

HEALTH SECTION**Winning***By B. HILL*

Pedro and his parents moved into the nice new house that had been built on the beach. It was the nicest house in the town. The neighborhood boys had been wondering if there would be any boy in the family of the new house.

Well, they moved in on Saturday morning while the neighboring boys were having a volley ball game in the vacant lot near by. Pedro, the son of the new-comers, heard their shouts. At first he was too interested in looking through the new home to think of the boys he would meet there.

It was not long, however, until he slipped out to the back fence and peeped through the crack.

For some time he watched the boys but they could not see him. The boys continued to play and Pedro stood watching in his hidden place he said to himself, "I wonder what that one's name is who serves the ball so high. Look! how that other one can jump to return the ball. The one next



to the net is about my size. I wonder how old he is."

After watching for a while he lifted the latch and stood half inside and half outside holding the gate against himself. One of the boys in the volley ball game noticed him. "Oh look!" he exclaimed, "the people of the new house must have moved in. There is a boy at the gate." Pedro realized that they had discovered him and drew back a bit.

"Shall we call him to play?" asked Alejandro.

"Yes, call him," suggested Medio.

"Say, fellow, want to play?"

Pedro drew back further.

"I will go over and ask him," offered Jose.

As Jose approached, Pedro drew back still more and almost closed the gate. When Jose was near enough to speak quietly he said, "My name is Jose, what is yours?"

"Pedro," answered the new boy shyly.

"Will you come and play with us?"

"I don't know how to play volley ball," admitted Pedro.

"Never mind, we will show you. It's easy."

The two boys joined the players and Jose told Pedro the names of each boy. "Pedro doesn't know the game," Jose explained to his playmates. And then to Pedro, "You watch for a while and when you catch on take my place."

The game looked easy to Pedro and he soon felt that he could take part. Jose gave him his place and stood looking on. When the ball came Pedro's way he usually dodged it, or if he did strike at it he couldn't get it over the net.

"Never mind," encouraged the boys, "with practice you will get it over."

In a short time Pedro said he was tired and went home.

"We play here every Saturday morning," suggested one of the boys.

"Come out and play with us again," invited Jose.

At noon Jose told his mother about the new

The Game

CANOVA

boy. "I asked him to play in our gang."

"I am glad you were nice to the little stranger. In a few days I'll go over and get acquainted with his mother," said Jose's mother.

The next time the boys met the game was *sipa*. They invited Pedro to enter the play.

"The ball will hurt my foot," he complained.

"Never mind," said Alejandro, "your foot will become accustomed to it."

"I'll watch only," Pedro insisted.

Jose stepped aside with Pedro and asked, "What do you like to play? Maybe the boys will make another game, something you like."

"I like to play in the sand on the beach."

"We play there sometimes, but it is the rule of the crowd to play hard games on Saturday mornings."

Jose asked his mother if he might have Pedro and Medio in for lunch.

"Yes, I'll be glad for you to invite them," said his mother.

There was a very large stone at the back of Jose's house. It was a favorite pastime for the boys to see who was strong enough to move that heavy stone or lift it clear off the ground

That is what Jose and his friends were doing Sunday morning while they waited for lunch.

"You ought to see Alejandro lift this right off the ground," Jose told the boys.

"He is the strongest boy in our gang," said Medio, "and you should see how he eats. He likes everything."

"What does he eat?" asked Pedro plaintively.

"Everything—*galay*, *pechay*, *camotes*, *dabong*, eggs, fish, unpolished rice, milk, *gabi*, *ubi*, *ta-long*, oh, everything."

Pedro made no reply but he was thinking.

Jose went on, "My mother says that green leaf vegetables, such as *pechay* and *galay* are a big help in making growing boys strong."

"Yes, and plenty of milk and eggs and all kinds of fruits and root vegetables and other kinds too," added Medio.

Pedro continued to think but had little to say.

"It's the strongest boys that usually win in the games," remarked Medio.

At lunch Jose and Medio ate heartily of everything the mother served—unpolished rice, pork, *calumongay*, squash and *bingka*. Pedro ate only a little of his rice and left all of the *calamongay* and most of the squash on his plate. The *bingka* was the only thing he seemed to enjoy. Jose's mother noticed that the little stranger ate so little and asked what he would like.

(Please turn to page 103)



WINNING THE GAME

(Continued from page 95)

"I have had plenty," insisted the little boy.

With more questions from the mother, Pedro explained that he was not accustomed to unpolished rice and had never eaten *calamongay*.

"You will have to eat plenty of food if you play with our gang because we like hard games," Jose told his new friend.

Pedro believed this was true and tried his best to finish his plate of food.

That night at the dinner table Pedro asked his mother, "Why don't we ever have *calamongay*?"

"That is the very common vegetable that the very poor people use?"

"Some of the poor people are very strong and can do hard work without getting so tired."

From that day Pedro kept trying to develop a taste for all kinds of vegetables, milk and eggs. After that he did not eat so much polished rice and sweets. It was not long until he started gaining weight and soon took part in all the games. By the end of the year he was as skilled as any boy of his own age in anything the gang tried to do.
