

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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NUMBER 4

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



A SICK BOY QUESTIONS

Dedicated to Hospital Day

Mamma, why are the nights so long and still,
The days so strangely sad?
Why are my legs and arms so thin,
Is it because I have been bad?

Why are the walls so bare and white,
The beds lined side by side,
Why do the children cry all day,
Must laughter always hide?

Who brings the sunshine everyday,
Is it the lady bright
Who wears a funny little cap,
And walks with steps so light?

Mamma, do you think that I
Can one day very soon,
Walk out again to play and sing
Beneath the sun or moon?

L. V. R.



LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

When Little Boy Ran Away

By Aunt Julia



"Little Boy, Little Boy, what is the matter?" It was mother.

LITTLE Boy had been playing. He played long. He played with many toys. He played ball. He could hit his ball with his bat. He played "bean bag toss."

Soon Little Boy was very tired. He looked at his bed. His bed said,

"Little Boy, come here."

"No", Little Boy said in a big, big voice. "I will not sleep."

By and by he went to his mother. He said,

"Mother, I want some cake. Please bake a cake for me."

"No, not today," his mother answered.

"May I have some bananas, Mother?"

"No, not now. Run to the store for me. Buy a box of matches."

Little Boy went out. But he did not go to the store.

"I am running away," he said. "Mother will not bake a cake for me. She will not give me some bananas. She wants me to buy things for her."

Little boy walked on and on. He met a blue bird. It had a big bill. It sang,

"I like the blue sky. I like the wind blowing among the trees. I am happy."

Little Boy said,

"The bird is happy. I, too, will be happy."

He walked on. He met a butterfly. The butterfly was on a big blue flower. The flower looked like a bell.

"The butterfly is happy," Little Boy said.

"The butterfly plays among the flowers. The bird and the butterfly are happy. I will be happy, too."

Little Boy walked on and on. He had been walking for a long time. He began to grow tired. He wanted to sit down. There was no bench. He felt very warm. He wanted to take a bath. He was hungry.

"Oh, for a bite of bread!" He said. "Oh, for a bowl of milk, or some bananas!" But there was nothing to eat.

Little Boy could not walk on. He wanted to go back. He could not walk anymore. He thought of Baby at home. Baby must have a bowl of warm milk. He sat on the ground. Soon the sky grew black. A bell was ringing in his ear. The sun was burning his face. A big brown bee came. It said "Buzz, Buzz." The big brown bee stung him on the face.

"Mother!" Little Boy screamed. Nobody came.

(Continued on page 127)

An Angel Of God

GUY DE FONTGALLAND

By Col Salvosa

IN a story of the little saints which you read last month, you saw the name of Guy de Fontgalland. This month we shall tell you the complete story of little Guy. He was born in France in 1913. At a very early age, he was made to wear the colors of the Virgin Mary, whom he called his Heavenly Mamma. The love for Jesus was inculcated in him by his parents, and the first word that he learned to say was "Zesus" meaning, "Jesus".

His short life was filled with many illustrations of his love for Jesus. He did not like to eat meat, but at every meal, except on Fridays, he would take a mouthful of it as a sacrifice for Jesus. One Friday, his nurse noticed that Guy was finding difficulty in walking. Removing his shoes, she found a stone in one of them. Guy explained that since he could not make his sacrifice by eating meat, he substituted the stone for it. Another time, his mother gave him some bitter medicine. "Swallow it quickly, so that you will not taste it," suggested his mother. Guy only grinned and let the medicine stay in his mouth for a long time before he swallowed it. These are only a few of the little sacrifices by which he showed his love for Jesus.

Little Guy's foremost ambition was to be a priest. "When I grow up," he said, "I shall be a priest. I shall invent an airplane and fly to the lands where the people have never heard of Jesus and I shall tell them about Him." But God had a different plan for our little saint as we shall see later.

Even before he received his first Holy Communion, Guy had already a sort of communion with Jesus. One day, his grandmother said to him, "Do you know, Guy, that Jesus lives in the heart of little children when they are good?" These words had an effect on Guy, for from that day on, even when he was playing, he would inter-



Guy de Fontgalland at the age of 12 years

rupt the game and ask someone to listen if Jesus was in his heart.

Guy had always looked forward to his first Communion Day. The day before that, his mother prepared him for confession. She began to tell him about hell in order that he would be sorry for his sins, but he said, "Just tell me how Jesus suffered because of my sins." That was enough to make him sorry; so great was his love for Jesus. The next morning he woke up very early and with his parents, arrived at the church before it was opened. He was very attentive at Holy Mass and when at last Holy Communion was distributed, he received Jesus very devoutly. While he was feeling and thinking of the joy in having Jesus in his heart, God said to him, "My little Guy, I shall take you; you will die young; you will not be my priest; I desire to make you my angel." And the boy answered, "Yes", to the will of God even if it meant leaving his parents and his little brother. Many times, he was about to tell this to his mother, but the thought that it would make her sad made him keep the secret to himself.

(Continued on page 129)



How Vito Spent His Vacation

A Story

By Antonio C. Muñoz



“**W**HAT shall we do with Vito, Juana, when school opens in June?” asked Amboy, the father of the little boy. “I don’t know,” his wife replied. “Unless we mortgage our little cornfield, Vito will have to stay out of school for a year at least.”

It was the night of the first day of vacation. While the father and mother were talking outside, Vito was already in bed. But he was awake. He heard what his parents talked about. He knew then that it would be very hard for him to continue his studies the following year. His father could not send him to school again with the little means they had. Just before school closed, the principal teacher announced that all fourth grade pupils should provide themselves with the text books required, either by buying or renting them from the school. Then there were the matriculation fee, the Junior Red Cross contribution, the school supplies, and other things an intermediate pupil must have. It was a problem which was hard to solve, too hard for a little boy like Vito who was only twelve years old. However, Vito was a good boy. His teacher had taught him useful lessons in their class in character education. It was then that two character traits came to his mind—industry and thrift.

“Why should I not work during vacation?” Vito asked himself. “I may earn enough for all the things that I shall need when school opens.”

“Let me see,” he tried to think hard. “If I make it a point to earn and save ten centavos a day, I shall have enough, at least,

to start the school year.”

Before he slept that night, he had decided to work hard during vacation.

It was Saturday evening, the tenth of June, when father and mother talked again about Vito.

“Vito must stay out of school. We don’t have any money. Next year, perhaps, we shall be able to send him to school,” Amboy told his wife.

“Oh, I am sorry! I am very sorry for him!” Juana replied with a sigh. “He is very much interested in his studies and it’s a pity that he must quit.”

“Poor boy!” was all that the father could say.

Just then they heard Vito’s voice. He was on the street singing, “**HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!**”

“Good evening, father. Good evening, mother.” was Vito’s greeting to his parents as he took their hands and kissed them.

He then put his hand in his pocket and drew out a one-peso and a two-peso bill and placed them on the table. He ran to the kitchen and came back with a *boló*. From his other pocket, he took out a milk can which was covered with earth and rust. He opened the can and poured its contents on the table. One-centavo, five-centavo, and ten-centavo pieces rolled on the table.

