

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE





The Healthy Child

I am a prince of no mean wealth,
No rich men's purse is worth my health
My nipa hut though very small—
Is cleaner for than a king's hall.

My cheeks are pink and chubby too,
My eyes are clear as the sky blue
For everyone I have a smile
My steps are sprightly all the while.

From outdoor play I get the pink,
Good old Sunshine does the trick.
And Fresh Air too at my command
Brings good health with its magic wand.

My pearls are rows of white-brushed teeth,
My well-combed hair is precious jet.
My clothes are not of velvet make
Yet, princely too because they're neat.

Ah—I'm a prince of no mean wealth,
My home's a palace, my treasure's health,
Sleep is long, good food is mine,
While mother is the guardian queen!

—Lulu de la Paz

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

By Aunt Julia

The Lazy Butterfly



"Get up. You must get your breakfast," Mother Butterfly said.

"I want to sleep some more," Little Butterfly answered.

"The sun is up. The bees are out. The ants are working. The other butterflies are gathering food. They will leave nothing for you," Mother Butterfly warned.

"Yes, Mother, I will be up in a minute."

Mother Butterfly flew away.

Little Butterfly went to the pond. He flitted over the pond. He looked at himself. He looked at his wings. They were black and yellow and red.

"How beautiful I am," Little Butterfly said.

After playing for a long time, he felt hungry. "Now I am going to Farmer Pablo's garden. He has many *katurray* trees. I like the *katurray* flowers. They have plenty of nectar."

Little Butterfly flew toward Farmer Pablo's garden. He flew as fast as he could.

He met the bees. They were flying home. He met many butterflies. They were on their way home.

Little Butterfly flew to the *katurray* flowers. He peeped into all the flowers. They had no more nectar.

"You are late, Little Butterfly," the *katurray* flowers said. "The bees came early. The other butterflies came early. Even the ants have been here."

Little Butterfly was very hungry. He flew to the yellow bells on old Farmer Pablo's window.

"Too late, Little Butterfly," the yellow bells said.

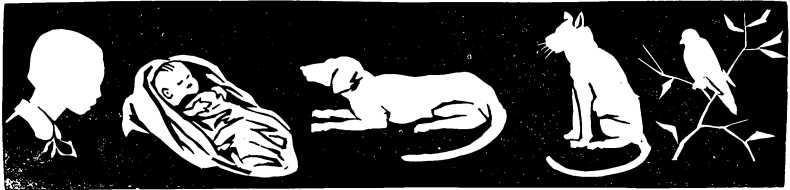
Little Butterfly went to the little flowers. Surely the bees and the other butterflies would not care to visit the little flowers.

"You are too late, Little Butterfly," they all said.

Little Butterfly went home. He could not fly fast. He had no breakfast that day.

READING TIME FOR LITTLE FOLKS

The New Baby



Maria

Baby

Malacas

Kitty

Maya

Little Maria ran out of Mother's room.
She ran out of Father's room.
She ran to the sala.
There she met Malacas.

"Malacas, Malacas, we have a baby. We have a new baby, Malacas."

"Bow wow! I am glad."

Little Maria ran on.

She met Kitty at the door.

"Kitty, Kitty, we have a baby."

"Meow, what do you say?"

"A new baby. We have a new baby."

"Meow! I am glad," Kitty said.

Little Maria ran to the garden.

She met a little brown bird.

The little brown bird was Maya.

"Little Maria, why are you running?" Maya asked.

"Don't you know? We have a new baby," Little Maria said.

"Tweet! Tweet! A new baby?"

"Yes, Yes. We have a new baby."

"Where is the baby?" Maya asked.

"There, there. Fly to that window."

Maya went to the window.

It sat on the window sill.

It looked at the bed.

"Tweet! Tweet! Yes there is a baby."

"Is it not a pretty baby?" Little Maria asked.

"Yes, Yes, a pretty baby. I am glad."

"Don't you wish you had a pretty baby?"

"Yes, Little Maria, I shall have one soon," Maya said.

"I must fly home now. Good-bye, Little Maria."

"Good-bye Maya."

And Little Maria ran back to the house.
She ran to the bed where little baby lay.

The Good Readers' Corner

Conducted by Mrs. Juliana C. Pineda*

Helpful Juan

Find out how Juan made himself useful.

Mother was in the kitchen. She was cooking. She wanted to make some hot cakes for Father and the children.

Mother needed some lard. She called, "Pedro, Pedro, come and run to the store for me." But Pedro was out. He was playing with other boys. He did not hear Mother's call.

Little Juan came. "I am here, Mother. Brother is not in the house."

"I want Brother to go to the store for me. I want some lard," Mother said.

"I shall get the lard for you, Mother."

"Oh, no. You are too small to go."

"Please let me go, Mother."

"I need two centavos' worth of lard." And Mother gave him the money.

Little Juan went to the store. On the way, he said to himself, "Two-centavos' worth of lard. Two-centavos' worth of lard."

Underline the correct answer.

1. Mother was (crying, cooking, walking).

2. She needed some (salt, sugar, lard).

3. (Pedro, Pablo, Juan) was playing with other boys.

4. (Jose, Juan, Pedro) went to the store for Mother.

5. Juan bought (three, twelve, two) centavos' worth of lard.

6. What did Juan do for Mother? (ran an errand, chopped wood, washed dishes).

Check your answers by reading the story again.



An Acrostic on Child Health Day

C—is for children healthy and gay

H—is for Health we gain each day

I—is for Ideals of life and strength

L—is for Life worth living and well-spent

D—is for Death that away we send.

H—is for Habits—good ones we have

E—is Enjoyment from health we crave

A—is Ambition to be an A-1 child

L—is the Love for good foods and sleep.

T—is for Treasure, the health we keep.

H—is Happiness that good health gives.

D—is for this Day of children's health

A—is Allegiance to the Rules of Life,

Y—is for Youth that is our country's Pride.

* English Supervisor, City Schools, Manila.

TREES AND THEIR FLOWERS

Ylang-ylang

You have read about flowers that grow on herbs, bushes, and vines. Do you know beautiful or sweet-smelling flowers that grow on trees?

The ylang-ylang flower is familiar to you. It is often used as the center flower in a sampaguita garland. The flower is greenish-yellow and very fragrant. It grows on a tree with drooping branches. The flower is used in making perfume.

Champaca

Another very fragrant tree flower is the champaca. It grows on a big tree as big as the santol. One kind of champaca is white. The more popular kind is the reddish-gold flower. Like the ylang-ylang, the champaca is used as a center flower in a sampaguita garland.

Paraiso

The paraiso is a small tree about three meters in height. Unlike the champaca or the ylang-ylang, the tiny flowers grow in big loose clusters and they give off a delicate perfume. The flowers are of a pale lilac to dark purple. The paraiso is a great favorite among modest, retiring girls because its color as well as its odor does not attract attention.

The Fire Tree

Is there anything more gorgeous than a fire tree in bloom? The blossoms which are of the color of fire cover the entire crown of the tree. The leaves are covered or have entirely disappeared by the time the fire tree is in full bloom.



Group these flowers under the correct heading.

<i>Herb</i>	<i>Shrub</i>	<i>Vine</i>	<i>Tree</i>
			banabá
			gumamela
			camia
			botones-botonesan
			begonia
			cadena de amor
			secreto de amor
			canas
			cosmos
			poinsettia
			kalachuchi
			kampupot
			cabello del angel
			lantana
			molave
			makahia
			katuray

Aunt Julia's True Stories

THE IMPORTANCE OF WATER

You have learned how important air is to man, animals, and plants. Water is another thing that is very important to us. Try going without drinking for a whole day.

The great part of water on the earth is found in the oceans, lakes and rivers. Water is also found under the ground. The water that falls as rain is fresh but the water in the ocean and some lakes is salty. Rain water is fresh because it is pure. When it falls on the ground, it flows through the earth. The earth contains salt and other minerals. They are dissolved in the water that flows through the earth. Thus the rain water becomes salty. This water finally reaches the ocean. This salty water makes some lakes salty also. If a river flows out of the lake, the water of the lake becomes fresh because the salt is carried to the sea. If there is no river flowing out of the lake, the water of the lake is salty.

