**From Sister Star (Oldest Sibling age 66) Sibling No. 1:**

*“… We didn’t have electricity then. We used gas lamp at night to do our home works and at time gather tree branches as firewood for cooking. Take advantage of the full moon to have fun and play games in front of the house or catch fireflies whey they come out. As Brother Jose said, ’work on tobacco plantation, get paid for a nickel per stick and save it for our pocket money. Maybe most of our generation experienced the joy of walking home in a group from the National High School (NPHS) everytime we missed the last trip of the Philippine Rabbit Bus Line and the calse of Uncle Siping or Lakay Immong, or jump on Lolo Ommki’s “Pison” on his way home from work. I still remember, Saturday is our “Wash-ington” day at the Carayan River, clean and scrub all our pots and pans, and have our organic hair shampoo done (Arotang). I still remember when our family for gor a day picnic at “Paraiso Ni Juan” Beach with only rice, salt and fresh Tamarind as our (baon) provision. We make prepare our cooking areas out of stones, gather firewoods, then cook rice and fresh fish, seashells or seaweed which were brought in from the ocean. Drinking water was not also an issue. Just dig a whole in the beach until fresh water comes out, presto! Water of life. Simple living…”*

**From Brother Walter (Next to the oldest, age 64) Sibling No. 2:**

*“Reason as fare as I know why we left Ilocos Sur was about politics and killings. Some relatives were killed during the election, daddy was also hunted down after the election by goons of the winning candidate while he was the campaign manager of a relative candidate. He did his job and was able to campaign but lost after all and the whole family then was also hunted down so Lito (myself) and Daddy went first to Solano, Nueva Vizcaya to avoid untoward incidents. Daddy asked Uncle Osias, then the Mayor and later became Governor, the possibilities if we move to Nueva Vizcaya and Uncle Osias assured Dad and Mom a teaching position there, Daddy, then hurriedly sold our house and lot to a relative for merely 7,500 pesos (Approx $165.00) plus a .45 caliber pistol and immediately arranged for a bus transportation to Solano with the help of the Pacis’ family.*

*Another funny memory is when I saw Grandpa Ommi pruned the stem of the big coconut trees between the house and Dad’s poultry facility, I asked him why he pruned around the trunk and said so that it will bear a lot of fruits. One day when no one was around I also cut around the stem of 3 or 4 fruit trees between the house and Grandpa’s house and when Daddy noticed it he asked everyone and I said I did it because Grandpa said it will bear a lot of fruit. Grandpa was so mad at me that after few weeks all the trees wilted coz the cut was so deep.*

*Also, at the river, Lito (myself) and I saw an unexpected view and appreciated it and we called it EXACTLY. It was a censored sight from a young lady….*

*In addition, Robert’s (one of our siblings) memory about the “Nabartek” got so drunk… we have a group picnic in Sulbec Beach where we drink “Quatro Cantos” gin and everybody tried but did themost and ended up bringing me home lying down at the back of Jose Villanueva’s “Calesa”. That’s all folks…”*

**Lito (Myself, Sibling No. 3, 62 Retired US Navy Chief:**

**I will be delivering this speech at the reunion program.**

**From Wenona (wife of our Brother Oliver, age 60, Sibling No. 4, Retired Truck Driver who suffered stroke and currently partially disabled):**

*“To all, Oliver just remember when Daddy and Castor Cadiente had a nice bout (quarrel) in the middle of the road because of chicken running into each’s properties. It was like a wrestling match in the middle of the road that busses had to stop for them as they settle their difference.*

*Also in Anteng, a barrio where Mommy used to teach as a school teacher, he remembers the long walk sometimes few hours specially on bad weathers. Oliver also remember the time they go to the hills “Bantay Bassit” to gather some “Paria Leaves” and in the process saw a lot of human skulls. And also caches of WWII ammunitions and spent cartridges. He also had fun picking wild mushgrooms in between bamboo trees, getting “Bisukol” snails in rice paddies, and some fresh water clams “Bennek” from the river “Karayan”. Sorry folks, this are all he could share….”*