The father and mother stared in dumb astonishment at the money on the table which Vito was counting.

“Three pesos and seventy-five centavos or ₱6.75 including the paper bills,” Vito muttered when he had counted all the pieces.

"Now let me see if my record is correct," he said as he opened his little note book.

"Okay!" he exclaimed with a chuckle.

Then he went to where his parents were sitting and said, "Father and mother, about two months ago, I heard you talk about not sending me to school for lack of funds. That same night, I decided to work hard during vacation in order to earn something to start the school year and now I have it," he concluded as he pointed to the money on the table.

"Where did you get that?" the astonished father asked.

Vito read the record to them. It had the following:

Received for polishing shoes	₱3.55
Received for watering Mr. Calumpang's plants, morning and afternoon, for 60 days at 5 centavos a day	3.00
Received for sweeping Mr. Oracion's yard (8 Saturdays at 10 centavos each)80

Received for carrying stones to the home of Mr. Alcantara 50

Total ₱7.85
 Paid for polishing materials and equipment 1.10

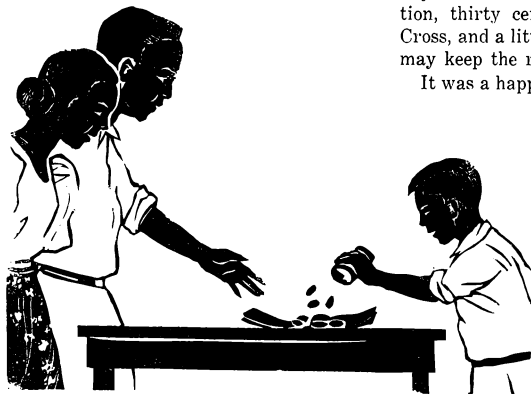
Balance ₱6.75

"I was not idle during vacation," Vito explained. "Perhaps you thought that I spent my time playing with other boys. I did not tell you about it as I wanted to give you a surprise. Have I surprised you, Father and Mother, and are you happy that your little boy has done something useful?"

With tears of joy in their eyes, the poor father and mother ran to their son and held him tightly in their arms, the father shouting like a madman, the mother sobbing like a child.

At last Vito tore away from his parents and said, "Mr. Alcantara has kindly lent me his son's books so I do not need to rent any. I need only two pesos for matriculation, thirty centavos for the Junior Red Cross, and a little for school supplies. You may keep the rest, mother."

It was a happy night for the poor family.



"Where did you get that?"
 the astonished father asked.

ANNOUNCING

"THE YOUNG CITIZEN'S" Big Essay Contest

Valuable Prizes for Schools and Individual Pupils

Watch for Particulars

 A Story of

THE CALACHUCHE

By L. V. R.

A Young Gardener once went into her flower garden. The garden bloomed with many flowers which her mother and her grandmother had planted before her.

"My, my," she said to herself, "the garden is crowded. Where shall I place this cutting which my Uncle gave me?" And she looked down at a stem cutting which she held in her hand. The cut stem was sticky with sap. It looked strange and ugly in the garden of beautiful flowers.

The Young Gardener did not know what to do. She could not plant the cutting in the center of the garden. It would spoil the looks of the whole garden. She could not plant it near the gay cannas and the lovely chrysanthemums. The cannas and the chrysanthemums might feel offended.

"I will plant it where it would not get much attention," she said, and taking a spade, she begun digging a hole in the corner of the garden. She stuck the cutting in the hole.

"There," she said, as she wiped her hands, "Grow if you must." With these



"How beautiful you are!" she cried.

words she forgot the strange cutting and fled from the garden.

The cutting felt very lonely in the strange world of the garden. The flowers blooming brightly on their stems made the ugly newcomer feel unwelcome and lonely. Bare of leaves and of a crooked figure, the cutting looked like an unnecessary blot in the picture which the rest of the garden made. So it tried to hide more closer still to the shadows of the fence, afraid to hear the unkind words which one flower whispered to another.

But "Come!" said the sunshine, extending a bright finger, and up the cutting shot. The kind dew in the evening laid it coolly to rest, and the motherly wind lulled it to precious sleep. Very painfully, the leaves burst out of the tight bark. Inch by inch, the trunk pulled itself from the earth. Taller and taller, the little plant grew, till it looked down on the other plants in the garden.

"I am big," the cutting said to itself. "I am bigger than the rest. I am taller than the slim lilies and the lovely camias. I am bigger than the low fence of the garden!"

"You are big," answered the other flowers of the garden, "but are plants measured by their height? What have you to show for that tallness? You have no brightly colored flowers to delight the eye. You don't have a sweet scent to make the atmosphere sweet as the wind passes by. You have nothing but a thin skeleton of a trunk and a few sickly leaves."

The stranger heard the flowers say these and felt ashamed for its pleasure in its height.

But the sun and the moon and even the little visiting birds said, "Come—higher, higher!" And the cutting shot a little more upwards, answering the call. It grew so tall that it could see the small children playing in the adjacent yard. It heard the bark-

ing of the dogs in the streets. From its humble corner, it waved shyly to the other plants, alone and friendless in the world of the garden.

The Young Gardener went to the garden one morning to visit her flowers. She looked happily at the rose smelling so sweet in the morning breeze. She touched one flower after another. When she came to the corner cutting, she paused.

"You are tall, aren't you," she said, surprised. "But of what use are you? You have no flowers. You give me no fruits. I think I should throw you away."

"Wait!" the cutting prayed. "Wait a little longer. Then perhaps kind Nature will give me a gift some day. That gift I shall give to you."

The Young Gardener left the cutting alone.

Day by day, the cutting grew. Then, one lovely morning in May, the tall cutting opened its eyes to notice strange growths along its slim trunk. These rough little growths like pimples upon a smooth surface, made her feel uncomfortable and fearful. But the kindly sun winked one bright eye and smiled. And the gentle dew fell brightly in the night and said softly, "Do not fear, young one, do not fear."

The rest of the flowers were surprised one morning to catch a faint fragrance which the breeze brought happily.

"What is it?" one flower cried to another, as each bloom raised up its pretty nose to sniff the fragrance. The Young Gardener, who came into the garden, was attracted by a pretty sight in the corner of the yard. The cutting, grown tall and graceful, was loaded with lovely white flowers with yellow hearts. Thin veins of red and purple ran delicately from one petal end to another. An exquisite fragrance came from the golden heart of each strange flower.

The Young Gardener clapped her hands with pleasure.



"I shall make your flowers into a heart to offer the Virgin when I go to church...."

"How beautiful you are!" she cried. "I shall ask my mother to give you a name." And so saying, she ran into the house to ask her mother for a name to give her new flower.

"That is the Calachuche," the mother said, as she leaned out of the window to look at the flowers that grew from the tall trunk.

"Calachuche! Calachuche!" the Young Gardener cried happily, pleased by the strange sound of the name. "I shall make your flowers into a heart to offer the Virgin when I go to church. You are so lovely, and your petals are so golden and thick."