Much rain water remains under the ground. It forms large underground seas. From these underground seas comes the water that feeds many lakes and rivers. This water also feeds plants.

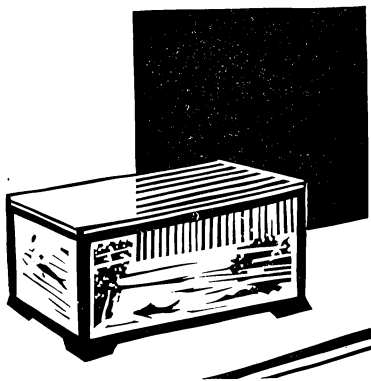
Where does the rain water come from? The sun makes the water in the ocean warm. It also makes the air over the ocean warm. This warm air can carry a load of water from the ocean. It then moves toward the land. Because this air is warm, it rises. As it rises, it becomes cooled. When the air becomes cool, it drops its load of water. This water is what we call rain. When you are older you will learn more about how rain is formed.

We drink water. We use it in cooking our food. We need it for cleaning purposes. Tell other uses of water.

MY AQUARIUM

It looks just like a plaything
A box of four-walled glass,
With water clear as crystal
And fishes of rainbow flash.

With gravel at its bottom,
I planted two green twigs
Of Tulips and Singapore
And among them scattered shells.



A zebra pair chased each other,
A gaping Goldfish flirts,
With the Swordtails and the Blue Moons,
And the graceful Angel Fish.

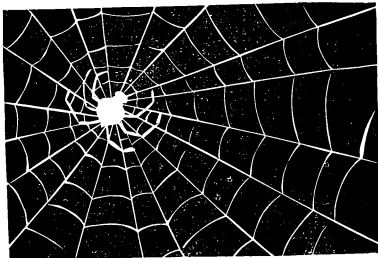
Oh, I love to watch my fishes,
To feed them water fleas,
They fill my heart with envy,
When I see them live in bliss.

—Lulu de la Paz

CURIOUS THINGS AROUND US

This page is devoted to the Study of Interesting Insects, Plants, Animals, and Fishes

COMMON SPIDER



With a sweep of the broom, your mother tears down a spider web. After a few hours, another web is in the same place made by the same spider. You can sweep it away as many times as you want to, but the owner will patiently start building another without grudge or fear.

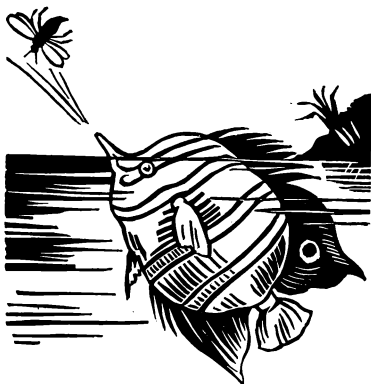
Have you looked closely at a spider web? A spider's house is in reality a trap. A mosquito or a fly that steps into a web cannot get out anymore. The spider has little containers of poison in its mouth. It poisons the fly caught in its web. The poison keeps the fly from struggling. It is then easy for the spider to eat the fly.

Is the spider our friend? Give reasons for your answer.

Have you watched closely how a spider builds its house? It is the most wonderful carpenter you know. Its house is not made of bamboo or wood but of silk. This silk is kept in the spider's body. While still in the body, this silk thread is in the form of a sticky fluid. It is very interesting to watch how a spider weaves its web. Next time you see a spider, wait and see how it builds its house.

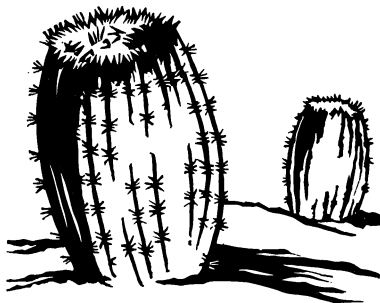
LITTLE PICK-UPS

by g. b.



BEAKED CHAETODONT

The beaked chaetodont is a native of the South Seas. People call it a fish with a gun. It has a long nozzle which it uses in shooting land insects with drops of water. When the insect is hit it drops into the water and the chaetodont collects it for dinner.



BARREL CACTUS

The barrel cactus grows in Arizona, U. S. A. They are regarded most of the time as the camel of the plant world. They are shaped like kegs or barrels. They soak enough water from the rain to last for months or years—saving for the rainless days.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT

(A STORY)

By Antonio C. Muñoz



MARTIN lived with his parents in a small house in a barrio near a forest. His father was a carpenter. His mother washed clothes. They earned very little but they were contented. Martin did all he could to help his parents although he was too young to do hard work. He was a good boy, helpful, kind, honest, and courageous. Everybody in the neighborhood liked him.

One day while he was in the woods gathering wild berries, a beautiful lady came to him. She was clad in a white dress decorated with white flowers. A chain of sampaguitas encircled her neck.

"Martin," she said, "come to me for I have something to say to you."

Martin went down the tree and approached the lady. The latter put her hand gently on Martin's shoulder and smiled at him.

"I have been watching you for a long time, Martin," she addressed the astonished boy. "I always follow you whenever you go away from your home, although you have never seen me until now."

"Wh—, who are you?" Martin stammered.

"Just call me your Fairy Godmother," replied the lady.

"Why do you follow me?" asked Martin.

"Because I want no harm to fall on you. A boy as young as you are should not go far from his home without someone to protect him from evil. Without my protection, every step you take in this place leads you to destruction," the lady said to him.

"But why do you like me and why have you taken the trouble of protecting me?" Martin was inquisitive.

"It is my duty to protect good boys," the lady explained.

The fairy then pulled a needle out of her hair.

"This," she said, "is the gift. It has four charms. They are symbols of helpfulness, courage, honesty, and kindness. You possess these four qualities and I want you to help other boys who disregard them. Push it through the skin of a thoughtless, dishonest, or cruel boy and he will become good. Thrust it deep into the body of anyone who wishes to do you harm and no matter how strong or brave he is, he will be at your mercy. Go home now and good luck to you. Don't tell anyone about it. Good-bye."

The fairy disappeared and Martin went home.

Martin set out to gather wild berries in the woods on the following day.

"Don't stay there very long, Martin," said his mother. "Take this little provision with you. Be sure to come back before the sun sets this afternoon."

On the way Martin saw a boy teasing an old woman who was begging for something to eat. The rascal would pull the ragged clothes of the beggar. Then he would toss pebbles on her back.

"Don't do that," Martin shouted.

"Mind your own business," the boy shouted back. "If you have nothing to do here, you had better go away before you force me to give you a lesson which you will never forget for twenty years. I hate to do it although it's good medicine for boys of your kind."

Martin approached the two and said, "Don't you see that the old woman is suffering?"

"Shut up and beat it before I lose my temper," the boy warned him.

Martin was now very near the boy. "Look!!" he exclaimed. "A policeman is coming this way."

The boy looked back and Martin pricked him on the arm with the magic needle. The effect was wonderful. The boy turned slowly around. A wonderful change swept over him. His face was a picture of kindness. He looked at Martin and then at the old woman. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He ran to the beggar and kissed her wrinkled hands.

"Pardon me, oh, pardon me. I did not know what I was doing," he sobbed.

The old woman kissed the boy on the forehead and went away.

The boy did not know anything about the needle for the prick did not give him any pain.

"Thank you and pardon me, my friend. I did not mean what I said to you an hour ago," he apologized.

Martin went on. As he was passing by a garden, he saw another boy going into it through a hole in the fence. The boy had a basket. After feeling sure that nobody in the house was looking at him, he climbed the orange tree which was laden with fruit. As soon as his basket was full, he climbed down the tree and then ran to the hole in the fence.

Just as he was picking up his basket, Martin laid his hand on his shoulder and asked, "Is that your garden?"

"No, but it's none of your business," the boy replied.

In a flash the needle went through the boy's skin on the back. The boy hung his head in shame. He was changed.

"Please tell me what to do," he begged. "I did not know that it was all wrong."

"You had better take the fruit to the owner," Martin suggested. "Tell him the truth."

The boy went to the house. The owner was reading on the veranda. The boy handed him the basket and told him all that happened. He promised that he would never do such a thing again.

The man gave him back the basket and said, "I am very glad that you realize that what you did was wrong and that you will never do it again. The fruits are yours. I give them to you. Whenever you want to eat some, just come to me and you will have them."

