turner
Heroes and Hero Worship	Carlyle	Dreams and Images .....	Joyce Kilmer
Life of General Gordon	Wm. Butler	Evolution and Social Progress	Husslein
The Maid of Orleans	A. Lang	Henry Edward Manning	Shane Leslie
Leaves from Australian Forests	Kendal		B. E.

## *Sibul*

Inertness eternal enwraps you,  
Stagnation is stamped on thy face,  
Morpheus softly belaps you,  
Of commotion you show not a trace.

Languor, and torpor the deepest,  
Possess you the year all around,  
In silence and quiet thou sleepest,  
To disturb thee there's hardly a sound.

Set at the foot of the mountains,  
Encircled by tropical growth,  
Centre of clear splashing fountains,  
That coveted healing send forth.

Fret of the city, and worry,  
Greed of vile Mammon and trade,  
Self-seeking bustle and hurry,  
Never these precincts invade.

Railways and blazing high towers,  
Clatter of engine and steel,  
Spare us these classic green bowers,—  
Shrines where the weary find weal.

Forbear, thou commercial vile vulture,  
To slay with noisome dark breath,  
This nook of prime rustic culture,—  
Thy presence were surely its death.

Flourish ye bamboos still higher,  
And nod nature's welcome so sweet;  
Amorous palm-trees no shyer,  
Extend your lithe arms to greet.

Still stand the cool nipa houses,  
With doors ever open full wide,  
Which symbol in strangers arouses  
The vision of welcome inside.

B. F.

# The Aim of Our Public School Education

By Rafael Pimentel, 1st Year Comm.

WHATEVER you wish to see introduced into the life of a nation, must be first introduced into its schools." Such are the meaningful and infallible words of William Von Humboldt. These words treasure the key to a nation's success, which is prosperity, welfare, and progress combined. Yet how few nations there are that realize and understand the infinity of the value that is attached to these simple words.

The schools produce the life of a nation, and it is for this very reason that I am led to believe that there are a great many nations in the world at present, whose schools are a menace to their prosperity and welfare. By the school is not meant that institution of learning which is confined only to the intellectual and physical upbuilding of man and woman. Education has a higher and nobler aim. The school is more sacred than it seems. Education in the true sense of the word, is the moral, intellectual, and physical development of man and woman. It is at the school where the child is first taught to think, act, and behave nobly and rightly; it is at school where virtue, honesty, and kindness are instilled into the heart of the child; it is at the school where faith, hope, love, and reverence for what is true, good, and beautiful are first impressed in the mind and heart of the child, and it is only when these impressions have been successful and good, that a nation can rejoice and feel safe, and proudly guarantee Success.

Hence, the chief aim of our public education should be not intellectual attainment, not wealth-getting; not the mere training of lawyers, physicians, engineers or men of letters alone. These are indeed very valuable when put to their proper use by human intelligence. But all these intellectual attainments constitute but one fourth of life. The idea that these accomplishments alone can promote and improve the prosperity and welfare of a nation, is as hollow as the bubble on the ocean.

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, were ephemeral, although their founders and upbuilders meant them to be eternal.

We should never permit our minds to be gulled by the childish thought that education is a mere sharpening of wits, that education is but a ladder to richness and extravagance. We must bear in mind that the purpose of education is spiritual and moral, as well as intellectual, since conduct constitutes three-fourths of life. Did not Rome fall because of the ill-conduct of her people? Had Rome introduced into her schools, into the process of education humanity, justice, truthfulness, honesty, fidelity, reverence, purity, and self-respect in their true sense, had she preserved the honor of the family and lived up to the true principles of equality, she would have lived longer than she did. The inhumanity of the army, the downright dishonesty of the nation, the suppression of justice in the courts, the inequality of rights, the perverse morality of her youth, the oppression of the weak, the disruption of the family as wrought by divorce, and finally her blasphemous idolatry, all these equally contributed to her downfall. The vandals did nothing but to push her into the pit where she was falling. Now, the introduction of spiritual and moral training in the schools, could not have produced such perversity and ill-conduct. Had Rome believed, hoped, loved, and revered the true God, He would have preserved her.

It must not be inferred that I am trying to insinuate that our public school system of education is a menace to our prosperity and welfare, although we believe that this system lacks the spiritual and the moral training, since the teaching of religious doctrines is precluded.

There are some persons, not only in this country, but everywhere, who cannot afford to be ridiculous and comical whenever they open their mouths to say something. Had they but



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 sophistical 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.*

**R**AMON del Villar, millionaire-boy "de luxe," and student not so "de luxe," speeded down the boulevard in his shiny, black, low-sprung 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!"

—«»—

## Waiting

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

**T**WILIGHT 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?"

"Yes, I liked it," he replied, "but I was just thinking how well that poem described me. I am an adventurer. Sometimes the feeling to go away and see the world is so strong within me that, I can hardly resist it." He paused, and after a while, seeing that his companion did not answer, he added, "Yesterday, I got a job on a steamer. I'm sailing away tomorrow."

"You mean that you're going away?"

"Yes, I'm going away. I'm going away to seek my fortune, and I shall come back when I'm rich." He paused, then he took her hand, "Promise me one thing, dear. Promise that you'll wait for me."

"I promise," she answered, "I shall wait even till death!"

"When you sit here to watch the sunset, you will think of me, won't you?"

"I shall think of you . . . always!"

For a moment he clasped her to his breast. Then he took the book from which she had, but a moment before, been reading and wrote:

"When the sun sinks to rest, remember I am thinking of you always."

\* \* \*

A year has passed. Luis was in America. Month after month she received letters from him. She answered them. Letters filled with love and tenderness. Suddenly he stopped writing. To Carolina it seemed as if the sun had set out of her life. Day after day, at twilight, she sat on the rocks where they had spent their last blissful hours together. She had lived those hours over and over again in her imagination, wept at the tender memory of their farewell. The little book, where he had written his sentiments, she treasured as she would the most priceless jewels.

As she sat on the rock, she thought of him far away somewhere, roving, looking for the pot of gold at the end of his rainbow. Had he found it? She thought too, of the day when he would come back to her. But would he? Doubts filled her mind, only to be quickly dispelled by the words he had writ-

ten in her book:

"When the sun sinks to rest, remember I am thinking of you always."

Yes, he still remembered her. He could not have forgotten her.

\* \* \*

Five years have passed. For Luis five years of hard work and now he had succeeded. He was rich! Now he could go back to his country to keep his promise to his loved one.

For Carolina those five years were years of waiting, years of hardship. She had met many men during the course of those five years. Many had loved her, and wished to marry her. But always the thought of him who toiled and labored in a far away country, kept her from accepting any one of them.

One day the newspapers printed the news of the sinking of the *S.S. Pacific*, on its way from New York to Manila. All the passengers and crew, the newspapers said, had perished. Little did Carolina dream that the man she had been waiting for, all these years was on that boat.

Gradually with the passing of years, she faded and languished, but the memory of her promise and his, still gave her hope. She was still young, but like the rose which has been neglected, she faded. No longer was she the beautiful girl, youth blooming in her face, whom Luis had left.

\* \* \*

A year afterwards, in one of the free wards of the Philippine General Hospital an old woman, poor and friendless, passed away to a better world. She was not exactly old, as far as years went, but her spirit spent with hopeless waiting, craved for the sleep that knows no waking.

A book, which she had clasped to her breast throughout her long illness, now slipped from her lifeless fingers. It fell to the floor, disclosing on one page the faded and almost illegible writing:

"When the sun sinks to rest, remember I am thinking of you always."

She had remembered! She had waited but in vain for the man who never came back!

## *My Flower*

*By Fleur-de-Lis.*

Upon the dark the silv'ry moon has gained,  
A summer night that God to give has deigned:  
The streams of light into my garden fall,  
And all across each roof and wall.

Violet bells and sampaguitas rare,  
And grasses green and margaritas fair,  
Fresh leaves and fruits—all tipped with silvern hue,  
King nature's sylphs await the honey dew.

There are chrysanthemums of straw and cream,  
Fresh pinks and marigolds that makes us dream:  
There are sunflowers sighing for the sun,  
Cheering the workman till the day is done.

But there is, in a cozy little spot,  
A flower sweeter than forget-me-not,  
Akin to all the seasons of the year,  
A nursing blossom, cheering my career.

More aromatic than the camia's bloom,  
Dispelling all the thoughts that rise from gloom;  
More delicate than the pitimini,  
O Flower! canst thou cast a glance on me?

Ah, thou art white, white as the winter's snow;  
How much you care for me, I do not know.  
Ah, thou unsullied nymph of purity,  
Enchant the air with thy soft melody.

With what light blue thy creamy petals rayed,  
Affecting thee, a touch of pensive shade;  
A blue that makes me look up to the sky,  
Awaiting, longing, with an ardent sigh.

Once more, I think of thee, my dainty flow'r,  
Thou emblem gracing just one sacred bow'r,  
A blossom, lovely and so rare, thou art,  
Thou dwelling in a lonely spot—my heart!

# Mysterious Island

By Arsenio Espiritu

ONE day, when I was still a small child, a very strange and mysterious thing happened to me, which I shall never forget. I always treasured the memory of it as a kind of secret. I have always shrunk with horror from communicating it to my rational fellowmen because of the ridicule which I might be subjected to, and because clever-minded men might laugh at the simplicity of my tale. But I can hold no longer my peace. Something besides myself, as it were, impels me to disclose what I have long kept as a secret. As I take up my pen and write this narrative, it seems to me as if somebody were suggesting the strange thoughts which arise in me, clothed, however, with my infirm attempt of expressing as well as I can the singular story which I am about to relate. I would ask those who are inclined to subject the truth of everything to the unsparing scrutiny of reason, those who would question even the right use of their reason, to deal with all possible leniency with me. On the other hand, I would ask also those who would believe everything, those who would believe even the absurdity of that theory which holds that our ancestors were all monkeys, not to take everything as true, which he finds in this story.

One bright morning, as I was digging a hole along the seashore, my hand struck something hard and shining like gold. With considerable difficulty, I drew it out of the hole, and to my great delight and surprise, I found that it was a small golden book. On its covers were written strange characters perfectly unintelligible to me. I was a very curious child, as all children are, and I wanted to know what it had to say. The more I examined it, the more my curiosity grew. I said to myself, "If I could only read and understand it, how glad I would be." Scarcely had I expressed this wish, when a wonderful change came over me. My understanding, all of a sudden, was enlightened and the charac-

ters, which, a moment ago, were perfectly strange to me, I read and understood with singular clearness. And what was more wonderful still was, that as soon as I had read a word or gone over a page, these disappeared at once, as if someone were erasing the letters and tearing the pages. Thus word after word disappeared, and page after page vanished, and when I came to the last page, the golden book disappeared altogether. This did not attract much my attention for more wonderful things were recorded in the book. I know not to this day, whether this incident was a hallucination, or a delusion, or an illusion. So I would ask those who are learned in the science of mental analysis, to determine the reality of this strange happening which quite puzzles my limited understanding.

The title of the book was, "The Mysterious Island." It was written by the Black Bat and the Wise Owl, two wise birds who lived ages and ages ago. The book contains an account of the Mysterious Island, and of the wonderful adventures through which they passed.

## I

A long time ago, (the story ran thus), we lived in a vast forest. One day, in our wanderings, we chanced to fly over the Island of the Rising Sun, which was inhabited by a prosperous people. We were so struck by the magnificence of the country that we made up our minds to live and die there. Through its glittering domes, through its glittering spires, through its magnificent temples we made our daily flight. Over the shining house-tops we flew, over the crowded plazas we hovered—how happy we were!

Little did we think that this happiness was soon to come to an end; little did we think of the misfortune which was impending over the gay inhabitants and over ourselves! We were scarcely several months in the island, when, a

dreadful pestilence broke out. This horrible scourge visited nearly one-half of the population. For several weeks it raged with unabated fury until it had carried away all its victims. Through the half-empty streets, once alive with its gay pedestrians, now the daily scene of mournful processions; through the pestilential air, once invigorating and health-giving; through the theaters once filled to overflowing, now empty; through the temples once frequented solely by old women, now visited even by the most indifferent hearts we flew. What a transition from gaiety to sadness!

One day, a company of street boys found us flying about as usual. We noticed that our looks did not please them at all, and we heard one of them say, "Since these hideous birds appeared, evil things befell us." And all the rest sung in a chorus, "When hideous things appear, evil things naturally happen." Thus they shouted through the streets. The whole population was aroused, and as if inspired by no common devil, caught up the cry, and before night we were stoned out of the island. It is really strange how men grow superstitious when calamities befall them, and in their frenzy and blindness wreak their vengeance on those who are innocent.

In the cold night air we flew, over the boundless ocean we sailed, until the Island of the Rising Sun faded from our view. On, on, we flew, but we sighted no land. Towards morning when dawn was already visible in the East, Brother Bat said, "I can fly no longer; my wings are weary; and I fear that I must die." "Courage, dear brother," I answered, "Summon all thy strength. Fly yet a little longer and soon you will see the providence of God. Know you not that Heaven is able to bring forth our greatest happiness even out of our heaviest misfortunes?"

Before us was the rising sun; behind us, was the moon, hardly discernible in the distant western horizon. The sun's fiery disk had scarcely risen above the crimson waters, when far in the west, we heard a sweet voice say, "O faithful ocean, thou that obeyest my mandates, yield up the treasures which I have long hidden in thy bosom." The waters trembled,

and a whole island clothed in the loveliest garments of nature rose gradually beneath us. We gave thanks to the Lord for this singular manifestation of His power and goodness, and under the shadows of the morning we rested. Thus did the mysterious island make its mysterious appearance in the world.

It was an island fair and lovely to look at. Nature, as it were, had bestowed all her charms on this particular spot. There, you could stare at the sun at mid-day without being blinded by its strong rays; there, the cool and refreshing air of the morning pervaded the atmosphere throughout the whole day; there, the stars twinkled brighter than in any other part of the world; there, the thunder was never heard; and there, the storm never raged. In short, our island was another garden of Eden.

*(Here the narrative shifts to another place, and relates how an unfortunate pair was driven by the malice of men from their native land, and how Providence brought them to the mysterious island.)*

## II

Far, far away, in the land of the Setting Sun, lived Benjamin and his wife, Aurora, a God-fearing and a God-loving pair. Now, the people in that island were agriculturists. The country was so fertile that, with a little tilling of the soil, abundant crops were harvested. The land flowed with abundance, and there nobody was ever known to complain of hunger and thirst. It was always so, in that country from time immemorial. But a time came when this abundance came to an end. The harvests failed, and in a short time it was feared that a famine would break out. Strange to say, the crops of Benjamin and Aurora were as good as ever. At the time of the calamity, their crops yielded thrice as much produce as they were wont to gather. Their neighbors wondered. And they said to one another, "Why was this man spared and not we? What have we done to merit such misfortune? Are we not, each and everyone of us, as good as they?" Thus they reasoned. The envy of their neighbors increased from day to day, and soon Benjamin and Aurora were hated.



Meanwhile, the innocent pair, when they saw the trials which the good God was pleased to send them, never tired of helping their fellow creatures, as much as they could. They did not feel proud of their exemption from these calamities, if calamities they could be rightly called; they did not consider themselves invincible to misfortunes, nor did they think themselves fortunate. They were still the same Benjamin and Aurora. Prosperity in the midst of adversity disturbed not the humility of their hearts.

The next year, a similar thing occurred. The harvest was worse than ever, but Benjamin's crop this time increased ten-fold. This heightened the rising anger and envy of their fellowmen, and in spite of all their sacrifices, in spite of everything they did to alleviate the wants of their suffering countrymen, they were regarded with hatred by everybody. It did not take them long to notice this rank ingratitude. Instead of receiving kind words for the services which they had so willingly rendered, they received in return, insults.

A rumor soon spread that they were sorcerers. The failure of the crops were ascribed to infernal powers which they were supposed to have and the proof of it was, that while everybody else suffered, they alone prospered. Who, but they could have caused their crops to wither? A good God could not have allowed so much suffering among His creatures. Under the cover of hypocritical kindness, they strove to hide the inhumanity of their hearts. Thus the rumor ran.

So, one night, when they were asleep, they were awakened by the loud shouts of their neighbors. "Kill the sorcerers, kill the sorcerers, who bring these calamities upon us. Let us have our vengeance. The sooner we get rid of them, the better, for who knows what they might do next. Let us burn them alive." All these things the man and his wife heard with trembling hearts.

But one wiser than the rest said, "Let us put them on a boat, and let them drift to the ends of the earth, (people in those days thought the earth was flat), where monsters which infest the deeps will swallow them up."

And all shouted, "Let us do it now."

Immediately they seized the trembling creatures, and placed them in a boat. A strong current caught their bark and far into the ocean they were borne. Great was their terror when they found themselves in the wide ocean. They expected, momentarily, monsters of all shapes to rise from the treacherous deeps and swallow them up. A profound sleep, the sleep of the innocent, came over them. On the morning of the third day they awoke, and to their great astonishment, they found themselves on the shores of the mysterious island.

Behind them was the rising sun, before them was the mysterious island. Over the mountain tops was the round moon. Again we heard the same sweet voice from the west say, "O my chosen ones, inhabit the land which I have long prepared for you and your descendants. The peace of the Lord shall always be with you, and the hand of adversity shall never strike you."

On their bended knees they gave thanks to Almighty God for the singular favor which they had received. They were exceedingly delighted to see the mysterious island and all its wonders.

In this island, they lived to an advanced age. Their descendants multiplied exceedingly and at the end of the century the island was fairly inhabited.

*(Here the story describes the prosperity of the inhabitants. It relates also that, there nobody ever had a bad day, and that in the island, if the account of the authors be true, complete happiness always reigned.)*

### III

The third part of the story begins thus: "Reader, whoever thou art, if thou wouldst be worthy of the secrets which fortune hath placed before thee, purify thy mind from every trace of incredulity; make a solemn act of faith before reading any further; and entertain not the least shadow of doubt concerning the truth of our infallible testimony, for to doubt it would bring down the severest judgments of heaven on thy head."

(Without hesitation, I made up my mind to swallow up everything the authors of the book had to say, and with this disposition of mind caught up the thread of the story.)

"For a hundred years we lived in the mysterious island, and during all that time we saw mysterious things happening everyday. Once, we thought of leaving the precincts of the island,—a foolish thought it was—but we could not leave it for it seemed as if we were held by some strange power. Every day the island seemed to grow lovelier in our sight, and each succeeding day we felt that we were growing younger but stronger—a thing which we could, in no wise, account for.

At this time there was a lovely young man who lived near the seashore. He was so charming that the birds of the island gathered around him in flocks, and sang their loveliest songs; he was so kind he never knew fear. His parents and all who knew him loved him. We loved him, too.

One night when the inhabitants of the island were asleep, (all of them fell asleep early that night—an unusual thing), when in the solemn stillness of the night, only the rippling of the tiny waves and the sighing of the wind could be heard, young Benjamin, for it was the boy's name, awoke from his sleep. He rose, led by an unknown power, went to the seashore, and there sat on a stone. There, he sat looking at the placid ocean before him. There, he saw the moon peeping above the watery horizon. He gazed on the rippling waves, he gazed on the moonlit waters, he gazed at the beautiful moon, and then muttered to himself, "This world is a lovely world. What a happy place for man to live in!"

But he heard the wind sighing, and wondered why. So he asked playfully, "Wind, wind, why do you sigh?" The wind answered him not, but kept on sighing.

As he received no answer, he looked at the moon. He seemed to see the Man in the Moon looking very sad. So, he asked again playfully, "Man in the Moon, Man in the Moon, why do you look so sad?"

After he had said these words, a profound stillness came over the island. The waves

stopped rippling, and the winds stopped sighing. Now, a profound stillness comes over nature before a storm, but dear reader, we can assure you that it was no storm that came over the island.

Again, he repeated, "Man in the Moon, Man in the Moon, why do you look so sad?" Scarcely had he uttered these words, when we saw the moon coming nearer and nearer over the moonlit waters, until it rested just in front of Benjamin.

(Here, the authors describe the appearance of the moon as they saw it, and other astronomical observations important only to the students of astronomy. They give also a detailed description of the person of the Man in the Moon, most interesting to students of fine arts.)

We never saw such a lovely face, yet one could see that the expression on it was full of sadness, the story continues. His whole person shone with the softest light. He stretched his right hand to Benjamin. This, the boy caught up, and in another instant he was with the Man in the Moon. As for ourselves, we flew to one of the rocks on the moon's surface, where we witnessed everything that passed between them. In another moment, the moon had resumed its former place.

"My child," began the Man in the Moon, "I have something to tell you. Listen attentively to all that I have to say, and engrave my words in your heart."

"Know, that I am one of those Beings destined to watch over the affairs of the universe. When the universe was created, the Creator, in His goodness, appointed me to watch over the world of men, until the end of time comes. That was ages and ages ago. Each day the world passes before me in review, (the world revolves around its axis once in twenty-four hours), and once a month I go around it, to see how everything goes on with the world. When I say to the tide, "Rise," it rises, and when I say to it, "Fall" it falls. Great is my influence over the world, but man alone, the lord of the earth, insignificant as he is, stands aloft and refuses to concur with the harmony that exists in the universe. Man is a rebellious

creature. It has been so from the beginning. At the end of each year, I render an account of my trust to the King of the universe. This, He receives with great sorrow, and yet He still commands me, "Watch on, watch on." Faithfully have I fulfilled my duty, but how it pains me to see the ingratitude of men. From the wickedness of man I gather no consolation. How galling is that indifference, that utter disregard which man pays in return for the innumerable blessings which the Creator showers on him every day of his life!

"My child, look through this crystal." The man in the Moon handed him a crystal, and Benjamin looked as he was directed. First, he saw the Mysterious Island. This gradually disappeared, and other lands appeared through the magic crystal. Full twenty-four hours he looked through the magic crystal, which revealed to him every corner of the earth and the doings of men. When Benjamin laid down the crystal, his eyes were filled with tears. "I did not know," said he, "that there is so much misery in the world, that men could be so cruel and so heartless; that bad men prosper; and that the good are persecuted by their fellow-men. Truly, 'The enemy of man is man!'"

"My child," answered the Man in the Moon, "that is how the world goes on. By my word I caused the mysterious island to spring from the bowels of the ocean. That island, I prepared for my descent, and for that reason I beautified it. I selected the descendants of your great grandfather Benjamin and your great grandmother Aurora to inhabit it, for I am loath to go near wicked men. I selected you in particular to deliver my message to the world.

"I repeat, I have a message to give to the world, and you have a mission to fulfill. It is this. Understand, that dearer to me than everything else in the world are children. I would willingly do anything that would add to their happiness. As soon as you return, start on a journey. You are to visit the children of every country and clime. You are to tell them that I love them so much. You are to take that crystal with you, and whenever there is a full moon, you are to make them look through it. Thus, children will come to

know me. Thus, they will often think of me and love me. You will admonish them, for my sake to walk always in the path of goodness. How consoling, in the midst of my sorrows, would this be, indeed, to me. I promise you a long life, for a long time it will take you to fulfill your task. I will give you the power of doing every possible good, and when you have fulfilled your task, you can return to the mysterious island once more. "Farewell." In an instant the moon sped back to the Mysterious Island. Benjamin came down to the earth once more. We left the rock where we had remained concealed all the time. Scarcely had we done so, when the moon sped back faster than lightning to its former place. Thus ended the visit of the Man in the Moon in which wonderful things were revealed.

*(Ancient Egyptians, ancient Babylonians, ancient Chaldeans, ancient Greeks, where are your astronomers? You that watched day and night the operations of the celestial worlds, why have you failed to inform us of this singular and wonderful phenomenon? Why have you failed to corroborate the unerring testimony of the Black Bat and the Wise Owl, for it is certain that a long time ago, in that particular year, in that particular month, in that particular week, on two consecutive nights, the moon either conjured up by an unknown magician, or attracted by an unknown force, or directed by the Man in the Moon, twice came speeding over the vast space which separates it from this earth of ours; that it actually rested over the mysterious island and twice resumed its former place as fast as it came! Saw you not this? Knew you not this?)*

#### IV

After the mysterious events, which we have described, Benjamin still sat on the stone regarding the moon. Then, far away in the distant horizon, we spied a boat, speeding like an arrow, heading for our island. On it came and stopped right at Benjamin's feet. It was the same boat which brought Benjamin and Aurora, three centuries ago, to the shores of the mysterious island. Immediately he boarded it. Away it sped until the distant horizon swallowed it up.

Weeks passed, months passed, years passed, still nobody missed him. His parents, his relations, the inhabitants of the island, behaved as if they never had him, as if they never knew him. They lost him, yet they knew it not. How strange!

Full two hundred years Benjamin was away, and during all that time, wonderful things were happening in the island. Little by little, the population dwindled, until at last, not a single man was left. How this came to pass, we know not. When anybody died, they buried him without tears, without lamentations. Death they regarded as the stepping stone to eternal happiness. Nothing marred the perfect happiness in the island. And when only one man was left, he lived and died as if he had never known the society of men. Thus passed away the inhabitants of the mysterious island. Thus passed away the happiest race of mortals. Thus passed away men who were born happy, who lived happy, and who died happy.

But the island was still lovely even without its inhabitants. One night, as we were watching the beautiful tints of the gleaming waves, we spied something in the distance speeding toward our island. Our hearts beat faster. Was it Benjamin? Yes, it was he. At last the boat reached the shore. Benjamin stepped forth from it. He was lovelier than ever, he was younger than ever, he was still the young man who left years ago. Time which spares no man had spared him. How unexpressibly sweet, yet how sad was the expression of his face. Tears of joy, tears of sorrow, mingled with wonder and reverence, we shed. We rejoiced to see him once more, yet we sorrowed, because he looked so sad.

Once more, as he sat on that stone, he saw the full moon above the waters of his native sea. Once more he fixed his look on it, and in a voice so sweet, yet so sad, he spoke thus, "Man in the Moon, hear me once more. All the children in the world, I have visited and rejoiced. Not only did I do that, but I did more. The miserable, I relieved of their misery; the suffering hearts, I comforted; the good, I encouraged in the path of virtue; and

the bad I persuaded to lead good lives."

