

INTERESTING PLACES

THE RUINS OF GUADALUPE

By Francisco Carballo*

With Illustrations by the Author

(Concluded from the February number)

DURING the Spanish regime, the convent served different purposes at different times. It was at once a monastery, a printing shop, an ecclesiastical library, then a college, and an orphanage, and at various times, a summer home for the members of the order. During the revolution of 1896, the Spanish *cazadores*, hard pressed by the Katipuneros, barricaded the church and convent and defied the forces of General Pio del Pilar. The local revolutionists headed by Captain Urbano Carballo laid siege to the detachment and after some desultory fighting with a few of the besiegers wounded, the Spanish commander surrendered the garrison to the Filipinos, together with one hundred fifty guns and a few rounds of ammunition and some provisions. The Spanish commander also presented his sabre with a gilt handle to Captain Carballo.

After entering the convent, the revolutionary captain came upon a gruesome sight. Scores of Spanish soldiers wounded at different battle engagements and sent to the Guadalupe convent for treatment were suffering due to lack of adequate medical attention. Some of them were in a dying condition and were huddled on the cold bare tile floors in the convent ground rooms. Some of the sisters of charity who had fled from Mandaluyon with their girl wards and had taken refuge in the monastery were doing their best for the wounded soldiers but they were handicapped due to lack of proper medical supplies. The wounded soldiers,



the sisters, and their wards were taken in *cascos* to Manila for treatment and safety. The *cazadores* as prisoners of war were civilly treated and assigned for detention at the different revolutionary garrisons encamped outside the city.

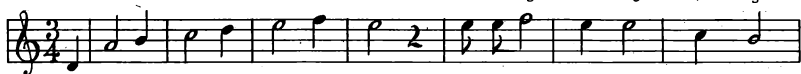
During the Filipino-American war, Guadalupe became the center of military operations. The church and convent were taken and retaken by Filipino and American forces. The Americans under General King made a final effort to retake the village where the Filipino garrison was quartered in the convent, and with the aid of reinforcements from Santa Ana and elsewhere, the Filipino forces led by General Paciano Rizal with soldiers mostly from Laguna, and aided by some of General Del Pilar's men, made a stiff defense of Guadalupe. Due to the superiority of arms of the invaders, the rev-

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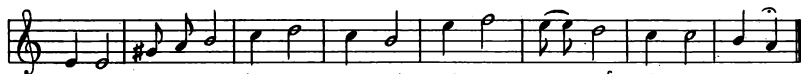
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A Faithful Dog

Words and Music by Grade VI-A Pupils
Nasugbu Elementary School, Batangas



A faith-ful dog an old man had. Friends were they for man---y years.
He was so sad he could not eat. Nei-ther could he drink nor sleep.



But one cold dark day the old man died, And Bur-ter was left a-lone to grieve
He on-ly could watch his mor-ter's grave, Until-til at last he died of grief.

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olutionists were repulsed. On February 19, 1899, General King ordered the church and convent set on fire together with all the houses in the village. Some Americans justified the burning as a military necessity and to punish the barrio for its obstinate resistance. Many thinking people, however, Americans and Filipinos alike, believe that at least the beautiful church as a place of Christian worship, should have been spared.

In the fire, the magnificent altar, priceless images, among which was that of the Virgin of Guadalupe, valuable paraphernalia, and silver utensils for church service were totally destroyed. Only the hardwood image of San Nicolas was salvaged by one of General Paciano's men who were reconnoitering the place after the Americans had retreated to Makati. The image was in the stone-vaulted mortuary chamber behind the sacristy and it was not touched by the fire. That same image is now housed in the small chapel of the town. Lucky, Saint Nicholas!

After the fire, marauders and souvenir hunters had a free hand. Chinese junkmen from Manila got every iron scrap they could lay their hands on. They pried up from the church floors glazed and marble tiles, and from the stairway, huge Chinese granite slabs. They suc-

PEN AND PENCIL

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ground is surrounded by a gumamela hedge which supply us with plenty of red flowers everyday. Outside the fence are open fields and green trees.

Next time, I will try to send you a picture of our school.

Sincerely yours,

Julia San Jose
Grade IV-A

Dear Julia,

You have described your school so well that a picture is almost unnecessary. I believe other children in other schools will have a very clear idea of the kind of school building you study in. Not all of them are as lucky as you are. From your description, I gathered that you love your school and will do much to keep it beautiful. I will appreciate any picture you may send us.