The boy thanked the man and then went home. Martin's face was a picture of satisfaction. He continued his way to the woods.

Just as he was about to enter the forest, he heard a woman calling her son who was playing on the road. The former was splitting wood for fuel.

"Come, Jose," she called, "take this fuel to the kitchen."

"Not now, mother," the boy said. "I'll do it later."

"Why don't you do it now?" asked Martin.

The boy showed him the marbles, grinned, and went on with his play. Martin got his needle and thrust it into the boy's back. Jose dropped his marbles and stood up. He seized Martin's hand, pressed it, and then ran to his mother. He gathered the pieces of wood and took them to the kitchen. He came out again with a bucket in his hand. Martin saw him running towards the brook.

"Good Fairy Godmother," Martin said to himself.



He was in the woods. There was a tree heavily laden with ripe berries. He climbed it. As soon as his sack was full, he climbed down the tree. Just as he was ready to go home, he noticed that something was coiling around his legs. It was a snake big enough to swallow him. He wanted to run. He could not. The snake encircled his body as far as the waist. As his hands were yet free, he lost no time in drawing out the needle and drove it deep into the body of the snake. The latter loosened its hold. It dropped to the ground wriggling. Then it lay still and Martin knew that it was dead.

"You see, Martin," said someone behind him, "if I had not given you protection, the snake would have crushed you to death."

Martin looked behind. His Fairy Godmother was there.

"Thank you for giving me the needle, my Fairy Godmother," he said as he bent down to kiss her hand.

"The power is not wholly in the needle, Martin," she explained. "It is also in you. Your fine character is your most powerful protection. Give that needle to a bad boy—one who is cruel, disobedient, thoughtless, or dishonest and the needle will not do him any good. Give it to a good boy—one who is helpful, obedient, kind, honest, or thoughtful and the needle's power will always protect him from all harm. Remember, Martin, that it is one's good character that protects him from all sorts of danger. Be good always, Martin. Good-bye."

The fairy disappeared and Martin went home happy.



(Continued from last issue)

II

THE day of Captain Andrade's sailing dawned bright and clear. The four children woke up with a sense of something sad to happen. Then they remembered that their father was leaving that morning to sail on his boat. Very soberly, they made ready for breakfast, then they gathered around their father. They knew that they would not see each other again within the month.

The captain, trim and fine in his uniform, did his best to cheer up his family. He talked throughout breakfast, telling incidents that happened during his last trip. He promised to bring gifts for everyone when he next returned.

Before he left, he embraced his tearful wife and kissed all the children. Then he perched the waiting Unggoy on his shoulder and patted his glossy body.

"I'm leaving you in charge of the family, Unggoy. Do what you can for them. Remember not to eat too many bananas or your sides will burst."

Unggoy played with the Captain's cap and jumped as gaily as he could manage.

The Captain was almost down the stairs when he felt something bulge in his breast pocket. He stopped and took the thing out.

"Oh, I remember," he muttered, then he rushed up the stairs and called for his wife. He pressed something into his wife's hands, and said, "Here is my gift for you. A deep sea diver of Sulu gave it to me. You can have it set before I come back." Then he rushed downstairs, and with a final wave, was gone.

Mrs. Andrade opened the package in her hands, then she gave a happy exclamation. On her palm lay the most wonderful-looking pearls that the children had ever seen. There was a glossy large one as big as a small grain of corn, and two smaller ones. "Pearls! Pearls!" the children echoed her excitement.

"Hush, children," Mrs. Andrade cautioned. "don't make much noise. You may go out and play."

The children scampered out, bearing Unggoy with them. Behind the fence, a man in dirty clothes, a low-brimmed hat, and muddy shoes laughed softly. He noted the number of the house and slunk out of sight.

Further Adventures of UNGGOY

By L. V. R.



That night, when the moon had set, Unggoy woke up feeling hollow with hunger. He looked yearningly out at the dark orchard. But he felt cold, so he hesitated. The warm blanket that the children had found for him felt so comfortable. Hunger, however, made him throw off his blanket, and in one bound, he was out of the window, swinging from branch to branch in high glee.

Several seconds later, he was on a banana tree which was heavy with fruit. He felt all over the bunch with his paws. Finding a soft one near the bottom, he broke it off, and began to eat it. Feeling off the bunch once more, he was disgusted to find no more ripe bananas, so after some moments of aimless swinging, he went down the tree and walked slowly around the orchard. He patted one tree trunk after another, scared a cat prowling near by, then he went towards the house.

When he was close to the small tree which he used as ladder to the open window, he stopped and

listened. Soft footsteps came to his ears. These footsteps were so faint that only ears used to jungle sounds could hear them. Unggoy clasped the slender trunk of the tree. His eyes flashed watchfully in the darkness.

Before long, he caught sight of a man ambling slowly towards the open window. A low-brimmed hat hid his face. He was walking on bare feet. Very carefully, he climbed up the low wall and clinging to the window sill, lifted himself into the house.

Unggoy did not know what the man wanted, but he felt a sense of danger. He had seen big jungle animals stealing into the homes of small forest creatures, and their stealth was like that of the strange man. Those animals had gone there to steal and eat the poor creatures, and Unggoy was afraid that this man had come here for a bad purpose also.

The little monkey acted fast. He swiftly climbed up the small tree behind which he had been hiding. Then, with great skill, he flung himself into the



house. The noise of his falling surprised the robber. Unggoy gave the man no chance to act. He rushed up the cupboard top, then he jumped straight at the man's neck. His claws dug deep into the flesh, making the robber scream.

The noise of the battle between the valiant Unggoy and the robber woke up Mrs. Andrade. She rose quickly from her bed, then taking the flashlight which the Captain had placed near her bed the night before, she ran out to the dining room.

A strange sight greeted her eyes. Near the cup-

board, Unggoy was struggling with a strange man. The little monkey was perched on the man's shoulder and had him by the hair. The long claws pulled at the man's hair, and with each groan of the man, the monkey screamed with delight. Mrs. Andrade turned on the light, then opening another window, she screamed for help.

Very soon, neighbors armed with clubs and sticks were pounding at the door. In no time at all, they had the robber by the arms. Little Unggoy was removed, after some struggle, from the man's hair, and he rested comfortably in the arms of Ben.

A policeman heard the noise and entered the house.

"What's going on here?" he asked, then he noticed the man whom the neighbors held.

"Aha, my fine friend! So, here you are." He approached the robber. "This is the man we have been searching for. He stole some jewels from a small store in Escolta last week, and he has been hiding all this week. I wonder how he happened to come here," he added, turning to Mrs. Andrade.

"He must have spied on the pearls which my husband brought me."

The robber hung his head.

"So, that is it," the policeman looked sternly at the robber. "Well, come on, I shall take you to the police station." And so saying, he took hold of the man's arm and thanking everyone, he left with his prisoner.

Everybody gathered around Unggoy. They called him a hero and other fine names. Unggoy grinned and jumped and shouted "Curacuracra!". He seemed pleased greatly with himself. He wanted to tell the children how he had caught the robber, but he felt too sleepy and tired.

"Tomorrow," said Mrs. Andrade happily, "I shall write to the captain and tell him what a good guard you are. I shall ask him to bring you whatever you want from Sulu."

Unggoy looked at her sleepily, and nodded his head gladly.

The next morning, when Mrs. Andrade came from the market, she brought a big bunch of long, golden bananas for Unggoy. Unggoy jumped up and down with glee. He had already forgotten what happened the night before, and he was pleased at the sight of the delicious bananas. He did not know that that was his reward.

He perched on the window sill, then he looked out of the window. He saw the tall trees in the orchard. Seizing his big bunch of bananas, he jumped out of the window and onto a thick branch of the guava tree. Swinging himself up, he went to the top branch. He placed the banana bunch on a wide bough. Then crooning a jungle tune softly to himself, Unggoy started eating one banana after the other.

"Life is good," he said again, "and this is a fine home. I think I shall stay here forever."



The Golden Image of Sri Visaya

By ALICE FRANKLIN BRYANT

(Continued from August Issue)

WHEN he awoke he could tell by the shadows that it was midafternoon, and he was angry with himself for sleeping so long. He must waste no more time, so he waded the river, and, in doing so, left the coconut trees behind him.