**From Ronald, age 58, Sibling No. 5 (Retired Master Chief from US Navy)**

*“Saturdays are wash days at the river “Karayan” (still very clean and active at that time) sabay burak iti rama for jumping salad or kilawen nga udang.The reiver alse served as the boundary of palsiit (sling shot) wa, just as Robert described” between laod and daya (east and west) kids. We used to wear WWii helmets for protection. Yes I did also participated in those war game activities.*

*Agtalon it pagay (harvesting rice) with GG (a local fish species) and rice with “Kamatis” tomatoes, salt wrapped with banana leaves for lunch at a small hut in the middle of the rice field, with hallowed out bamboo as water containers for our drink. We also go trekking in search for anything edible to add to lunch or dinner. Wild edible leaves in the mountain, including papaya, marunggay, “parria ti bakir”, saluyot, plus a lot more. At the time we were still finding WWII gears on the mountain, i.e. rusted bayonets, gun parts, human bones, etc.)*

*Also one night I remember when some people unloaded machinegun rounds at the Couton Residence which was not too far from ours in the middle of the night. Everyone stay put in each house. The next morning showed hose riddled with bullet holes but no report of casualties.*

*Going to school in Anteng with Mommy, and from the main road, we would walk a distant to reach the school. It seemed far at that time with my still “little legs”. Worse during rainy season when the road turn into mudpit and there is no use for boots… which we don’t have because we could not afford it.*

*Grandma Idot also wraps “Aramamng” (Baby shrimps) with abocado leaves and grill if for ulam. Eat on their “dulang” a low table while squatting down, with coconut shell used as bowl for water cup or water container to wash our hands before “ag-kammet” eating.*

*I was also tasked by Boss Lito to buy a “bilog”, a type of liquor, at the Sari-sari Store, you see in at that time there was no restrictions of who can or can not buy liquors as long as you can pay for it. This was the time while they were playing “Mahjong” with our cousins. A dog chased me me so therefore I ran causing the dog to bite me in the leg. Monm and Dad loaded me in a Kalesa to the “Agsumang” a quack doctor. He did the usual stuff with live styone to trace the poison and used the carabo (water Buffalo) horn tip to suck the poison. I’m glad I was cured and no side effect from the rabbies. I still wear that scar bite to this day. Thanks Boss Lito….”*

**From Robert, age 56, Sibling No. 6 (Also a retired US Navy Chief):**

*“Few things that I remembered before we left Narvacan, I was 6. Manong (Brother) Walter was drank one day and was taken home with two wheeled carrier towed behind 4 legged horse, better known as “Kalesa”. I think he was drank Vigan after school. I was so scared seeing him very sick and dirty all around Kalesa and I though he was dead. Didn’t see any of his muscles move but help from neighbors dragging him off from “Kalesa” to the house was unbelievable sight. A trail of his cerveza still oozing from him while being moved. Sorry Brother Walter, that’s one things I can never forget.*

*Other vivid experienced was “Palsiit” sling-shot war between Barrio Lungog and the other side of the river. On that war field, you can hear small rock projectiles swoosing overhead or bouncing off bamboo trees as shield and fortress for all incoming treats. As a small boy, I was told by my teenager allies to keep ducking down because I see most of them with a big “Bukol” bump but bravely shooting back with their customized sling shot.*

*Prior to leaving the twon of Narvacan, Mommy Nena told me we were going on a pleasure trip. A long travel away from Ilocos Sur. I we very happy preparing my stuff for the journey. Departure dayt was very exciting, a huge red bus pulled over in our big two storey house. On my young age, I said “Wow”, it will be a great trip. A whole bus is chartered exclusively for the Cadient’s travel. Next thing I remembered was group of folks along with my siblings started to load up the bus with numerous belongings, not luggages but furnitures, kitchen materials and bigger stuff. That really excites me more because it appeared not only just a trip but we are going camping. TRhey overloaded the bus and even our solid wooden sofa and bed frames on the bus roof top. I said, oh boy we are riding in style. The following day, we arrived in Solano, Nueva Vizcaya which end up our pleasure trip. Mommy never clarified that trip until I started to learn we have a new hometown with full of adventures, and the rest is history.*

**Cherry, 54, Sibling No. 7 will not be able to join us because of her physical disabilities as handicap person.**

**From Richard, age 52, Sibling No. 8 our youngest, also retired US Navy Chief:**

*Sorry folks. No recollection from me, as I was in the conception stages, or perhaps being conceived during that time…*