

Why Pedong Succeeded

By Antonio C. Muñoz

Here is a father's story which was responsible for the success of a boy in his studies. Read it and find out why Pedong succeeded.

IT was in the morning on the last Saturday of July when father, mother, and son sat at a table hardly a foot high. A simple meal consisting of rice, fish, and chocolate was set on it.

"Amboy," said the mother, "have you seen Pedong's card?"

"No, I have not seen it," the father replied.

The mother stood up and went into the room.

"Here it is," she said as she handed the card to her husband.

The father looked at the card. It contained the first periodic rating. Pedong's average was 70.

"Ay!" sighed the father after he had seen Pedong's grade. "It's the same old story."

"What's the matter, Amboy?" asked his wife. "Why are you so pale?"

"It's the same old story," repeated Amboy.

"What story are you talking about?" the wife asked. "Please tell us about it."

"Fifteen years ago," began the father, "I was a fifth grade pupil in the school where Pedong is now studying. I was then fifteen years old. One morning in July my mother handed my grade card to my father. It contained the rating for the month of June. My

father looked at the card and then gave it back to my mother. He did not make any remark on the grade I got. Perhaps he was not interested in my studies. After my father had gone out to his work, I got the card to see my rating. The average at the bottom was 70. There was no encouragement from my parents and so every month my grade was getting lower. At the end of the year, I failed. My father did not even know that I failed. He was not interested.

"The following year I was not sent to school. I believed then that neither my father nor my mother was interested in my getting an education. To me it did not matter whether I went to school or stayed at home.

"Time passed on very quickly. When I was eighteen years old, I married you, Maria, and the following year Pedong was born.

"You remember that at seven we sent Pedong to school. Now he is twelve and in the same grade in which I was when I was fifteen.

"It was that 70 per cent rating which started the failure of my life. I say 'failure' because if I had continued my studies, I would have been a teacher now like my classmate, Sergio, or perhaps a doctor like my classmate, Paking. Both of these former classmates went on with their studies and now they are happy—happy because they can afford all the needs of daily life."

(Please turn to page 215)

Words by Carolyn S. Bailey

The Raindrops

Music by I. Alfonso

Tempo de Valse

1. We hear the rain-drops dancing feet, U-pon the roots to-day what they say

2. We lis-ten while the rain-drops sing. And this is what they say.

We see the lit-tle rain-drops We tis-ten while the rain-drops dress'd, In suits of sil-ver gray. We Pat-ter! sing, and this is what they say;

Pat-ter! Sprin-kle! Sprin-kle! Here's a drink for pe-ri-win-kle, Dai-sy! clo-ver gras-ses too. They love rain and so must you.

WHY PEDONG*(Continued from page 205)*

The father covered his face with his hands. When he looked up, his face was a picture of discouragement.

"Father," Pedong said, "many people say that 'History repeats itself' but I promise that I'll do all I can to prevent the sad story of your life from repeating itself. I'll work hard in school to make up what you failed to do."

"So be it, my boy, so be it." was all that the father could say.

Pedong made good his promise. As a result of his efforts, his ratings were better every month. At the end of the year, he passed the fifth grade with an average of 85.

His father worked hard to support Pedong in his studies.

Two years later, at the graduating exercises of the elementary school, Pedong delivered

the welcome address, an honor given to the second best pupil.

HELPS FOR STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Why was the father very sad one morning?

How did the father's story help Pedong in his studies?

After Pedong had finished the seventh grade, do you think he continued his studies in the high school? Why do you think so?