Then we heard a voice, (it was the same voice we heard two centuries ago), answer, "My child, you have faithfully obeyed my commands and I am mightily pleased with you. Come, rest forever in the kingdom of the Blessed."

Presently, we heard the sound of heavenly music, and the air around us was filled with fragrance, undefinable; Benjamin was rapt in ecstasy, and slowly he rose from the ground, as if borne by unseen hands. Higher and higher he rose, until he was enveloped by the majestic clouds, further and further the music was heard, until dead silence swallowed the sound of sweet voices altogether. Until morning we spent musing over the strange events of that night.

The next morning, the sun rose as usual with unclouded splendor. The island without Benjamin was lovely still. But at noon, we noticed that the birds were leaving the island in great numbers. Towards the close of the day, not a single bird was to be found in the island except ourselves. We wondered why!

That night there came a great change over the island. The night was hot—a thing which never was before—and the silence was so deep and so impressive, that we thought we were already in the kingdom of the dead. This was broken, ever and anon, by sounds so fearful that, no living ear could withstand them. These sounds were followed by the howling of dogs in agonies of fear. Sometimes we heard rumbling sounds which shook the island. Thus the night passed. We can never fully describe the terror which we endured that terrible night.

Towards dawn, a strong gale rose from the west, and, in a short time, the clouds over the island were so thick that morning was changed into night. Then, for the first time, the lightning flashed, and the crash of thunder was heard. A terrible earthquake soon followed. The mountains were rent asunder and clapped again with a fearful thundering crash. Then fire came out of the bowels of the earth consuming every living thing below, and melting even the hardest rocks. All these happenings we beheld with trembling hearts. Then,

when all these catastrophes were at their worst, we beheld the island sinking slowly beneath us. And when the waters closed above the highest mountain peak, all of a sudden, the sky became clear, the sea became calm, and we saw the glorious sun rising in the eastern horizon. The mysterious island disappeared forever.

High up in the air we flew, rejoicing; above the clouds we sailed exulting; higher and higher still we flew. The spinning earth we left behind us. Into regions of sunshine perpetual we will fly, the celestial worlds we will visit, but never more shall the earth attract us; never more shall the fury of men persecute us. Never more, never more, shall we return. This book we leave for your perusal. Adieu! dear reader.

(*And the last page of the golden book vanished from my hands. I looked at the blue sea before me, and seemed to see the mysterious island. . . I looked up at the blue sky, and seemed to see the Wise Owl and the Black Bat taking their leave of this earth and saying to me, "Never more shall we return, never more shall we return. Farewell, dear reader."*)

O, you that would visit the moon in a cigar balloon, if you ever get there, expect not in the height of presumption to see the Man in the Moon, for great indeed will be your disappointment. He is not to be seen by profane eyes. He is only visible to a certain class of people. Only children see him with their innocent eyes, see him with their innocent imaginations, think of him with their innocent minds, and love him with their innocent hearts. How often in my young years have I thought of him, too.



## Decision

By Angel A. Roman, Jr.

DECISION is that "phase of mental activity in which a volitional tendency reaches its completion." The whole trend of the present remarks, however, will deal with decision as being the conclusion or resolution arrived at by an individual after deep thinking, that is, after weighing every fact that mitigates or aggravates each and every circumstance regarding a certain matter.

Decision may prove beneficial and sometimes fatal to an individual, to associations and to nations. Quick decision and immediate action have carried many a man over critical plights where a little hesitation or deliberation would have spelled ruin. Napoleon's audacity and power of quick decision won for him victories and conquests. Alexander succeeded in conquering the world by virtue of his stern will and decision. Thus when are confronted by a crisis or dilemma, have pored on it, and finally have arrived at a decision, then the rest must be governed by that decision. We cannot go back on it. To hesitate or falter and not to

have the will to carry out our schemes, would be only to lose one's golden opportunity in life.

Each and every individual cherishes different ambitions and dreams during his youth. Each and every one of them longs to realize and attain his coveted goal. But in most instances, their efforts are in vain. Because, although they have bright prospects and are fitted to accomplish great achievements, their failure to decide which course to follow when they were young, and remaining stagnant, so to say, have made them what they ought not to be—mere "nobodies". Thus through lack of proper decision, their hope faded into the hazy distance, and with it their golden chance of success.

Quick decision and prompt action are requisite factors for the person who is to be a success in life. Our ideals and projects can materialize only—when we have come to a conclusion or resolution to put them into execution at the earliest time possible. Many a promising scheme has turned into a discouraging fail-

ure, simply thru failure of its author to act quickly. We must therefore, be not afraid to start. It is always better to move forward, although we might receive occasional setbacks, than to remain at a standstill and accomplish nothing. For as the late President Roosevelt once said: "It is not the critic who counts, nor the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marked by dust and sweat; who strives valiantly; who errs, and may fall again and again, because there is not effort without error and shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm; the great devotion; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

It is decision that will enable us to fight and conquer the inevitable temptations and solicitations of pleasure in the hard and duteous path. It is indecision and the lack of the will to say "No" that will render us easy captives of Satan. An individual may possess talents of the highest order, good dispositions and bright prospects; but, if he cannot say "No," when the occasion arises, his chances of being a success are very slim.

Money, talent and energy have been wasted without bringing an adequate and beneficial return to an individual, to associations and to nations. The causes are varied and multiple. But it may largely be attributed to wrong decision. Germany's wrong decision and desire for imperialism brought about the Great World War, which resulted only in her destruction. If we turn over the pages of the history of the

World, it will be no hard task to find the numberless instances where wars and revolutions were caused or quenched by Decision. Sad it is to state that History is filled with decisions—hasty decisions. If care and sound judgment had always been adopted in the forming of a decision, ours would be a different History; the world would be a different world.

Scientists and inventors would have us know that we are in an age of Speed. As far as means of transportation and methods of travel are concerned we agree. But there are certain things as old as Man, that now move at a pace equal to the pace they enjoyed at the time of the first man, even though we are in an age of speed. And what is more, time will never increase or lessen their pace. Yet some people would increase the pace and the result—failure! If confronted with a crisis, these people would try to waive it aside, then when the realization comes that they must act, that they must decide once and for all, they would ponder on it for a brief time, and then, in the flash of an instant, they would calmly assure you that they have arrived at a decision. The irony of it! Arrive at a decision, in such a short time, and thus cross their Rubicon and burn their bridges. Even if they were to fail to fulfill their decision, we would have no use for them.

And so, as we plunge deeper into the pool of Decision, we realize its delicacy; we understand its importance. We can easily comprehend why deep thinking, clear discernment, and sound judgment must be employed. We realize why hesitancy is incompatible with Right Decision. We can see why Wrong Decision has spelled Failure to many a man. And finally we must never forget the admirable examples offered by our own history. Wars and revolutions were waged and quenched by Decision. And then the great truth confronts us: If care and sound judgment had always been employed in the forming of a decision, ours would be a different history; the world would be a different world.

## *An Old Tree*

With outstretched arms you stand,  
Like a giant in days of yore.  
To guard and hold the land  
Against wind, and rains that pour.

Your mien to some is charming,  
To others you seem old;  
But to yon friend that's farming,  
You're worth your weight in gold.

His home to you doth he trust,  
For safety in the storm;  
He knows, in times the worst,  
Your help in many a form.

The storm may rage with power,  
Your mighty limbs may bend;  
But you never yield or cower,  
When dangers you must fend.

With crowns of praise we wreath you;  
The maiden, youth and swain,  
Delight to rest beneath you,  
In sunshine or in rain.

Your vesture old and torn,  
Hangs limply on your frame,  
While many hearts do mourn  
That beauty you may not claim.

Tho' gnarled and bowed and shaken,  
Your strength is great as old.  
You will fore'er be taken  
A type of manhood bold.

*X. Ray.*

## In The Nick of Time

By Severiano Lizarraga, Jr., H.S., '33

THE "Hawk" was gliding smoothly along the placid waters of the Pacific. Apparently it had no definite course. But wait—I will bring you on the ship itself.

On deck there was not a soul. But on the bridge were two men. They were speaking in low tones. One was Jim Hawkins, a Yankee of about twenty-seven summers. Though of a jovial character, he seemed to be, at this particular time, disgusted with life. His lieutenant, Thomas Dorf, was a young Pennsylvanian, combining both elegance and strength in his manly frame. For a moment they ceased talking, and silently watched the slowly waning day. The sky showed a variety of blending hues. The western part of the horizon greatly contrasted with the deep blue of the Pacific.

A crashing sound broke in upon the death-like stillness that prevailed. Had the circumstances been different, the noise would not have been noticed. But the Captain, yearning for some distraction, started, went over to the railing, and saw floating on the water and bumping against the sides of that fortress of steel, a huge bottle, carefully corked and sealed, containing within it a white piece of paper. Through curiosity, the Captain ordered one of his sailors to fish it out of the water.

When everybody had gone away, the Captain pulled out, with some difficulty, the cork; and after some time succeeded in getting out the paper. A few lines had been scratched on it with a pen. They ran thus:

*Help! White men attack us.*

*Sure kill us. Come quick.*

*Ghost Light Island.*

"The message, it seems, was one for help. White men? Kill us? Why all this? And where is Ghost Light Islands?" were the questions the Captain put to Thomas Dorf.

"Asking me? I have as much light on the subject as you, Captain. I have only this observation to make. The bottle appears to have

come from the south-west, as the wind blows from that direction. My advice is this: Let us head south-west, and trust to luck."

"But suppose the paper was just put in for fun? We should then be going for nothing," put in the Captain.

"Anyway, we have nothing to do. As a distraction, we can head her south-west and trust to luck," advised the sturdy Pennsylvanian.

At this juncture, an officer came up and asked whether the Captain had decided to what port they were bound. The Captain, upon the advice of the lieutenant, told him to go rather south-west.

They wandered over the cool waters of the broad Pacific. A bright new moon shone high up in the heavens, and illuminated both the ocean and the ship with a whitish sepulchral light which streamed through a window into the Captain's room. He was seated in an easy chair, apparently dozing, but in reality he was summing up the events that had occurred during the day. In front of him was a little table, set against the grey coloured wall, with two or three books on it, a number of scattered papers, and a few pens beside an inkstand.

Suddenly he jumped from his chair, put on his cap, and went towards the bridge. Whether it was presentiment or fate that led the Captain to go the bridge, I leave my readers to decide for themselves. He was joined by Tom, who had been searching for him. It did not occur to Tom to look into the Captain's room first, so that, he had already searched the whole ship, and was now returning to have a peep into the Captain's room. The importance of the news he carried was marked on his face.

"Captain," said Dorf addressing Jim, "we are now in front of Windland Island. But that is not all. I have made a peculiar discovery. Come with me, and you will see."



The Captain followed, and when they reached a point from which they could see the island, the Captain uttered a low whistle to express his astonishment. Indeed he had a right to be astonished, for there, on the peak of a mountain, were three bright lights placed so as to resemble a trio of ghosts. These lights gave the island and the surrounding places an uncanny aspect.

"Indeed, is the name 'Ghost Light Island' suited to this place. Let us however reconnoiter with the searchlight," said the Captain; and after a command had been given, the searchlight flashed forth bright and radiant. As quickly as it had been focussed on the peak, the beacons disappeared, and nothing was seen after that, save the surrounding scene lighted up by the ship's searchlight. As it proved useless to try to find out anything by means of those powerful searching beams, the Captain decided to effect a landing. Slowly the boats were lowered, after twenty men had gone into them. The few left on board noticed the progress of the boats by the gleams of the firearms which sparkled in the pale moonlight.

From the boat the Captain discerned a natural harbor. The island he saw was one plot of wilderness. Instead of risking a landing in the harbor, he landed two or three miles from it. Meanwhile Thomas Dorf was wondering what in the world the Captain's plan might be.

"My plan perhaps will not work, but let us trust to luck. I will make a détour around the eastern part of the island with ten men, while you with the rest will go around the western part, and after a while you will try to join me somewhere in the center of the island," came from the Captain.

"The plan I think", said the first officer, "is good, so let us carry it out without delay."

They divided the men into two groups, and started on their different ways. Both parties traversed through unfrequented woods, or rather, a wilderness, lacking all traces of civilization. The captain's party, after walking about three miles, heard a blood-curdling shriek uttered as by one in the agony of death. As it came from a shrub-covered spot, he, with his

band, approached the brushwood, and, to their utter surprise, came up to an old ruined temple of Asiatic style worn by the dilapidations of time. It was in the last stages of decay. The captain feared a trap in case the 'white men' of the place should have seen them. Warning his men to be on their guard, and to make the least possible noise, he led them into the ruined building. An antique arched passage led thru a long set of halls. At every side the eye was struck with some curious colonnade, or some artistically fashioned portico. As they were wonderingly examining the things about them, they suddenly heard a low murmur. The captain put his finger to his lips, and uttered that sibilant sound which in all languages means "Silence."

With agile step, they approached a narrow crack in one of the walls, and looking thru, beheld a spectacle which would have frozen the heart of any mortal.

What extended before the bewildered sailors, looked more like a painting of some Asiatic Murillo or Velásquez. But yet it was true. Surrounding the hall were arranged, in order, stern-looking, rigid men, about a meter apart. In the center was a huddled group of negroes, paralyzed with the fear of death. Beside them was a natural elevation of rock, and standing on it was a man, still holding a vicious-looking knife from which trickled drops of blood. He had a severe contracted face, and a red kerchief was around his throat. He wore a dirty blue woolen shirt, which was besprinkled with blood. His trousers reached a little below his knees, to meet a pair of boots covered with mud.

In front of him was another elevation made of bricks which was daubed with blood. On it were two negroes, their bodies hideously gory. Their throats had been slashed open, and blood still spouted forth. In front of this elevation was a chair rudely scalped from a rock. On it sat a base-looking bearded scoundrel, who held in his right hand a revolver as a sceptre! He appeared to be grave, yet a hypocritical, sarcastic smile played about the corners of his lips.

Having no heart to continue looking on, and excited to a frenzy of passion by the inhuman

spectacle before him, the captain after whispering preparing his men for the charge, deafeningly roared out his command, "Fire!". A tremendous noise followed the command, as ten rifles spat lead, and filled the air in the chamber with heavy smoke. For a second were heard a few clicks as the empty cartridges jumped out of their cells. "Fire!" was once more repeated, and after the guns had cracked a second time, the sailors rushed into the chamber, severed the cords that bound the negroes, and rushed upon the "smugglers" who were still too dazed to know what was going on about them. The hubbub was deafening.

But when the robbers realized what was going on about them, they rallied with a furious fusillade of shots. For a moment, the sailors seemed to give way; but at this point, reinforcements arrived, and the smugglers, seeing the futility of further resistance, soon surrendered themselves to the attackers.

The reinforcements were no other than the sailors under the reliable Tom Dorf, who on hearing the first shots, rushed to help his comrades. During Dorf's detour, he had met five men running as fast as their feet could carry them. They put up a defense, but were caught, and made to confess their business on the island. Expecting to be treated with decency if they

confessed, they admitted that a certain William McBillot promised them much gold if they followed him. So making their exit from Hawaii as fast as their boats could carry them, they arrived at Windland Island, where they attacked the negro settlement which was making great strides towards progress. They had ordered the negroes to give up all valuables, otherwise they would kill them. Knowing how superstitious negroes are, they planted every night three enormous lights so arranged as to resemble ghosts. This, they thought would keep the superstitious immigrants from the island. Besides this, they had moved their headquarters to the ruined temples, so as not to be seen by any trading launches which might pass by.

Anyway, it was apparent that the five who were running towards the temple went to warn their comrades. Exulting over their success in freeing the negroes and catching the smugglers, and with only one slightly injured man among their number, the sailors retraced their steps to the ship. After the smugglers had been manacled, the captain climbed the bridge. Upon meeting Thomas Dorf, he said to him: "I marvel at the good we have done to these poor negroes, and all on account of a coincidence, and as for these devilish smugglers, we'll take them home—to JAIL!"

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## *The Bamboo*

*By Raoul Kahn, H.S. '31.*

NATURE, with her fore-sighted wisdom as well as with her love of all that is beautiful, has showered many precious and useful gifts on the Far East. Amongst the first in the rank of natural beauty, and of utility, stands—proudly and justly so—the bamboo.

Though the bamboo is found all over this Gem of the Oriental Seas, it cannot be said to be a peculiarly native tree, as it flourishes just as luxuriantly in Japan, the East Indies, southern Asia, and in parts of Africa and South America. The bamboo combines beauty with

usefulness: its beauty being praised and favorably commented upon by tourists who have seen the loveliest the world has to offer; its numberless uses being vocally vouched for by the natives, and mutely, though none the less forcefully, by the objects of which it is made.

The bamboo . . . The name has a rhythm all its own, a rhythm duplicated by the soft sibilant sighing of the wind among its leaves. The most uneducated person cannot but notice the beauty in the frail slenderness of the bamboo, in its harmonious, yet stately and dignified bow and sway, in its coloring of green,

a green fresh and healthful, yet not over-bright nor glaring. When the fickle wind decides to remain idle, the rich and sumptuous growth of the bamboo can be especially noticed. And when the sun, in all its tropical brightness, plays over the leaves, we can almost see the bamboo growing right under our very eyes,—by inches, as we say.

In a few hours, the sun is overcast, its beams reluctantly disappear, as a threatening mass of clouds billows ominously. All the world seems dreary, dead, as if contaminated by the surliness of the day, all, except—the bamboo. It continues to be lovely, refreshing, gay, and it seems that these notes are augmented, rather than decreased, by the approaching tempest.

Then comes the Storm in all its tropical ferocity, accompanied by its relentless cohorts. Wind and Rain. A simple yet graceful symphony is made by the bamboo in reply to the storm's onslaught. With all its brute strength and savage power, with all of its repeated blasts against the yielding, submissive bamboo, the storm emerges—vanquished. For the bamboo, with all its seeming frailty and weakness, bows, yes, but struggles up again before the storm's fury.

Passes the tempest. The morning dawns bright, sunny. The sun, in its resplendent glory, lets sunbeams play merrily on the bamboo. And lo! What a transformation! It is bathed in colors of crimson and gold, its leaves and branches are gilded with a magnificent splendor worthy of kings.

And then the evening! The moon is gambling gleefully among the clouds. One moment the night is blackness itself: we see the barest outline of the bamboo, like a dark and

faithful sentinel, beautiful in its immobility and uprightness; the next instant, the world is covered with a silvery radiance: the bamboo is bathed in a sheen of brightness—a brightness that is nevertheless soft and caressing. It is silhouetted for an instant—a precious, unforgettable instant—in all its sheer grace and loveliness, then—it is gone.

Rare, indeed, is the tree that possesses both beauty and utility developed to such a remarkable degree; yet, the bamboo can, in all justice and sincerity, be said to possess both. "The grateful shade," to quote from Gray, aptly describes the welcome shelter found beneath the bamboo's cool and protecting branches, a shelter for man, bird, and beast. But the bamboo is not only used as a means of refuge from the intense tropical sun. The succulent young shoots are pickled and mixed with native dishes, adding a delicious taste to their already exquisite flavor. In the provinces, and to a lesser degree, in the cities, the great majority of the houses are built almost entirely of bamboo: the posts are bamboo stems; the floors are of split bamboo; the ceilings and walls are made of "sawali", a native term for split bamboo woven into mats. The beds, chairs, tables, in fact, all articles of furniture, are made of the same material—bamboo; the fences and ladders, bridges and water pipes, boxes and baskets, owe their origin to the same source.

That the bamboo is of primary importance in the Islands is readily seen. And this importance comes, not only because it enhances and gives a finishing touch to the beauty of these already lovely and fair Isles, but also because it is absolutely necessary and indispensable to the great majority of the people in these Islands.

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## My Tale

GREEN AND WHITE SUBSCRIBERS.

*Here, There, Everywhere.*

Dear Subscribers:

Though Christmas is still below the horizon, I yet shout to all of ye, "Hola! Greetings!"

Perhaps you wonder why I, the Joke Editor, have been asked to contribute a literary gem to this October issue. Suffice it to say, that Merit will always be rewarded, and that a fat man can never be put down, (he'll bounce up again).

Well, anyhow, the Editor-in-Chief has so pestered and badgered me for the last year (all this started in August, 1928), that, despite my better judgment, and sound common sense (tsk, tsk), I have consented to set down for the public consumption and recreation, a brief account of

#### "HOW I BECAME JOKE EDITOR AND HOW IT FEELS"

containing among other juicy and interesting topics, a personal and authentic description of, not only the Author of this erudite Essay, but also of Carolus Magnus Kahnus.

At the outset, let me quote a gentleman, who was said to be very learned, and is quite an authority on English literature. I take the liberty of quoting him, because it seems to be the fashion now-a-days, to quote mostly everybody, whenever opportunity so allows, and for no reason whatsoever. So Ladies, Gentlemen, and others, a few seconds of silence, (I was going to ask for some minutes of silence, but I do not wish to excite hysterics among the fairer (hrmpf) and weaker sex, I also believe in Santa Claus, by so doing) while I quote that fine English gentleman, William Shakespeare. His contribution to Literature which I desire to impress on you, gentle readers is the following: "Laugh and the World laughs with you."

Before I expectorate on the life and trials of a Joke Editor, I believe it would be fairer to the by-now-suffering Public, if I were to explain how this Essay came about, together with a description of myself as others see me, so that, visioning me, the Public may feel more kindly disposed toward me.

I have often heard it said that the meaty part of an essay usually lies at the start, hence I will begin with a word-sketch of myself. (You will see where the meat comes in!).

Let me start by stating most emphatically that, though I may be a lubberly youth, I most certainly am not a callow one. I have attained my nineteenth summer; my height is about an inch or two from six feet; my girth is nearly the same; my weight lies in the neighborhood of 300 pounds; my fair hair usually

lies in a disheveled condition around a massive brow; my eyes are tender and expressive (so she said in an irresponsible moment); my nose is the antithesis of aquiline, and unique in the history of Anthropology (I was told this over the phone. Cautious fella); my mouth is generous (very much so), in fact it could be called large, (and no wonder, from the training it has undergone); my chins I cannot describe. They are too mobile.

Departing from these personal characteristics, which are one of the many reasons why the Rev. Moderator thought me especially adapted for the position I now hold, I wish to acquaint you with my general qualities, before proceeding to the matter at hand.

My table manners are excellent and irreproachable. As a matter of fact, sometime ago, at a party, the host complimented me on the manner in which I assimilated all and sundry viands, which were unlucky enough to pass my way (in matters of this kind, my motto is, "They shall not pass," and added, "How I wish the others were more like you in their table etiquette. You leave the plates so *clean!*. Of course, I thanked him and, told him that I had natural aptitude that way, and I certainly wonder why the rest of the guests laughed.

But I weary you, faithful Public, with unnecessary chatter about myself (though volumes could be written about me, I am such a broad subject), so permit me to change the subject (although it is so agreeable to talk about one's self, particularly when there is no danger of being shut up forcibly by indignant and satiated readers). I would fain inform you on how I came to be Joke Editor, and how it feels to be one, and how I came to write this so-called puny essay at an Essay. (pardon the pun, but when I feel funny I also feel punny. Isn't it funny to be punny? A pun is such fun!).

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, give me your undivided attention, for should you miss a single sentence, you will be left in the dark, where Moses was when the light went out, (I suppose most of you are in that lamentable state, at least as far as this Essay is concerned), and I am like Shakespeare in this, that, "I do

not repeat." The only thing in which I and Shakespeare differ, is a small one. He is dead.

It was in the summer of 1928 that the new Moderator of the GREEN AND WHITE, Rev. Brother Felix, noticed a roly-poly, rotund, rosy-cheeked youngster, then a member of the Fourth Year High School. (There is nothing queer in his noticing me, for most of my classmates were svelte, and my volume would make me conspicuous anywhere). At the time I had not yet attained my high and important post, though I used to submit jokes to the then Joke Editor. (He wasn't such a good Joke Editor.—A great majority of my jokes, usually a 100% majority, would appear in the wastebasket).

But I gallantly persevered at my self-appointed and thankless task, namely to make the world laugh, and after a hard struggle, I at last succeeded in having my merits known, and attaining the coveted post.

But I have gone ahead of my story. It was true that I had not become Joke Editor, but as a first step in that direction, I had managed to so impress myself on my classmates, that that very year (1928), I was elected Business Manager of the GREEN AND WHITE. (It has always been the consensus of opinion among persons of little business experience that, stout and able-bodied persons make good executives.—A good deal can be said both for and against this.—No reflections whatsoever on President Hoover)

At any rate, I had been elected Business Manager, and I resolved to give my all (of which there is plenty), for the GREEN AND WHITE. Luckily for the GREEN AND WHITE and for me, in the person of the new Moderator, Rev. Brother Felix, we had a pillar of strength. The GREEN AND WHITE has always been exceptionally favored by having able and hard-working Brothers, for Moderators.

Thanks to the able management of said Moderator, and the fine cooperation he received from the whole staff, the year 1928-29 was a banner year. (I don't want to flatter anybody, but were due credit for the success given where it belongs, it would go to somebody with whom I am very intimate).

Then came the successful year (for me). At the election of the GREEN AND WHITE staff, for the year 1929-30, I was re-elected Business Manager, to my surprise, and to everybody else's surprise, at least so they said. (This sounded fishy to me, for if they voted for me, they couldn't have been surprised and if they hadn't voted for me, then *who did?*).

As I was saying, my re-election was a great surprise, and I asked to be allowed to decline the position, since I had not displayed much executive ability the preceding year. But the Electorate insisted, and (unlike Caesar), I did not indulge in any false modesty, but forthrightly accepted.

Having the approval of the people, and more important still, that of Rev. Brother Felix, who continued to be our Moderator, I began to lay dark plans, that would terminate in making me that laughable and funny cog in the reportorial machine—the Joke Editor.

Choosing a day when the Moderator was in good humor (no rare occasion indeed), I approached him, and carelessly suggested that the position of Joke Editor be created. (Up to this time, the post of Joke Editor had been unofficial). The Moderator chewed on the idea, and found it to his liking, doubtless because it was so tastefully and temptingly presented. (I don't remember what was this fateful day, but I am categorically certain, *it was not a Friday!*).