That afternoon, a beautiful, large heart of white and gold flowers rested beneath the Virgin's feet. A soft-fragrance came from those flowers, shaming the scentless gumamelas and the gaudy cannas which other children had offered. The Young Gardener prayed softly that the little cutting which so humbly grew in the corner of her garden, would live forever to give sweet homage to the Virgin.

INTERESTING PLACES

ANTIPOLO



ANTIPOLO is the chief pilgrimage spot of the Philippines. For many years, people from different parts of the country have come to this little town nestling among the mountains to pay their homage to "Our Lady of Peace and Prosperous Voyage".

Journeying to Antipolo in the old days involved hardship and sacrifices. In the first place, there were very few vehicles which could reach the place. No good roads could be traveled on, so many devout Filipinos went to Antipolo on foot or in rattan hammocks carried by hired men. Sometimes, caritelas could be hired to convey passengers to the pilgrimage place, but few horses could stand the difficult passes and rough roads.

At present, however, the trip to Antipolo has been made very easy. Good roads lead to the church and enable automobiles and trucks to do good business. The trains have their own buses which take passengers from the station of Taytay to the heart of the town itself. Even the small taxis can

now reach Antipolo. Transportation is very easy for the present-day pilgrims.

The town of Antipolo is on a mountainous section in the province of Rizal. The fame of the place sprung from the miraculous patron saint called Our Lady of Peace and Prosperous Voyages. The image of the Virgin is among the most beautifully decked images of the Philippines. The garments and bright jewels which adorn it are said to be worth about a quarter of a million pesos.

The miraculous image was first brought to the Philippines by Juan Nino de Tabora who was appointed Governor-General of the Philippines in 1626. The image was brought here to insure the galleons or old trading vessels of safety at sea. According to the legends, the Virgin crossed the Pacific eight or ten times besides the first trip. On each voyage, she had calmed the tempests at sea. She was said to have appeared one time on the branches of the antipolo or bread-fruit tree. So the town was named Antipolo in her honor. It is believed that she was not burned when the Chinese cast her into a roaring fire in 1639, but the incident made her very dark. She also gave the Spaniards victory over 12 Dutch ships when they fought off Mari-veles.

In 1672, the image of the Virgin was removed to Antipolo where it has since stayed. Yearly, during the month of May, people from many provinces travel over the mountains to attend masses and join processions held in honor of this beloved saint. In accordance with pledges and vows made in time of trouble, devout Catholics accomplish trips from the door of the church to the altar on bended knees.

The Story Of Philippine Cloths

•
PIÑA
•

HAVE you seen a pineapple plant? Perhaps one grows in your yard. Do you notice the pointed stems and the strong leaves? From these, cloth can be woven.

A long time ago, there was very little silk in the Philippines. So the women wove material from the pineapple plant and used this for their holiday clothes. This material, which is known as the piña cloth, is very beautiful and fine. It is soft and can be made into the most charming skirts. The fine threads and glossy appearance of the material makes it one of the most expensive materials manufactured in the Philippines.

In getting the fibers from the pineapple plant, care is taken that it is not broken or cut. A tool with a blunt edge is used. A sharp knife would spoil the fiber. When the fiber is cleaned, washed and dried, it becomes soft and lustrous.

Sometimes the piña cloth is woven solely of pineapple fiber. When it is pure, the cloth is delicate and silky and can be made

Next to the church, the most sought out spot of Antipolo is the Hinulugang Taktak. This is a series of streams and falls located some kilometers distant from the town. Here people, young and old, get plenty of fun bathing or sight-seeing. Tall trees and grasslands line the trails which lead to these famous falls and streams. Mangoes, santol, and other delicious native fruits may be bought or picked on the way to Hinulugang Taktak.



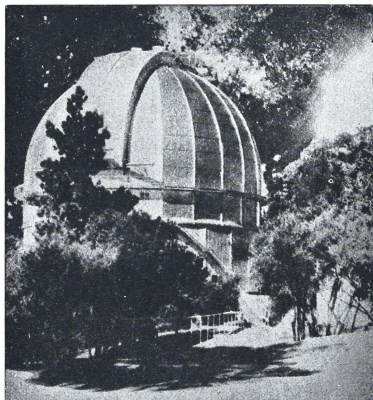
into pretty dresses and other articles of women's wear. It can also be embroidered and sold for a very high price.

To save some expense, the pineapple fiber can be mixed with other fibers, such as sinamay, cotton or silk. The result is also very beautiful and can be sold for a good price. Handkerchiefs, doilies, centerpieces and sometimes framed embroideries are made of the good piña cloth.

The piña cloth is manufactured mostly in Capiz, although the plant grows all over the Philippines. Other places like Rizal, Bulacan, and the Bicol region manufacture a little also, but this is largely the mixed kind which is cheaper. Capiz makes the cloth not only for use in the Philippines but also for exporting to other countries of the world.

The Sky and The Stars

How Heavenly Bodies Are Observed



Above—The 100-inch telescope housed in this Mount Wilson Observatory, near Pasadena, Calif., has increased man's knowledge of astronomy. The new 100-inch telescope will also scan the skies in the clear California air.

YOU have read a great deal about the sun and moon, the stars, and the planets. You will perhaps wonder why so much is known about the heavenly bodies. In our stories about the stars, you learned how the ancient people regarded the stars. They told many fanciful stories about the constellations.

But even among the ancient people there were some wise men who made a real study of the skies. From the word "astron" meaning a star, came the word astronomy or the science of the stars. Those who practiced this science were called astronomers.

The early astronomers used only their eyes in their observation. At present, astronomers use powerful instruments called telescopes. Through the telescopes, the heavenly bodies can be seen as if they were much nearer. The first telescope was in-

vented three hundred years ago by the great astronomer Galileo. It was very small and crude but it was of great help to the early astronomers. At present the largest telescope is one hundred inches in diameter. It is located at the Mount Wilson Observatory in Pasadena, California. It is so powerful that it seems to bring the heavenly bodies close to the observer. When nearest the earth, the moon is about two hundred twenty thousand miles away. Looking at it through this telescope, it seems to be only sixty miles away.

This huge telescope is housed in a large building of concrete and steel. On top of it is a great revolving dome. The telescope and dome are moved by electricity. The machinery that operates it has delicate instruments which work as accurately as a fine watch. With the use of powerful telescopes, the sky can be studied as if it were a book.

THE HOSPITAL

Have you ever thought of the hospital
As a strange and friendly land,
Where nurses are the fairy bright
Who work with magic wands?

One waves a thermometer,
And right away she finds
The secrets hiding far from sight,
Within our hearts and minds.

The doctors are the wizards
Whose kindly ministrations,
Can chase away whatever imps
Have us in their possession.

Have you ever thought of the hospital
As a simple fairyland
Whose labyrinths so clean and white
Lead to Health and Happy Land?

Significance Of Hospital Day

By FILIPINA SALVOSA *

DOES MAY 12th mean anything to you? If there's anybody who does not realize the significance of the day, it's time that he did. It is the day of all hospitals, both private and public, big and small.