He was now on the edge of the jungle, and soon came to a small sawmill. The road ended here, but Pablo found a trail that had been used for logging and followed it to its end.

Here he found a tiny path that seemed to lead through the thick virgin forest in precisely the direction he wished to go straight inland—though this path was anything but *straight*. It made detours around logs and stones, and it was so narrow that the undergrowth touched him, on both sides.

He had never been in the forest before. How cool and dark it was; and how tall and straight were the trunks of the trees, their only branches growing far above him. But there were vines dangling from the limbs, and vines climbing the trunks, vines that clung closely and others that hung loosely—some going straight up the trunks, others curling around them—big ones, dainty ones—an amazing assortment of vines! And here and there above him were ferns, air plants and orchids. Through this mass of vegetation flitted bright colored parakeets.

Pablo hoped that he would soon find a good place to spend the night, as he wanted to build his fire before it became too dark to collect fuel. For a while he hoped in vain—the tiny path led him on and on with the impenetrable forest like walls on either side of him.

It was almost dark when he finally found a small open space near a stream. Here he hurriedly built a tiny fire, put water and cornmeal in his can and set it on three stones over his little fire. While his dinner was cooking he gathered together some dry grass and ferns for his bed.

That night, corn tasted more delicious to him than any sweetmeats he had ever eaten. And fifteen

minutes after he had finished his meal he was fast asleep.

Next morning he awoke at dawn, ate the cold mush left from the night before, and started on his way. The tiny path led him on through the forest, across a number of streams, sometimes downhill, but usually upwards. Once on crossing a stream he was unable to find the path on the far side, but he waded up and down the stream, and finally found it again a hundred yards upstream.

Twice during the morning he came to small cultivated clearings. In the first of them he saw two men at work; but, at sight of him, they had run away. Strange for two men to run from one boy! But, he reflected, they probably thought some men were with him.

These men wore nothing but gee strings. "They must be the *infieles*, infidels," thought Pablo. And he was right. These few isolated people in the mountains were of his own race and spoke his own language; but they were not Christians and lived without contact with the government or with their more civilized neighbors near the coast.

In the second clearing was a house—empty apparently—with a few coconut trees growing around it. Pablo climbed one of the trees and got himself a young coconut. "If I had coconut trees, and someone took one, I wouldn't mind," he said to himself.

However, he walked very fast for some distance before he sat down to rest and enjoy his nut. After he drank the water from it, he chopped it open and cut the soft meat of the unripe nut out with the bolo that he carried in his belt. He would make this do for his luncheon, even though it was not enough to satisfy him.

After his rest he started on once more and soon came to a stream where his path seemed to end entirely. He spent a long time trying to find a continuation of it, but without avail.

There were only two possible things he could do; he could turn back, or he could clamber up the stream bed. He would not go back! So he started wading up the stream, climbing over stones and logs. This was really hard work. He kept looking to right and left as he went up, but no sign of a path could he see.

Finally, he came to the head of a stream. Above him was a ridge covered with grass and clumps of shrubs. After a short rest he climbed this ridge, the sharp edges of the tall, rank grass cutting his legs, arms and face.

On the other side of the ridge he found another small stream and started down it.



He had followed this stream only half an hour when he came upon an open grassy place in the forest; and there, beside the stream were five rude little shelters. In front of one of them a small black woman with kinky hair was sitting on the ground nursing a baby, while another kept up a small fire under a length of bamboo in which she was cooking something.

Pablo scarcely had a glimpse of them, because, just as he came into sight he stepped onto a stone which rolled over. The women looked up and fled into the forest.

"Negritos," said Pablo to himself. "I wonder if anyone is still at home." He looked into the little shelters, all flimsily built, and not high enough for even Pablo to stand inside. Indeed, not a soul was in the camp.

Perhaps he had just as well leave, too. Negritos,

he had heard, sometimes made a terrible poison to put on the darts they shot through their blowguns. He had better not take any liberties with them.

So he started down stream as fast as he could go. The stream had many tributaries and soon gave promise of becoming a river.

"This river must flow into the sea," reasoned Pablo, "and I want to go inland." So he turned up one of the tributaries and soon came to a small path, which he decided to follow.

It was now late in the afternoon; so, when Pablo found a supply of dry grass for his bed, and a big stone to give him a sense of shelter and protection on one side, he decided to spend the night there. He hung his sack on the limb of a bush and went back two hundred yards to a stream to bathe.

The water felt so good after the heat and fatigue of his day's hiking that he lay down in the stream with his head propped up on a stone, and just soaked himself for half an hour.

When he saw that it was beginning to get dark, he put some water in his can and started back to his camping place to make a fire and cook his corn.

But what was this chattering he heard ahead of him? He hastened forward and was aghast at the sight that met his eyes. There was a troop of monkeys sporting around his *bayon* which lay broken on the ground with the corn scattered hopelessly. One monkey was even then reaching into the sack for more corn, but found it empty, and seemed to scold his companions for their greediness in eating it up so fast.

Pablo's heart sank lower than his bare brown feet. He chased the monkeys away and sat down to review his plight.


Here he was in an uncharted wilderness in the interior of a big, big island, hungry as three bears and without a bite to eat. The only human beings he had seen since he left the little lumber mill yesterday were the two *infeles* and the negroito women.

And he realized then—for the first time—that he was not only desperately hungry, but that he was also absolutely lost.

When Pablo awoke next morning, a sunbeam was peeping through the foliage at him; and he soon became aware that something else, something human, was also peeping at him.

WHAT AM I?

By Winifred Lewis

If I were a  , I would shine;

If I were a  , I'd swing high;

If I were a  , I would float all day,

And play with every  that wandered by.

But since I am a  , very tiny,

I'll cling with all my might to mother

And hope a little  will come and get me,

When I've grown ripe and red and round and big.

—From original drawings by Pedro Felipe

How the Month of SEPTEMBER was Named

The other months you have read about were named after gods and goddesses. But September was not named in honor of any deity. It only meant "seventh" for, in the old Roman calendar September was the seventh month.

The month of September was famous for important festivals. In one of these festivals games were played. Among the games were races, wrestling, boxing, and throwing the javelin. The winner was given a crown of laurel leaves. To the ancient Greeks and Romans, the laurel wreath was the most valuable prize. The laurel was

used because it was the favorite tree of Apollo, the god of poetry and music. The origin of the laurel tree is told in this story.

Daphne was a beautiful wood nymph whose father was a river-god. Upon seeing her, Apollo fell in love with her. He wanted to talk with her, but she ran away from him. Apollo ran after her saying that he meant no harm. As he was about to overtake her, she cried to her father for help. Daphne became rooted to the ground. Her arms were changed to the branches of a tree and her hair to leaves. She became the first laurel tree. For this reason, the laurel became Apollo's favorite tree.

PICTORIAL

The "bao" dance presented by the E. Jacinto Elementary School pupils.



Dance of the Rosebuds by the E. Jacinto Elementary School pupils.

"The Seasons" an operetta staged by the E. Jacinto Elementary School pupils.



HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO GO TO SCHOOL

Scene: Street

(Juan, an eight-year old boy is munching green mango with a little *bagoong*. Another boy passes by.)

Juan: Pablo, Pablo, please take me along. I should like to go to school.

Pablo: Come along. Our principal is taking in beginners.

Juan: Have a piece of mango.

Pablo: No, thank you. I do not eat green mango. It is too early for green fruit.

Juan: I like green mangoes better than I do ripe ones.

Pablo: My mother says sour fruit will make me pale. My teacher tells us that we must eat only ripe fruit.

Juan: My mother does not mind whatever I eat.

Pablo: There is the Principal's office. He is a kind man. Do not be afraid to go to him. [Exit both].

Scene: The same place after a few hours. Juan is walking slowly.



Pablo catches up with him.

Pablo: Did the Principal enroll you?

Juan (sadly): No, he says I am too small.

Pablo: I thought you were eight years old?

Juan: I am. My mother says so. But the Principal won't believe I am. He says I am too small.

Pablo: Perhaps the food you eat does not make you grow well.

Juan: What do you mean? I am never hungry.

Pablo: My teacher says rice and fish are not enough. We must eat plenty of vegetables and drink milk. Plenty of ripe fruit is good too.