Three days after that so *careless* suggestion, Brother Felix broached the subject to me. He said that he liked the idea of having somebody held accountable for the jokes; somebody with not only a sense of responsibility, but primarily a sense of humor. Upon hearing these remarks, I could scarcely refrain from shouting. "Your troubles are over, Brother. Lafayette, I am here. Rivet your glowing orbs in my direction, and apprise me immediately as to whether or not such qualities are embodied in me. Am I not the very prototype of Humor?" (You have to see me to realize the veracity of this last statement).

But, No! My iron self-control came to my rescue and asserted itself (as it usually does in moments of great emotional stress). and I kept

a poker face, while I insidiously offered to save the Rev. Moderator the trouble of looking further for a Joke Editor, by offering myself for the post (and its attendant miseries. Yes, strange as it may seem, a Joke Editor's life hath overmuch of the canine in it).

Needless to state, the Rev. Moderator fell hard for me, er-er-by this I mean, that he appointed me Joke Editor. (If you put the wrong construction on the previous sentence, all I can say is, "You should be ashamed." I don't deny that my face is not hard to look at, especially on dark nights, but I do resent any malicious implications that might tend to besmirch my sterling reputation. My life has been blameless, up to the present writing, and I intend keeping my escutcheon clean for ever and aye. So there!).

At last my goal of eons ago had been reached. No more need for sinister machination, ballot frauds, bribery, chicanery, blackmail, etc. (What a convenient little word to end with!). I had reached the pinnacle of SUCCESS! At last, I had been placed in a position which fitted me like a glove (preferably a rubber one, so it could give in. I like clothes that are give-inny. Don't you?) This time, I would throw them in the wastebasket, where so many of my former contributions landed; and I would edit them.

But, alas! for the golden dreams of optimistic youth! I found that I was not to have such a free hand in my department. All jokes had to be collected by myself, *alone*, unless some kind-hearted and humor-inclined student gratuitously donated some witty gems. (Some students have actually done so, but unfortunately, most of the jokes submitted were jokes, all right! Alack and alas! that I should live to see the day in which good jokes are as scarce as hairs on a billiard ball! Even the old standby, the Ford, has ceased to be a joke).

Furthermore, any jokes which were approved by me had to pass the critically appraising eyes of both the Rev. Moderator and the Editor-in-Chief, and this resulted in most of *my* jokes being censored. (Now, don't get the notion that they were improper. They just

weren't funny enough to suit the aesthetic taste of the self-appointed Board of Censorship).

This put me in a quandary. The Rev. Moderator had a higher and harder-to-satisfy sense of the ludicrous, while the Editor-in-Chief was quite completely lacking in the last. (He occasionally has flashes of wit, but only occasionally).

What could I do? What tickled the Rev. Moderator, ruffled the Editor-in-Chief and vice versa; and the net result would be that the Joke Section would look like this paper did, before it was written on.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention, says Blieveit R. Nut, famous professor, now teaching in a Long Island asylum.

Whether 'tis so, or not, something queer and extraordinary took place. I got an honest-to-goodness, bona fide idea. All by myself! Bah Jove, positively ripping, (as the Englishman ejaculated when his pants caught on a nail).

This was that epoch-making idea (child of the fertile conglomeration of adipose tissue, which I so pridefully, and perhaps mistakenly, call my brain), Why not effect a compromise? The Rev. Moderator could put in several jokes of which he approved; the Chief Editor ditto, and I would put in some that appealed to my "debased moral instinct" (I am quoting the Editor-in-Chief's exact words).

So, gentle readers, if any of you has had will-power enough, and particularly appreciation enough, to have read this far, now you understand why, when glancing, nay, rather when reading interestedly the Humor Section, you have run across jokes that make you think (if you are capable of such unheard-of exertion), others that are insipid, and still others that titillate your funny bone, and enable you to view this mundane habitation, thru prism-colored optic-aids.

Yours, until it snows in Manila,

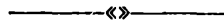
I am, mirthfully yours,

*The Joke(r) Editor.*

P.S. I have a confession to make. I have written this Essay, with the end in view of having my picture appear in the GREEN AND WHITE. Unfortunately, for my host of admirers among whom the fairer sex predominate, this cannot be done, unless the magazine be made wider. Bashfulness (I still have it), prevents my continuing, but, in order to forestall any burdensome conjecture on your part,

as to why this is so, just recollect my dimensions, and avoirdupois.

P.P.S. Should you desire to have my picture, send your address, and five cents' worth of stamps, pins, marbles, or other equivalents of legal tender. Ten (10) cents for addresses outside of the P. I. Fifteen (15) cents for Canada and points West.



## *The Utility of a Mathematical Training*

*By Virgilio L. Rodriguez, H.S. '31.*

**M**ATHEMATICS may be called the art of arguing by numbers, and quantities, and as the basis of all argument rests on these two principles, the importance of mathematics as a science to be included in the curriculum of all educational establishments is self-evident.

The study of mathematics accustoms the mind to minute attention to the smallest details that go to make up a problem, and as these details are always in accord with truth, and are demonstrable, however obscure or involved they may be, it follows that the mind trained to work upon such accurate lines will necessarily be more logical in its reasoning, and more accurate in its conclusion than the mind unaccustomed to such details.

Mathematics, as a matter of fact, is the only science that does not admit of error. Differences of opinion, prejudice, fraud and even falsity may in some measure affect all other sciences but when it is question of Mathematics its deductions must be true and cannot be influenced by false opinions.

The clear logical reasoning entailed by the solution of the various problems dealt with in the pursuit of mathematics, habituates the mind to judge of things from the right angle. The young mind, exercised in this manner, will gradually acquire a correctness and acuteness, far superior to the one that may be more gifted, but less trained in the discernment of details. The mathematically trained mind will be dis-

engaged from any sort of foolish credulity, which, as a rule, is the outcome of the mind unaccustomed to examine things in detail, and to probe out the various shades of difference that very often lead to false conclusions.

Mathematical study must of itself be friendly to the cause of religion, for as all vice and superstition are founded on false reasoning, so whatever militates against this tendency, will necessarily be to the advantage of truth by purging the mind from all sophisms and engrafting in it a love of truth.

Not only is mathematical knowledge an aid to truth, but it is also an aid to the proper understanding of most of the physical sciences. Natural philosophy, mechanics, astronomy, optics and other physical subjects are both investigated and explained by it and without a knowledge of mathematics some branches of science can be neither appreciated nor understood.

Mathematical skill has led to the development of many of the arts such as architecture, surveying, engineering, navigation, etc., and any one devoid of this skill, will be greatly handicapped if he should chance to be occupied in any one of these pursuits. It also trains the mind to industry and perseverance, by leading it to important conclusions by the slow process of minute gradations. Shades of difference are noticed, weak points discerned and false ideas obliterated. In fact the mind thus trained comes to discern the real point of van-

tage as clearly as the eye discerns the grain of wheat from the chaff. In the same way as gymnastic exercises render the body more graceful, healthy, and erect by training it to self-denying labour which drives out the superfluous humours, and thus aids in the correction of bad habits, so, mathematical knowledge subjects the mind to a gymnastic training which makes it more healthy and straightforward.

Finally, mathematics enables a person to form a true estimate of practically everything, especially of one's own attainments. Take as an example the great Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest mathematician of modern times, a man remarkable both for the urbanity of his manners and the simplicity of his mind. His extensive knowledge tended only to give him a true estimate of himself and of his varied attainments.

The same may be said of many other great scientists and statesmen. Richard Porson, one of the finest classical scholars that England ever produced, was trained by his father from earliest youth in the rudiments of Arithmetic, and he attributes his classical greatness to the accurate thinking acquired during those early years of patient labour. Lord Bacon, in one of his famous essays lays down the injunction that if a man's wit be wandering, he should study mathematics; for in demonstration, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin the whole discourse over again.

Hence we may truly say, with the great Dr. Jones, that Mathematics and the severer sciences, with logic and metaphysics, bestow an acuteness and an endurance upon the mind, which serve essentially to call forth and strengthen the abstract reason.



## *Our Lady's Tears*

Beneath the cross Our Lady stood,  
And down her tear-drops fell like rain;  
For there, in anguish, Jesus hung,  
And she so shared His bitter pain.

Unseen, there came an angel fair,  
Who in a chalice wrought of gold,  
Those tear-drops gathered tenderly,  
Until the cup no more could hold.

And since that Crucifixion day,  
I think, through all the years,  
The hardest hearts, God melts at last,  
Most surely in Our Lady's tears.

*Alberto J. Oben.*





## La Venganza

Fernando Aser, Com. '31.

EN una noche fría, oscura, y sin estrellas, el ejército francés libraba una terrible batalla contra la ofensiva germana, en la región de Meuse-Argonne. Aquella soldadesca, embrutecida por los horrores de la guerra, luchaba entre sí, sembrando cruel y sanguinariamente la muerte y la desolación. El retumbar de los cañones, el continuo zumbido de los aeroplanos de combate, las descargas de fusilería, los gritos salvajes de los soldados entremezclados con los ayes lastimeros de los heridos, prestaban al ambiente un aire de terror. Aquellos hombres, lejos de sus seres queridos, se enzarzaban en una lucha homicida y sacrificaban sus vidas en aras de la patria.

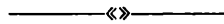
El teniente Rochambeau, del ejército francés, á la cabeza de un grupo de valientes, cruzaba la línea de fuego con el objeto de tomar por asalto un sitio estratégico. Las balas del enemigo pasaban casi rozando las cabezas de aquellos valientes, mientras que éstos, impertérritos aún hasta en los momentos mas críticos, cabalgaban con una serenidad espasmódica sin importarles nada las graves consecuencias que pudiera traerles una emboscada. De pronto, una detonación seguida de un grito de dolor, repercutió por el espacio. Uno de aquellos soldados, bañado en su propia sangre, yacía en el suelo moribundo víctima de una bala. El teniente Rochambeau, observando el sitio de donde pa-

recía provenir el tiro, distinguió una silueta que se escurría por entre unas malezas. Rápido como una flecha se avalanzó sobre el desconocido, y antes que éste se diera cuenta, le disparó dos tiros á boca de jarro. A la luz de una linterna eléctrica, pudo distinguir claramente las bastas facciones de un alemán herido á muerte. "Desgraciado!" le dijo Rochambeau en alemán, "estás en camino del infierno, y allí es donde has de pagar duramente tus crímenes." "Lo sé," murmuró á duras penas el alemán, "mas antes de dejar este mundo desearía pedirte un favor." Al teniente le sorprendieron mucho aquellas palabras. ¿Quién era aquel intruso que se atrevía á pedir favores, habiendo sido poco antes el causante de una baja? Mas algo había en el herido que inspiraba confianza. "¡Sea!" contestó Rochambeau, "Mas sé breve." El herido difícilmente incorporándose, y con el rostro pálido como la cera, le dijo: "Lejos, muy lejos de aquí, tengo á una madre que ignora en estos momentos mi suerte. Cuando me despedí de ella hace dos meses, algo me decía en el corazón que aquélla iba á ser la última vez que la vería, y ya ves como esto se ha cumplido. En vano esperará mi regreso. Aquí tengo una medalla que ella misma me dió poco antes de mi partida y quiero que me prometas bajo palabra de honor que la has de guardar hasta que llague la ocasión en que puedas entregarla á mi madre

por parte de la secretaría de guerra, y sepa ella que la he tenido presente en mis últimos instantes," y besando efusivamente la medalla y sollozando como un niño, se la dió á Rochambeau que prometió cumplir la promesa. Al poco rato, el alemán exhalaba el último suspiro. El teniente Rochambeau mudo ante tal escena, y con lágrimas en los ojos, abrazó aquel cuerpo inerte y levantando los ojos al cielo en actitud suplicante, exclamó, "Dios mío; que seamos nosotros mismos los que causamos estas penas á nuestras madres!"

Era un día del mes de Noviembre, cuando las tropas francesas entraban victoriosas en la ciudad de Sedan. Después de dos continuas semanas de combate, habían logrado cortar la principal línea de comunicaciones que suministraba al enemigo municiones, y alcanzaban el triunfo más brillante. Por las calles de la población se paseaban grupos de soldados entonando alegres canciones al son de las guitarras. Todo era bullicio y alegría. El teniente Rochambeau, con varios de sus amigos, participaba de aquel gozo, cantando y bebiendo alegremente en una pequeña posada regentada por una mujer. Esta que no era otra que una espía alemana, se desvivía por agasajar, tanto

al teniente como á los demás soldados, tratando á toda costa de conseguir alguna información útil. Sucedió que contando cada uno sus diferentes experiencias é impresiones en el campo de batalla, se le ocurrió al teniente Rochambeau contarles sobre la triste suerte que le cupo al alemán en los campos de Meuse-Argonne, enseñándoles al mismo tiempo la medalla que el mismo herido le había dado. Aquella mujer, que momentos antes había estado escuchándoles con fingido interés, examinó la medalla, y tan pronto como terminó el relato se acercó al teniente con el semblante pálido como el de la muerte, y con los ojos rojos como el fuego, y le preguntó "¿Para quién guardas la medalla?" "Para su madre," contestó Rochambeau, extrañado de ver su palidez de muerte. La mujer dió unos pasos con firmeza, y acercándose al teniente le dijo con ironía, "La has hallado personalmente. Yó soy su madre." Diciendo esto sacó un puñal que llevaba escondido y se echó sobre él, matándole en el acto. Una vez que hubo terminado su trágica obra, sumisamente se dejó arrestar mientras que teniendo á la vista el frío cadáver de su víctima exclamaba, "Hijo mío, tu muerte por fin ha sido vengada."



## *El Prisionero*

Por Francisco Martín Sanchez

Aquí encerrado,  
solo, indefenso.  
¿Por qué lo pienso?  
¡Qué loco afán!  
Yo por batirme  
diera la vida,  
Patria, querida  
dime. ¿Do están?

Feliz yo fuera  
si estar pudiese,  
donde sintiese  
noble cañón:  
Yo te vengara  
mi fiel España,  
quiero campaña,  
no la prisión.

Fuera vendaje,  
venga mi espada;  
¡¡la sangre helada!!  
¡Dime Señor!  
¿Por qué me trazas  
tan triste suerte,  
si odio la muerte  
ante el traidor?

Con mis pesares  
nada adelanto;  
mas sufro tanto  
que odio el vivir;  
Por fin se acercan,  
llega guerrero,  
que en lucha quiero  
siempre morir.

## Amor Perdido

Por F. E. (H.S. '31)

ENTRE los muchos pasajeros que llegaban de Barcelona por el correo español Leon XIII, hallábanse el Sr. Escopeta, y el Sr. Rivera. Aquél venía con su esposa y su hija Teresa, que contaba con veintidos años de edad. Acompañaban al Sr. Rivera, su mujer y su hijo Paquito de veinticinco años de edad. Ambos venían por motivos de negocios

Aunque los Sres. de Rivera, y Escopeta se habían conocido en España, sólo fué durante el viaje cuando Paquito y Teresa se conocieron y se vieron por primera vez. Desde aquel instante, Paquito quedó prendado de Teresa, que era hermosa, de cabellos rubios, ojos azules y poseía una sonrisa encantadora y atractiva. En el día de la llegada á Manila, mientras Teresa y Paquito se hallaban conversando en la borda del barco, gritos de bienvenida interrumpieron la conversación. Quien así gritaba no era otro que Juan Berrechea, un amigo de Teresa que había ido á recibirla. Paquito reanudó la conversación que se había interrumpido y preguntó; "¿Es su hermano?" "No, es un amigo que conocí cuando vine por primera vez hace unos cinco años," contestó Teresa. Más tarde, Teresa y Paquito se despidieron, y cada uno se fué á su camarote para sacar los equipajes y retirarse con sus familias á sus respectivas casas.

Aquella tarde, Paquito fué á visitar á Teresa, pero se encontró con la casa invadida de visitas que habían ido á saludar á la familia de Escopeta. Paquito no se atrevió á entrar pues era recién llegado y no conocía á nadie, pero el padre de Teresa al verlo pasar de largo le llamó y le hizo entrar. Fué en esta ocasión cuando Paquito conoció á Juan Berrechea y á otras muchas personas.

Juan estaba enamorado de Teresa. Desde que la vió con Paquito en la borda del barco, envidió y odió á este, pues vió en él á un rival.

Hasta la misma Teresa no parecía demostrarle el afecto que antes le demostraba; parecía querer más á Paquito. Pero ¿cómo había de amar á Juan? Paquito era un hombre prudente, bien educado, galante y generoso. En cambio Juan, estaba perdido. Se había juntado con malos compañeros y había adquirido vicios malos.

Para el 25 de Julio, el Circulo Deportivo y el Victoria F. C. se disputaban el campeonato del Balompié de la ciudad. Paquito se había hecho miembro del Club Circulo Deportivo, y como buen jugador que era, sus compañeros le escogieron para que ocupase el puesto de centro delantero. Juan pertenecía al otro Club y por lo tanto jugaba por él. Se le designó el puesto de delantero, pero como sabía que si jugaba de delantero no se encontraría con Paquito tan frecuentemente, pidió le pusiesen de zaguero, á lo cual sus compañeros accedieron. "Ahora me vengaré," se decía Juan, "Si ganamos el partido y le lastimo a Paquito, ó le inutilizo de algún otro modo de manera que no pueda continuar jugando, Teresa le creera incapaz de nada y le odiara para volver á quererme.

Llegó el tan esperado día. Las tribunas que cercaban el campo "Wallace," se hallaban llenas de espectadores una hora antes del encuentro. Las entradas se habían agotado y apenas quedaban algunas en taquilla. A las cuatro se habían agotado y apenas quedaban algunas en taquilla. A las cuatro en punto los dos equipos se hallaban alineados en el campo preparados para la contienda. El árbitro pitó dando la señal de comienzo del partido. Los del Deportivo, guiados por Paquito dominaron á sus rivales desde un principio, pero éstos se resistían y defendían admirablemente frustrando los continuos ataques. Sin embargo se notaba un

punto flojo en la defensa del Victoria F. C. Era Juan, que no podía contener á Paquito y se hallaba extenuado fallando el balón en repetidas ocasiones. Sólo la admirable labor del portero contrario no permitió que los del Deportivo marcasen un tanto, terminando el primer tiempo en un empate.

En el segundo tiempo los papeles parecieron cambiarse, pues los del Victoria, apenas comenzado el partido dominaron á sus contrincantes y en un ataque bien llevado consiguieron marcar el primer gol de la tarde á los cinco minutos de juego. El público partidario del Victoria aclamó este tanto con gritos y aplausos. Los del Deportivo no se amedrentaron por esto. Reanudando el partido atacaron con bríos y volvieron á dominar á sus contrincantes como los habían estado dominando en el primer tiempo. Los del Victoria no volvieron á repetir su hazaña. "Ánimo Deportivo" se oía gritar. En esto una voz dulce grito: "Paquito, mete un gol." Era la voz de Teresa, que miraba el partido con gran interés. Paquito que acababa de recoger un pase de sus compañeros, conoció la voz de Teresa é inspirado por ella, dió un cetero chut que valió al Deportivo el tanto de empate. Comenzado otra vez el partido los del Deportivo animados por el tanto que habían conseguido, volvieron á dominar á sus contrarios. Ya eran dueños del balón. Juan y sus compañeros no podían contenerles. Minutos antes de terminar el partido, el árbitro marcó un saque de esquina á favor del Deportivo. Se tiró el saque. El balón venía por alto y Paquito de un brinco marcó el gol de la victoria con la cabeza. El campo se vino abajo de gritos, pero pronto cesaron. Cuando el árbitro pitó para reanudar el partido Paquito no se hallaba en su lugar. En la portería del Victoria, en manos del portero y con la cara ensangrentada había un jugador herido. Era Paquito. En el momento en que el balón penetraba en la meta,

Juan aprovechandose de la situación de aquel, lo empujó. Paquito perdió el equilibrio y cayó dandose la cabeza contra el poste del gol que le abrió una herida. Cuando la gente se hubo calmado y Paquito llevado al hospital, el partido se reanudó para terminar un minuto después con la victoria del Deportivo.

El Deportivo había ganado el partido, pero Paquito había sido herido. Triste y llorando, Teresa se retiró á su casa sin que sus padres hubiesen podido calmarla. Cuando Paquito salió del hospital, como alma que lleva el diablo se fue á su casa para vestirse. Inmediatamente después que se hubo aseado, marchó á casa de Teresa. Al llegar á ella vió á Teresa que triste le esperaba en la ventana, y ésta que también le había visto la pregunto emocionada, "Paquito, es grave la herida?" "No, no ha sido grave," contestó Paquito. Luego prosiguió; "Teresa, he venido á hacerte una pregunta. Cuando me advirtieron que llorabas al verme herido, comprendí que me amabas. Y ahora viene mi pregunta, ¿quieres ser mi esposa?" "Yo te quiero, Paquito, pero antes hemos de tener el consentimiento de nuestros padres," contestó Teresa. "Pues esta noche se lo preguntaremos á nuestros padres," dijo Paquito y dicho esto se despidieron.

Los señores de Escopeta y Rivera, no tuvieron inconveniente en que sus hijos se casasen. La noticia de la boda se anunció en todos los periódicos. Juan que no había aparecido por casa de Teresa desde que su equipo perdió el partido, no pudo menos de llorar.

Un mes después, á los acordes de una marcha nupcial, los dos novios se acercaron al pie del altar donde el padre les esperaba para casarlos. Terminada la boda cuando los nuevos esposos salían de la iglesia, escondido en una esquina donde nadie le veía, se hallaba Juan contemplando por última vez á su amor perdido, . . . Teresa.

# Lograremos Volar de la Tierra a la Luna

Por

El Ex-alumno de La Salle Carlos Alegre,  
Técnico Industrial en colaboración con  
Roberto Esnault-Pelterie, conocido y admirado en sus  
estudios de aeronáutica

**P**ODRÁ el hombre volar entre dos cuerpos celestes, ó mejor dicho, logrará superar la atmósfera terrestre?—dice Roberto Esnault-Pelterie. Cuanto más sube la máquina, menor es la resistencia que encuentran las alas del aeroplano. La mayor altura alcanzada hasta el presente por un aeroplano es la de 12,000 mts. Por lo tanto dos son los obstáculos que se presentan; las alas que no encontrando resistencia, llegan á un punto en que no podrán sostener el aparato, y el motor no teniendo aire para trabajar no es capaz de empujar la aeronave hacia adelante. Por lo que si deseamos volar fuera de nuestra atmósfera, es menester hallar otros medios de propulsión y manejo del aparato. Ante todo consideremos si es posible librarse de la atmósfera terrestre. Sabemos que cualquier cuerpo despegandose de la tierra con una velocidad X, vuelve á ella en virtud de la ley de gravitación.

Sería necesario dar á este cuerpo una velocidad con la cual pueda vencer la fuerza de gravitación. Pero de ¿CUÁNTO SERA?

En su famosa novela "De la Tierra á la Luna" Julio Verne, habló de un enorme cañon, que hubiera permitido lanzar un proyectil sobre la Luna. Sin embargo su teoría es equivocada, pues se ha demostrado por el cálculo que para lanzar un cuerpo á la Luna ó al infinito, hay que darle á la salida de la Tierra una velocidad inicial de 12,000 mts. ó 34,000 pies por segundo. Aun hallando un cañon capaz de soportar el tiro, en cambio sería necesario inventar el explosivo capaz de producir la propulsión necesaria, ya que la Química nos demuestra que no existe combinación química que pueda dar á sus moléculas una velocidad superior á las 3 millas por segundo, y para ir de la Tierra á la Luna sería necesaria una de 6,664 millas por segundo. No pudiendo las moléculas mismas alcanzar la velocidad susodicha nos es imposible el proyectar un cuerpo á velocidad superior, por

lo que descartaremos este medio de locomoción á las regiones interplanetarias.

Sólo nos queda inventar otros medios de propulsión: por ejemplo un cohete. El consumo de un cohete es inversamente proporcional á su peso directamente á su aceleración, por lo que se comprende que el cohete pueda alcanzar la velocidad que lleva al infinito.

Se oye repetir á menudo que un cohete se mueve por la fuerza de repulsión en la atmósfera circundante, no es exacto, porque, en realidad, funciona lo mismo que un fusil. Supongamos por un instante que el fusil este montado sobre ruedas, y entonces una ley de mecánica nos demostrará que la bala expulsada tendrá una velocidad inversamente proporcional á su masa y á la del fusil. Por ejemplo: si la bala pesara una centésima parte del fusil, su velocidad sería de 99 centésimas y la del fusil de una solamente. El cohete es una especie de fusil que proyecta una corriente constante de gas.

Para mí el cohete es el instrumento más indicado para el vuelo interplanetario, porque no solamente logra teóricamente una velocidad que un fusil no podrá alcanzar nunca, sino también una aceleración que es directamente proporcional á la rarefacción atmosférica.

Los alemanes piensan en proyecciones, desde la Tierra, sobre Marte y Venus, pero según mi criterio, todo esto no es más que un sueño. Según Roberto Esnault-Peltiere, por el momento nosotros podemos alcanzar una altura de 120 millas, de la manera siguiente; El cohete se consumirá á una altura de 60 millas, pero luego faltando la materia explosiva, debería detenerse. Pero como la velocidad alcanzada sería de una milla por segundo, el cohete continuaría su camino como un proyectil por otras 60 millas, alcanzado así la altura prevista de 120 millas. Cuando este experimento pase á ser realidad, el hombre habrá superado

por vez primera, la atmósfera terrestre. En el descenso, siendo imposible el uso del paracaídas (por la gran altura), yo invertiría la acción del cohete de modo que pudiera trabajar contra la velocidad de caída, para disminuirla y permitir un aterrizaje suave sobre la tierra. Sólo

con un cohete puede tomarse en consideración la posibilidad de un viaje á la Luna con su respectivo regreso.

¿Ha nacido ya el hombre cuyo cerebro deberá concebir los procesos necesarios para semejantes ensayos?