Do you know why we have to celebrate Hospital Day? Hospitals play an important role in the community. A place without hospitals is just out of luck.

During the Spanish regime the value of hospitals was not realized. The people were afraid to go to hospitals. They feared the sight of a doctor, nurse or other health workers, especially the sanitary inspectors. But now, with the American rule, the people have come to realize the importance of hospitals. They no longer have to be coaxed to go to hospitals for treatment of their sickness. Even barrio people now welcome the sight of visiting nurses. They eagerly await the coming of doctors and nurses. One will usually hear these questions asked by someone: "When will our nurse come again?" or "Will she not visit us anymore?"

Visiting doctors and nurses are more appreciated in the remote barrios of the Islands because of the absence of hospitals. There are barrios where nurses visit only once a month or once a year. So the arrival of a nurse is a day of rejoicing among the barrio people, for in her, they find an always ready friend.

We often read of complaints and reports about the inefficiency of a certain hospital administration. But let us be more slow in our criticisms of hospitals. The unhappy



Philippine General Hospital

incidents that happen more frequently in public hospitals are not always to be blamed upon the hospital personnel. They may happen because of lack of personnel and adequate facilities which are caused by insufficient funds appropriated by the law-making body of our government. It is a sad thing to note that some of our legislators are more quick in slashing appropriations for health work than those providing for luxuries of some of our privileged lawmakers.

Just what are hospitals and what do they do for us? Hospitals are houses where the sick are cared for. Hospitals provide for dispensaries where people who do not need hospital confinement can go for treatment as prescribed by the doctors. Some hospitals in Manila that do this kind of work are the Philippine General Hospital, San Juan de Dios Hospital, Mary Johnston Hospital, St. Lukes' Hospital, and St. Paul's Hospital. The Philippine General Hospital has an extension service by which patients discharged from the hospital are followed up. The St. Paul's Hospital has a similar service called social work. The sisters of the hospital

* Graduate, Philippine General Hospital.

(Continued on page 128)

The Story of the Month of May



AMONG the goddesses of the ancient Romans was the goddess Maia, whose festival comes on the first day of the month which was named after her. Maia was one of the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione. Pursued by the great hunter Orion, the seven girls were changed into pigeons. When they flew into the sky, they became a cluster of stars. This constellation has been called the Pleiades.

Maia was the goddess of the plains. The Romans offered sacrifices to her on the first day of May for productive land. She was the mother of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. To enable him to move swiftly, Jupiter gave him wings for his feet and a winged cap for his head. Apolo gave him a magic wand which had the power of making enemies become friends. Mercury put it between two fighting snakes and they at once wound themselves around it. Since then Mercury has always been represented with his winged sandals and cap and his wand around which two snakes are wound.

HEALTH AND SAFETY

KEEPING THE HOME SAFE DURING VACATION

I am sure that you are not fond of flies. They are dirty and leave germs in your food and other things in your home. They can make you very sick. Is there any other reason why you should fight flies?

Here are some rules which will help you in fighting them:

1. Swat each fly that comes within your reach. Flies breed so rapidly that one fly can have several million descendants.

2. Flies breed in manure and garbage. Empty the garbage cans very often so that the flies won't have a chance to breed in them. Use a covered garbage pail. This will make your task easier. Be sure to burn or bury garbage. Then the flies cannot get at them.

3. Flies carry germs from outside to the food in the house, so there should not be any dirt lying about your house and yard.

4. Make war not only on flies but also on mosquitoes, cockroaches, and dirt, for then you will be fighting disease.

Have you ever seen children who get hurt because they do not help their parents keep the house safe during vacation? Some children get poisoned, others fall down stairs. There are those who get scalded by boiling water. Children like you should be able to do your share in keeping the home safe from accidents. Here are several things to remember:

Keep brooms, mops, baskets and other objects away from stairs or steps. Then the smaller children will not fall on them and hurt themselves.

Help your mother when she tries to keep pots of boiling water and other hot liquids in places that cannot be reached by careless hands.

Medicine should be placed in the medicine cabinet. All bottles should be labeled. Never use the contents of any bottle if you have not yet asked what they are for.

Old Filipino Games

(Collected)

IN the old days, our grandparents played games that were very interesting. They often used shells and pebbles in these games. Sometimes, they played for forfeits such as songs, dances, food or money. But always, they played for fun, and their games needed plenty of thinking and reasoning.

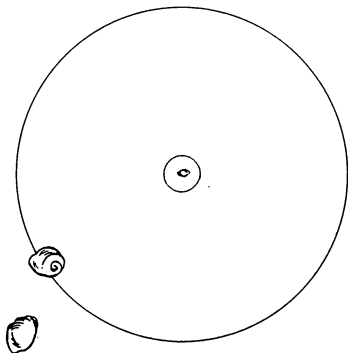
This vacation, you have plenty of time for play. If you get tired of the games you have formerly learned, here are some games which are so old that they will be new again if you play them. Carefully read all the directions for playing them, then teach them to your brothers and sisters and to whoever will play with you.

CHUNGCAJAN OR MANCALA

Chungcajan is a game that is still being played, but many of the young boys and girls now do not know what it is. It is a very interesting game which will not only rest you but also develop your watchfulness and your ability to calculate.

The game is played with a boat-shape board that has fourteen holes in two rows and a large hole at each end. Ninety-eight little shells or *sigay* are distributed in the holes, seven in each hole. The two players sit at each side of the board. They begin at the same time, taking the contents of any hole they like. They drop one shell at each hole, passing to the left and leaving one shell at the end hole which belongs to him. When he has dropped the seventh shell, he takes the contents of the hole in which he dropped the last one. He continues in this way until he has dropped his last shell in his own big hole or cavity. Then he gets another set of shells.

Both players continue alternately. If one gets a set of shell and drops the last in a vacant hole, he stops and lets the other continue. They go on alternating until there are no more shells in the small hole.



PUNGITAN

This is like an old shooting game. Now, perhaps, you play this with bottle covers and centavos. A long time ago, this game was played with shells.

The game can be played on smooth ground under the houses or on the basement floor. Concrete places are also very suitable, and of course, the floor of the sala when it rains. Draw a ring on the ground or floor. A ring with a diameter measuring two feet is good enough. Draw a small circle inside the ring. Place a small shell in the circle.

Each player has a white shell which he twirls in the air to determine who shall shoot first. If one shell falls mouth up and the other falls mouth down, the owner of the first shell shoots first. If both shells fall mouth up or mouth down, the play is a tie, and both players twirl again.

The first player places his shell on the line of the large circle. With a flip of thumb and forefinger, he shoots it at the small shell in the inner ring. If he succeeds, he wins the small shell. If he does not, the shell is put back in the inner ring and the opponent shoots. The bets are usually food and other common articles.

The one who has the most shells in the end wins.