Aunt Alma

ceeded in taking to the City some of Guadalupe's sonorous bells where they must have been melted for their valuable copper. Of the several church bells only two have been saved and are in active use—one at the Makati church, and the other, at the Guadalupe chapel. As the village was practically deserted at that time, the junkmen and other marauders did their plundering business unmolested. A villager, however, returning to town met a

THE ADVENTURES OF

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Anyway we shall not be able to sleep tonight with the wandering souls chanting their way through the town."

"I can get for you my grandfather's fighting cock," another offered. "It is tied in a corner of the kitchen behind a low table."

"Oh, No, No." Tonio cut in. "I have some savings. My Lolo said I could spend it for anything. It will be enough for a big hen and some loaves of bread."

With the help of their Ka José's father, the boys succeeded in preparing a decent midnight lunch. Meanwhile the other boys lurked in the deep shadows of the trees and glided stealthily from backyard to backyard in the hope of finding chickens in their ordinary roosts. In spite of the precautions the owners had taken in locking up their chickens, there were some wayward ones that rewarded the vigilance of the night prowlers.

(To be continued)

Chinese junkman carting two bells to Manila, and recognizing the bells as those from the ruins, he ordered the Celestial to return the stolen bells. The junkman refused, and to scare him away, the man drew his bolo. The rascal, fearing for his life, lost no time in running to the city without even looking back, leaving bells and all.

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After peace was declared, the few survivors of the once populous town returned and built temporary huts of bamboo and cogon grass. Weeds, vines, and parasitic plants practically covered the ruins and their premises and nobody dared to enter the place for fear of snakes. At night the somber appearance of the ruins made superstitious people believe they saw headless friars haunting the ruins, staying guard over their hidden treasures. Others thought they saw the ghosts of warriors who were hurriedly buried in the adjoining grounds where they fell during past battles.

Later, the ruins and their premises were ordered cleaned, and then people from far and near came as curious visitors and etched their names on the hoary walls, perhaps unmindful that they were adding notoriety to their vandalic fame. Picnickers came and went, some careless ones leaving the garbage of their lunches to greet other visitors who really had appreciation for beauty.

Then one day something happened. A few Spaniards came and held a whole day outing at the ruins. They indulged in merry-making and stayed till dark. Some villagers who happened to be passing that way saw men leaving the ruins and carrying a heavy iron chest which they took to the launch which was waiting at the river landing. The villagers believed that the chest must have contained thousands of pesos in silver and gold coins. Some of the picknickers, they said, must have been friars for they had tonsures, but wore civilian clothes to avoid the suspicion of the townsmen.

The two villagers told their neighbors what they had seen and the next day scores of villagers went to the ruins and to their astonishment they saw under the convent stairway a section of the wall newly opened from which the chest must have been extracted the day before. In the past, nobody even

suspected that such a clear-surfaced wall contained any valuable treasure behind it.

"There must be some more hidden treasures buried here," they said, and the mad search was on. Villagers, old and young, people from far and near, came with bars, picks, and shovels and dug everywhere—the floors, the walls, the arches, and nooks where they suspected hollow sound. Even some American soldiers from Fort McKinley joined the hunt, and believing that some treasures were buried with the old padres, they dug the vaults of these also, but found only moldy bones. One of the soldiers found a metal collar button among the bones and he considered it as a great find. Later, other diggers found two new openings in the convent—one near the middle stair landing, and the other, in the floor of an adjoining room. They presumed that these openings were dug by those who had secured the first chest. The discovery of the new excavations further increased the enthusiasm of the treasure hunters.

One dark night the villagers heard an explosion in the ruins and with lanterns and clubs they rushed up the hill to find out what caused the explosion. To their surprise they came upon two American soldiers who, in the dim glow of their flashlight, looked scared—nay more scared than the frantic villagers. To save energy, the soldiers said, they had used a stick of dynamite to blast the middle floor of the mortuary chamber, but they found nothing. Warned by the *teniente del barrio* that they would be reported to the proper authorities, their digging ventures came to an end. Others resumed the digging and only after years of vain excavating that the search finally stopped. But the church and convent presented a sorry sight with big holes and mounds of debris scattered around the walls were pick-marked at several places.

An effort was made by the Augustinian order to restore the church and convent, but due to the high cost of restoration, the idea was giv-

ten up. Former President Benton of the University of the Philippines once visited the ruins to size up the suitability of the place as a possible site for the University when the authorities were then considering the transfer of that institution outside of Manila.