—o0o—

## La Tragedia del Amor

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

**E**RA la noche del 8 de Septiembre de 1896. El grito de Balintawak había repercutido de una y otra parte de las Islas. En el Este, Oeste, Norte y Sur, la gente se movía y agitaba como un solo hombre sediento de venganza y de libertad.

En una de las provincias del sur, un barquichuelo fondeado a orillas de la playa daba sus tres pitadas de salida. Entre los pasajeros de la barquilla se encontraba un jovenzuelo que a juzgar por su apariencia no era de cuna humilde.

“Rubén, te has despedido ya de ella?”—le preguntó un amigo.

“Sí, Joaquín, y apenas tenía corazón para dejarla.”

“Y entonces, porqué te marchas?”

“Porque mi patria me necesita. Allá en lejanas tierras aprenderé a ser libre, y a guiar los destinos de mi patria.”

El barco dió otro silbido, y los compañeros se abrazaron.

x x x

Un año atrás, en un baile típicamente filipino, una joven colegiala se escondía de las miradas de todo el mundo.

“Quién es ella?”—preguntaban todos los que la veían.

“Ella?”—respondió Fernando,—“es la única hija de Don Basilio, rico propietario de Balayan.”

Rubén que estaba cerca se enmutó. Don Basilio era el enemigo más temible de su padre. Ambos eran ricos, ambos eran influyentes y ambos se odiaban mutuamente. Cómo conocerla sin llamar la atención de los concurrentes? En aquel momento, como si el hada buena quisiese protegerle, el grito de incendio repercutió por el salón. Se desmayaron las viejas, se

alarmaron los viejos, y los jóvenes aprovecharon la ocasión.

“Señorita, tome Vd. un poco de agua,”—decía Rubén a Virginia que estaba más pálida que una cera.

Cogió la joven el vaso con manos temblorosas y le dirigió una mirada llena de gratitud.

“El fuego no ha sido nada. No era más que una falsa alarma.”

“Y de quien partió el grito entonces?”—preguntó ella ruborosa.

“De un pillo que quería aguar la fiesta porque no se le había invitado.”

Minutos después la orquesta preludiaba el rigodón y Virginia y Rubén eran parejas en el baile de honor.

Aquella noche Rubén volvió a su casa hechizado por las miradas de Virginia. No podía conciliar el sueño, luchando entre el amor y su deber a su padre. Su padre se opondría a sus relaciones con Virginia, pero ¿como olvidarla?

Pasó una semana sin verla. Quería olvidarla pero el amor era más fuerte que su voluntad, y sin querer se vió al lado de ella, una noche en que ella iba de paseo con otras chicas.

x x x

Un año ha pasado. Un año de felicidad y amor. Y cuando Rubén ya creía que podría realizar sus sueños, se oyó la voz de la patria que exigía de sus hijos su sangre. Era durante estos días de agitación y dolor cuando su padre decidió mandarle a España

x x x

Bajo un frondoso árbol de manga, se hallaba Virginia tejiendo un collar de sampaguitas. Su mirada se perdía constantemente en la profundidad del bosque como en espera de alguien. Era la hora más calurosa de la tarde, en que las

viejas se hallaban disfrutando de la siesta y ella se había burlado de la vigilancia de sus guardianes para acudir a la última cita de su novio.

De pronto, suena un silbido y ella alarmada se levanta de su asiento. Era Rubén que llegaba.

"Rubén, Rubén, gracias que has llegado. Las viejas acaban de acostarse y tenemos algunos minutos para hablar. ¿Cuándo te marchas?"

"Esta noche. Cuando las campanas toquen el angelus, te enviaré mi último adiós al través del espacio."

"Rubén, mañana estarás lejos de estas playas, . . . estarás muy lejos de tu patria."

"Sí Virginia, pero tu amor me acompañará, y el recuerdo de mi patria me dará más bríos para cumplir mi misión."

"Sí, es verdad, mi alma irá contigo donde quiera que vayas, pero, Rubén, la ausencia causa el olvido, y quien sabe lo que puede suceder . . ."

"¿Dudas acaso de mí, Virginia?"

"Dudar no, pero temo . . . temo tantas cosas, que no se lo que me sucederá."

Reina un breve silencio, y por las hermosas mejillas de Virginia ruedan dos lágrimas.

"Virginia, la separación es amarga, cruel y dolorosa. Pero en tu alma de filipina, no sientes acaso que la separación se hace necesaria? Allá aprenderé a ser libre y ese mismo saber nos libertará. Pues nosotros sabremos guiar nuestro pueblo hacia la libertad!"

"Sea!"—respondió ella con voz sonora,— "que el recuerdo de tu patria te traiga otra vez a mi lado, y que nuestros hijos nazcan libres. Toma este collar de sampaguitas cuyo perfume es el de la filipina y consérvalo como un recuerdo de tu patria y mío."

"Gracias, Virginia, tu amor, mi patria y este collar serán mi escudo."

"Adiós, Rubén, adiós . . . y no me olvides."

"Virginia, olvidarte sería olvidar a mi patria. Adiós!"

x x x

La revolución estaba en su apogeo. Los jóvenes se congregaban en casa de Don Basilio

para deliberar mejor sobre los asuntos de la patria. Los viejos se sentían animosos, y las mujeres procuraban por todos medios trabajar por el éxito de la revolución.

"¿Qué hora atacaremos la fortaleza española?"—preguntaba un joven oficial.

"Esta noche,"—contestó el General Malvar,— "la oscuridad será profunda, y la hora más propicia para atacar será á las diez."

"¿Están todos nuestros hombres armados?"—preguntó un viejo.

"Sí, las armas y municiones se repartieron esta tarde,"—respondió el General, y después de una corta pausa añadió,— "Esta noche, al toque de ánimas, jóvenes y viejos se reunirán en el cementerio, y desde allí daré la señal de ataque."

"Entonces ya es tiempo de obrar. Vámonos todos."

"Un momento amigos,"—dijo Malvar,— "es preciso obrar con sigilio. La recolección del palay será buena excusa. Los españoles no notaran la ausencia de nuestras esposas e hijas del hogar. Pero . . . está hecha ya la bandera?"

"No falta más que una letra,"—respondió Virginia mostrando la bandera.

Un tiro repercutió por el espacio. Un oficial cae muerto; y antes de que los otros se dieran cuenta de lo sucedido el tiro se repitió.

"A las armas!"—grita el General.

Hombres y mujeres salen aturdidamente de la casa, mientras que Virginia exhalaba su último suspiro, abrazada a su bandera, víctima de una bala

x x x

Un año y otro año iba pasando y allá en la lejana España, Rubén atribuía el silencio de Virginia a una infidelidad. ¿Cómo tener noticias de su patria cuando todo pasaba por manos del censor? ¡La incertidumbre era peor que la misma realidad! Rubén decidió volver a Filipinas por el primer barco.

Un mes después desembarcaba un hombre envejecido por las penas. Era Rubén. Buscó a su padre, pero como viera que todo estaba revuelto se fué a casa de Joaquín para pedirle noticias.

"Rubén, eres tú?"

"Sí Joaquín, soy Rubén,"—contestó,—  
"pero dime ¿donde está mi padre... y Virginia?"

Joaquín bajó la cabeza. No tenía valor para desgarrar el corazón de su mejor amigo.

"Dime, ¿qué ha pasado?"—volvió a preguntarle Rubén.

Joaquín pareció despertarse de un sueño.

"Rubén, ¿tendrás valor para oír lo que tengo que decirte?"

"Sí, he venido dispuesto a todo. Cuéntame lo que ha pasado."

"La revolución ha reclamado muchas vidas, y entre ellas, la de tu padre y de tu novia."

"Mi padre muerto! Virginia... no; no no puedo creerlo!"—y anonadado de tanto dolor se desplomó sobre un sillón, y sollozó como un niño.

Pobre Rubén, no llores más. La suerte ha sido cruel contigo, pero tu padre y tu novia fueron héroes en la jornada. Tu padre se unió a los revolucionarios y en una emboscada una bala enemiga le atravesó el corazón."

"Y Virginia como murió?"—preguntó Rubén entre sollozos.

"En la noche del ataque los hombres se habían reunido en casa de Don Basilio. Mientras Virginia nos mostraba la bandera que ella había hecho, unos españoles que habían descubierto la reunión rompieron fuego con tal mala suerte que Virginia cayó muerta."

"Pobrecita, y yo la creía infiel!"—dijo Rubén tristemente y levantándose añadió,—"llévame a su tumba, Joaquín."

"No Rubén, ahora estás muy emocionado. Mañana te llevaré."

x x x

A la mañana siguiente, al despuntar el alba, Joaquín echó de menos a Rubén. Este se había ido solo al cementerio a buscar la tumba de su amada. Allá en un parte del cementerio se hallaba Rubén arrodillado sobre la losa fría de una tumba.

"¿Me oyes, Virginia? Tú que solías decirme que si acaso te morías antes que yo, volverías a hablarme. Te acuerdas de estos versos que me solías recitar:

Si por mi tumba pasas un día;  
Y amante evocas el alma mía,  
Verás un ave sobre un ciprés,  
Habla con ella que mi alma es!

"¿Me oyes, Virginia...?"

## Billy Aprende Una Leccion

Por Luis Garchitorena.

EN el pueblo de Tidewater, un importante encuentro de boxeo se iba a celebrar entre Billy Jones retador, y Battling Morgan campeón. Las apuestas estaban poco más o menos niveladas. Mientras los partidarios del campeón aseguraban que Jones no pasaría del tercer asalto, los partidarios del retador decían que Morgan era el que iba a salir malparado.

Billy Jones era un muchacho alto, bien formado y de facciones regulares. Tenía veintidós años y pesaba ciento treinta libras. Era un boxeador bastante bueno, habiendo ganado casi todas sus peleas. Poseía una agilidad

asombrosa, pero no tenía "puñetazo." Nunca había puesto fuera de combate a nadie.

Un día, estando entrenándose en el gimnasio, entró su novia Mary Hagen, chica de diez y ocho abriles, muy sofocada y excitada.

¿Qué te pasa?—preguntó Billy.

—Pues verás,—respondió ella,—que, al pasar por una calle para irme a casa me encontré con Morgan. El muy fresco, me piropeó y luego me dijo que te iba a aplastar como a un mosquito.

Billy se puso pálido de indignación y contestó:—Con que ¿te dijo eso, eh?



Sí—respondió ella,—y si quieres que sigamos siendo novios, me tienes que prometer que, en el día de la pelea, le vas a romper las narices a ese Morgan, y ponerlo fuera de combate lo antes posible.

—Te lo juro,—replicó Billy, trémulo de ira.

Cuando Mary se hubo marchado, Tom McGuire, el apoderado de Billy, que habiendo estado a poca distancia de los novios había oído la conversación, se acercó a Billy y le dijo:—No seas tonto, hombre; tú no le puedes vencer a Morgan por "Knockout". Pelea como siempre has peleado y le vencerás por puntos.

—No, Tom—contestó Billy,—Esta vez voy a pelear de diferente manera. Me voy a avalanzar sobre Morgan y hacerle polvo.

McGuire se sonrió y dijo:—Billy, si vas a pelear como has dicho, Morgan que tiene un puñetazo terrible, te mandará al país de los sueños. Además, no sé porque se me figura que Mary está en combinación con Morgan y su pandilla y que todo eso que te ha dicho es para que te pongas furioso y que al subir al ruedo con la idea de vencer por "knockout" á Morgan, sea él quien te ponga fuera de combate.

Billy, al oír esto, montó en cólera y cogiéndole a McGuire por el cuello le dijo:—¿Cómo te atreves a hablar así de Mary? Desde este momento hemos terminado.

Llegó el día de la gran pelea. El "Tide-water Square Garden" estaba de bote en bote.

El primero en subir el ruedo fué Billy Jones, que fué recibido con una salva de aplausos. Poco rato después, subió Battling Morgan y también fué calurosamente ovacionado. Poco antes de sonar la campana, Mary, que estaba sentada en primera fila, se acercó a la esquina de Billy y le dijo:—Acuérdate de lo que me prometiste.

Al sonar la campana, Jones salió disparado de su esquina y se avalanzó sobre Morgan como una fiera. Este, que poco más o menos, se figuraba lo que iba a hacer Billy, le recibió con un golpe de izquierda á la cara y otro de derecha al estómago. Billy se quedó aturdido y antes de que pudiera hacer algo, Morgan volvió á pegarle dos golpes seguidos a la quijada. Billy cayó a la lona completamente mareado. A la cuenta de nueve, se levantó para volver a caer poco rato después. El árbitro le contó los diez segundos reglamentarios y levantándole la mano á Morgan le declaró vencedor.

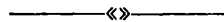
Cuando se despertó Billy, lo primero que vió fué a Mary que, acercándose a él le dijo en tono burlón:

—Qué bobo fuiste... qué fácilmente caíste en nuestra trampa....

Dicho esto se marchó.

Billy perdió la pelea, perdió a su novia y perdió á su apoderado, pero aprendió una lección aunque algo tarde. Esta es:

*No Creer lo que dicen las Mujeres.*



## Tonterias

NO HAY PEOR SORDO.....Decía un muchacho á una vecina la más rica del pueblo:

—Señora Lucía, ha dicho mi madre, que si nos querrá V. prestar un pan.

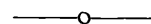
—¿Qué dices?—contestó la mujer haciéndole la sorda.

—Ha dicho mi madre, que si haría V. el favor de prestarnos dos panes.

—Ánda bribonzuelo, ¿pues no decías ahora que uno?

—Me acuso, padre, de que murmuramos mucho—decía una mujer confesándose.

—Dí que murmuras tú,—dijo el fraile gravemente,—y no me metas á mí en tus murmuraciones.



Asistían á un enfermo unas mujeres muy feas; las vió, y dijo á sus amigos:

—Señores, me muero.

—¿Porqué—le preguntáron.

—Porque he leído en muchos libros, que a la hora de la muerte se ven visones, ¡ah! y las veo espantosas.

—○—

Dos labradores se hallaban hablando del buen aspecto que presentaban los campos.

—Si continúa la lluvia quince días no habrá cosa que no salga de la tierra,—dijo uno de ellos.

—¡Ay Dios mio! ¿qué dices?—contestó el otro;—y yo que tengo dos mujeres en el Campo Santo.

—○—

Preguntaba un maestro á un discípulo:

—¿En cuántas partes se divide el hombre?

—El hombre se divide en tres partes: americana, chaleco y pantalón.

Un vizcaíno se casó y al día siguiente de la boda saludó á su mujer con un tremendo bofetón.

—Pero, ¿qué he hecho ahora para que me trates así?

—Nada, absolutamente nada; pero figúrate por la muestra lo que haría si me dieras motivo.

—○—

#### DIALOGO CONYUGAL:

—Me gustaría ser una estrella—dice la señora.

—¡Ojalá lo consigües!—contesta el marido, bostezando.

—Por qué?

—Porque la más próxima á nosotros está á millones de kilómetros de distancia.

—○—

Decía á su párroco un feligrés que se le había aparecido un espíritu:

—¿Cuándo y dónde?—le preguntó el cura.

—Anoche, al pasar junto á la iglesia, se me apareció el espectro sobre la pared en la figura de un grande asno.

—Vete y no cuentes nada; eres un hombre tímido y te has asustado de tu propia sombra.

—○—

#### ENTRE AMIGOS:

—Yo llagué á América con cinco pesos y he abierto un negocio de librería y papelería.

—Yo he conocido otro que también llegó con un destornillador y una lima y después de pocos días abría un negocio de relojería.

—Y ¿dónde está?

—En presidio.

—○—

Cierto marqués tenía dos hijas, la una muy gorda y la otra estremadamente flaca. La marquesa, su esposa, le rogó que escribiese á las dos.

Tanto le instó al marqués, que, cediendo á su importunidad, tomó la pluma y escribió á la primera:

—Hija mia, enflaquécete.

A seguida escribió también á la segunda, diciendo:

—Hija mia, engorda.

Hecho esto, dijo:

—Esposa mia, he satisfecho tus deseos, y, como ves, he concluído.

Viendo la marquesa que tan pronto cerraba las cartas, replicó:

—¡Jesus, y qué cortas!

Entonces el marqués, satisfecho de su obra, contestó:

—Calla querida, que bastante tienen que hacer si cumplen lo que les encargo.

—○—

Ahorcando á un hombre en Toledo, cuando le iban á quitar la escalera pidió que le dieran de beber.

Diéronle una copa de vino, y para beberlo sopló la espuma.

El verdugo le preguntó:

—¿Para qué sopla?

—Hermano,—respondió—la espuma es mala para los riñones.

—○—

Un hombre, que desconfiaba mucho de su memoria, escribió un día en su cartera:

—Para que no se me olvide, recuerdo que tengo que casarme al pasar por Aranjuez.

Cuando emprendió el viaje que proyectaba, lo primero que se dejó olvidado en casa fué la cartera.

# THOUGHTS

Settle it, therefore, in your minds, as a maxim never to be effaced or forgotten, that atheism is an inhuman, bloody, ferocious system, equally hostile to every human restraint, and to every virtuous affection: that leaving nothing above us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness, it wages war with heaven and earth: its first object is to dethrone God, its next to destroy man.

*Robert Hall.*

No company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

*Colton.*

My friends! there are no friends.

*Aristotle.*

We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich comparisons; a hound for his pair of heels and not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her jesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a palatial residence, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year, and all these are *about* him, but not *in* him.

*Montaigne.*

We must be prepared to lose all than lose courage.

*St. Francis de Sales.*

We would have inward peace,  
Yet will not look within;  
We would have misery cease,  
Yet will not cease from sin;  
We would have all pleasant ends, but will  
use no harsh means.

*Matthew Arnold.*

Art is based on a strong sentiment of religion,—on a profound and mighty earnestness; hence it is so prone to co-operate with religion.

*Goethe.*

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

*Henley.*

Many things must thou pass by with a deaf ear and think rather of those things that appertain to thy peace. It is more profitable to turn away from such things as displease thee, and to leave everyone to his own way of thinking, than to give way to contentious discourses. If thou standest well with God and and lookest to His judgment, thou wilt more easily bear to see thyself overcome.

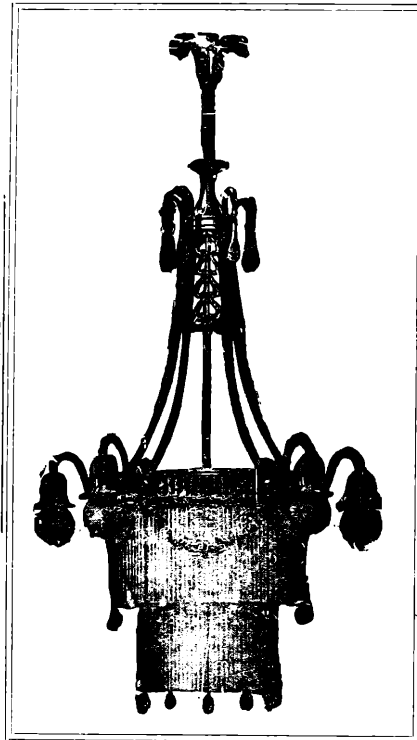
*Thomas A. Kampis.*

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of Song; there lies the poet's native land.

*Longfellow.*

The more one tries to live intimately united with Christ, the more one can benefit others.

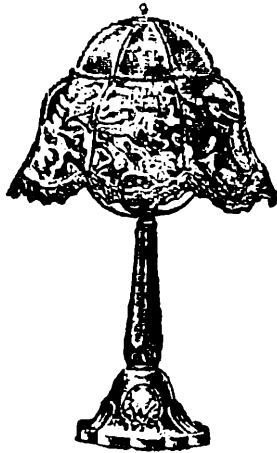
*F. P. Gin hac, S.J. .*



TIME

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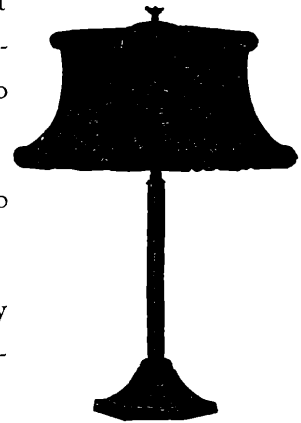
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"Have you read the Exchanges?" the Moderator asked me, and then added, "they are in the Library now."

I immediately rushed up, for I take a great delight in reading the Exchanges. I saw a pile of magazines and took as many as I could in one hand, and placed them on a table near by. Then I seated myself in a comfortable position, ready to delight my mind for the next hour.

Grasping the first one that appealed to my sight, I looked at its cover and saw that it was "THE FLAMBEAU" from the *Marquette University High School*. "So, this is the Commencement number! What clear pictures they have!" I could not help exclaiming, at the sight of the first few pages.

Here is the Literary Section. As far as the stories are concerned, they all keep up the interest down to the last. "Snake Bite" has quite an original plot. I couldn't guess at the end. I can't say if this poetry is good or not, for I am not a judge, but at least, the poems had a pleasant sound. The various organizations are very interestingly described, and it certainly gives me a good idea of your college activities. Then I turned page after page until I reached the end. I was surprised! Surely, I must have skipped it! I turned each page back carefully again, until I reached the last page, and still I couldn't believe my senses. There were no Jokes! "This was the unkindest cut of all!"

The next one looks familiar. And so it is our old friend, THE ST. JOSEPH'S PREP. CHRONICLE, again. What a thick magazine! "Twelve Miles Out" is not so bad. At first we believed that the bootleggers were going to escape. "Desert Dullness?" As if a desert is anything else but dull! But on reading it, it

seems to be a lively place after all. "Hooks and Slices" should be read by all golf bugs (which thank heavens, I am not), for it is a very instructive article. Yes, *very*. Here are the Editorials. What is this? A letter from a missionary in Mindanao? Well, that certainly is news to us. They are quite near to us, and we know nothing about this letter. It won't be amiss to republish it for the benefit of our "great number of readers who enjoy reading this section." Here it is: "At present the battle for the souls of the little ones is on in full vigor, at least in the enemy camp. The Protestants have just announced a drive on this whole Jesuit section, claiming that they have 11,000,000 good American dollars, and a vast corps of hired workmen for the occasion. They make no secret of their plan of campaign, and it is to send back all High School students to their homes, active missionaries in the Protestant cause. Just when a Catholic school should spring up in every village, and when every barrio should have an energetic catechist, I have been forced, by lack of funds, to close down five schools, and dismiss fourteen heroic catechists. What a calamity this is for the Church, only the good Lord can fully realize! The need for schools and catechists is supreme, and without them, only failure can be our portion."

The next in line is PURPLE AND GOLD. "Reflection" deserves the name of the Prize-winning story. Many such grandma flappers certainly need reflection, and plenty of it. The best part of it is, that it is a very common occurrence in all the cities of the world. If "On Saturday Night—Mm!" had been a few lines longer, I would have eaten some beans myself. Here comes a detective story at last. It is entitled "That's My Weakness Now."

But—of all things, it is not a detective story at all. As they say in Spanish, "Todo mi gozo se cayó en el pozo."

Let's see the Editorials. This is what we consider as an ideal editorial for a Catholic Magazine. "Atheism is not a mere negative attitude towards worship of God. It is the state religion of Russia, a new pernicious creed, that condemns and destroys everything we hold as virtuous and sacred. It is undermining the family and home, and will inevitably bring about the destruction of the present social order and collapse of modern civilization. Are we to regard with an amused smile the organized Communistic hatred of God as a futile social experiment? It daily grows stronger and more vicious. Perhaps another generation will be carried away on the rising tidal wave of atheism. We cannot remain indifferent to this new and terrible invasion." That's right. Don't be indifferent about it. Show that we are all against it by word and especially by action.

That's about all, so with tears (I don't know whether of joy or sorrow) I close this interesting magazine.

The next one reminds me of the Civil War of . . . never mind when. It was a Civil War. Why does it remind me? Because it is "THE BLUE AND GRAY." The table of Contents shows that many students write two or more articles. What's the matter? It seems as if you don't get enough support from the rest of the students.

*Leonardo R. Osorio.*

*THE LABARUM*: Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa.

Your spring number is replete with much literary matter. From cover to cover, we perused it, and enjoyed every page. The literary section is filled with such articles that are, not

only enjoyable and interesting, but also saturated with literary excellence. "Out of faerie" gives a spicy, pleasant description of those friends of children—the fairies. "Avec Les Yeux de L'esprit" and "Loose leaves from English note books" are both a collection of articles, woven into one, in an interesting manner. Of all, we treasure "Dubuque Social life in the forties and fifties" and the critical essay on "London Coffee-House," both remarkable for their vividness and information. Your essays excel your stories in quantity. Among the few of these, we consider "The Stronger" as the most interesting, perhaps the most thrilling.

Your "verselet" department is blooming with beautifully woven verses, short but exquisite. "Twilight" stands high in our estimation, for its simplicity and grace of style.

"College and Campus" chronicles are replete with pleasant news about your college. "The Alumnae" department is not far behind it.

Jokes! please. We find nothing to counterbalance the seriousness in which the magazine is enveloped. A laugh, once in a while, will not debase it. But jokes or no jokes, come again, and again.

*THE AMBROSIAN*, St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa.

Your summer number in Manila. The issue is remarkable, this time, for its many thrilling, interesting stories, full of pep. The most funniest is the "Blackmail"; the most interesting is the "Love in the Mask." Your articles entitled, "Arthur D. Ficke looks at poetry," the "Bookery" and "Theatre" are outstanding examples of critical essays. They excel all other articles for their simplicity, and solid substantiality. The Editorials are rather short. But the Athletics department is well handled, being fed with interesting sport items and news.

There is somewhat a lack of a college Chronicle in this issue; and some jokes, too! We always believe in a page or so of jokes. You know that nearly everyone, even the serious-minded, read them.

*THE RECORD*: St. Paul's College, Covington, La.