Juan: I don't like vegetables. They taste like grass.

Pablo: When you get accustomed to them, they taste very good.

Juan: And I don't like milk. It is food for babies.

Pablo: Oh, no. I have read that many famous men take milk until they die.

Juan: How old are you, Pablo?

Pablo: I am eight and I am in Grade Two.

Juan: You are taller and bigger than I. What do you eat?

Pablo: My mother knows the kind of food for a growing child. She goes to the Health Center and listens to the nurses' talks.

Juan: My mother does not go there. She thinks I am all right

(Please turn to page 233)

PREPARING FLOOR WAX



On her way to school one afternoon, Mina saw a crowd in front of Rosa's house. Mina stopped to call for Rosa.

"The girl is badly burned," a man said.

"Why, was there a fire?" a woman asked.

"It was an explosion," explained the man. "The girl wanted to melt a big piece of wax. She put it in a can containing a little petroleum. Then she put the can over the fire."

Mina, her eyes big with fear, asked if it was Rosa who had been burned.

"Yes, I think Rosa is her name."

With shaking knees, Mina hurried to school. She could not understand why Rosa could be so careless. The teacher had taught them how to melt wax. She had repeatedly told them not to place kerosene near a fire.

When Rosa's teacher heard about the accident, she reviewed the safety rules she had taught her class. Here are some of them. They are worth remembering.

1. When preparing floor wax at
(Please turn to page 233)

CHILD HEALTH DAY SONG

Words by L. DE LA PAZ

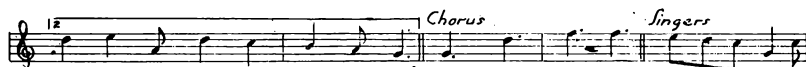
Music by I. ALFONSO



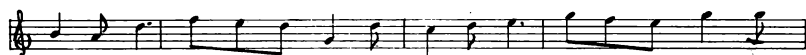
1. We eat good food, we breathe fresh air, We sleep ten hours and out-doors play,
2. We keep our clothes both clean and fresh, We take full bath each sun-ry day,



Of our hands and teeth we take good care, We're on pa-rade for Child-Health Day
We work and play and ex-er-cise



We're on pa-rade for Child-Health Day. March! March! March! We are our coun-try's



pride and hope On us to-day the Na-tion' looks As pil-lars of a



bet-ter mor-row, For to-day is Child-Health Day

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO GO TO

as long as I fill my stomach.

Pablo: You had better ask her to go with my mother to the Health Center. The right kind of food may make you grow big and tall. Then the Principal will admit you.

Juan (thinking): When is the opening of school?

Pablo: In June. You have more than two months.

Juan: I want to go to school. I will try to eat good food and drink milk. Do you think I shall be admitted in June?

Pablo: Yes, if there is room. Try to grow as big as I. And stop eating green fruit.

Juan: I will try. Thank you.

PREPARING FLOOR WAX

home, put the paraffin in a can and heat it over embers only, not over the fire.

2. Place the can of melted paraffin away from the fire when mixing it with kerosene.

3. Do not put alcohol, kerosene, or gasoline containers near the stove.

4. Do not light a cigarette near an open can of alcohol, kerosene, or gasoline.

Kiko's Adventures—

by gilmo baldovino



Story of Philippine Cloths

PINOLPOG

By L. V. R.



If you look over the old skirts of your grandmothers or your grandaunts, you will perhaps find some that are made of a smooth, glossy material that is much stiffer than silk. This material is made in some parts of the Bicol region. It is called "pinolpog" or "pinokpok," which means pounded or beaten cloth.

The pinolpog is woven in the same way as ordinary sinamay, but the finishing process is different. The ends of a piece of sinamay which is to be made into pinolpog are sewn together. The whole piece is dampened with water. Then it is folded lightly and placed upon a piece of hardwood. A boy sits on each side of the log. One boy holds and turns the cloth with one hand and beats it with a mallet held in the other hand. The other boy beats the cloth with mallets held in his hands.

NOTICE

The poem which appeared in the August issue entitled "My Hour Song" was written by Mrs. Winifred Lewis and illustrated by Pedro Felipe.

Pedro Felipe is an art student from Laoag, Ilocos Norte. He is studying in the city at present and we hope to publish more of his drawings.

After beating for some time, the cloth is neatly folded and beaten some more with larger mallets. For pounding an 8-meter piece of pinolpog, a boy usually earns P0.20.

The pinolpog is then bleached or whitened. It is placed in a mixture of water, the juices of several lemons or limes. It is allowed to stay there for about fifteen to twenty minutes. After this, the cloth is washed in clear water and dried in the sun. While drying, the cloth is stretched tight so that it will become smooth and even.

When the cloth is dry, it is rolled on a rounded piece of hard wood. This is next placed on a smooth block and beaten some more until the cloth gets silky and smooth. If the maker of the cloth wishes to make it softer and smoother, he slowly unwinds the cloth from the wood and rolls it on another. Then he beats it further. After the pounding, it is washed once more in a solution of lemon juice and water, dried and pounded again.

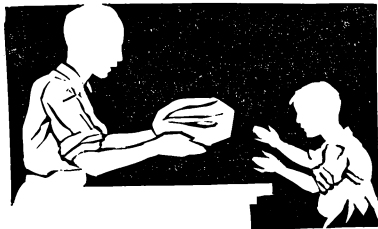
The manufacture of pinolpog is done largely in the town of Daraga, Albay Province. Early in the morning, and at twilight, any stranger coming to the place will be surprised by the continuous pounding. If he does not know what is going on, he would suppose that the sound he hears is the beating of many drums.

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP

Patronizing-Home Industries

By Cesario Llobrera

Teacher of Civics



Upon reaching home, Elinio got his assignment notebook from his bag to find out what his assignments were for the next day.

After a few minutes of careful reading he approached his mother and said, "Mother, I need some sheets of pad paper."

Truly, Elinio needed about five or six sheets of tablet paper because the next day there was to be a test in arithmetic, health, and civics. He would write a theme, too, in language.

Elinio received a new ten-centavo piece from his mother. He hurried. The salesman showed him a tablet of pad paper. He at once looked for a mark. Yes, he saw at the back cover this mark—"Made in the Philippines."

"This is the kind I want," he said.

What makes Elinio a good, helpful young citizen is the fact that he always buys articles made in his native country. In school he uses Philippine-made pencils, ink, and eraser. He wears Mariquina or "Ang Tibay" shoes.

When you buy products produced or made locally, you are helping your country become rich. Our imports from other countries will be less and only a small amount of money will go out of our country.

When you buy articles made here, you are also giving work to thousands of Filipinos because they are the ones who make those articles for us. If we buy from other countries all that we need, our laborers will be thrown out of work. So let us give

work to our countrymen by purchasing native products.

The government maintains a Trading Center in Manila where you may find all kinds of manufactured products that are of the same quality as, or better than, those of other countries. May our motto now and always be "Buy native products and patronize home industries."

Hon. Sergio Osmeña

(You have read in your history books and in newspapers and magazines of Mr. Osmeña as a great statesman, intelligent, and one who talks but little. In the following true story find out in what way he is different from other persons equally great.)

It happened in one of the "cines" in town. While I was looking at a vaudeville performance, a tall slender man came up beside me. With a smile he said, "Excuse me, may I take this seat, please?"

"Certainly, sir," I answered. Then I removed the package from the seat and placed it on the floor. Perhaps his foot happened to have touched it, and again he said,

"Is this package yours, please?" as he picked it up from the floor, handing it to me.

"Yes, sir, it is; thank you," as I held out my hand for the package.

There were some Americans two or three seats back of us, who might have noticed him, because one of them asked whether there was a cablegram from Washington, D. C., about the truth of Governor General Wood's death.

Very soon he rose to join his wife somewhere in front saying,

"With your permission, please," to which I replied,

"Yes, sir," with a bow. He returned my bow and left me there much to my ease and comfort. It is very hard to forget such a happy experience.

Not only that. Whenever he goes to his office late as Vice-President of our Commonwealth Government, he greets everybody from the messenger boy to his chief clerk.

(Answer the questions on page 237.)



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Horacio Ochangco and Ricardo de la Cruz

A Scout

HOW CAN YOU BE ONE OF US?