Chapter Fourteen

VA-CATION DAYS

DURING the Christmas recess, Tonio had a chance to be with Mrs. Del Valle a great deal of the time. Before the sun was up, she took long walks through country lanes and Tonio was her sole companion. She asked him about his school work, his teachers, and friends. She showed a keen interest in the boy's past life, in those years when Tonio and his Lolo had to go begging. He related to her his experiences with street boys and how he almost fell into the hands of thieves and shop-lifters.

"Why did you have to beg?" asked Mrs. Del Valle once. "What about your parents?"

"My parents?" Tonio turned a puzzled look at his companion.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEGGAR BOY

•
by Julio Cesar Pena
•

Tonio realized that he had never asked himself that question. His Lolo had taken such good care of him that he did not think of asking for his parents. He remembered having thought of a mother only once and that was when he dreamed of a kind lady who welcomed him to her beautiful home.

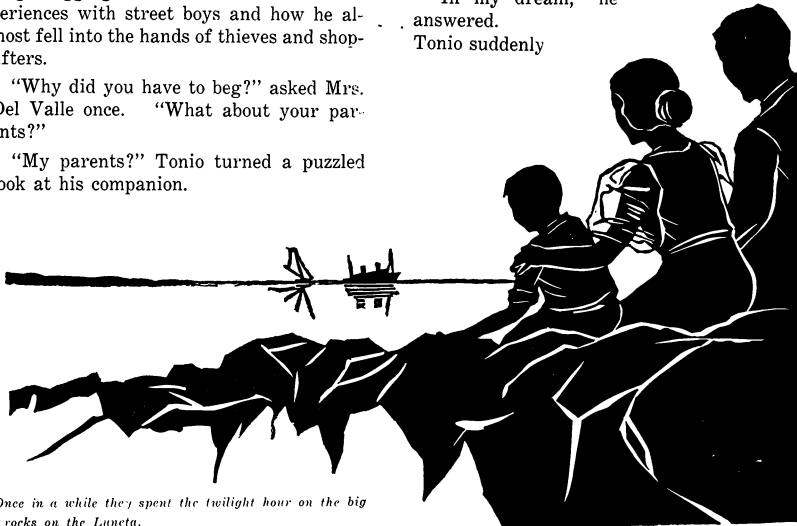
When he looked at Mrs. Del Valle again, there was a strange light in his eyes.

"I remember now," he exclaimed. "I have been trying hard to recall where I first saw you, Mrs. Del Valle."

"Where could you have seen me?" she asked.

"In my dream," he answered.

Tonio suddenly



Once in a while they spent the twilight hour on the big rocks on the Luneta.

realized having said something that must have sounded foolish to Mrs. Del Valle.

Assuming his usual serious look, he answered her first question, "I never knew my parents. I know of no relatives. My Lolo is my all."

Mrs. Del Valle's heart went out to the boy in deep pity. She thanked heaven for having found him. Whatever she did for him worked both ways. While her help gave the boy an assured future, it also afforded her an interest which drew her thoughts away from her own sorrow.

Twice a week, Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle went to the movies in the City and took Tonio along. Once in a while, they spent the twilight hour on the big rocks on the Luneta.

Tonio was given longer hours for play. With his friends he explored the streams and woods of the locality. While the carabaos took their midday wallow, the boys dug up wild turnips and hunted for half-ripe guavas and green mangoes. To his astonishment, Tonio found that he derived much greater pleasure from munching unripe fruit than from eating delicious apples at home.

Once in a while, the boys took a plunge in the river and raced to the other bank. Then they would roll on the sand or play



The eye specialist they consulted declared that an operation might bring back the old man's sight.

hide-and-peek among the camachili trees that lined the river edge.

Noticing how deeply tanned Tonio had become, Mrs. Del Valle suggested to her husband that a bicycle be bought for him to keep him more at home.

"Let him have a full share of the joys of a normal boy's life," Mr. Del Valle said. "There is nothing like the companionship of boys of his age. It will teach him how to get along with people."

"But he stays at the river when he ought to be resting. He might meet with an accident when the tide is high."

"Well, you may warn him, but don't forbid."

The following day Mr. Del Valle brought home a bicycle. He answered his wife's questioning look with, "Every boy must learn to ride a bicycle."

Mr. Del Valle himself taught Tonio how to get on and how to keep his balance. The older man's face lit up with almost boyish pleasure as he performed his demonstrations before a group of gaping boys.

"Lolo, you certainly have brought a strange influence over this house," the old cook remarked that evening as he had his after-supper chat with the blind man.

"I?" asked the old man in surprise.

"Tonio, your boy, has."

"In what manner?"

"You know, this house used to be very quiet. Mr. and Mrs. Del Valle kept to their rooms all the time. They mingled with the neighbors only on two occasions, on Christmas day and on a birthday."

"Have they ever been in trouble?"

"Yes, they suffered a great sorrow."

"Poor dears! May God send them a balm for it!" Lolo murmured.

"Everybody can see the change in them. The Mistress talks with life and moves about with alacrity. Mr. Del Valle's laughter sometimes rings through the house."

The old man's conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant who informed the blind man that he was wanted

(Continued on page 129)



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS— SENIOR SCOUTING

By Horacio Ochangco*



SENIOR SCOUTS

A First Class Scout (or a First Class Achievement Scout) at the age of 15 years or over may enter Rover Scouting as a Senior Scout apprentice Rover Scout by joining the Senior Patrol or Senior Circle of his Troop or Group.

MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS

(1) First Class Scout or First Class Achievement Scout or in special cases and when recommended by the Scoutmaster, older Scouts or Scouts large for their age or Scouts with three or more years of tenure may be accepted on probation as a Senior Scout pending their attainment of the First Class Rank.

(2) The leader of the Senior Scout unit shall ascertain whether the candidate for membership is trying to put into practice in his daily life the ideals and principles of the Scout Oath and Law and "Good Turn" and the Motto—"Be prepared" (such testimony shall not be secured by the candidate himself) and the Candidate for Senior Scout shall formally indicate to the leader his readiness and desire to carry on this effort.

(3) The candidate for Senior Scout membership shall undergo a 60-day period of probation and training in preparation for his acceptance and formal admission as a full member.

SENIOR SCOUT PROGRESS

Following admission to full membership there are two Progress degrees attainable before the Senior Scout eligible to prepare to graduate into the Rover Scouts at 18 years, the degrees are as follows: 1. Preliminary Senior Degree. 2. First Rank Senior Degree. 3. Admission to Candidacy for Graduation into Rover Unit.

ROVER SCOUTS

Upon reaching the age of 18, a young man may seek admission into a Rover Circle as a Rover Scout.

MEMBERSHIP

To join a Rover Circle the candidate shall:

(1) Affirm his desire to do his best to put into practice in his daily life the ideals and principles of the Scout Oath and Law and "Good Turn" and

Motto—"Be Prepared". (If the candidate has not been a Scout this requirement will involve a fuller contact with those basic items.

(2) Shall have passed his 18th birthday or its equivalent in intellectual advancement and service and promise of leadership—in all cases however he shall have passed 17.