Welcome, friend RECORD, always welcome. Your commencement issue very much appeased our craving for well-written magazines. Though there is a marked lack of stories and essays, the graduate write-ups compensate for that. Interesting, smart and lively, is the graduate's section. Your "editorials," always famous for their brevity, are once again in evidence. "Always lead—never follow" is a solid piece of advice, appropriate to graduates. "Valedictory," and "Salutatory," deserve a

special mention for their simplicity and clearness. Your different sections, the "College Society" department, the sports page, glare with headlines, very interesting. But the "Class News" is the best nourished department, every page of it being chock-full of items of gripping

*Horacio Villavicencio.*

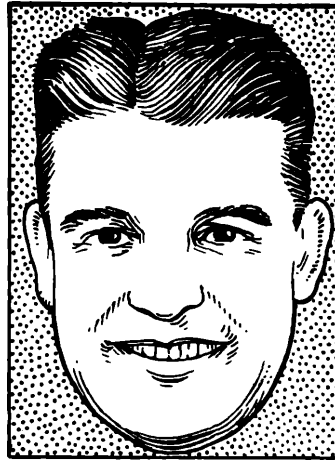
\* \* \*

N.B.—Some of the *Green and White* readers of this Department have inquired concerning the absence of comment on our magazine by the Exchanges. We thank them for their interesting inquiry, and wish to state in answer thereto that, owing to the unforeseen heavy local demand for copies, very few of our Exchanges received the issues of Aug. '29, Dec. '29, and March 1930. But we have been able to do justice to our Exchanges as far as the Aug. 1930 issue is concerned.

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## RECEPTION OF NEW MEMBERS

September the fifth! That was a glorious day for the new members in our fold, a gala day, a day of rejoicing for the Sodality.

The chapel was garbed in festal array, to give the newly-admitted Sodalists a more beautiful impression of the day of their initiation into the organization. Flowers, the symbol of joy and glory, bedecked the altar. The statue of Our Lady was profusely adorned in a manner befitting such a reception, simple thought it is. A great number of students attended the ceremonies.

Our Sodality Director, Father Arana, officiated at the reception. There was an impressive march of the new members to the altar to receive their blue-and-white sashes, and medals.

Father Arana gave a brief address of advice and congratulation to the future Sodalists. He emphasized the amount of good Sodalists are doing by their good example, and hoped that the new members would abide by their promise to Our Lady—to be good Sodalists. After the short talk, the final vows of consecration were solemnly made. The aspirants were dubbed as knights, as children and soldiers of Mary forever.

The following are the names of the new members:

L. Von Giese, A. Solis, P. Revilla, M. Go, Jose Feria, Henry Lee, Santiago Go, William Lee, George Ty, Carlos Albert, F. Buencami-

no, B. Hizon, Joaquin Gonzalez, M. Herrera, A. Francisco, Alejandro Go, G. Lichauco, M. de Leon, M. Virata, J. Herrera, C. Ledesma.

They are the few—the blessed few, who gained admission to the Sodality. To them, we offer our congratulations for having attained so high an honor—to be the special children of Mary. Their moral rectitude is unquestionable; their devotion and enthusiasm to be sodalists are beyond doubt. And we foresee and expect great things from them.

Through this column, we thank Father Arana for having honored us by his presence at the reception. And to the donors of the flowers which adorned the chapel, we offer also our sincerest gratitude, especially to the Cu Unjieng brothers, Alfonso and Benito.

*The Secretary.*

\* \* \*

## TEN REASONS

*Why I am a Member of the Sodality*

1. Because membership enables me to perform more surely my Religious duties to my God, thereby affording me a guarantee that I shall not lose my most precious treasure—*holy Faith*.

2. Because intense Religious practice is the only way to preserve my morals, to keep me from mortal sin, or to rise should I fall. It has been recently said, by one who ought to



know better, that there is no remedy for the immorally disposed. This is a doctrine of despair. Their is a remedy. It is here.

3. Because a Sodality member *draws down Heaven's blessing* not only on *himself*, but also on *his home, his parents, and other relatives*.

4. Because being a member means that I have *the singular protection of Our Lady*, all thru life, and especially at its close.

5. Because the members *have a reputation to keep*. There are many forbidden things I do not do, dare not do, simply because I cannot afford to: More is expected of me than of ordinary Catholics.

6. Because our members *give good example* to one another, and to their neighbours,—a most practical means of helping,—better than moral discourses. "Is example nothing? It is everything."—(Edmund Burke).

7. Because the better I perform my duties to God, the more *patriotic* I shall be. I hold the motto: "To God, thy country, and thy friend, be true."

8. Because *organization* helps in Religious matters as in all things else.

9. Because the members of the Sodality are *the pick of La Salle's best*, and it is a privilege and an honor to be associated with such.

10. Because the rules of the Sodality provide that special prayers and Masses be said for me while alive. And when I die, the Sodality, as long as it lasts, *will never cease to aid me*, until I shall be freed from the fire of Purgatory

### THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL

The members of the Sodality are obliged by their rule, to carry always the Miraculous Medal around their person. Now, many of them perhaps, would like to know something about its history, etc. It is the purpose of this article to give the most salient features of the history of the Miraculous Medal.

In the year 1830, there was a certain girl named Sister Catherine Laboure who was a novice of the Filles de la Charité. At that time, she was twenty years of age.

On July 18, the feast of St. Vicent of Paul, Sister Catherine, had the first vision. While she was in the chapel alone, at midnight, she

saw a woman of indescribable beauty take a seat on the left side of the sanctuary. She knelt beside the figure, who told her that she would be entrusted with a mission. She was also told to report any visions she might have, to her confessor. The apparition foretold the future condition of France.

She reported these visions to her confessor who appeared to make light of the matter, but in reality, he made notes of them.

Nov. 17, at about half past five in the afternoon, was the date of the second apparition. While Sister Catherine was again alone in the chapel, she beheld another vision. She saw a woman of middle height and with a beauty that defied description. The Blessed Virgin stood upon a globe, or rather upon half of one, and she held another in her hands. The following is her own account: "Her eyes were cast upwards, and her face became as if illumined, while she offered the globe to our Lord. Suddenly her fingers appeared covered with rings of precious stones, the rays from which shed such brilliancy around that soon her dress and feet became lost in the blaze of light. The gems were of different sizes, and the rays emitted from them, consequently, were more or less brilliant. I cannot express what I felt or all I learnt in so short a time. As I was absorbed in contemplating her, the Blessed Virgin looked at me, and an interior voice, the while said, 'This globe which you see represents the world in general, and France in particular.' The beauty and brilliancy of the rays as I then saw them, cannot be described. The Blessed Virgin added: 'These rays are a symbol of the graces which I obtain for those who ask them of me.' "

Then, she says, it seemed as if the whole scene before her turned, and she saw another picture. She saw the letter M surmounted by a cross, and below it two hearts, one encircled by a crown of thorns, and the other pierced with a spear.

Sodalists, look at your Medal, and perhaps you may have an indistinct image of the vision of Sister Catherine, and on the other side, the insignia just described.

A few days later, at the same place and hour, she had a third vision. She saw the figure

with an oval frame from the waist up, with the inscription in gold, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." She again saw the other side of the picture and heard these words, "Have a medal struck according to this model." Referring to the rays of light from her hands, the Vision said, "These rays are a symbol of the graces which the Blessed Virgin obtains for those who ask them of her."

The only one whom Sister Catherine told about these visions, was her confessor, but still rumors began to circulate about them. However, nobody associated her with the visions, and it was not until she was on her deathbed, that she confided her visions to a few friends.

The medal was struck on June, 1832, with the consent of Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris

The Archbishop himself acquired one of the first medals, and he determined at once to try its efficacy in a spiritual sense. He visited Mgr. de Pradt who was dying, and sorely in need of priestly administrations. At first he refused to see the Archbishop, but he soon recalled him, and died literally in his arms.

This is the first case of a conversion in connection with the Medal. From that time on, it became known and distributed throughout France, and many persons wore it, not knowing its origin, but only because they believed in its power.

In 1837, the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires obliged all its members to wear it, and they made the Medal known throughout the world.

On one occasion, the Blessed Virgin appeared to a nun in Germany, and holding the Medal before her, she said, "Wear this Medal, and you will have my special protection, and try to make others wear it also, and especially those who are in any particular need."

The feast of the Miraculous Medal is celebrated every year on Nov. 27, the date of the second Apparition.

All the Sodalists, then, should not only wear the Miraculous Medal always, but should try to have their friends wear it also. Remember that the Most Blessed Virgin herself promised us her special protection, if we wear it.

*Leonardo R. Osorio*

Notice of the premature demise of one of our members appears in the Alumni notes of this issue. We refer to JUSTO CUATICO, who was received into the Sodality on Nov. 26, 1927. Tho gone from us, he is still well remembered for his piety and quiet, gentle, unassuming disposition. As a student he is best remembered for his mathematical ability. As a Sodalist, he was never prominent except by his retiring unobtruse nature, his calm religious spirit, and his frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The priedieu at which we used to so often notice him kneeling is still in the Chapel, used by other good boys.

At the funeral, the Sodality was represented by Rev. Bro. Felix, Antonio Lucas, Horacio Villavicencio, Luis Feria, William Ty, Mariano Go, George Ty, and others. In addition to this tribute of appreciation and affection, a body of some thirty Sodalists visited the body at the Funeral Parlor on Sept. 24, and there prayed publicly for the repose of his soul. We were all pleased to see his sash and medal on his body, as it reposed in the coffin.

To his sister and brothers, as also to his other near relatives, the members of the Sodality, extend their sympathy.

*Eternal rest give to him, O Lord,  
And let perpetual light shine upon him.  
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# K. B. S. NOTES

Five or six years ago, the organization of the Knights was introduced in La Salle, and though from the external it seemed to have died away, the true spirit had still been active in most of the old members. They have kept their Word of Honor.

On the 24th of August, the first meeting for the reception of the new members was held in the chapel at St. Rita's Hall. Eighty-five in all were present for the Mass, all of whom received Holy Communion. Reverend Father Sheridan, addressed the Knights, congratulating them for having responded to the call. Fol-

lowing, the Knights recited the solemn Word of Honour, whereby they pledged themselves Knights of the Great Lord and King, Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, the central figure of our most holy Religion. The promise runs thus: "It is my will to seek admission into the circle of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. On my *Word of Honour* I promise to receive the Most Holy Body and Blood of my Lord in Holy Communion, at least once a week and to observe all the customs of the Knighthood.

The following are Knights:

## COMMERCIAL CLASS

Francisco Gamboa  
 Michael Bowler  
 Alberto Solis  
 Luis Diez  
 Joaquin Carrion  
 Fernando Aser  
 Domingo Martinez  
 Rafael Pimentel  
 Antonio Zaragoza  
 Jose Chicote  
 Carlos Tanseco  
 Edward A. Betis  
 Llewellyn Hilliard  
 Rafael Ledesma  
 Ernesto Tamparong  
 Efren Triviño  
 Felix Araneta  
 Leonard von Giese  
 Benito Golding  
 Vicente Thomas  
 Rafael de la Sierra  
 Amando Ocampo  
 Antonio Paredes  
 Antonio Trillo  
 Antonio Lucas  
 Jose Martinez  
 Leonardo Osorio  
 Julian Locsin, Jr.  
 Antonio Garcia  
 Filomeno Duran  
 Paul Heredia  
 Jose Lopez  
 Salvador Mendoza

## FOURTH HIGH YEAR

Raoul Kahn  
 Anselmo M. Ferrazzini  
 Luis Feria  
 Francisco Lopez  
 John Klinger  
 Vicente Zaragoza  
 Francisco Eguarras  
 Miguel Papa  
 Antonio Hernandez  
 Jorge Barrenengoa  
 Edgardo Reyes  
 Ramon Valera  
 Gonzalo Valdes  
 John Tabor, Jr.  
 Horacio Villavicencio  
 Virgilio Rodriguez  
 Jesus Anido  
 Jorge Cui  
 Fred de Lange  
 Marcelino de la Cruz  
 Hernan Lopez  
 Augusto Salas

## THIRD YEAR HIGH

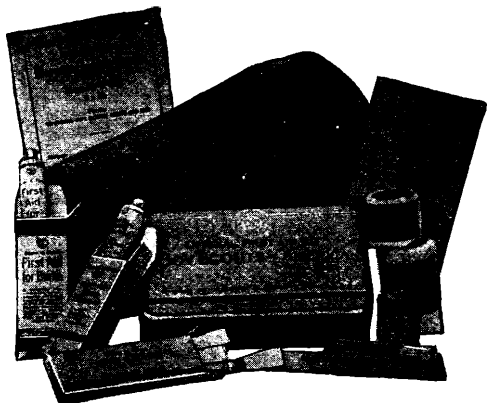
Maximino Velhagen  
 Cesar Sevilla  
 Juan F. Molina  
 Antonio Bantug  
 Demetrio S. Santos

## SECOND YEAR HIGH

Frank Jones  
 Heinrich Schumacher  
 Jose Feria  
 Charles Campbell  
 Jesus Alegre  
 Pedro Serra  
 Carlos Ledesma  
 Luis Enriquez  
 Jose Ledesma  
 Antonio Lopez  
 Antonio Irureta-Goyena  
 Albert Schumacher

## FIRST HIGH A

Heriberto Aguinaldo  
 Humphrey O'Leary  
 Miguel de Leon  
 Melquiades Virata  
 Joaquin T. Gonzalez  
 Manuel Tomacruz  
 Delfin Hilario  
 Miguel Herrera  
 Victor Perez  
 Jesus Calero  
 Jesus Zamora  
 Joaquin Ortigas  
 Alfonso Cu Unjieng  
 Manuel Martinez  
 Francisco Aguinaldo  
 Jose M. Ansaldo  
 Pascual H. Adorable  
 Antonio Go  
 Florentino Pabalan  
 Herman Gamboa  
 Placido Adad  
 Francisco Buencamino  
 Francisco Gonzalez  
 Rafael Zulueta  
 Jose Herrera



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PLAZA GOITI, MANILA



Juan Pérez de Tagle is back at Beck's. This concern, it seems, could ill dispense with his services, and so lured him back from Associated Oil. Tag is valuable to Beck's not only because he's a first-rate secretary but also because he can sing for phonograph records. It will be remembered that the gay Juaning is not only a graduate of our Commercial department—he was also one of the luminaries of our Glee Club. \* \* \*

If you are looking for examples of stones who do not choose to roll, wend your way to the State Steamship and Madrigal & Co. At the former you'll find Herman Atonaga—*still*. And at the latter, you'll find Felix D.P. Flores—*also still*. Both those fine chaps, appear to be enjoying their respective posts, which is the reason for their permanence thereat. \* \* \*

Insurance agents are proverbially—or perhaps we should say notoriously—persistent and active. Felix Berceño is no exception—unless it be in the sense that he is exceptionally persistent and active, *even* for an i.a. And his persistence and activities are not confined to insurance, either. Oh, no, oh, no! \* \* \*

Antonio Gabriel, as always, is quietly forging ahead. He who was most incongruously called "Gab" occasionally will, in not a long time, have authority to feel pulses. He's steadily nearing his goal and appears to be encountering no great difficulties on the way; or at any rate, if he does, he surmounts them in the characteristic A.G. manner. (Antonio Gabriel has recently passed the Medical Board Preliminary Examination.—Ed.) \* \* \*

Jaime Valera graced the Philippine General Hospital some time ago incident to divorcing

his appendix on a charge of incompatibility. The immediate result was that other nice people also graced the said P.G.H., moved no doubt by an edifying desire to do works of mercy and show their love for their—ah—neighbor. We are told that during his convalescence Jimmy looked wan and interesting. The "others" also looked interesting, though probably not wan, especially around the cheeks. \* \* \*

Anyway, "Smiles" is now back at work doing accounting stuff for the GLAB (Graphic-Liwayway-Acme-Bisaya), apart from keeping up with affairs in fistiana, goings-on of frats, and other such important matters. \* \* \*

Pablo Revilla is like Jimmy in many ways. Paul is also a reason for GLAB to bless La Salle boys. Paul does accounting work too. And Paul likewise knows what's what in cauliflower alley. \* \* \*

Carlos Quirino may be across the big pond but that doesn't prevent him from writing for local publications. During the last few months, he has had articles published in *Graphic*, *the Free Press*, and *the Herald*. During the past summer, he was in Europe with his mother, but should be back in Wisconsin by the time this is printed. Carling is now a senior at the University of Wisconsin. \* \* \*

To that group of La Salle "professional" writers which includes Sebastian Ugarte, Felix D.P. Flores, Jesús Narciso Lim, Manuel Olbés, G.G. Hernandez, and J.R. Katigbak must now be added two others: José J. Reyes, who made his "pro" debut in *Graphic*, and Joaquin Garrido, who threw away his amateur pen with his first story for the *Free Press*. Needless to say, both Messrs. Reyes and Garrido—as in-

deed all the other scribes mentioned—did their first writing for the GREEN AND WHITE.

\* \* \*

*Graphic*, most widely read and profusely illustrated of local all-English weeklies, owes five L.S.C. boys for literary material; two for straightening its accounts; and one for photographs—nothing less than the popular "Society Snapshots." That one, of course, is Horacio D. Cebrero, who has a merry, modest, and all in all model soul.

H.D.C. claims to dislike the city and, as often as he can, runs away to Nueva Ecija and penetrates its wilds, accompanied by a couple of shotguns and a police dog which is almost as big as its chain. But for all that, Manila Beautiful and Manila's Beautiful see quite a lot of him—and you don't know how many are grateful for that!

\* \* \*

If *Graphic* has reasons aplenty for blessing Green and White lads, so has Philippine Education Co., Inc. For there are a number of La Salle boys who regularly visit that firm's main store—and every time they do, PECO forgets all about the business depression.

One of those meant by "they" is Antonio Estrada, pioneer editor of this magazine, and of the alumni, the most regular and "substantial" contributor thereto. Tony, who is now in his senior year in the University of Sto. Tomás college of law, is a conscientious and indefatigable reader of books that *should* be read and, with possibly one exception, probably has no equal among La Salle writers, whether amateur or otherwise. The one possible exception, by the way, is *not* he whose initials are

A. E. L.

\* \* \*

Rafael Ortigas, A.A. '27, has been nominated President of the Graduating Class of S.T.U. Law College. The Class Reporter elected was no other than Sebastian Ugarte himself, A.A. '27.

\* \* \*

Gregorio Basila, H.S. '29, is now enrolled at the Texas University, U.S.A. His address is: P.O. Box 851, San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.

\* \* \*

Oscar Butler, H.S. '29, has quit the U.P.

(temporarily we are told) and is now connected with Madrigal & Co.

\* \* \*

The Graduating Class of the U.P. Law College offered to support the election of Paquito Ortigas to the Presidency of his class, but he graciously refused the honor. Paquito's studious and persevering habits, by the way, have merited public recognition. In a speech on the art of Public Speaking delivered before the student body of the U.P., Prof. Yamson cited Paquito as a shining example of what constant and undaunted effort can do to develop in a man the qualities of a good orator. We are proud of you, Paquito!

\* \* \*

Guillermo Hernandez, loyal La Salle Alumnus, recently submitted to the surgeon's knife, and was lucky to lose nothing more than his appendix. His many friends will be pleased to know that he is back again at his old position in the Mercantile Bank of China. His much enjoyed contribution, "Stenogs and Bosses" to the August GREEN AND WHITE, is followed in this issue, by a rather flippant account of his appendicital doubts and fears. It's all right, Guillermo, to talk when the trouble is over, when your enemy is gone—forever.

\* \* \*

On Sept. 22, Zafiro Ledesma dropped in to report his return from a world tour. He is looking in the best of nick, and is enthusiastic over the wonders he has seen. As might be expected from one of Zafiro's highly developed sense of the classic and artistic, he waxes most exuberant about London. If he has time, he will regale our readers to an account of his wanderings and wonderings.

\* \* \*

Justo Cuatico, H.S. graduate of 1928, died on Sept. 21, and was buried on the 25th of the same month. Those who had the pleasure of knowing Justo will receive this news with much regret, and will not fail to offer a prayer for the repose of his soul. At the funeral we noticed the following class-mates of his: Rafael Gonzales, Narciso Umali, Ricardo Consunji, Joaquín Quintos, Reuben Carballo, Crescencio Rebullida, Fermin Lavin, Jose Reyes.

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# CLASS TATTLE

## A.A. CLASS NOTES

### *We Condescend.*

The Age of Derring-do and Brave Dæds is not yet passed beyond the ken of human knowledge. Who hath said that the red blood of Adventure hath ceased to course in the views of this our generations? Should any misguided mortal expectorate in this wise, let him be henceforth branded a liar. You may well ask what could have caused such a passionate and uncompromising outburst on the part of the A.A. class reporter. Convinced that a short but accurately descriptive narration, is in all fairness due to the public, as to why hope in the present generation has been reborn in the writer's breast, I beg you grant me a moment's reprieve, while I marshal my thoughts in battle array and present them concisely for your delectation.

On the morn of September 19, of the present year, the entire A.A. class was thrown into disorder, by the receipt of an audacious and uncalled for challenge to a Debate against one of the lower classes. The challenger, who wished to lock verbal horns with us, happened to be none other than our materialistic friends, the La Salle Chamber of Commerce, which forms the other and lesser half of the Collegiate Department of De La Salle College.

The disorder lasted but a short time, and we quickly regained our normal equanimity.

Apart from the challenge itself, the letter contained sundry informative data, which when deciphered and shorn of its bombastic effusions, purported to give us the choice of weapons, set the date as not earlier than October 20, time between eight a. m. and three p. m., and the day for the Debate preferably a class day. (My, my, how quick to grasp opportunities, these Commercialites!).

We laid the letter aside for two days of consideration, but sad to state, it completely passed from our minds (as trivial matters have a knack of doing), and it was only remembered, about

three days after the receipt of the Challenge, that we had committed a gross and ungentlemanly breach of parliamentary etiquette, by not immediately answering the said Challenge.

We quickly repaired our unintentional omission by at once penning a letter to the President of the La Salle Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Julian Locsin, and as we had not yet decided whether to accept or not, it was but reasonable that, in it we inform them that the matter was under consideration.

What I have to relate next, should, I believe, be blamed to the preconceived and rashly impetuous ideas of enthusiastic youth.

What was our surprise when we learned, that our letter had been read with deprecating mirth, and to the tune of pernicious statements to the effect, that we, the A. A. class, were "stalling" (this was the so idiomatic expression used) for time. This was bad enough, but when these statements were circulated around the College, with additional slurs on the A.A.'s dauntlessness, it was too much even for the fortitude of the A.A.

Anyhow, after due thought had been given the matter, the A.A. unanimously decided that, it was but equitable to humor the La Salle Chamber of Commerce.

So, through the medium of the college organ, the GREEN AND WHITE, we wish to announce to the College in general, and the La Salle Chamber of Commerce in particular, that *the A.A. class accepts the Challenge.*

Yes, we accept the La Salle Chamber of Commerce's challenge, though we know beforehand that we are doomed to disaster. Unless the unexpected happens, we know who will bear the guerdon of victory. But, with dauntless hearts, we prepare for the fray, and with the gods on the right, here's hoping the La Salle Chamber of Commerce gets left!

\* \* \*

An A.A. man met a La Salle Chamber of Commerce student, some time ago and talk na-

turally veered to the impending Debate. Says the man, "What impelled you to pick on us? What god of mischance induced you to challenge us to a Debate?" "Well," says the La Salle Chamber of Commerce retainer, "we are looking for new worlds to conquer." Just like that. So nonchalantly, I suppose he was smoking a Murad at the time.

Well, there is no doubt that these La Salle Chamber of Commerce fellows are persevering and enterprising. They have emerged in the inter-class all-around tournament with *fleeing*, I mean with *flying* (!!!) colors.

Latest sport news reports that the La Salle Chamber of Commerce holds the same position in the inter-class league, as that which the first rung of a ladder holds!

\* \* \*

*Poets are we.*

The English period, was the other day the scene of great and unrestrained hilarity. It seems funny now, but at the time, at least in so far as it started, it was most serious to the whole A.A. Class.

We had been reading poetry, for some days past, despite the fact that the only poetically-inclined member is Arellano, and that day, the Professor got a brilliant idea, which did not look so good to us.

We were sitting in class, at peace with the whole world (even with the La Salle Chamber of Commerce), when most unexpectedly, the Professor told us that he would give us an examination on the poetry which we were supposed to have read comprehensively.

Amidst deep consternation, and pious ejaculations, we humbly bowed our heads to the inflexible decree, closed our books with many a profound exhalation, and rummaged fruitlessly in our desks for note paper, whilst thoughts of the hereafter coursed through our minds.

Luckily for all concerned, the examination turned out to be nothing else than an oral quiz. The Professor explained that all he wanted was to see which poetic passage had stuck in our over-burdened craniums, and thus he would be able to judge of our taste.

So he started by asking Espiritu which passage he liked best, and our gentle spirit, assum-

ing a Napoleonic attitude, and with an adamantine look on his comely features, uttered the following words, which will always remain imprinted in our steadfast hearts, "Men may come and men may go, But I go on forever."

There were a few moments' silence out of respect to Tennyson's memory, and then we smiled. (The A.A. class is not given to boisterous cachinnations. All other classes please note, and imitate).

Nexa came Mabanag. This young man has firmly established himself among us, as an authority on Debate, Discussion, and correct English (mis) pronunciation. Knowing him quite well, we expected to hear a lyric gem to fall from his rosy lips, and we consequently gave him the silence he merited (at all times). The Professor said, quoting Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott,' "On either side the river lie," and waited for Mabanag to continue. Mabanag, with a flight of imagination worthy of a better cause, after a moment's pause to collect his scattered wits, (they are usually that way), gave away his thoughts, by triumphantly and jubilantly shouting, "The Lady of Shalott," (thus ascribing a phenomenal physical feat to this blameless lady), and then, the exertion of gathering his wits being too much for his feeble frame, he happily collapsed in his chair, amid the admiring applause of an enchanted audience.

Estrada was next in line. Gravely he stood up, disdainfully looked around at us, lesser mortals, gracefully threw back the Russian mane he calls his hair, and in his most melifluous accents, thusly addressed the Professor: "The passage which remained deeply impinged in my consciousness, Sir, is that charming contribution to Poetry, made by the illustrious Tennyson, and which runneth thus, "Break, break, break," and, could you believe it, at this part, the imperturbable Estrada *broke* down.