The following paragraphs indicate in general available types of content for these various groupings of activities:

1) Meetings

Character values accrue from contacts between personalities, hence meetings constitute a beginning point

QUESTIONS

1. What did Mr. Osmeña say when he wanted to take the empty seat nearest me?

2. What did he do with the package I had placed on the floor?

3. What did he say when he left me?

4. How does he show his politeness to the men under him now that he is our Vice-President of the Commonwealth Government?

5. If you took a street-car and found a vacant seat between two persons and you would want to be courteous, what would you do?

6. Jose got 60% in arithmetic. One day he saw his teacher come up the street about to meet him. Jose turned back to avoid greeting him. Would you do as Jose did?

7. A girl dropped her books on the floor. You picked them up for her, and she said "thank you very much," what would you say?

8. You would want to enter the church, but found it crowded in the doorway. Which of the following expressions should you use?

- a. I beg your pardon, please.
- b. Please excuse me.
- c. I didn't mean to do it.
- d. Please forgive me.
- e. I am very sorry.
- f. May I pass?

9. Suggest other ways in which to use the expressions above, as at home, in the school, on the playground, and in other public places.

10. Select your partners and dramatize the story informally, pantomime it, or present in a tableau.

A good motto to remember: "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

for the Senior Circle and the Rover Circle. Such meetings involve the organization and the planning for the unit, discussions and debates, lectures, special reports, dramatics, songs and shows and stunts, parliamentary experience, planning of quests and adventures and "Good Turns," pursuit of hobbies and special interests and such other activities as the members and leaders may propose. In addition to these larger meetings of the Circles and perhaps reporting back to them with interest material, the Common-interest Teams may conduct special meetings of their own.

2) Advancement (in the Scouting sense)

While many Senior Scouts and Rover Scouts will have climbed the Scout ladder to Eagle rank before joining, there will be many who will want to carry that on after joining. There is no reason why the Local Council Court of Honor opportunities should not be used by these older Scouts as desired, enabling many to qualify in the skills and knowledge of Merit Badges, toward attaining Star, Life and Eagle Rank.

Also it is possible to extend the Merit Badge subjects now available into groupings which relate to pioneering, nature, crafts, etc. and these may group into units for recognition—such as Scout Engineers, Scout Naturalists, Scout Craftsmen, etc. These groupings of skills and interests have a wider meaning than the growth of the individual, basic as that is; they also have in them the reach of service to the "Circle" or "Team" and to other people as well. Here is a wide opportunity for developing valuable influences and methods through the Merit Badge Counselors.

3) Personal Growth and Progress

While stimulating the young men of the Senior and Rover Circles to give leadership and other service—which opportunities carry certain definite growth values for them—we must be certain that we also encourage each of them to find growth and progress in other zones as well.

These may include the individual's

- a) Reading of books and periodicals

(Continued on page 241)

MOTHERS' GUIDE IN CARE OF CHILDREN



SIMPLE FOOD

Many people have the mistaken notion that food must be expensive to be nourishing. The best food for children is usually cheap and simply prepared. But there must be a variety to furnish the materials that build and repair the body and supply it with heat and energy. A mother should know the substances needed by the body and the foods that contain these substances. She should also know what foods should be combined for every meal. It is not enough that certain foods are put together. They must be combined to provide the right proportions of food elements.

THE
Young Citizen
 PANTRY



COMFORTABLE CLOTHING
 We wear clothing particularly for protection. Of course, we also need clothes to give us a decent appearance. Usually, however, we choose our clothes on the basis of attractiveness.

In choosing clothes for children, consider these points:

1. Is the child comfortable in it? If the clothing gives freedom of movement, it is comfortable. It must not be very thick and heavy when the weather is warm nor thin when the weather is cold.

2. Does the clothing make the child look neat and attractive?

The cut should be simple and the color becoming. There should not

be many frills. The colors should be fast in order to make the dress look attractive even after months of wearing and washing.

ALL ABOUT EGGS

Very many old housekeepers do not know how to cook eggs so that they will be tempting and attractive. Many of them know only one or two ways of cooking eggs, and this makes eating eggs tiresome after a while. This month, I shall tell my young housekeepers several ways to cook eggs. If you read the instructions carefully and try them cut, you can present your family with very good samples of cooked eggs.

Boiled Eggs

Cooking eggs in the shell should be timed. There are some people who want the three-minute egg or the soft-boiled egg, and others who want them hard-boiled. Use enough boiling water to cover the eggs, slipping them in carefully. Then remove some firewood from the stove or turn the gas low so that the heat will be reduced. The water then will just simmer, not boil. Cook the eggs for three minutes if you want them soft, five minutes if you want them medium, and fifteen to twenty minutes if you want them hard.

If the eggs have been kept in the refrigerator before they were boiled, they will crack as soon as you slip them in the boiling water. This can be prevented by puncturing the rounded end of each egg with a needle or pin before it goes into the water. Plunge the eggs in cold water as soon as they are cooked, for in this way the eggshells will come off easier.

**A Good Meeting Place
 For BOY SCOUTS . . .**

At the New **AIR-COOLED**
ELECTROLUX
 The **SERVEL GAS** Refrigerator

MANILA GAS CORPORATION
 Display Room 136-138 T. Pinpin

The sun was setting when Benito walked out of the school building. He was monitor of his class and he had to set the room in order before he could go home. He saw to it that the erasers were clean and the chalk were in the proper place. He arranged the books and the pictures which were to be used in the morning classes, and he had emptied the waste basket. He was a very careful and industrious boy, and he could not feel free to go home unless he had finished his work. So Benito started for home when the sun had almost disappeared from the west.

By the gate of the school yard, he paused. He looked behind him, pleased by the pretty sight which was before him. The low bushes and the gay flowers seemed to wave at him in farewell, and the trim grass and well kept lawn looked like one beautiful smile. The sight was so pretty that Benito could not hurry home. He loved his school very much, and the yard and the trees and the pretty school building seemed to talk to him. He sat down on a small stone bench and *visited with* the school. Every bit of it seemed to talk to him and encouraged his hope that his school would qualify as an A-1 school if ever there was such a contest.

"Look at us," the flowers of the gumamela and the cadena de amor seemed to say. "We are always bright and clean. We wash our faces in the morning and we go to sleep at night. The wind brushes our petals daily and the rain bathes our leaves. Our stalks are as strong as you can wish because our food comes from the clean, rich earth and never makes us sick."

"And us," caught up the grass, "the children may step upon us every morning and afternoon, but in the evening, pick a blade of green and you will be surprised at the freshness and cleanliness that you will find. We get dirty, but the wind brushes off the dust in the evening, and the dew washes clean our thin little faces. In the morning,

THE A-1 SCHOOL



when we are dry from our evening bath, you can lie upon us and never get dirty."

The low school building winked broadly at dreaming little Benito. Its white walls and shining windows glinted in the soft twilight. Each nook and corner looked daintily brushed and awaiting inspection. Even the red painted roof was washed clean by the rain which fell every night.

Benito let his eyes wander back and forth, pleased with the picture framed by the school fence, then a thought came to him. He was going to talk to his teacher and classmates tomorrow.

The next morning, Benito came to the school early. His teacher was already in the room, so he went about his task of watering the flower pots which made their room attractive. When he was through with his duties he stood by the table of the teacher and asked her when Child Health Day was to be celebrated.

The teacher looked at the calendar. Then she said, "Child Health Day this year will be held on September 1. That means that we have about two weeks before the day.

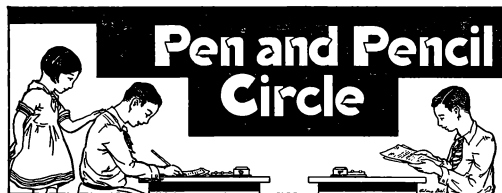
Are you thinking of qualifying as an A-1 child?"

"Yes, Miss Cruz," Benito answered, "but more than that I wish we could have an A-1 school."

"An A-1 school?" Miss Cruz was interested.

"Yesterday," Benito said shyly, "I was looking at our school and I thought it was the prettiest school which I had seen. It looked so clean and so strong because every part of it was well taken care of. The flowers and the trees always had their bath and so have the grass and the school building. Our gardener also takes care of the plants, giving them the proper food. I was thinking that our school could easily win a prize as an A-1 school if ever there was such a contest."