(3) He shall present to the Circle, not at an open meeting, his conception of the principles, aims and methods of the Scout Movement and indicating why he desires to join it. This may be either as a speech or may be read from manuscript if preferred.

(4) Continuance or development of an acceptable program of service agreed upon between himself and the Rovermaster.

This shall admit him to membership as a Squire and to participation in the unit activities.

INVESTITURE AS A ROVER

(1) This shall be after such satisfactory period of probation as a Rover Squire—as may be agreed upon between the Squire and the Rovermaster but shall in no case be less than three months. This period is to enable the Squire to orient himself and think and talk through the applications of the Scout ideals to young manhood and adult life.

(2) Prior to investiture, the Squire shall carry through his Vigil and counsel with his Rovermaster.

(3) Before investiture, the Squire shall present to his Rovermaster and fellow Rovers an elementary study of the social needs of his community as the basis of his own Quest for a zone where he should serve.

(4) He shall develop a prospective program for himself as a Rover, suited to his own time limitations and in consultation with his Rovermaster bring this to point of acceptance. This shall include:

(1) A plan for his own Health and Recreation and that of others.

(2) A plan for his own educational broadening.

(3) A plan for dealing with his own vocational outlook and responsibilities.

(4) His own service within the Scout Movement, and also through some other of the agencies of the community as well.

(5) Suggested ways other than those for exercising good citizenship and establishing active contact with the political machinery of his community.

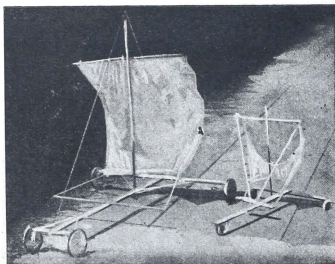
(To be continued)

* Manager, Publicity Department, Boy Scout Headquarters, Manila.

HOBBY PAGE

Conducted by gilmo baldovino

A Small Pavement Sail Boat



Have you ever made small paper sail boats that can sail on the land? I know how to make some boats which can run along the pavements almost as fast as the wind. They are so simple that even thin pieces of paper can be used for sails.

The framework consists of a front axle, reach, or beam running from the axle to the rear end. For a simpler frame, three wheels may be used. If you prefer to use four wheels, a short axle may be placed at the rear end of the reach. The plans on this page will show what I mean.

The axles can be made from a piece of light wood $3/8$ inch thick and with a width of 1 inch. If your model is 4 feet long, you must make the front wheels 2 feet and 6 inches far apart.

The tops from coffee or other tin cans can be made into excellent wheels. Before placing the wheels, nail a wheel block under each end of the axles as shown in the plans. But in case of a single rear wheel, extension strips are used, as also shown. In order that the wheels will not wobble, nail a small wood hub about 1 inch in diameter and $1/4$ inch thick to the inside of each tin wheel. Punch a hole through these wooden hubs. Then nail each of them to the wheel blocks. Use smaller nails than the hole of the wooden hubs so that the wheels will

run smoothly.

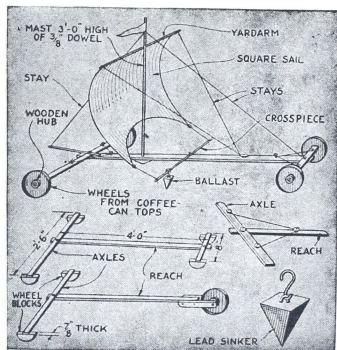
A good location for the mast is about one third the distance from the front to the rear of the reach. A piece of hard wood, $3/8$ inch in diameter and 3 feet high, can serve as the mast.

A square sail needs a yard arm near the top. The lower corners of the yardarm are held down by two pieces of cord tied to a crosspiece attached to the reach. This crosspiece is placed about one third the distance from the mast to the end of the reach. To hold the mast and yardarm in place, you must provide stays as shown in the plan.

When there is a strong wind, a small ballast or lead sinker may be necessary. This ballast is used to balance the toy against the strength of the wind.

The square sail may be of cheap thin cloth or paper. But I suggest cloth because even if the land sail boat overturns, the sail remains in condition.

If you cannot get enough pieces of wood to form a good framework for your land sail boat, pieces of bamboo are quite as good.



Aunt Julia's True Stories

THE LILY

On many pictures of saints you find the white lily. The lily has been used as a symbol of purity. Poets have been written about it from earliest times. How many kinds of lilies do you know? How do they differ?

The lily is easily grown. It grows best in cool places with wet soil. It grows from an underground stem. How do the leaves of the lily differ from those of the kamantigui? How are they like the leaves of the canna in shape? How do the veins run?

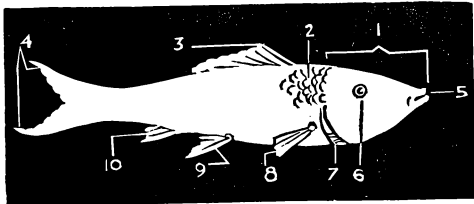
The flowers are not only beautiful but have a delicately sweet odor. They are very much used at processions and weddings and in churches on Easter Sunday.



MORE COMMON HERB FLOWERS

The Touch-me-not

The touch-me-not is a small herb usually about two feet in height. Because it does not require much care and bears attractive flowers, it is found in most gardens. The Tagalog name is "kamantigui." There are many varieties of kamantigui. The flowers differ only in color. Some are pure white, some



1. head; 2. scales; 3. dorsal fin; 4. caudal fin; 5. mouth; 6. eyes; 7. gills; 8. pectoral fin; 9. ventral; 10. anal fin.

STUDYING A LIVING FISH

You have studied the most common food fishes in the Philippines. You have read something about their flesh and how they are prepared for food.

Let us now study how the fish lives. Note how it moves, how it breathes, how it eats. Watch a fish in a glass container.

The body of the fish is shaped in such a way that it can move swiftly through the water. What do you do with your arms and legs in swimming? Now watch the fish. It uses the pectoral fins, which are paired, as you use your arms. The ventral fins do the work of your legs. Watch how the fish turns. Which fin helps it in turning? By observing the fish closely, you will be able to tell the use of each fin.

Look at each fin. It is composed of the hard pointed parts called spines and the soft fan-like parts called rays.

Try to catch a fish. Is it easy to catch one? Because the body is slimy, the fish can slip out of your hand easily.

A fish does not breathe through the nose as you do. On each side of the head is a hard covering. Under it you will find feathery things called gills. As the fish moves its mouth, water enters it and passes over the gills and out of the opening. The fish gets its air from this current of water.

What does the milkfish eat? Other fishes do not eat water plants. They feed upon the eggs and young of other small fish. Some fishes have small teeth while others have big and sharp ones that work like a saw.

pure pink or red, others white with pink spots. The petals are not arranged like those of ordinary flowers. The divisions of the petals are irregular. Look at a kamantigui flower. Compare it with a sampaguita. How do they differ in petal arrangement?

The fruit is a small oval-shaped pod filled with little seeds. When ripe, the pod bursts open at the slightest touch. The little seeds are scattered in all directions and soon grow into plants.