Still, the Professor's faith in us, as scholars, was unbroken, and it took Ugarte, to convince him that, if we knew our Poetry, then Kahn could do a classical dance. When asked by the Professor, Ugarte got up with a silly simper on his far-from-intelligent-looking countenance (we call him Laurel), and made the following attempt, "O Mother Ida, many-

fountained Ida, Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die."

At this juncture, he nearly fulfilled his lament, for Sagarbarria's artistic soul rose within him in indignation, and our fiery Spaniard, little recking of consequences, drew back his trusty foot to assail Ugarte on an unmentionable part. Luckily, no blood was shed, because Ortigas, with great presence of mind, shouted, "Test in Chemistry!" and at once Sagarbarria subsided.

The Professor then called off the quiz, remarking that A.A. class had been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Kahn protested that he had not been asked to recite, and that when he did so, the Professor would find that what would be lacking would be the balance. He was most swiftly squelched with the remark that the Professor valued the balance too much to subject it to such arduous tests.

After the Professor had departed in high dudgeon, the class nearly came to blows, because each blamed the other for the poor showing of the class. Matters were about to be settled drastically and pugnaciously when the cakes arrived.

All rancor was immediately transferred to the cakes, which were attacked at once, and assimilated with dispatch, which but goes to prove, that in quarrels, it is the innocent bystander that gets hurt.

\* \* \*

#### *Election Day.*

A class meeting was held some time ago for the purpose of electing certain of our number to the highest posts which a grateful class can bestow. In other words, we were going to elect our Class Officers.

That the meeting might be an orderly one, we had three chairmen (we elected one; the other two were appointed—self-appointed).

Then we elected a sergeant-at-arms (so everybody would be satisfied, we elected the whole class, with the exception of the three chairmen,—who thus became fair prey).

Then, the meeting was called to order. So loudly was this done (there were three chairmen) that we had to close the doors of our class to prevent disturbances in the other classes. The

sergeant-at-arms requested the chairmen to moderate their voices under pain of cane.

When all was quiet on the student front, nominations began to pour in. There were thirteen nominations for President, and thirteen students comprise the A.A. Class, so we suspected that perhaps some of the boys were not taking the elections seriously.

After due warning had been given by each sergeant-at-arms to behave like gentlemen or at least to try to, the election proceeded in its usual orderly manner.

Nominations for President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer were given in, received and duly written in chronological order on the blackboard.

A secret ballot was taken, the ballots being counted by the three chairmen, whose decisions were to be final.

By certain devious devices, the result of the election was as follows:

President, C. Kahn; Vice-President, D. Rivera; Secretary-Treasurer, S. Arellano.

We congratulated the incoming officers, and discreetly hinted that we were hungry, and that the lobby was most fortuitously open at the time.

Vain hopes! All we received was a lecture on the evils of eating between meals!

N.B.—The three chairmen were Kahn, Rivera and Arellano. They counted the votes, and we didn't check up on the votes.

\* \* \*

#### COMMERCIAL CLASS NOTES

The La Salle Chamber of Commerce challenged the "intellectual" A.A. class to a debate. Since the A.A. class takes up Logic, Psychology, etc., we considered that this handicap was sufficient to make the teams almost equally balanced. But in spite of the R.S.V.P. which we placed at the foot of our challenge, we have as yet received no answer. Of course, we know that it is not because they are afraid to meet us, but rather because they are deciding in which subject they will "annihilate" us, to use their own words. So, we expect an answer within the next century.

The class of Business Law went to court the other day—of their own free will; they were not arrested—and visited the various branches of the tree called the Tree of Justice. But we saw that looking for cases in a Municipal Court is like looking for a case of Haig & Haig in New York.

\* \* \*

The Commercial Department is sure to win the pennant for the Inter-class Athletics. We lost in handball and football, but we won in Baseball. And another thing, we are sure of winning in Tennis, Volleyball, and Basketball, to say nothing of Ping-pong. Of course, we may lose in Swimming, but the banner is just as sure of being with us if the laws of Nature do not miscarry. (And still, the Sophomores believe that they have a chance to win it! "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!")

\* \* \*

It is not surprising that the Commercial typists and stenotypists found themselves busy in helping to rush up the Annual Campaign correspondence of the Boy Scout Headquarters. It was a great privilege for them to do this "good turn" although it is a known fact that they are always busy with their class work. The Commercialites are always willing to do their good turn any time it is needed.

\* \* \*

L. V. Giese who once attended his class in a Sea Scout's uniform aroused the curiosity of his classmates as to where he was bound. After a close investigation made by Major Quimbo of the Philippine Constabulary and his battalion and with the help of all the military forces in the Islands through the consent of the Gov. General, he was at last found sitting on a rock in the New Luneta with a long piece of bamboo in his hand and to it a ship made of paper was tied. Poor Von Giese when asked what he was trying to do, answered, "I have been dreaming of the day when I will be a captain of an ocean liner and direct her as I direct this small ship." And tears rolled down his cheeks.

\* \* \*

Both the Juniors and Freshmen classes are steadily gaining ground in their typewriting

work. Everytime the Brother gives a test there are always a number of boys who get awards; so much so that our professor had had to write orders for more award pins from the Royal and Underwood companies. Ossorio heads the list of award consumers with a record of 69 words per minute. Sierra, Dakis, Paredes, Mendoza, Zaragoza and several others, are also responsible for the decreasing amount of the typewriting award pins of the Brother.

\* \* \*

Two new belt buckles for the higher classes and the intermediate respectively are being made by Crispulo Zamora. The designs on the best buckles were drawn by two budding artists, Messrs. V. Thomas and A. Zaragosa, both of them belonging to the Commercial Department. These college buckles will be on sale not later than the end of this month and may be obtained in the office.

\* \* \*

Since the beginning of SALESMANSHIP, the class is flooded with "La Extremeña", "Co-operative," and Charity Fair Tickets. The students seem to take this course seriously. Keep it up boys.

\* \* \*

The following have been fortunate enough to win the stenotype Seventy-five word Speed Test Awards:

J. Locsin  
F. Lucas  
A. Paredes  
J. Lopez  
P. Mathew-Dakis  
A. Ocampo  
J. Navarro

—o—

Things you will always see or hear in class:

1. Carrion talking his adventures in Spanish.
2. Heredia sing "I have got a Pair of Arms" (It's a pity he does not use them during bookkeeping time).
3. Navarro pay his daily 5c. for talking Spanish.
4. Osorio with the "grouch blues" in him.

5. Galmes imitating Lon Chaney, Al Jolson and other stars he sees in the theatres every Sunday and Thursday.

6. A. Ocampo saying "Superior."

It seems that Carrion's memory fails him when he lets his "patillas" grow, but when he shaves, he is all right. We only want to advise him that if he doesn't look out, it will grow down to his jaws, and he will not be able to move them anymore.

Lopez expects to be a banker some day, and has a new banking method. The Brother asked him one day: "Lopez, what transaction does the bank make?"

To which he answered: "Selling Money." He says that you can go to the bank and buy ₱1.50 for ₱1.00. Soft, isn't it?

Alba says that he does not want to recite his Catechism lesson before the others, because he does not want them to disturb him in his recitation. The temptation is strong, and he is so weak, that he falls easily.

We are glad to welcome back to our midst, Mr. Aristides Luciano, who was operated on last month. He is the same old fellow, but his timidity or shyness, still prevails. We don't know why he did not have this quality taken out also.

Why is it that when the Brother calls out Chicote's name, Aser becomes flustered and nervous? The other day during a lesson the Brother called out Chicote's name and lo and behold, Aser stood up. Did he not hear aright or did he do it on purpose? Somebody please enlighten us about this matter.

So far, only three fellows are having a neck-to-neck fight for supremacy in "Tardiness." Brother Anthony is so fed up with so many excuses (lies, of course) from these birds, that he has granted them the privilege of coming late without having to ask for an excuse. These three fellows (they come to class in cars) are Joaquin Carrion Jr., Ramon Ocampo and Paul Heredia.

Lopez, R. Ocampo, Navarro, Garcia and Martinez were qualified to play for La Salle Senior Football team. They are La Salle's best bet to win for the coming N.C.A.A. Football League.

It has been recently found out after a close survey, that the following Commercial Freshies have always been called and nicknamed by Bro. Aloysius:

Pimentel, now known as "Pimienta" which means hot. Of course he is very itchy to the Brother and often gets his goat.

Betts, usually called "Bells" as when one recites that famous poem "The Bells, The Bells" etc. His new name fits him amiably for his voice rivals the peals of those famous Cathedral bells in Intramuros.

Golding, is a verbal noun according to the Brother, for his name ends in i-n-g and he will always be one in all his life. What a luck for he puts "gold in" always.

Tamparong, or Tamparang to be exact is the Speakeasy of the class. He thinks he can talk like Gen. McArthur and How!

O'Malley of the "Molly" fame is called the Big Boy of the class. He has won the sympathy of the Brother, so he takes everything easy as ducks take to water.

## SENIORGRAMS

By Pete A. Revilla

Again my hour hath struck. A chance to pounce on some lazy, saucy fishes who do not want to help me write these class notes. What have you to say Monsieur Cruz? Hide not thy head, for I have whetted my pen for thee in particular. Angel Nakpil, thou hast thrice crossed me in the capitol. Prexy Villa, thou hast slighted my petition.

Marceling Cruz, wan born under a lucky star. Swallowed a golden spoon, saw an albatross and many other lucky omens. But for crying out loud, we cannot understand why he has to twist his face in horror everytime he gets a quizz paper. Of course I am another ditto, but a modest one, who cares not to talk about himself. Maybe Cruz is a cynic, but it does not take a cynic to wry in fright and

disgust, when the rating that greets one's eye is not as pleasant as a Saturday night. When Cruz inspects his Apologetics paper, he does it in a way akin to drawing a lottery ticket. Little by little he opens the sheet, to discover first a well-drawn zero, then... alas! It was a lone zero.

If I were to heed all the suggestions I am receiving from many seniors on what I should write about, I am afraid this column, would sound like one of prayers. Charlie Salas alone, ought to fill up every nook and corner of this page. Why the nerve of Cicero (V. Zaragoza) who had the audacity to tell me, that I should write a long poem about his charming friend. (Valero, as he is called affectionately) Cicero, if I did, your learned brain might develop a love for things, far beyond the ken of mathematical brains. So I better not.

Our friend the poet, F. Eguaras has turned in some more rhyming ditties, which he intends to rush to print in the GREEN AND WHITE. His last poem "El Patriota" has made

him popular overnight. Would-be poets of the senior class sound his opinion on their respective masterpieces, in order to attain a high-toned fame as our bard F.E.O. Let's have some more of your stuff, Jack, that's a good boy.

\* \* \*

George Cui's new typewriter is turning out stories by the carloads. Kid, here is hoping you a slamming success in your journalistic inclinations. He has already written more than seven stories since he bought his portable typewriter. And he says he is still going strong. Stick to your hobby of writing now George, and do not let your enthusiasm wear away, as your type turns gray in years.

\* \* \*

Salas, why Charlie, did actually write a detective fiction. You may be surprised to hear of radical ideas about sleuthing, when Charlies' latest appears in print. Of course Charlie himself does not believe in what he writes, so I am preparing you for the shock.

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Vaca is shrouded with mystery. When he can get dizzying marks in a written quizz and have to be guessing most of the time in an oral test . . . why, that's extraordinary.

\* \* \*

Apparently there is an unchecked epidemic around Valera's neighborhood. Just a few instances to support my bold hypothesis. Why did Rodriguez fall sick three days after Valera was moved to his present place? Then E. Reyes, who in spite of his stoic indifference, was taken ill shortly after Rodriguez. And of all the wonders of the class, why should they be "The Innocents of La Salle?" And if I remember rightly H. Lopez feigned (?) sickness too, for weeks, shortly after. Another innocent boy!

\* \* \*

We hear Johnnie is leaving for the States next year, to resume his Collegiate aspirations there. Not a bad idea, Johnnie Tabor, we are only hoping the liner won't sink. Now you can't say that you did not get anything from us. So long when the time comes or rather *au revoir*, in case the steamer does not give in.

\* \* \*

This reminds us of Ferrazzini's bounteous generosity during our picnic. He was singing. Well, kid, your voice is sweet but . . . stop. Console yourself tho! There is hope for the hopeless. Keep practising at home . . . if you have no neighbors. But, bear in mind, gentle readers, he is the sole conqueror of Villa, and since then he has turned poetic.

\* \* \*

Talking about popularity G. Barrenengoa is so popular his name is always on the blackboard . . . for penance.

\* \* \*

We have observed that Hernandez has resigned to peace eternal; we have seen Zaragoza spoil an insurance policy . . . he was seen to laugh. We have noted De Lange has broken the spell of his late malady. We hear no more of Vaca crossing our professors, and renewing text books and all. When these prodigies occur, we might as well believe that Caesar's ghost doth dwell with us, in the person of our comrade R. S. Sevilla.

\* \* \*

Excavated from senior records:—Hernan Lopez got a gold medal in the first grade.

R. Kahn can sure imagine things, and how! He has written an essay on bamboos which proved a miniature work of art. But can you beat this? He could not tell you the difference between a bamboo tree and a coconut tree. Not even after his work was pronounced as excellent. Honest, he wanted to print the picture of a coconut tree with his essay.

\* \* \*

Salas is a serious guy but he'll show you his sense of humour is not wanting. When you read his Vindication. Let us have another, kid. Jess, we only want to know whether this here masterpiece is intended for one reader in particular.

\* \* \*

I nearly forgot my friend E. Zulueta. Laughing eyes. One we cannot enrage. Zulueta is Barrenengoa's sternest admirer. Geedy, goody Zulu, if George only knew, perhaps he won't be mean to you. Zulu you have no music in your soul, and Barrenengoa is full of it. A man that has no music . . . ! So better have George coach you *gratis et amore*.

\* \* \*

You haven't heard from F. Lopez for a long while now. This flaming youth has changed a lot . . . since he was a boy in knee-breeches. He has grown bigger and better. The story of Anido, for some obscure reasons, was dedicated in part to this gallant senior. Remember the title of Anido's story? Come Back, oh! I am afraid Frisco has a pretty long way to come back though. Ask, ahem! Lourde . . . dare I? Another guess more, Paquito and you are caught in the feet.

\* \* \*

J. Paterno is the tolerant target of many jokes! He is one of the most popular though, having to his credit more funny names than Cruz, dethroned monarch of San Nicolas.

\* \* \*

Valdes is another discovery of our debating club. What must have gotten in him the last debate, that it secured for him a berth of prominence? Aha! He told me it must have been his practise or rather experience in private speaking. If private speaking has anything to do with Gonzalo's success, then Cicero Zaragoza wants to look out for his throne, for

Valdes is getting plenty of training along this line.

\* \* \*

J. Moraza is our strongest argument in favor of the statement "See what we frail creatures can do to strong he-men?" And R. Sevilla (The ghost of Caesar) our reason as to why children leave home . . . in fright. But whether Sevilla is a spirit or not, he is a promising (I won't vouch for the fulfillment) virtuoso.

\* \* \*

M. Go fell in battle. Yes! in the football field. He was one of the few who fought for the class during the last football league in the college. He broke his specs during the game and had to be rushed by his cousin to the hospital.

\* \* \*

Mariano, you deserve a palm. But the days of chivalry are past. You have however our good will and our thanks, which though less demonstrative than those past trophies of victory are no less significant. So be it. We

bestow the same honor to the other players and to those who rooted for the class.

\* \* \*

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of Miss Josefa Gonzales' letter of thanks in behalf of the Holy Ghost College in general and her own in particular, for the gallant will of this year's seniors, to help the H.G.C. in anyway.

\* \* \*

Hernan Lopez played for the class team this year, breaking his traditional failures during the past years, to respond to the call of class athletics. But unfortunately, after witnessing him play a spectacular game, he got the creeps? No, the crumps. Hereafter, the class eleven, was one star less. Hence, our series of defeats!

\* \* \*

Louis Feria's contagious laughter is heard no more. The reason is obvious. Upon entering the class room, a funereal air greets one, even early in the morning. Every thing is still and hushed. And how could it be otherwise, with the changes in many seniors' habitat? One looks around for mischievous Louis Feria,

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whose fame last year reached far and wide—but he looks in vain. Isolated in one corner, Louis has got to get used to his new environment. And it won't be long now! Watch out, when he does.

\* \* \*

### SOPHOMORE COLUMN

1. We wish to tender our heartiest congratulations to the following boys who have been recently admitted into the Sodality of the Most Blessed Virgin:—

José Feria	Henry Lee	Carlos Albert
Carlos Ledesma	German Lichauco	George Ty
Santiago Go	Alejandro Go	Alberto Francisco.
	William Lee	

Keep up your fervor boys, and be a credit to yourselves and your class.

There are now no less than 25 Sodalists in our class. Needless to say, we are proud of this fact. It goes without saying that the Sodalists are, on the whole, very well-behaved.

2. In the opinion of their classmates, as expressed by ballot, the following are the best as regards conduct, application to study and politeness:—

- |                         |              |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| (a) Severiano Lizarraga | (166 votes). |
| (b) Gines Rivera        | (166 votes). |
| (c) José Feria          | (123 votes). |

3. Our vice-president, Severiano Lizarraga, has just recovered from sickness, which kept him in bed for about a week. We are glad he is able to resume his studies, and wish him good health, happiness and success.

Charles Campbell, who was laid up for several days, due to having overstrained himself in a game against the Commercial class, is back at work. We are glad to see you again, Charles, in your favorite corner.

4. Our class athletes cannot be accused of slackness. In the inter-class competitions they are doing creditably.

Our handball enthusiasts romped away with the championship, besides copping the first four places. C. Lopez and C. Ledesma performed the most spectacular feat, when they easily defeated their strong Commercial-class opponents, who were twice their height, weight and age, while Lichauco and Enriquez had lit-

tle difficulty in winning first place

Our football team has done very well, too. Despite the fact that the services of two of the best players were not available, one championship has been won.

Among the star players are Capt. J. Alegre, G. Ty, G. Dee, M. Pertierra.

5. Our swimming squadron, captained by S. Lichnock and our Volleyball outfit, under Gines Rivera, will soon make their first bow before the public. Under such leaders, we feel sure that these two teams will ably represent our class.

6. The class has been very much crippled in athletics. Isidro Moraza, our crack football player, left on the Empress of Asia on August 15 for U.S.A., where he intends finishing his High School. Good luck to you, Isidro!

Priciliano Gonzalez, another football player, is at present an inmate of San Juan de Dios Hospital, suffering from stomach trouble. We are anxiously awaiting his return. Meanwhile we extend to him our sympathy and promise our prayers for a speedy recovery.

7. Ledesma: Are you soprano or what?  
Baluyut: (after having his voice tested) Nothing.

Ledesma: That's it. You're a vacuum.

8. Buenaflor: Brother, I don't think I shall ever know this theorem.

Brother: Don't be discouraged, the mighty oak was once a nut like you.

9. Time: During the Green and White Drive.

Place: In Montenegro's so-called automobile.

Personages: Montenegro - driver; Benito, Pertierra and others—passengers.

Benito: (After making the sign of the cross) Say, Monto, go slow, I'm not yet tired of life.

Monto: Never mind, I am an acrobat.

Pertierra: You may be, but the car is not.

10. Brother: For instance, what would be a disaster for the class? (Boys in Chorus) Examinations.

11. Feria: (Reading Civics Books Aloud)-  
"Fats and oils are principally found in nuts."

A. Schumacher moves his rather bulky form around and, with an indignant look, shouts.  
"Who says I am a nut?"

12. Prof: Give me a sentence with the word fascinate.

Boy: My shirt has ten buttons; I can only fasten eight.

*Salvador Lichnock.*

\* \* \*

### FIRST HIGH

The new members of the Sodality in the Freshmen class are:—Miguel Herrera, Jose Herrera, M. Virata, B. Hizon, J. Gonzalez, M. de Leon. Congratulations boys; and we hope that you will uphold your class standard in every way.

\* \* \*

The organization of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament was a great success in our class. Nearly all were admitted. Our attendance for the first month was 10%; the only class in the college with such an average.

\* \* \*

Brother William, our teacher, has started an Altar Boys' Society and judging from the pep that its members are showing it is going to be a great success. Our class has many members in that society.

\* \* \*

Rafael Zulueta our class president came out ahead of every body else in the first examination by a big margin. H. Aguinaldo came second. Jose Herrera a close third with Ty and Virata on their heels. The exam was a good success as only few boys failed. Keep it up and let us do our best and we shall have 100% passing in March.

\* \* \*

Hizon and Gonzalez from San Fernando did very well in the first examination and judging from how they are studying it will not surprise us to see them the leading boys in the next examination.

\* \* \*

Felix Ty has led us all in Algebra for several weeks, but now he has found a competitor at last in Manghr Anandsing. That's it, Anandsing, do your best.

One day we were surprised to see a bright-looking young man with a gaudy tie on. This was Adad and on that day he was going to debate on the subject, that "House dogs are a nuisance." All the members of the Junior Debating Club marvelled at the swift and violent flow of eloquence that poured forth from Adad when he came to the part where he told the tale of how he was bitten by a dog and had to receive twenty-five painful injections. The judges took compassion on him and gave him 94%.

\* \* \*

Our Class won the GREEN AND WHITE Drive by a big margin. Our success in a great part is due to our energetic teacher who instilled into us lots of pep and got everybody in the class interested in the drive: Herrera Bros, Aguinaldo Bros, Hizon and Gonzalez from San Fernando, de Leon and Cu Unjieng are the boys who did the most in making our class win by such a big margin.

\* \* \*

We celebrated our Victory Picnic on August 13th. in Baleti, Batangas. We were accompanied by our teacher and Rev. Brother Felix. All the class pronounced the day a great success.

\* \* \*

Our class wishes to thank the following boys and their parents who helped so much in making our picnic such an enjoyable one by giving us the use of their autos for the whole day. Aguinaldo Bros, Herrera Bros, Baldwin Bros, Ansaldo, Zaragoza and Go.

\* \* \*

O'Leary, our baseball captain deserves some laurels for the brilliant manner in which he managed the Freshman team. We beat the Second High, but the Commercial beat us by a Chamba. That's all right boys, you did your best.

\* \* \*

Our Football team headed by Adad is showing the College what stuff we are made of. We tied with the Commercial and Second Year High, and we hope to do better against the 3rd. Year High. That is the true Spirit, boys.



GRADE VI-B—WINNERS OF SPELLING CONTEST 1ST. QUARTER.

## Intellectual Victory

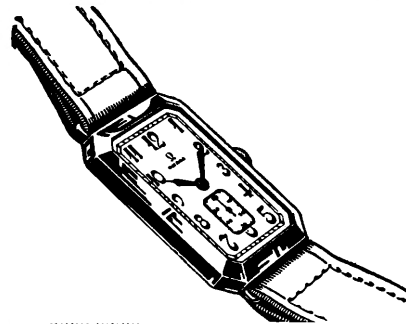
Those days when "Might was Right" are gone. We are now living in a modern age. We are now in an era where intellectual battles for supremacy have equalled and even superseded the bloody and disastrous combats of the days of yore. The flashing of swords, the roaring of cannons and the mad slaughter of human lives is now becoming a thing of the past. The nations have for the last few years been discussing, in solemn chambers, means and ways to prevent future Wars—which have cost great loss of lives and money to many nations in the past. Physical combats have now been supplemented with intellectual contests. We still have our arenas, and our contests, but the combats of today are less brutal than those of the past, for the brains and not the sinews are used.

The Rev. President has recently organized intellectual matches in the form of spelling contests. The six gladiators are the six sections of the Intermediate Department. The first contest was held on Aug. 11, 1930. The victorious intellectual gladiators were awarded laurel wreaths in the form of a beautiful banner, and last but not least, a HOLIDAY, by the Rev. Director.

The result of the contest is as follows:

Six B, Seventh B, Sixth A, Seventh A, Fifth B, Fifth A.

FOR CORRECT TIME—  
YOUR WATCH SHOULD BE AN



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## SENIOR CLUB

1. The common clamour of the members to witness an extemporaneous debate was satiated to a certain extent, when the team captained by Luis Feria, one of our most promising and brilliant debaters, was fixed to meet that led by P. Revilla.

Luis Feria with a well-known three for his men, vanquished the affirmative quartette captained by P. Revilla and supported by Horacio Villavicencio, famous for his after-dinner speeches, L. Pujalte, perhaps the latest discovery of our debating association, and George Barrenegoa, noted for his voluminous command of the English language. These gentlemen fought to the last and they were good to the last drop too, but they failed to answer the overwhelming arguments brought up by the defenders of the negative side. V. Zaragoza marked for his senatorial dignity, gave a long and loquacious discourse on our subject of debate which was: **RESOLVED: THAT A FORMAL AND SYSTEMATIC FORM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE BE ENFORCED IN ALL THE SCHOOLS OF THE PHILIPPINES.** Of course Luis Feria started with his fluent speech, which was enough to move the sternest cynic. A. Ferrazzini did his part too in the rebuttal which followed. R. Kahn, our literary luminary, imparted his convictions to his colleagues, without a grudge.

2. The debate between Johnnie Klingler and F. Lopez' teams was just as interesting and convincing as the speakers. Unfortunately, J. Klingler, the captain of the opposition failed to show up in time for his debate. The leadership of his team was therefore shifted over to Horacio Villavicencio, who was anxious enough to show his hidden wares. F. Lopez, you must remember is one of our most earnest speakers.

His team was made up of A. Nakpil, who can speak well enough for a new-comer, A. Salas, whose humorous argument is still haunting the hall, and last but not least, Marceling de la Cruz nervous but persisting in his convictions. The affirmative had for their defenders the German statesman Herbert Fischer, Luis Pujalte, and A. Bantug, both famous for their deriding arguments.

H. Villavicencio's team walked over the four led by Francisco Lopez. L. Pujalte was rated as the best speaker of the morning's debate. Horacio Villa coming close second. P. Revilla acted as chairman for this debate.