"That's a happy thought," smiled Miss Cruz as she put her hand on Benito's shoulder. "Our school is always clean and the trees and the flowers are strong and beautiful because they receive the proper care. As far as the school building and the surroundings are concerned we can easily be judged an A-1 school. But there is a more important qualification which will place
(Continued from page 329)



Emilio Jacinto Elem. Sch.
Tondo, Manila
Aug. 20, 1936

was staged in our school. It was very successful.

I hope this letter will interest your readers, in the same manner as their letters interest me.

Dear Aunt Alma,

How I enjoyed the operetta last Friday evening! I was much pleased and entertained with the scenes of the operetta. I was one of the participants in the "Bao Dance." I was nervous when I was on the stage. The best characters I admired were the master painter, the page, and the goddess. Everybody admired the way they talked. Someone said that these characters can be artists in the Filipino film. It is really a pleasure to see them act. This was the first time an operetta

Respectfully yours,

Elizabeth Santos

Dear Elizabeth,

I am sure pupils in other schools will be glad to read about your school activities. They will have some idea of the operetta staged by you when they see the pictures on our pictorial page.

Aunt Alma

THE A-1 SCHOOL

(Continued on page 240)

a school on such a good standing, and that is the school children. We make the school beautiful so that the children will be happy in it and so that they may follow its example of tidiness and healthfulness. Little bodies must be washed clean and fed well before they can grow as healthily as the plants and the trees. I shall speak to the class today and I shall ask the other teachers to do so. Then we can be sure that we are an A-1 school."

That day, during the Language lesson, Miss Cruz looked over her pupils and spoke to them about her hopes for an A-1 school. She was happy to find out that even in the other classes the children remembered to keep clean and healthy. "If we take good care of ourselves," she added, "and ate good food,

cleaned our bodies daily inside and out, slept well and exercised regularly, there is no reason why we cannot make our clean trees and tidy school building proud of us. Because then we shall be helping them win the title of A-1 school."

Child Health Day came bright and clear. Benito looked with pride at the dainty little school building and dainty yard. Then he watched the clean and happy children at their play.

"We are an A-1 school," he said to himself, "because the school building, the school surroundings and the school children help one another in promoting health. We need no prize, for we have happiness with us and we observe Child Health Day every day."

YOUNG WRITERS

MY PET

Have you a pet that can play with you when you want a playmate? My pet has a white breast. Its tail is black. She has a flat head. When it rains she puts her head on the gutter and takes a bath. She has cute little feet. She can run a race with me. I can not part with my pet.

Ernesto Pineda
IV-B¹

THE DISAPPOINTED FISHERMAN

Once upon a time, there lived a boy whose name was Pedro. He had a baby brother whose name was Ernesto. He lived in a broken down house with his Mother and Father. They were very poor. The Father was a carpenter and did not earn much. His Mother stayed home to take care of his baby brother, cook, and watch the house.

In the village where Pedro lived, it was hard to earn a living. This meant that Pedro had to help. So every day Pedro went fishing and always had a good catch. One day when he went fishing as usual Pedro sat in the hot sun and waited for a bite. He waited and waited but there was no bite. At last it was time to go home but he was afraid to tell his mother about it.

He went home, however, feeling very sad. He caught only one fish. When he went home, he did not tell his mother. Instead he leaned against an old table. Day by day he stood there thinking what to do. At last the gods changed Pedro into a marble statue. If you go to Pedro's house in the village you can see the marble statue of Pedro leaning against the old table and his basket with the only fish he caught. And the marble statue was called "THE DISAPPOINTED FISHERMAN."

By Bing Escoda
Central School

A SCOUT

(Continued from page 237)

- b) Membership in church or fraternal of other group
 - c) Contact with art and music
 - d) Attendance upon public lectures and gatherings
 - e) Courses of Study in institutions or night schools or by correspondence
 - f) Enrichment of his own spiritual life
 - g) Development of Hobby and Avocational interests
 - h) Dealing with his own vocational outlook and decisions
- 4) *Quests for Service Opportunities*

Being helpful to others is so fundamental a part of Scouting's training in citizenship that to find such chances becomes a major "Quest" of Senior and Rover Scouts. In the Senior Scout Circle, emphasis is placed not only on the individual personal "Good Turn"—but on organized "Good Turns" done by the Senior Circle as a unit.

At the Rover Scout level, this continues of course but the *personal finding* of need and meeting it comes to be a major emphasis—involving tremendous values to the young men because of their own concentration upon it.

(To be continued)

**"Thank heaven! WE never
run short of fresh milk!"**

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INTERESTING PLACES

CAMP MURPHY

Fortunato Asuncion

Boys, I am sure, are becoming more and more interested in military science. Here is a picture of a military camp where hundreds of soldiers go through strenuous activities day in and day out. It is in Rizal.

A towering yellow reservoir proudly standing as a sentinel, will meet your gaze as you approach the vast expanse of Camp Murphy. The magnificent improvement of what was once a barren piece of land can be attributed to the ever loyal soldiers, who with the help of the Manila prisoners, labored incessantly to produce what is now a military camp any nation can be proud of.

Several long barracks, having hundreds of well-disciplined Filipino soldiers are lined on the left side, facing the parade ground. Way out in the opposite side are the officers' cottages, where the officers and their families are quartered. A hangar can be seen silhouetted against the blue sky, from a distance.

Houses are fast springing on the side facing the huge reservoir. Who knows but that a progressive village composed of soldiers' relatives might sprout near Camp Murphy.

Select the correct answers:

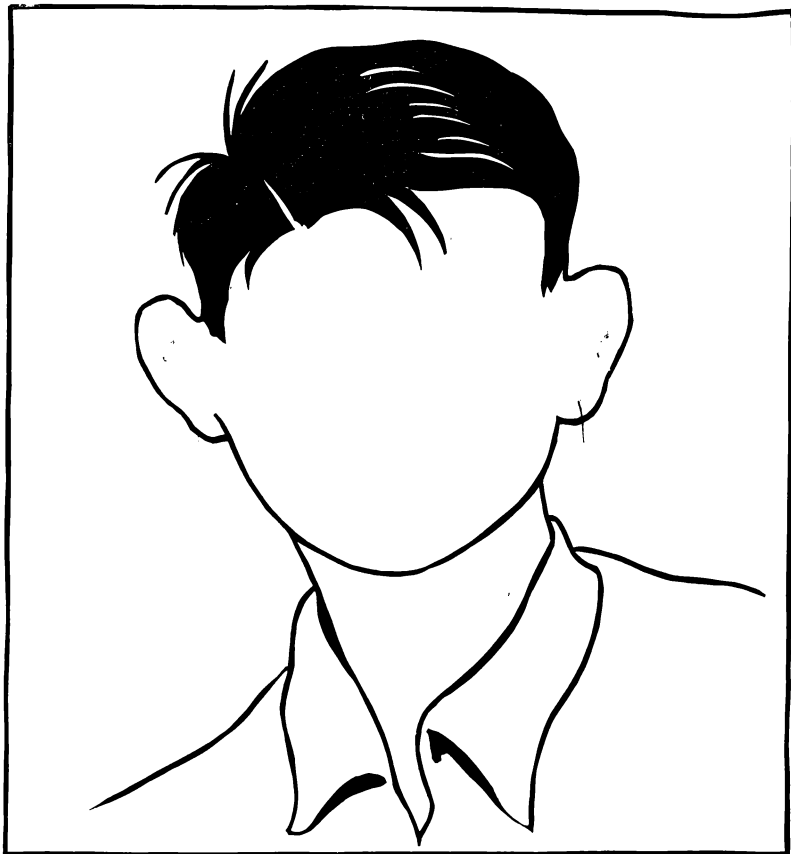
1. Camp Murphy is in (Manila, Rizal, Laguna).
2. (Boys, soldiers, workers) are housed in Camp Murphy.
3. A (road, house, reservoir) seen from a distance will direct you to Camp Murphy.
4. A (barrack, hangar, camp) is a place where soldiers are quartered.
5. (American, Spanish, Filipino) soldiers are stationed in Camp Murphy.

DRAWING LESSONS

FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

by gilma baldovina

Dear children: In a few minutes you can make this man laugh, cry, or angry. Try finishing this figure, giving him the expression you like him to have.