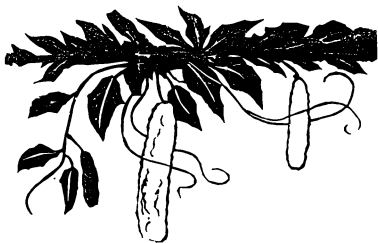
Come Into My Garden

Growing Cucumbers

In my garden this month, I am growing cucumbers. Cucumbers are good for salads. They are cool and juicy. They go very well with rich foods like *adobo*, or with fried fish or meat. When you eat a slice of cucumber during mealtime, you feel as though you have drunk cool water. But cucumber is not as filling as water and will help your appetite instead of lessening it.

Cucumbers are best grown beginning the month of May. To get good fruits, the soil must be rich and well-drained.

Place four to six seeds in holes one to two inches deep. The distance between each hole should be about a meter or more. When the seeds have grown to plants, thin each hole, leaving only about two or three plants per hill.



If you wish, you can ask your mother to make pickles of the small cucumber, which first appear on the plants. Pick them early, before they ripen. They taste very well when pickled in sweet or sour sauce. Other fruits may be allowed to grow big on the plants. These will later become good materials for salads. When the skin of the fruit becomes white and smooth, it can be picked from the plant.

The kinds of cucumbers which grow well in our country are the Native White, Native Light Green, and the Indian. The seeds of these varieties may be bought from seed stores and from the Bureau of Plant Industry.



Have you ever cooked small, native *bibingka*? If you have, then you know how enjoyable is the game of cooking them. If you have not, then it is time you learned to cook them. Gather a few of your friends and contribute for the ingredients, the utensils, and the work that will be needed for this interesting game. One of you should contribute the fuel, another should contribute the stoves, and so forth.

In this game, you will need an earthen pan, very much like the ones that professional vendors of *bibingka* use. Then, of course, you will need a tin lid which will cover the pan completely. Have pieces of banana leaves cut round to fit the pan. Also have coconut husks for fuel, as well as coal and wood. A small stove stood on the ground will serve you very well in this game.

In cooking the *bibingka* that I shall describe to you, you will need bread that is a day or two old. The ordinary *pan de sal* that were left over from the other day's breakfast will do.

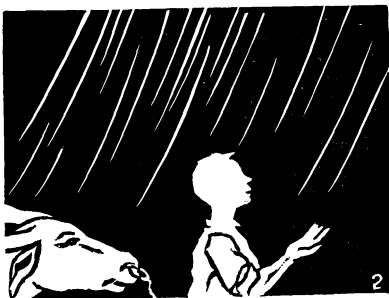
Cut the bread into small pieces and soak the pieces in a little water. When the bread has softened, mix a cup of milk to a half cup of sugar. Add a beaten egg if you wish. Mix all these things together and stir for a while.

Prepare your stove. Build a good fire. Then put the earthen pan over the stove. Place a round piece of banana leaf in the pan. Pour a cup of the mixture into the pan. Cover the pan and place some fire on the tin cover. At the end of ten minutes, lift the cover carefully and see how your *bibingka* is cooking. If the top is partly cooked, moisten it with a little butter. Arrange slices of white cheese on top. Then cover it once more, and wait until the whole *bibingka* is cooked. Remove the cooked *bibingka* from the pan and place it on a piece of clean banana leaf.

Cook the rest of the mixture this way.

Kiko's Adventures

by gilmo baldovino



THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND COMMUNICATIONS
MANILA

SWORN STATEMENT
(Required by Act 2580)

The undersigned Community Publishers, Inc., owner or publisher of The Young Citizen, published monthly in Manila, P. I., after having been duly sworn in accordance with law hereby submits the following statement of *ownership, management, circulation, etc.*, as required by Act 2580 of the Philippine Legislature:

Editor: Jose E. Romero
Managing Editor: Ligaya Victorio Reyes
Publisher: Community Publishers, Inc.
Business Manager: E. C. Garcia

Owners or stockholders holding one per cent or more of interest, stocks, bonds or other securities:

Bondholders, mortgages: None.

(Signature) Community Publishers, Inc.
(Owner or publisher)
By E. C. Garcia

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th of April, 1936, the declarant having exhibited no *cedula* by reason of her sex.

[SEAL]

(Sgd.) C. M. PICACHE
Notary Public
(Signature of officer administering oath)

CHARACTER BUILDING

SIMPLICITY

Fernando Maria Guerrero is rightly called "the poet of the revolution." Most of his verses were written during the revolution. They were dictated while guns were roaring. They were recited on the countryside and in the battlefields. The Filipino soldiers who fought in the trenches knew his poems by heart. With the help of his beautiful words, they felt strong enough to face the powerful guns of their enemies.

At heart, this great poet was a very simple man. His simplicity was shown in his manners and his habits. He always dressed in white. His hats were either felt or straw. His neck ties were of the quietest colors. He never wore red neck ties. Sometimes he wore violets on the lapel of his coat. He liked brown shoes because they looked like the earth. The cigarettes and cigars that he smoked were Philippine products. He drank very little wine.

He was a very shy man. Whenever young men visited his daughters, he ran upstairs and quietly



stayed there until these visitors had gone. And yet, when he had a just cause, he did not hesitate to fight. His work in the battlefield was to print encouraging verses and articles about his country. He worked like an ant who was not frightened by the noise and the fire. To him is given the honor of seeking more freedom for the press. He believed that the pen is as mighty as the sword in getting recognition for his country.

S a m p a g u i t a

Words from
OUR SCHOOLS

Music by
ANTONIO MUÑOZ
Tanjay, Negros Oriental

Moderato

A sampaguita sweet on I, who loves the month of May—
— The fair ones to our Virgins, With me their hom-age pay-- A-
— round the neck of beauty, I throw a charm di-vine of
fragrance and in-nocence Un-spoiled. What luck is mine!

MOVIE PAGE

JACKIE COOPER in "TOUGH GUY"

YOU remember Jackie Cooper, don't you? He was in "Our Gang," "The Champ," "Peck's Bad Boy," and other popular pictures. This boy is about twelve years old, yet he earns more money than many older players in Hollywood.

His latest picture is "Tough Guy." In this picture, Jackie is the son of a millionaire who arrives home from a boys' school in Europe. He brings home with him his dog Duke, whom he loves very much. His father did not understand the boy's love for the dog and wishes to send it away. So the boy ran away with the dog.

Jackie and his dog stow away in a truck. The truck is driven by a gangster, Joseph Calleia. When the gangster steals an armored car, the boy sees the robbery. The gangster discovered the boy, and fearing that he might tell the police about the robbery, he takes the boy with him.

The boy was locked in an attic while the other companions of Calleia fight over the division of the

stolen goods. The dog tries to help the boy escape, but Calleia saw them both and shoots to frighten the boy. The shot hit the dog.

The gangster put the boy and the hurt dog in his car and goes to

the mountains. But first, the boy begged that a veterinarian cure the dog. Later, the gangster, the boy and the dog transfer from one stolen car to another until they get to the mountains. In the woods, the three become great friends and everything was going on well, but the other gangsters came to capture the boy.