3. J. Tabor and Edgardo Reyes were the surprised stars of the next debate. Johnnie Malarky and Freddie Mandelbaum were directing the hostilities. Both teams were arrayed with smashing arguments, but the one led by Fred Mandelbaum triumphed after a series of bombarding evidences. Tabor was the heavy defense of the affirmative side, the one led by Freddie Mandelbaum. E. Reyes was the lone stimulant of Malarky's team, excluding of course the captain himself, who is a dynamic speaker of high caste. Demetrio Santos was given honorable mention which was quite unexpected, bearing in mind, the coy D. Santos of last year, who dared not utter a loud word, as if in fear of desecrating the quiet of the hall. He too was in Tabor's team. J. Moraza, G. Joseph and J. Gamboa delivered their respective speeches creditably.

\* \* \*

4. Resolved: **THAT THE PHILIPPINES IS READY FOR COMPLETE AND IMMEDIATE INDEPENDENCE,** proved a very lively topic when taken by Luis Mendez' men and himself, versus the team reined by P. Revilla. A very interesting and animated discussion fol-

lowed. Cold facts and sentimental fancies were both utilized by the affirmative and negative sides, the latter being headed by Mendez. While the negative side portrayed old man doomsday, in the event of American withdrawal from the Islands, the affirmative side introduced the fallacy of such beliefs in another light. And they were given the palm of victory.

The other members of the winning side were Miguel Papa, F. Salas, and F. Eguaras. The negative side claimed J. Cuyugan, A. Vaca, and Hernan Lopez. Miguel Papa gave a doleful plea for independence. F. Salas of the musical and dramatic fame, poured all the eloquence of his soul in his absorbing speech. F. Eguaras was not in the right mood for speaking when he debated that morning, so we better pass him over. Jose Cuyugan waxed sarcastically during his well-timed debate. Angel Vaca deserves well-earned praise for his meritorious speech. H. Lopez caused his team to face the affirmative in a crippled condition, for he had to absent himself from school for several days, due to an injured limb, which he got after a bloody football game. Defeat therefore, started the negative side when the smoke cleared away. A. Ferrazini officiated during this debate.

\* \* \*

4. THAT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT SHOULD BE ABOLISHED IN THE PHILIPPINES, furnished a two-sided bone of contention, between the teams of J. Villamor and G. Revilla. The negative side of the question was steered by the sedate J. Villamor. His other supporters were M. Ongping, E. Salas, and Thompson. While J. Anido, A. Coronado, and J. Arellano completed the list of the affirmative quartette.

As searing arguments were volleyed by the negative, the affirmative side gave a bounteous return. And so it kept on from start to finish.

Not until the verdict was read by the board of judges, did we guess for certain, the defeated team. After carefully weighing the different ratings which the other judges estimated the speakers were worth, the affirmative side was declared victor.

Jesus Villamor was given the credit of being the best speaker of the morning. G. Revilla was rated second best. Arellano was given third place, but it is rumored that he could have done better if his debate was more to the point. J. Anido, apparently has broken his nervous spells, as evidenced by his nonchalant delivery. A. Coronado did full justice to his name, (crowned), although we had no crown available at that instant. Ongping's clean-cut diction ought to fetch him a higher mark next time, although he obtained one of the highest ratings already. That man Thompson, why he was simple, yet absorbing in his delivery. Salas was fiery all the way thru, and we have seen V. Zaragoza eyeing him with envy (?), lest he be dethroned. Fiery speeches are Zaragoza's speciality.

5. Our last round for this series of debates, was staged by G. Valdes and R. Valera's teams. With the eighteenth amendment as their subject of disagreement, G. Valdes' formidable team clearly proved, that it has done more harm than good. George Cui delivered a very interesting discourse. He too was in Valdes' team. Another one against the eighteenth amendment was V. Rodriguez, who kept us spell-bound to the very last. E. Lopez completed the winning side. The other two who upheld the other side of the discussion were Bliss, and Luciano. McKay did not appear for his debate. Bliss gave a humorous and sweeping debate. And swift too, a little bit too swift. Anyway, the debate was pretty good. And why not, with Valdez and Valera vieing with each other

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eloquently, and earnestly, oh, very. By virtue of his being an honorary member, Zaragoza, alias Cicero, was privileged to act as Chairman for the abovementioned debate.

6. The Highest ratings up to October 1, are as follows:

L. Feria	98 %
J. Villamor	98 %
G. Revilla	96 %
P. Revilla	96 %
M. Ongpin	95 %
J. Arellano	95 %
J. Tabor	94 %

### JUNIOR DIVISION

Early in the month of August, just after the first issue of the GREEN AND WHITE, two chosen teams clashed. The affirmative side, captained by Mr. R. Coromina and the negative side by Mr. E. Villavicencio discussed the subject, "Resolved that blindness is a greater affliction than deafness and dumbness combined." Although Mr. Coromina's stentorian voice won for him the highest mark in that morning's debate, his mark being 92%, Mr. Villavicencio's team romped away with flying colors by a wide margin.

In the week following, an interesting debate was staged between the teams of Mr. Lichnock and Mr. Albert. The affirmative side led by the former proved, without shadow of a doubt that "The carabao is more necessary to the P.I. than the auto." Mr. Lichnock however, was somewhat nettled at the resistance he met, it being offered principally by the captain of the opposing team, Mr. Albert, who tied with him for the honors of that debate, each receiving a percentage of 88%.

The next debate in which the Affirmative side piloted by Mr. Campbell and the negative side steered by Mr. Lichauco met together to decide whether "The evils of the cinema were outweighed by the good." Mr. Lichauco's team humbled the team of Mr. Campbell by the wide margin of 15 marks. Mr. Lichauco and Mr. Baldwin both of the negative side received

the highest marks of that debate, 88%, while Mr. Campbell came next with 86%. The speakers of that morning did pretty well.

That country life is superior to city life, was discussed by the Affirmative side under the leadership of Mr. C. Ledesma and his men Messrs. Antonio Go, J. Castillo, and E. Fanlo, and the Opposition headed by Mr. F. Pickett and made up of Messrs. L. Garchitorena, Manuel Martinez and L. Arellano. By a small margin of three points, the gentlemen of the Opposition emerged victorious. This victory was due to the Captain, who got the highest mark of the morning, 94%. The second highest was Mr. C. Ledesma, captain of the affirmative side whose tenor voice gave him a mark of 93%. The others received a general average of about 80%. After the chairman had given some remarks, the meeting was dismissed.

The first debate of the morning of Sept. 17, was quite interesting especially to those enthusiast in boxing. The subject was "That prize-fighting be prohibited in the P.I." In the course of the debate, one of the members of the house, was somewhat displeased at what one speaker of the affirmative side was saying. The speaker Mr. Guillermo Blanco, though not fighter, maintained the question in his favour so firmly and vigorously, that he was given the honor of being the best speaker of the Club. Although his arguments were not very solid, yet he obtained a mark of 95%. Another speaker, but of the opposition, with similar qualities, was second with a mark of 92%. This was Mr. Lauchengco, captain of the negative side. After a three minute intermission, the second debate of the morning was called to order. The subject was one which a number of the members favored; but the majority were opposed to it. Mr. F. Jones, captain of the negative side, though not agreeing with the subject, procured the highest mark of 94%. The captain of the affirmative side Mr. F. Policarpio, who firmly maintained the question in his favor, got a mark of 90%. The subject discussed by them was "That Smoking is a Useless and Expensive Habit and Should be Prohibited in all Countries."

At exactly 12 o'clock, the meeting was adjourned. This was the last meeting for the first quarter.

The next debate was on the subject "Resolved that the further construction of Nipa houses should be prohibited in Manila." The affirmative side, composed of Messrs. R. Ygoa, Joaquin Gonzalez, J. Locsin and T. Crespo (Capt.) easily won over the negative side represented by Messrs. H. Schumaker (Capt), J. Buenafior, Frank Gonzalez, and Manuel Martinez. Mr. Joaquin Gonzalez of the Affirmative side got the highest number of marks—92%.

One of the most brilliant debates held so far was the one on the subject "Resolved that House dogs are a nuisance." Mr. Placido Adad of the affirmative side swept the house with his remarkable speech. Mr. A. Lopez also made a "hit" when he upheld the fact that house dogs are a nuisance. The affirmative side captained

by Mr A. Lopez and supported by his trusty men Messrs. C. Lopez, N. Baldwin and P. Adad, trounced the opposing side composed of Messrs. M. Kingler, S. Go, W. Duty and A. Francisco (Capt.).

The affirmative side composed of Messrs. G. Ty, J. Ortigas, A. Sobral and J. Alegre, the illustrious captain; and the negative side defended by Messrs. C. Kahn, R. Zulueta, E. Miranda and A. Goyena, the captain, discussed the subject "Resolved that the Soldier's life has more hardships than that of the Sailor." After a hot debate, the captain of the affirmative side, Mr. J. Alegre, received the highest mark of the morning—94%, while Mr. A. Goyena the captain of the negative side, and Mr. R. Zulueta followed with 91% and 90% respectively. The other members of both teams did well.

*S. Lizarraga, Sec. J.D.C.*

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# RUSTICATING

## *Neath the Shadow of Taal*

In this issue of the GREEN AND WHITE, the reader will, doubtless, be treated to accounts of sundry picnics written, maybe, with the usual sophisticated bombast, stereotyped essays at humor, and transparent attempts at making the day approach as nearly as possible to the ideal. We shall not impose any such brand of suffering on the reader. Our picnic was the most classy and classic ever organized by any La Salle students, ancient or modern.

August 13 was the great day,—*the dies die-rum*,—for the select body which, just now, is the glory and envy of all around us. We allude to ourselves, the A division of the First Year High School. With the flush of our subscription-drive victory still proudly roseating our faces, we woke on Occupation Day, some little while following midnight; and shortly after Jupiter and Mars began to show in the eastern sky, we were already rallying at the College.

In due course, we had consigned ham and eggs, coffee de luxe, and steaming buttered cakes, to the grateful receptacle whither all such good things usually gravitate. Six of the best autos in Manila were waiting for us without, craving to do us service. Likely as not, other classes will boast of the good time they had in their Trucks. But no trucks for such as we. No doubt, trucks are interesting enough modes of transportation, but to us they are common and profane. They lack quiet and privacy. They are undignifiedly noisy, and torturingly slow. They have an undesirable effect on certain vital organs, and hence the consequent dizziness and headaches. They are good enough for ordinary folk, but not for our select selves. Hence our partiality for the method of transportation we chose.

The morning broke gloriously. The whole country was wrapt in calm and sunshine. At six o'clock the engines began to purr, and directly the line of half-dozen autos, bearing their

precious burden of happy merry-makers, were taking the curves between La Salle and F. B. Harrison.

Heading the gay pleasure line, was the Dodge Victory of Jose and Miguel Herrera. The principal figure in this proud leader, was Bro. William, upon whom the weight and fate of all arrangements hung. In close pursuit came the De Soto of James and Newland Baldwin, two young American gents, who have won the esteem of everyone, although they have been with us only a few months. Jose Ansaldo, ever ready to help, steered his Chevrolet in the third place, and was tracked by Jose Zaragoza's big Hudson. The reliable Buick of Heriberto and Francisco Aguinaldo was number five, and last was the strong Dodge Victory of Antonio Go. It needed to be strong, as it contained the heaviest man in the party.

In less than no time, we had left Pasay in our wake, looking after us with wondering sleepy eyes, and before we knew where we were, we had done a dash thru Parañaque and Las Piñas. Biñang, Sta. Rosa, Cabujao were all invaded and evacuated at the rush, and then we suddenly fell into Calamba. A glance at the wide stretches of Laguna Bay, a patriotic sigh as we dashed thru Rizal's natal town, and then with light hearts for Tanauan. A right wheel from the Batangas highway, and presto, in less than half an hour, we had sighted the brown, seared summit of Taal, lapped all around his lower extremities by the sparkling waters of the lake which bears his name.

A swim? "Sure," shouted everybody, except the already physically immaculate; and an eager stampede followed. Away scurried the frightened fish (no wonder,) while the hawks disdainfully hovered above in their dizzy heights, and the crows joined in the raucous inarticulations of O'Leary and Adad, which latter, by the way, was saved, on several occasions, from the horrors of a water sepulture, by the timely "charity," (We don't think) of Bro. William. Anyhow "ungrateful" Adad



seemed to resent these altruistic attentions, and whether actuated by suicidal tendencies or not, we can't say,—but with a “seemingly” morbid disposition, he shunned his rescuer for the rest of the swimming hour.

We left the water wetter and lighter than when we went in. But it was long before the shrewd fish ventured to return to whence they were frightened away. Zaragoza was the first to observe this, and he based his conclusion on the changing flight of the fish-hawks. A few of us exhibited traces of sun-burn, and one important individual showed a head like a ripe tomato.

By the time we had got back into the garments of civilization, the odors from the culinary department began to invade our nostrils, and our saliva-flooded mouths began to formulate the tell-tale monosyllable, “chow, chow.” We had not long to wait. And neither had the chow. Mr. Luz had seen to it that we had tons of substantial lining, and all sorts of delicate and delectable morsels besides. Chicken soup led the way into the terrible voids, and

then (I forget the order) followed fish, (fresh from the lake,) fowl, lechon, ham, lamb, jam and a host of etceteras, too numerous to mention, but not to eat. Gonzales growled and groaned, because he had overstepped the bounds of temperance. And Adad acquired gigantic dimensions around his equatorial regions. However only one chair gave way under the strain, and everyone was able to toddle to the sleeping rooms, where some tried a siesta, but in vain, on account of the vociferous arguments of their neighbors. Some, believe it or not, attempted a sight-seeing perambulation, but they were soon back puffing and panting like a (D.) T. Ford Model.

When food pressure had abated somewhat, we made another dash for the lake, but the aquatic enthusiasts had notably thinned (because they had fattened) since the forenoon, and yet a really jolly dip was the result. A big surprise lunch awaited us, and our only regret was that, in spite of all the lengthening of belts, and the best intentions in the world to be brave, we had to give Mr. Luz best, and re-

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tire from his creaking board,—vanquished.

It must have been about five o'clock by the time we turned our backs on sleeping Taal, and set our faces to Manila. We arrived home happy as birds, but a trifle tired. However we did not worry about this, as ahead of us we had three non-school days in which to rest our weary limbs. By common consent, the picnic was voted to be a staggering success, and we are ready for another such outing any day now.

In conclusion we must thank all who helped to make the day the pleasure that it was. We especially thank our fellow class-mates and their parents, who placed their autos at our disposal, and whose names have been mentioned earlier.

*Jose Herrera.*

### BURNING THE ROAD

*By Pedro A. Revilla*

Nigh an uncanny section of the notorious Vito Cruz, a mocking bird woke in the starlight, just before the break of dawn. In a house around this neighborhood, a steel bed creaked. It was our much-beloved and much-abused Prexy, Horace Villa, who got up to listen to the ill-timed screeching of the matutinal bird. There are many kinds of birds, song birds, jail birds, etc. The bird, however in this instance, was non other than our senile pal, "Pat" Anido, who was beguiling the moments singing with all the ferocity of his larynx. Let us be merciful and let it go at that. . . . SINGING! After all there are many others who can sing more melodiously than our genial "Pat". Take me for instance. Well, if I can sing, Johnnie Klingler can sure play tennis!

However, let us switch back to our narrative. George Cui was still enjoying his stolen nap, when a friendly poke in the ribs snatched him away from the arms of Morpheus (With apologies to my aide-de-camp, V. Zaragoza). A sour, murderous look greeted him. It was from H. Villa. We never realized that such a peaceful, honourable man, or rather boy (he ain't passed fourteen yet, according to statistics furnished by himself) possessed such a vindictive spirit. He had not forgotten Georgie's well-timed pokes during the night.

After a hurried breakfast, we shot right off, to fetch some of the boys, and the "Profes-

sor Good-Advice" (Professor Buenconsejo). Anido, in the meanwhile had been taking his habitual rounds around Wright street. No harm in that, eh readers? Just a hobby of this gent.

At the sound of our horn, my mistake, we have no horns, it was our (?) car's, Tabor slipped into his pants, and believe it or not, gentle readers, it only took him fifteen minutes. Not a bad record for a fellow of his generous proportions. Next we called on our witty professor, who was with us in a jiffy. Back to the *rendevouz* we went, to join the others. Papa's "Stutz" announced the arrival of Professor Imperial. It was not long before we made the marvelous discovery that he is human after all. Why, he can even crack jokes without referring to the nauseating laws of Physics.

An impromptu roll call followed, to remind those poor forgetful souls who had not yet paid their fees, that the "Ides of March hath come" and almost gone. The treasurer, however, found no stowaways. The bus we had hired, showed signs of rebellion when Tabor placidly climbed to take his seat. Tabor is so hard-hearted, he would sit on inflated tires.

At least we were on the go. But not much of a go at that. For five minutes the truck crawled along Vito Cruz and for five minutes we thought we would never get to the other end of that street. We were somewhat consoled however with the thought that it might only be a preliminary thrill. However, ten, twenty minutes, and even thirty minutes sped by and still we were going along at the same humdrum speed. Whereupon Valdes who had brought his traveling goggles with him, thought it was a great injustice to the preparations he had made for a long "FAST" flight. "Step on the gas, bim'bo!" shouted Gonzalo at the top of his voice. In response the truck gave a rattling sound, but that was all. It was not long before the whole gang became conscious of the fact, that at the rate we were going, we would be blessed if we got to our destination by twelve o'clock, which is no reasonable time for any sane man to enjoy a picnic in his knickers, the weather being warm enough as it was. Thereupon, without any of the customary ceremonies, and without breaking any bot-

tles of liquor, the truck was named "The Turtle Transit", with George Cui as the minister.

We will mention several anomalies during our trip. We will begin with M. M. de la Cruz. This gentleman is the rarest human on two legs. Going to a picnic dressed in sartorial splendour, is very suspicious, but with Cruz not unusual. We just wonder...! Then there was Ray Valera. Ah! there indeed was a person who was quite different from what he usually is. He seemed to have been suffering from some unusual, queer fit of "melancholia". Again I'm stumped! Again I wonder...! Contrary to our expectations, Luis Feria's spontaneous laughter was seldom heard. Our host, Mr. Salas, was evidently in a hilarious mood. He cracked jokes, which nobody seemed to appreciate (Even if he was our host). M. Go and G. Go seemed set on enjoying the picnic, at least that was what I could make out from their dizzying lingo and graceful (?) motions. The next character is a personality, who should have been born a century or so ago. But you can't blame him, he came late. This character is one who seems to have stepped out of a book, of bold caballeros and fair señoritas. We refer to none other than our patriot, poet, and writer, Francisco Eguaras. All day long this caballero waxed poetic, imagine, gentle reader, how we suffered and sympathize with us! Nothing occurred on our way to Balete. Why, even Papa and Zulueta behaved just as their mothers would have them do!

Midway between Biñang and Balete, we had to stop. The truck refused to budge another inch. It did not say so, of course not, but it certainly made itself plain. After a little (?) coaxing from the driver the truck once more responded to the touch of his able hands. At nine o'clock we were at Balete (imagine our surprise!). The lake seemed inviting, and the boys seemed too willing to be invited. So a few minutes, or was it seconds, we were racing like mad towards the house which Mr. Kalaw so graciously offered us, for dressing and undressing purposes. Valera showed his first signs of graciousness when he obligingly posed for the hungry cameraman. Our boys sure

were balm for sore eyes, as they stepped out of the house in their bathing suits. Horacio Villavicencio paraded in a modest bathing suit but he proved to be a real shark in the water. Ramon Sevilla, was a gorgeous sight. Typifying the he-man type, with chest inflated. "Pat" Anido just looked natural. Masculine grandeur is his claim too. George Cui, another ditto, felt perfectly at home in the water. Ease and endurance are nature's gifts to him. In a cigarette it may be taste, but in the ole swimmin' hole it's George Barrenengoa. Barren, for short, but don't misunderstand. Fred De Lange was a wow! A. Sañas looked like the aftermath of weight-lifting. M. Papa looked alarmingly taller in his bathing togs. Mike certainly has a good build for a swimmer. We won't be surprised if the Jantzen manufactures of bathing suits, changed their minds and put Papa's picture in mid-air pose in place of the old trade mark. J. Klingler was giving a free demonstration on how to drown one's self. Too bad, Johnnie, that these recalcitrant stunts of yours are not patented. Anyway, Johnnie ain't talking of swimming across the Pacific

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Ocean anymore. The Go cousins were making merry by themselves. Gavino was performing the "shrimp stroke" (whatever that is) to the best of his ability, Mariano was emulating his cousin's example . . . with improvements of his own creation.

In the meantime Ed Reyes was busy showing us with his cinekodak. A. Hernandez gave us a generous demonstration of how King Tut looked when he was unearthed, by posing before the camera. Then followed a dress parade. First in line came R. Valera. Real pantomime grace, embodied all his movements. Ah! that was art. For a moment I was wafted to heavens of delight, and my artist's soul responded, but like all earthly things it ended! Then came Papa, swaggering, coquettish, striding like an ostrich. E. Zulueta . . . my pen refuses to write what my mind dictates, you must excuse me.

After a rub down and a song (?) or two, we proceeded on to Lipa, for there our empty stomachs lead us, on to the palacial residence of Mr. Salas, where none but the brave gain access. Antique, historical house of noble lineage. However, historical or non-historical, the house became a veritable bee-hive of good-looking (?) boys, within a few seconds. R. Sevilla gave us an unasked, tympanic-breaking piano recital of what was once music. Louis Fera, on the other hand was nursing the vague illusion that he was singing. Hernandez kept tormenting Zulueta with his pre-war truncated pipe. Tabor consoled himself with the thought that the grub was near at hand. Our own Horacio Villavicencio began to get rid of his sphinx-like attitude when reminded that, that certain party wants him peppy, and how! Hernandez pretended that he was not looking at the dining room, but Jack put us wise to it; and Eguaras is an honourable man. Cruz was giving an extemporaneous speech on the foolishness of Physics, with Reyes, (Can you beat that!) as his lone audience. Klingler was spinning another of his famous yarns, but no one took the trouble to listen (We're getting wise to you, Johnnie.)

The dinner call was like music to our ears, it was an answer to our frantic S.O.S. All

of us could not be accommodated in one round, so we had to split. One table was presided over by Prof. Buenconsejo, while the other by Prof. Imperial. Eating and talking seldom go together that was why we didn't hear much from several boys. Take Hernandez for example. All we could make out of him throughout the whole affair was the clashing of fork and plate. Ditto for the Go cousins. The rest I failed to notice for I was a busy man myself.

After a hearty dinner, some boys went out to play. Villavicencio was only too eager to show us his improvement in basket-ball but unfortunately for him the owner of the court didn't want to take any risk (maybe he knew you, Villa). Finally it was decided, by common consent, to study the vicinity and the natural environment of Mr. Salas' natal town. Of course it was an unholy hour to spend sight-seeing, it being noontime, but we managed to give Valdes a break in tennis, his favorite sport. He was up against the town's best bet, so our host assured us, but Gonzalo gave a good account of himself, as usual. We (excuse our dust) gave a game fight in this contest, and I will not be surprised, if the man Gonzalo was up against, is still thinking of the auburn-haired youth who offered such a stiff competition.

After our afternoon luncheon, we had some music. De Lange's accordion was doing its share, and Hernandez pipe was not far behind. But there was a voice shriller than all the music. It was Sevilla's cachinations. Then the inevitable happened! Reyes tried to sing! And Ferrazzini too! Judge, oh ye gods, how we suffered! Don't lose all hope, tho, Ferraz, your voice is still undergoing a metamorphosis, that's why. Then in the middle of it all, came the ice cream as a soothing balm for our jaded and much-abused nerves. Fischer was not very talkative just then. How could he? Cui, Anido, and Sevilla, were acting their age. I have nothing to reproach them for, only George was kidding us into believing that he was not very anxious to get home early. And so did "Pat" Anido. When a guy has to give up a party, where that certain party is sure to be . . . why, it's no joke!

By a quarter to five, we were plodding our way home. We were delayed somewhat by engine trouble, which did not have a chance to develop much. Feria was feeling gay on the way home, in fact he was wild. All I could make out from the muffled screams was oh, why go on. It's none of our business anyway. Maybe he was fighting someone close to him, oh very.

Wise cracks, in the meantime, were being shot here and there. Cruz and Tabor were the main targets. Of course no one missed Tabor, who could? Eloquent silence ensued. Silence . . . ominous and penetrating. As if all were bent in a solemn oration. Everyone seemed loath to break the silence . . . until the sun gave its last glimmers of light, as it sunk slowly into the distant horizon. Then pandemonium broke loose. The zero hour had come! Shrill har-hars were again audible even to the inattentive ear. Lights were turned on, only to be quickly put out by the order of the famous middle row gang. A roaring, maddening laugh from Papa's and Feria's vicinity, gave us the hunch that the inevitable had happened again.

City lights were soon discernible and some kind of order (or was it disorder) was enforced in the truck. Songs and yells soon were the components of the lusty repartee. Down towards Vito Cruz we rolled (could it have been otherwise?) Singing and shouting, each one trying to get hoarser than the other. At last we arrived at our honourable Prexy's house, and here one by one we scattered, without however forgetting to voice our varied opinions (which were not so varied after all) of the picnic. By unanimous consent it was branded a failure, the chow being called the only bright spot of that *there* picnic. Every time I think of the food, it makes me want to have another picnic. Oh boy, the picnic may have been a failure, but the food sure was not. Ask my stomach!

Putting aside all jest, and with all seriousness, we take this opportunity to thank the Salas family, who so graciously consented to prepare the food, and we only regret the shortage of funds which prevented us from paying the full amount of the expenses. We also wish to thank Mr. Kalaw for the use of his house in Balete. Last but not least, we thank ourselves for helping the picnic to become a great (oh!) success (ugh!).

\* \* \*

### LOS BAÑOS FOR THE JUNIORS

*Geor. P. Revilla, H.S. '32*

The gray streaks of dawn were peeping along the horizon when Guzco Transit No. 10, carrying a carload of the La Salle Juniors, left the College premises, bound for old Los Baños. Cheers, songs, shouts, shrieks, etc., etc., ensued from the lusty throats of eager and expectant youths, as the truck rumbled on its way. The occupants of the neighboring houses, will no doubt, remember to this day, with chagrin not unmingled with wonder, the strange boisterous shouts which disturbed their peaceful slumbers. The day promised to be a fine one, so it is no wonder at all, that we should be cheerful. If, however, we have really caused such disturbances, be it known here that we tender our apologies to the neighborhood. But boys will be boys, and that's that.