MOVIE AND RADIO PAGE

Naughty Children of the Movies

In the movies, as in any other place, we find a number of naughty children. They quarrel and fight, they are disrespectful to older people, they hurt animals and birds. They cry very loud and make much noise. When we see them on the screen, we feel like taking them across our knees and spanking them.

We see Jackie Searle playing a naughty child very often. Jackie is a good-looking boy who is always dressed neatly. When you first see him on the screen, you admire his appearance and you do not suppose he is naughty at all. But since he was about six years old, he has been playing the part of a naughty boy on the screen, so now when we read his name in a picture, we are sure that he has another "bad boy" role. Usually this is the case, for Jackie Searle has become such a good player of naughty boys that his director never gives him any other role. Now Jackie is a big boy, and he is not really naughty. He study his lessons and obeys his elders, and he has grown more handsome than ever.

Mickey Rooney is another boy who plays naughty parts on the screen. He is so active and he has such a funny face that he can play tricks upon his playmates without our thinking very badly of him. He is always running around and making faces. He is always fighting with someone or quarrelling with girls, but in spite of his naughty actions on the screen we like him, because he looks so healthy and so full of energy that somehow we believe that he is not really naughty but just playful. This was proven by his "Puck" in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

When Jane Withers first appeared with Shirley Temple in

"Bright Eyes," she acted the part of a very naughty girl. She was always hurting poor little Shirley, quarrelling with her and saying unkind words because Shirley was poor. When she cried, she made such a loud noise that her parents were ashamed of her. Because Jane acted that mean part very well, she was asked to make other long pictures, and now, even when she is the star of the picture, there are times when she does some naughty acts like bursting a bag full of water on the top of a man's head or hiding in barrels and fighting with big boys.

Edith Fellowes is a very pretty child, and when you first look at her, you think she is a sweet little girl who can speak softly and is kind to animals. But in her first picture, "She Married Her Boss" she acted the part of a very unruly child. She hurt her dog and she answered back whenever she was scolded. She also threw things when she was angry, and this of course no good little child should do. Edith is not really a very bad child, but she is such a good little actress that we almost hate her.

This brings us to the most hateful child who has ever appeared on the screen. This is twelve-year-old Bonita Granville, one of the players in "These Three." Bonita played the part of a lying, scheming little girl who was able to bring much disgrace and sorrow to her two kind teachers. She frightened a little schoolmate almost to death, and she deceived every one, even her grandmother whenever she had the chance. The part that Bonita played in the picture was so bad that when she herself saw her doings on the screen, she cried with shame. For Bonita is not really bad, but in the picture she had to be.

There are other naughty screen children, like Bennie Bartlett, the boy in "Thirteen Hours by Air" and the bellhop in "The Princess Comes Across." Bennie has a funny face, and when he does not speak, we can not guess what a good child actor he is. Then there is Scotty Becket who, in a picture, lied about his mother, and some members of the Our Gang comedians. We find these children in the movies, and when we see the unkindness, the mean tricks and the lies that they do, we feel like hating them. We say to ourselves that we should never be like them, because they are bad and we want to be good. But remember that these children are only acting parts to show you how unpleasant bad children are and how much nicer it feels to be kind and good and truthful. In their real lives, they are just like you, naughty sometimes, but always trying to be good.

JOKES FRESH FROM CLASSROOMS

Fortunato Asuncion

Libertad after presenting her poster to the class began,

"This is a picture of an egg. It is very rich in protein and mineral. To be healthy and strong, eat eggs every day."

A puzzled pupil: But why is that egg green?

Libertad: because this is the egg of a cow.

Teacher: *ous* means *fall of*. *Dangerous* means full of danger. *Poisonous* means full of poison.

Jose, give me a sentence using a word ending in *ous*.

Jose: Our cupboard is *pious*. (meaning, full of pie).

The Message this Month

The Healthy Child

The National Child Health Day will be celebrated this year all over the Philippines on September 1. School children in many schools will give programs to show their interest in the health of children.

Every school child wants to be healthy because the healthy child is more likely to be the happy child.

Who is the healthy child?

The healthy child is he who is healthy not only in his body but also in his mind.

1. To be healthy in body the child should do the following:—

a. He should keep his body clean—washes regularly his face, neck, ears, hands, nails, teeth, feet, and legs.

b. He must have enough sleep. A school child should sleep every day not less than eleven hours. He must sleep in a room where there are no mosquitoes, no bed bugs, and plenty of fresh air.

c. He should eat plenty of vegetables, fruits, eggs, and drink milk.

d. He should have daily exercises like playing games that requires running, throwing, and jumping. Of course too much exercise is not very healthful.

e. The healthy child should see to it that he should not have skin diseases; and he should be careful so that his eyes, ears, nose, and teeth are free from infections.

Of course, there are many other things that a child should do in order to be healthy in body. If he feels bad he should tell his parents so that a physician may be consulted.

2. However, a healthy body does not necessarily make a healthy child. A child must also be healthy in mind.

The mind, like the body, has many kinds of diseases. When a person is crazy or insane, he is sick in his mind. There are many different causes that make one crazy or insane, but it is not necessary to discuss them here. Let us consider some of the things a child should do in order to keep his mind clean and healthy.

a. He should have something to do during the day. He can help his mother, he can study his lessons, he can read; that is, he must not be idle.

b. He should have some friends to play with, in order that he can do things he likes and have plenty of exercise and plenty of laughs; that is, he must try to be happy every day.

c. He should try not to be frightened specially by dogs, storms, thunder, or ghost stories. He should learn to be calm.

Dr. I. Panlasigui

HOBBY PAGE

conducted
by gilmo baldovino

Stamp Notes

Today there are about one hundred thousand kinds of stamps already issued.

Stamps have been printed before on the backs of bank-notes (paper money) and of war maps. The country of Latvia did this in the year 1918. She used German maps and money when paper was scarce.

In 1919, South Russia used stamps as money. France has also used them as money. The United States tried it but failed when the Civil War came.

Palestine has three equal nations in its boundaries. She, therefore, prints stamps in three languages—English, Hebrew and Arabic.

The first stamp ever issued was the "One Penny Black". This was in Great Britain. This stamp carried the likeness of Queen Victoria. This happened a little less than one hundred years ago, in the year 1840.

The stamp is about one hundred years old. But the Postal System itself goes back thousands of years.

There are more Stamp Collectors than any other two hobbies combined together. In the United States, it is estimated, that there are one-half million stamp collectors.

China issued the largest stamps. It was in 1905 to 1914 when their Dragon Special Delivery Issue came out. The stamp is eight inches by two and one-half inches.

The smallest stamp was issued by the state of Bolivar in the Colombian Republic in 1863-66.

The narrowest stamp was the Canada Bisect Stamp in 1899. This stamp was but one-third of the width of ordinary stamps.

Be A Stamp Collector

Stamps are very interesting things. They are stories in pictures. From them a boy or a girl is able to learn geography, history, civics. A collector of stamps knows the different countries of the world. From stamps he sees their names. He also learns about their heroes and their great men. Some stamps contain pictures of beautiful places in other lands.

So you see that from postage stamps our knowledge of things is increased.

Collecting stamps is, therefore, a very interesting and useful hobby. It is a good indoor game. It rests our mind after the outdoor games are over.

The young person who likes to draw pretty designs may find good models to copy from stamps. What the national flower of a country is may be sometimes seen in stamps. Historical events are often pictured in stamps. For example, we have a stamp to celebrate the beginning of the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

You should start collecting stamps. You will enjoy doing it in your spare moments.

It appears that when it comes to stamp portraits our ladies have been neglected. Most of the stamps carry a picture of a man. The United States honored four: Martha Washington, Pocafontas, Queen Isabella of Spain and Molly Pitcher.

Queen Victoria was the first of the men or women to have a portrait on a stamp. The others are Catherine of Russia, Marie of Roumania, Marie Therese of Austria, and Wilhelmina.

Mexico has honored Josépha Ortiz and Leonia Vicario.

The Colombia Republic issued a stamp with a portrait of Señorita Policarpa Salvarietta, known as "La Pola".

It is interesting to start right now a complete collection of "Stamp Ladies".

A Word to School Principals—

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