

INTERESTING PLACES

Angat Dam

By FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

"There is Angat Dam!" shouted one of the excursionists.

"Where?" chorused the rest.

The exclamation turned out to have been evoked by the roaring sound heard as the truck approached the place.

Sure enough, there was the great dam, as tranquil as it is attractive.

We beheld a wide expanse of water as the truck came to a stop.

Standing against the iron railings, we commanded a view of the famous place.

At the lower part of the embankment was a flower garden, made even more attractive by numerous small paths that lead to the bank of the wide river. Fruit-laden guava trees grow here and there. Flowering plants of various kinds are in bloom everywhere.

On the right is the quarters of the keeper. It is an average-sized house surrounded with vines. It is made of strong material.



Further down is the cemented part of the river bank, with a shed, two diving boards and two dressing rooms. None can resist the temptation of bathing when he stands on the place. Except this part, the bank is lined with tall ipil trees.

The roaring of the water is awe-inspiring. The deafening sounds is caused by the water dropping to a considerable depth. Right at

this part is the control mechanism which regulates the outflow of the water. Climbing a tower which rises at this spot, one can have a full view of the entire place.

Something peculiar will attract attention. Fishermen can be seen busily filling their bags with live fish caught at the point where the water drops from a fair height. The fish would be scared away, you might say, but the reverse is true for the poor fish likes to go against the current and in so doing finds a very easy road to the frying pan.

* Teacher, Rizal Elementary School.

my classmates. I cannot face my teacher."

"What poster is it?" asked the mother.

"It is in my bag. Would you mind getting it for me?" The mother took out of the bag a poster like this one:

HOLD YOUR UMBRELLA HIGH

"You cannot see when you hold your umbrella down over your face. Hold it up high. It is better to get a little bit wet than to get run over."

All those present looked at the poster.

"Don't worry. It was not your fault," said the mother in an effort to comfort the unhappy child.

"It was my fault, Mother. I was holding my umbrella down over my face. I heard the sound of the horn but I did not see the cab. I thought it was far off yet so I crossed the street hurriedly. Indeed, it was my fault."

"Never mind, Dear. You will surely not forget it again."