A few unfortunate ones were left behind as they found the arms of Father Morpheus very comforting. But this is no time to shower them with regrets. I guess they will know better next time. Everybody was dressed in roughing outfit except one, and that was Master Coronado Esq. Why anybody would think he was going to attend a party, as one later remarked. Molina and Velhagen, were especially conspicuous in their twin outfits. Joseph thought there would be a baseball game and so brought along his paraphernalia, which consisted of nothing else than a cap. Cute wouldn't express the way he looked, with the

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cap, perched to one side. Freddie thought he would look beautiful in the said cap, and so made a dive for it, but was met with a punch instead. Tough luck kid. Guess the cap doesn't fit you. Now kid, no "sour grapes" feeling allowed.

To provide for the musical entertainment. Toehl had brought his accordion along, and Robinson his banjo. On the way, Toehl struck up "Should I," and Pujalte, thinking his time had come, opened his trap and began crooning "Should I reveal exactly how I feel", but go no farther than that, for he was met with shouts of "Hey, don't murder that song; give others a chance to sing it" "Hey quit that croaking." Luis, not to be talked down in such a way, continued only to find Joseph's cap crammed in his map, by the worthy owner himself. Our pal could do nothing but retort "You fellows don't know good music when you hear it." Somehow, that worthy vice-president of ours, alias "Murderer of Songs" managed to quiet the boys a moment, and in deep, sotto voice declared "Monsieur Toehl will now render us a selection, entirely his own. Give him a hand everybody." Before commencing however, Walter stood up and strove to bow, but bumped his bean on one of the benches, so he had to leave out all the other ceremonies. The first notes sounded rather familiar, and as the sounds grew stronger, the expected selection was that old-time song — "Chichirichit Alibangbang." Well, needless to say he got no bouquets, but got a half-hearted applause from Perez, and a can of milk from Herman, which Toehl later found out to be his own.

At about eight, we made a temporary stop and waited for the Professor and that worthy personage, Jose Cuyugan, who had followed behind to join us. Then on we went again. The professor, somehow obtained a seat near Molina, and the latter seeking to impress the former "tried" to sing a Kundiman, but before he had gone halfway asked Maxie Velhagen "Say, what is the matter with this truck? It seems to be creaking," at which poor Johnny collapsed, but found his seat too different from a cushion, so he had to sit up again.

About thirty-five minutes past eight we ar-

rived in Los Baños, but did not proceed directly to the Aggie's school, for everybody was clamoring for "A bath, a swim." And we got it. We found the pool quite satisfactory, and so everybody, with a few exceptions, donned their swimming trunks. Cuyugan was the first to take to water. Oh it's just like him, he was born a shark, will live to be a shark, and is going to die one. But get this, he is no poor fish. No sirree, not in any way. Gamboa; who had claimed himself to be some swimmer, gave us a few stunts. But I am forced to admit that his stunts were entirely his own. Suddenly, from somewhere we saw a body dive, and cause a great splash. All eyes were set on the bobbing head, as the diver came to the surface. Oh, it had to be Pujalte. Teucher may be diminutive in size, but put him in water and he becomes big, if you catch my meaning. After dressing, we found some of the boys already in the truck trying to beat each other into drinking as many bottles of royal as they could open and drink. Not so dumb, those kids. During this wait, Group No. 5 again became active taking snapshots. Molina wanted to have a solo, but Velhagen fearing that the film might crack, thought it best to make it a duo group, in order to ensure the success of the photo. The result of it was that neither got his wish.

Nine-fifteen found the old bus rumbling on again with the La Salle banners flaunting at its sides. Singing was again indulged in, and this time no murdering of song hits was committed, as everybody sang in one voice. Now and then the old College Song rent the air, making the fellows think of something else at that moment; their beloved Alma Mater. Suffice it is to say that the cheers and songs were voiced with spirit and loyalty. There's some college spirit for you.

Finally the truck stopped before the main building of Agricultural School from where the professors led us to the Entomology Bldg. Thanks to the kind attention of the College Dean, we found specimens of all sorts, under the microscope. We took in everything that our undeveloped minds could afford to receive. After that, snapshotting again came into play. For about half an hour we indulged in this

pastime, and then we were called again to another building, where we were given lectures on plants, animals and all kinds of diseases of the roots. Bliss gave the lecturer a hot time, asking, how, when, what, where, and so forth. The poor lecturer had a hard time keeping his mental equilibrium, but he pulled himself thru these bombardments. Say Raymond, better be more considerate next time and give the poor instructors a chance will you? An hour or so of these lectures and then off we went again. Bliss wanted to remain as he wanted to know something more, but we thought we had had enough, and besides our inner man was already crying out.

We went directly to the College Lunch where our meals were to be served. It was an ideal place indeed, surrounded as it was, by climbing vines. As I said before our bread-baskets were already crying for comfort. And we did calm down the craving of that well-known sensation, hunger, and how! I guess we will not forget that beautiful repast, will we fellows? In a few words, we cleared up everything. For a time, all was quiet on the table front, everyone being too busy to open his gap. F. Salas, Jr. attended two things: his food and also to keep the phonograph going. There's an example for you.

After lunch, the cry for Calawany Springs went around, and consequently we boarded the "buggy" after having rested for an hour. Jokes began to fly around; songs and cheers once more rent the air. Toehl and Robinson did all they could with their instruments, but the strengthened voice of forty healthy boys drowned the "twangs" of the banjo and the drawlings of the accordion. We found the pool empty, so we had to wait for about half an hour. During this wait, Salas the Small began tossing the rubber ball around, which resulted in a volleyball game. Coronado tried to star in it, but was a miserable failure. You see, he kept running with the ball, thinking

it was a basketball game. There was no other way of convincing him so Cuyugan had to do nothing but to tackle him and got that over ambitious basketeer. The game went on between Cuyugan and Coronado's team ending in the former's defeat. And that worthy, too drown his grief, dived in the pool, but bumped his head, the water being only waist high. And the "shark" had to drag himself out again. Fifteen minutes later the water rose up enough to afford swimming. At about three, Magnolia sandwiches were distributed. And then once more we invaded the pool and swam to our hearts' content. Four-thirty found everybody dressing. Barros and Reich began croaning. "Back to old Normandy." The others however did no singing, being too fagged out. Silently, one by one, they boarded the truck with tired but contented countenances. Before starting however from the people, Pujalte proposed three big cheers for Mr. Schultz. They were given with a will. Then with other resonant cheers, the truck started homeward. In Los Baños, a stop was made, for drinks were largely in demand. So the truck parked in front of a restaurant, soft drinks and water quenched the thirst of the boys. At about eight-fifteen we rounded the curve at Vito Cruz. And as the massive outlines of the College building became apparent, the College favorite song pervaded the atmosphere. As the truck stopped before the portals, it was with a feeling of satisfaction and contentment that the majority got down. "A finer day was never spent. Here's hoping the next one comes along soon" was the general opinion. Now fellows three cheers for La Salle and Los Baños.

In conclusion, we the Juniors of 1930, do hereby extend our sincerest thanks and gratitude to the Dean of the College of Agriculture, to Mr. Schultz for the use of his pool, and last but not least to our energetic officers, whose tireless efforts did not prove fruitless.

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# BOARDER'S PAGE

## IN THE ORCHESTRA BOX

*By Hor Vil '31.*

All energetic and freshly reinforced, the La Salle Orchestra started with a bang. Practices at present, give indications that young musicians will creep from our midst, sooner or later. Success has knocked at our doors, for during the few years of its existence, the Orchestra delighted the audience at every college show, and public ceremonies.

Gentle reader, let me lead you into our orchestra box. That stout man, with a "magic wand" (always broken at rehearsals???) is our director, Prof. Castillejos. All hail, all honor to him, for to his untiring efforts is due the success of this orchestra in the Kingdom of Music. He has grown gray (??) hairs because of his worries in our rehearsals (and what worries!). "Great men are always contradicted." This ought to console you, Prof., when you see Salas, Villa and Benito, staring maniacally at you or discussing over this "do" or that "sol".

Now, ladies and gentlemen, step in further. Behold that fellow, full of cheer sitting in the middle. He is Fernando Salas, our president, an all around musician, capable of giving you the best jazz thrill in his cornet, and the best classic sentiment in his violin. As a saxophonist, he lacks experience. He has one weakness however—to pretend to know more than the professor.

In this corner, look at that bulky man blowing his saxophone. You would mistake him for Paul Whiteman. No, gentlemen, he is only John Tabor, our best bet in the saxophone world and our notable treasurer. Musically inclined, energetic, big and what not, he is a "Paul Whiteman" only minus moustache.

The next man beside him, is another dignitary. He is Horacio Villavicencio, saxophonist and secretary.

That big-breasted fellow in that saxophone corner, is Mario Benito, our premiere saxophone

wizard, jazzy and peppy. He is one of those affected by the disease of Salas, to discuss with Prof.

Ah! hark, don't you hear that sweet note? If you feel romantic at times and crave for the tune of a sleepy waltz, then apply to George Ty, an unassuming, hearty musician. Hear his saxophone wail and cry, and you will cry or laugh all right.

Now gents, turn to this corner. Let me introduce to you Hernan Lopez, leader of the violinist squad. Skillful in tickling the banjo, but more to make his violin moan, cry and wail. In jazz he's the peppiest in the group. In classic, he is second to none—after Salas.

Virgiling Rodriguez is that giddy fellow beside him. Graceful at every note, skillful at every movement, we'll sure have a "Vallejo" (??), among us.

A conspirator against classic, is that good-natured musician by the name of Jacinto Molina. "I'd like to get hold of the inventor of classic music", he would mutter with chattering teeth at every rehearsal. Well, don't worry, Ito, we're with you.

On the other hand, if you are a hater of jazz and lover of music, shake hands with Demetring Santos. "Classic," he says "is the food of the soul." Like the illustrious violinist, Heifetz (from whom he claims descent), he is the worst enemy of the Jazz maniacs in the orchestra.

"Gafas" Gonzales is a two-instrument man. Cornet is his past time, but violin is his dish now.

That "child" sitting by the piano is Fran. Buencamino, our fourteen year old prodigy. "Born to be a pianist" seems to be his slogan. He plays the cello, as well as he can tickle the piano. He's the life of our orchestra.



That guy with a banjo is C. Robinson, and that cheerful fellow behind that "big violin" (bass) is no other than Ben Flores, expert pianist and "bajista".

The fellow behind that complicated machinery and producing all the racket (if he wants to) is Emilio Salas, snappy jazzer and singer.

There's still another important man not yet introduced to you. He's the guiding spirit of this bunch, the moderator and in charge of this orchestra—Brother William. He has lavished all untiring efforts to make the La Salle Orchestra a great success. All hail, Bro. William, we're behind you.

Now gentlemen, let us play for you our jazzy and classic hits of the year. Imagine you are hearing this orchestra composed of such youthful, gifted musicians, and when you hear "home sweet home", then I wish you thanks for having visited us in this rehearsal.

#### BOARDER'S NOTES

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here. The scholastic year had started. The record of previous years had been broken. Thirty-seven short pants and thirty-five long trousers are among the Boarders now. As usual our Reverend Prefect, Brother William, has combined us into one happy family which safe union, we are sure, will provide the boarders with many a good time in this coming year.

The whole morning of the opening day of school witnessed the usual bustle intermingled with merry greetings, and the usual rush to the study-hall for the desks nearest the windows. I need not bring out in detail anything about the transacting of business in the stationary department, but I might mention that a good time was had by all! Eh, wot?

In the very first day of school Francisco Gamboa, came along, cheerfully tapping everyone's shoulder, distributing candies to all of us and ending up with the words "Do you fellows, still remember me?" 'Tis queer isn't it? Maybe he was again on one of his "political" campaigns. The next thing I knew, he was elected President of the boarders. Draw your own conclusion.

The Boarder's Association held its annual election of officers last June 22nd. Mr. Francisco Gamboa was unanimously elected President; Mr. Fernando Salas, Vice-President; Mr. Apolo Coronado, Treasurer; Mr. Charles Robinson, Secretary; and Mr. Priciliano Gonzalez, Sporting Manager.

Judging from their enthusiasm the Association will be a great success.

F. Salas is certainly the greatest vice-president that the boarders ever had. He makes a "hit" on every thing he tackles. He is a good debater, a good athlete, a good musician and undoubtedly an excellent "eater". I wonder why Brother Basilian, who is in charge of the culinary department, has been complaining about his plates which are fastly disappearing. Salas must certainly have got strong digestive organs to digest hardware.

And speaking about betting; if you value your shining nickels don't bet with my friend Fernando Salas. He is always a winner and never a loser, although in fact, he loses on almost anything he puts a stake on. And why? Oh, because when he loses he finds a way to break the contract either legally or otherwise. If you don't believe me, ask those boys who know him and who have been with him for years.

The Boarders have recently organized an Altar Boys' Society. Not all of the members are boarders exactly, but judging from the enthusiasm displayed by the members, the Society promises a great success. Under the direction of Rev. Brother William, we expect a more efficient method of serving at the various ceremonies in the church.

We congratulate every member of the Society and ardently hope that its fold will increase day by day.

E. Tamparong is one of our many "rookie" boarders and boasts of Mindanao, so much that we conclude that he comes from there. And "shiver my timbers", if he isn't getting more ambitious day by day! Last week he applied for a place in the swimming team. But he found out that he didn't have enough fins to keep him going, so he quit. Now he has joined

the Midget Basketball Team. There is not telling what he can't do, so it won't be long now!

Luis Diez is another "rookie", hailing from Letran. Pleasant and obliging as the day is long, he is what we term a "plugger" not of the "sink" type, but stenotype. Luis is rather enthusiastic about it, so we hope to see something go "boom" for the Boarders in the near future.

The small boys of the boarders Midget Basketball team clashed with the day scholars on Sunday morning of Sept. 20. Among those who played were "important men," such as: R. Martinez, (Captain), B. Avila, T. Tomacruz, A. Torres, and F. Pabalan. The Boarders did their best, (no wonder) and emerged victorious with the score of 36-34. Keep it up boys. You're all doing fine, and some day you'll be called upon to fight for old La Salle.

As everyone knows by now, we have with us the usual happy family of "Pampangueños".

Sofio Luciano, N. Lacson, V. Rodriguez, F. Gamboa and his second half Juanito, are the gang leaders occupying the royal seat, while G. Blanco, H. Baluyut, J. Gonzalez and B. Hizon (rookies, by the way) are not far behind the throne. And when all these "hepity-hep guys" get together quite a merry furror is the result— (with the usual bricks and dishes).

\* \* \*

### THE BOARDERS' QUESTION BOX

*We Want To Know:*

When did Salas learn to play the cornet?

Why Mendieta giggles when one talks to him?

Why Luis Diez is so "ticklish" about some subjects?

Who and what are the "Seven Mosquitos"?

Why "Gafas" likes to climb fences?

Why Neibert enjoys scampering up trees?

Who has won when the smoke of battle cleared away after Benito and our music professor have discussed their favorite "topics" of the day?

Why Tamporong hardly gossips at the table and from whom does he receive so many letters?

Whether S. Velasco will enjoy a carpenter's job. He certainly knows his "nails".

*Charles Robinson.*

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## INTRAMURAL GAMES

During the months of June and July, athletics in the college was at a stand still. Boys were seen playing handball, once in a while; a few who were interested in making the Varsity Basket-ball team, were seen out for practice. It was often remarked that there would be no attention paid to Athletics this year. But no! The Director was just waiting for the end of the basket-ball season. And then, when the month of August came around, news was circulated that there would be intramural games. Handball, baseball, football, basket-ball etc., were the first games scheduled.

The handball doubles tournament was the first in the list of the athletic activities of the college. The second year boys flocked to the handball courts every noon hour; some of them even fasted, that is stayed away from their lunch, so that they might be able to play. So earnest were they in practicing, that their efforts were rewarded with their victory over the commercial aspirants, who in spite of lack of practice, gave the second year boys a hard fight. Lichauco and Enriquez representing the second year class, won the championship. The other representatives are as follows: Fourth Hi. de Langa and Hernandez; Third Hi. Reyes and Cuyugan; First Hi. Gonzalez and Ansaldo and Commercial, Osorio and A. Ocampo.

The enthusiasm over the intramural games so impressed the Director, that he decided to give a nice banner to the class who wins the greatest number of Championships. This act,

added more to the growing enthusiasm over the games and every class is trying hard to win that banner. So under the able management of Brother Anthony, the Baseball competition was commenced. Here again there was keen competition; but as was expected, the Commercial team defeated all the contenders for the Baseball supremacy, coming out of the melee unscathed, without even a single defeat. All the competing teams played hard. Then the three best teams were taken to play a round robin. The Big Three League it was called. Here again strength and skill which are principal characteristics of the Commercial team, showed their supremacy. And with the well organized cheering squad of the Commercial class, under the leadership of Messrs. Carrion, Galmes and Gamboa, cheering their team onward to victory, the players had no other alternative but to win the games. Participating in the league were the Second Year team under the captainship of Licnock and the First Year under O'Leary. The line up of the victorious team is as follows:

Locsin, p.; A. Ocampo, c.; Alba, 1st Base; Betts, 2nd Base; Tanseco, 3rd Base; Duran, lf.; Martinez, c. f.; Osorio, r. f.; Bowler, s.s.; Garcia, w.

Football has always been a favorite game in the College activities for the past years, and so when the football league started, the enthusiasm of the classes was at its highest. The Commercial and Fourth High men opened the League. The commercialites won the game.

At the present date the Second Year men heads the list with all their games won except one, and that one a draw. To the utmost surprise of many of the students, two of the good teams regarded as possible contenders for honors, are out of the league already. The Commercial and the Fourth High, the latter having been so unlucky as to lose all its games up to the present. The First and Third High are still going strong, giving the steady Second Year team something to worry about.

Volleyball, ping-pong, tennis, basketball and swimming come next on the schedule of activities for this year, and assuredly competition will be as keen as ever.

*A.R.O. (Commercial)*

#### EXTRA-ESPECIAL

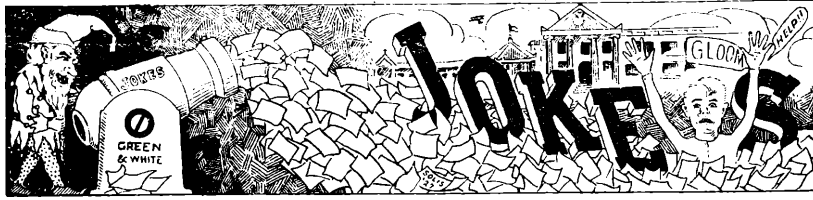
The first interclass football round over, the Second High, Third High, and First High emerged qualified for the second round, thus constituting the Big Three.

The initial game of the second series was between the First and Third High. The former won by 2-1. The second game saw Third and Second High in bull-dog grips, and the score 1-1 showed how evenly the teams were matched. The series wound up by a clash between the First and Second High. The latter romped away with the score of 2-0, and are thus the Champions in the intramural contest. All honor to them for they showed themselves expert players and clean sports.

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Lawyer: Can you tell me if the defendant was expensively garbed?

Negro Witness: 'Deed she was sah. Ah knows expensive garbage when Ah sees it.

\* \* \*

"I want a nice picture for a wedding present."

"Yes, madam; here is one very suitable—'The Approaching Storm'."

\* \* \*

May: The photographers never do me justice.

Ray: You want mercy, not justice, dear.

\* \* \*

"Tom," said Bill, as he caught up with him on the way back to the hunting lodge, "are the rest of the men out of the woods yet?"

"Yes."

"And are the six of them quite safe?"

"Yes, quite safe," said Tom.

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

\* \* \*

Moe: Have you any close relations?

Jose: Yeah, all of 'em.

\* \* \*

Dinner: Waiter, what do you call this stuff?

Waiter: Mock turtle soup, sir.

Diner: Well, I think it's carrying mockery a bit too far.

\* \* \*

"Hey, Joe," yelled the executioner as he strapped the flapper murderess in the chair, "hook up the extra generator. It takes a lot to shock this younger generation."

\* \* \*

Gershwin: Where do all those blown-out auto tires go to in the end?

Bundscho: I don't know, but if they go where most drivers consign them there must be a terrible smell of burning rubber somewhere.

Peewit: Did you say my head was "solid ivory?"

Dismuke: No, indeed. I merely remarked that you carried more osseous matter above your shoulders than any other man I had ever met.

Peewit: Oh, that's different.

\* \* \*

Landlady: The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mrs. Smart.

Boarder: Ah, yes, poor thing! I was expecting that. I've noticed for some time that it has been growing weaker.

\* \* \*

MacTavish: That's a fine building for ye. What dae ye think o' it?

American (visiting Scotland): Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings like that but bigger and better.

MacTavish: Ay, I expect ye have. That's an asylum.

\* \* \*

Poet: Dash it, the baby must have thrown that last poem of mine in the fire!

His Wife: Don't be absurd, Henry. The little dear can't read yet.

\* \* \*

Lum Bago: I told the cook to prepare the fowl so that it would tickle my palate.

Addie Noyd: Did she obey?

Lum Bago: Yes; she left half the feathers on.

\* \* \*

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose?

Because it is read to the very end.

When you put on your stockings, why are you sure to make a mistake?

Because you put your foot in it.

\* \* \*

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet no one wishes to lose?

A bald head.

What musical keys should a man study  
when he is walking on ice?

C sharp or B flat.

\* \* \*

When is a bald-headed man apt to be re-  
minded of his youthful days?

When he thinks of his top.

\* \* \*

What is a husband's promise about giving  
up tobacco apt to end in?

Smoke.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between a tight boot  
and an oak tree?

One makes acorns, the other makes corns  
ache.

\* \* \*

Which is the most ancient tree?

The elder tree.

\* \* \*

What is that which makes everything visi-  
ble but is itself unseen?

Light.

When is a book like a prisoner in the States  
of Barbary?

When it is bound in Morocco.

\* \* \*

What is that which divides by uniting and  
unites by dividing?

Scissors.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between a man struck  
with amazement and a leopard's tail?

One is rooted to the spot and the other is  
spotted to the root.

\* \* \*

What is it that which has a mouth but  
never speaks, and a bed but never lies in it?

A river.

\* \* \*

Why was a defeated candidate after the late  
election, like the earth?

Because he was flattened at the poles (polls).

\* \* \*

Why is a camel a very pugnacious animal?

Because he always has his back up.

\* \* \*

When is a soldier not half a soldier?

When he is in quarter.

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# SELLOS GOYA

El domingo 8 del actual se ha puesto en circulación, con carácter oficial y pleno éxito, en el recinto de la Exposición Ibero-Americana de Sevilla una preciosa colección de sellos de correos, dedicados a conmemorar el centenario de la muerte del genial pintor y grabador español Francisco de Goya.

Las dos series comprenden los valores corrientes y se destinan a la correspondencia ordinaria, de urgencia y del Correo Aéreo.

Los novísimos sellos se han concedido a la Comisión correspondiente del artístico pabellón "La Quinta de Goya", de la Exposición de Sevilla, y la emisión, por su gran belleza y originalidad, está llamando la atención del público y de los coleccionistas. Los filatélicos del mundo entero están de plácemes.

Por conducto de nuestro querido amigo y compañero, el conocido escritor y periodista de Madrid, D. Eduardo Navarro Salvador, encargado del servicio de Prensa, acabamos de recibir, con el debido aprecio y gratitud, diversos ejemplares de los novísimos y primorosos sellos, de correos puestos en circulación en Sevilla actualmente. Están dedicados al genial Goya, la mayoría de la serie aparece con un magnífico retrato del maestro, y tres de ellos tienen la reproducción de un cuadro. Unos y otros se utilizan para la correspondencia corriente y de urgencia, por vía terrestre y marítima.

Para el correo aéreo se han dedicado catorce sellos, algunos de éstos con la perfecta reproducción de dos grabados de los titulados "Proverbios," y los restantes, de "Los Caprichos." También hay sello de urgencia en el grupo de correo por aviones.

La novísima edición tiene plena aprobación y carácter oficial, y ha sido gestionada por la Comisión correspondiente del artístico pabellón titulado "La Quinta de Goya." Esta, situada en el recinto de la Exposición Ibero-Americana de Sevilla, se halla inmediata a la sin par plaza de España. Los nuevos sellos, que causan impresión gratísima por su belleza y tintas en color, se expenden al público a partir del domingo 8 de junio actual; pero, para aumentar la patriótica propaganda del certamen aludido, únicamente se entregan al público dentro del recinto expresado.



El ponente técnico de arte lo ha sido el profesor D. José Sánchez Gerona: como grabador figura D. José Sánchez Toda, y la estampación y producción, ambas perfectísimas, son de la antigua Casa "Waterlow & Sons," de Londres, conocidísima por sus emisiones de sellos en numerosos países, entre ellos España, y por la de billete de Banco en diversas naciones, incluso americanas.

Felicitemos efusivamente al organismo director de la emisión y a los artistas, los cuales merecen gratitud de todos los amantes del arte español en ambos hemisferios. Goya tenía ya millones de admiradores en el orbe; ahora aumentarán mucho más aún, contribuyendo con su admiración al legítimo prestigio artístico y en otros órdenes restantes de nuestra España y el de sus hijos peninsulares y ultramarinos.

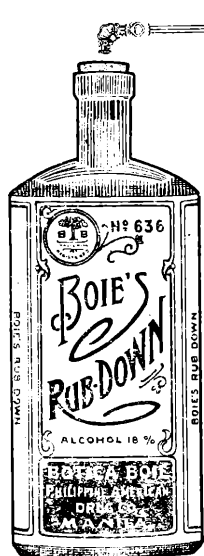
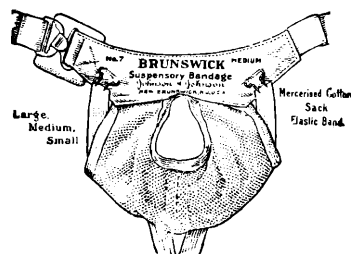
Junio de 1930.



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