Not long ago the ruins have been leased to Mr. F. Umbreit, a prominent business man of the City. With some repairs and adjustments this gentleman has converted a part of the convent into a comfortable country home. A lover of the antique and of nature he has done much to preserve the beauty of the ruins by affecting needed repairs, filling and levelling holes left by treasure and souvenir hunters. Every room on the ground floor of the convent is a garden plot, and various kinds of decorative plants have been brought from the city at great expense and are now growing on well-kept lawns on the three sides of the church and convent. Every visitor who has seen the clean and well-cared for gardens of the ruins has expressed admiration for the beautiful improvements made under Mr. Umbreit's supervision evidently at great expense and effort. The ruins are fenced to discourage unauthorized individuals from entering the premises and thus prevent the further mutilation of the venerable pile.

At present the ruined sanctuary in its majestic silence stands as a reminder of the past and recalls to the visitor many events in ecclesiastical, political, and revolutionary history—piety, peace, intrigue, war, and even romance. Its walls, bullet- and shell-scarred testify to the frenzy of war, and as the visitor gazes in wonder, he is awed by the age and beauty of the pile and the artistry of its builders. Its massive walls, flat arches, exquisite stone carvings, the mortuary crypt, its rain-water tanks, its cloister-like arrangement—all are characterized by beauty and strength which the destructive hand of man so far has failed to utterly destroy. During moonlight nights when the moon-

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Makale, Ethiopia's "Salt Seller"

By J. C. P.

To you, salt may appear of very little value. But the moment you run out of salt and have to go without it, you will realize how important it is. Makale is an important city of Ethiopia, chiefly, because it is the center for distributing salt. In this country, salt is used as an article of food and as currency. You can buy anything in Ethiopia with salt just as you do here with money.

Once a month thousands of merchants and their camels leave Makale for the salt lakes of Danakil. Here layers of dried salt and sand, broken into blocks weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each, are offered for sale. A salt block costing less than a centavo in Danakil is sold for seven centavos in Makale. At a place about a hundred miles south of Makale, the same block may be sold for a peso.

Forty-one years ago, Makale was in the hands of Italian troops. After about a year the city was taken back by the Ethiopians. Now it is again occupied by the Italians.

The city of Makale stands on a number of hills. High mountains

guard it on the east, northeast, and southeast. Because of its salt trade, it can well support a population of 15,000 people. It is one of the largest, busiest, and most prosperous settlements in the Ethiopian province of Tigre.

The round native houses are scattered over hillsides. There are a few churches, a large market, and a large stone palace. Several native huts are frequently surrounded by a rough wall inclosing a family's dwellings, live stock and garden. Little irrigation ditches supply water for gardens of flowers, ferns, and fruit trees such as orange, lime and lemon. There are birds of bright feathers, among which are the green and yellow pigeons.

The people of Makale are very proud of their palace. It was built by an Italian architect for King Johannes, during whose times Makale was used as the capital of Ethiopia. The palace which was strongly constructed of limestone blocks, also served as a fort. The grounds are inclosed by two outer walls.

Note.—The information was

WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

True Anecdotes

A poor young man from the Ilocos was on a boat bound for Manila. It was his ambition to finish a course in the big city. On the boat, there were other young men who were also on their way to Manila. They were rich. Their clothes and manners showed that they had plenty of money. They would gather on the deck to talk noisily about what they did with their money. As they talked, they smoked expensive cigars. The poor boy also wanted to smoke but he could not afford even cheap cigars. So he stayed on the deck with the rich young men and inhaled the smoke blown toward him.

In Manila, the poor student worked and studied so hard that he got ahead of the rich students. He became a successful lawyer and later served in the highest court of the land. He was also one time president of the University of the Philippines. The poor boy was Hon. Ignacio Villamor.

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beams fall on its gray walls which cast their shadows on the plateau, the pile presents a glorious picture which has an appeal to all lovers of the beautiful. In the peace of some night when soft breezes waft upon its walls, the imaginative passerby seems to hear the sound of a solemn mass and sacred hymns sung by an invisible choir for the repose of souls long departed.

The ruined pile is but a shadow of its former glory, and if its ancient walls had the power of speech, they could tell to the legions of admiring visitors many interesting events which took place during more than three centuries of their existence. In their dignified silence the ruins of Guadalupe stand as an important landmark in Philippine history.

taken from the Geographic News Bulletin

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WATCH TOTOY
CLOSELY. SEE
WHAT HE WILL
DO NEXT
MONTH.