The government men who had followed the three came in time to arrest Calleia. They thought he had hidden the boy. But Calleia pleaded for help in getting back the boy. He was refused. So he pretended to be sick and when he was put in an ambulance, he escapes. The dog followed.

In the end, Calleia rescues the boy and gets shot. When he was dying, he asks the boy's father to be good to the boy and the dog.

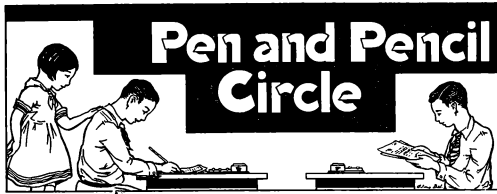
You can see this thrilling picture at the Ideal Theatre. The action, fine acting and good story in the



Jackie Cooper demonstrates how his friend, Rin-Tin-Tin Junior gets ready for work before a camera. Both appear in the picture "Tough Guy."



Here is lovely Maureen O'Sullivan with five puppies born at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios during the filming of a picture. Which puppy do you like best?



333 Libertad
Pasay, Rizal
March 30th, 1936

Dear Aunt Alma:

In my great desire to be more closely related with the "Young Citizen," here, I am writing to you again.

Well, concerning my letter to the "Young Citizen," if you still remember, and since I began to be a writer of that magazine, I had many pen pals from distant provinces. Maybe you know some of them for they told me that they too, are subscribers of the "Young Citizen," except a girl whose name is Francisca San Jose from Bais, Negros Oriental. She told me that while

reading the "Young Citizen" in their library hall in Negros, she happened to read my letter to you. There were still many others from Tanjay, Oriental Negros, Dumaguete, Oriental Negros, etc. But I am sorry to tell you that I can no longer remember their respective names.

picture should recommend it to the whole family.

AH WILDERNESS!" a picture made by MGM, is one which the whole family will enjoy. In it are many old favorites: Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Eric Linden, Alaine McMahon and Cecilia Parker.

The story is fine and will make you think of your own family. There is the father who tries to earn as much as he could for the support of his home. Then, there are the brothers, one of them in college, the other just out of high school. There are the loving mother, the aunt and uncle, and the other people who are included in the family life of this simple group. The things that happen in the story are things that even your own family may have met. The simplicity of the story, and the good acting should make this an enjoyable picture for everyone in your own family.

I guess it's already time for me to sign off with the hope that you will be kind enough to extend my best and sincerest regards to the other writers of the "Young Citizen."

Very truly yours,
Josefina Villanueva
St. Theresa's College
1st Year

Dear Josefina,

Your friends of the Pen and Pencil Circle appreciate your thoughtfulness in mentioning them. I believe that if you look over this page, you will come across a name that is familiar to you. Did you find it?

Aunt Alma

WHEN LITTLE BOY RAN
(Continued from page 106)

Bais Sugar Central
Bais, Negros Or.
Feb. 26, 1936

Dearest Aunt Alma,

Because of my great admiration for "The Young Citizen," I am writing you this letter.

Since the very first time that I read "The Young Citizen" in our school library, I liked it very much. To miss reading earlier an issue of it makes me sorry and lonesome. I don't know exactly the reason why. Maybe it is because I am young and am in the sixth grade and so am interested in the stories of young children and the activities of the pupils in the different schools of the Islands.

The same interest is shown by my classmates and other pupils in our school. They love to read this magazine very much. Some said that they are interested in the Pen and Pencil Circle section. The boys like very much to read the stories about Boy Scouts. For these reasons, they love "The Young Citizen." They prefer to read it. Our school subscribe regularly for "The Young Citizen."

"The Young Citizen" is sometimes used as a part of our lessons, especially during miscellaneous oral reading in our class. It is very popular among all school children of our school.

For my conclusion, Aunt Alma, let me say that "The Young Citizen" is my favorite magazine.

Your devoted reader of
"The Young Citizen"

Francisca San Jose

Dear Francisca,

Your admiration for "The Young Citizen" is very encouraging. I am glad that you and your friends read it regularly. I hope that you will continue using its stories and poems as oral reading lessons.

Aunt Alma

Little Boy looked back. Behind him was a big brown bear. "B-r-r B-r-r" said the bear in a big voice. Little Boy screamed again as he rolled on his back.

"Little Boy, Little Boy, what is the matter?" It was Mother.

"The bear! The big brown bear! He will bite me." Little Boy cried.

"What bear, Little Boy? There is no bear. Have you been dreaming?" Mother took Little Boy in her arms.

Little Boy looked around with big eyes. There was his ball. The bear was beside the ball. There was the little bell. It was behind the bean bag. There was his bed, too. There was no bear. There was no bear. It was all a dream.



HOLIDAY SHORE

By Edith M. Patch and Carroll Lane Fenton

Have you ever gone on a picnic at the seashore? If you have, then you must have seen what a delightful spot the beach is. You must also have seen the strange creatures who make their homes near the sea. You must have met the little crabs who go in and out of holes with amusing rapidity. Perhaps you have seen strange animals clinging to rocks, swimming in little pools or lying on the sand when the tide goes out.

This fine book tells many interesting stories about the little creatures of the seashore. There is a story about King Limulus who can swim backwards and change his color when he wants to; Hermit Crab, who grows a new leg when one is broken, is also in the book. There are fishes without bones, and others. A child who loves nature

study will find a friend in this book.

SUNG UNDER THE SILVER UMBRELLA

Prepared by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education

This is a book of the best verses for children. Old and modern poems, sad ones, gay ones, short ones, long ones, are contained in this book. The poems were selected because children have liked them. Rosetti, Stevenson, Tennyson and others, together with many modern poets of verses for children are represented in this anthology which was prepared by a committee who did plenty of sorting and shifting in order to create a good book. This is a popular book for teachers and parents to use with children of kindergarten or primary age. Dorothy Lathrop, a well-known illustrator, drew many charming pictures for the book.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF

visit and give nursing care to the poor families in the neighborhood of Intramuros.

Many hospitals have an ambulance service which is very necessary in meeting emergencies. This is one of the most valuable services the government hospitals can render. There are also hospitals in different parts of the Islands that have schools of nursing, some of which are the Philippine General Hospital, San Juan de Dios Hospital, Mary Johnston Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul's Hospital, Southern Islands Hospital, Iloilo Mission Hospital, and the Emmanuel Hospital. The Philippine General Hospital and San Juan de Dios

Hospital offer training facilities to medical students and practitioners. The Maternity Hospital and Sta. Theresita's Hospital have schools for midwives. These are only some of the many benefits that we get from hospitals.

What are we supposed to do on Hospital Day? We are supposed to answer the invitation of the hospitals by visiting them, then see what they have to show us. By doing this, we can realize how the money that we give for hospitals are spent. On this day, everybody is given the opportunity to see the different departments, some of which are not always accessible to the public every day. There are demonstrations on different kinds of surgical operations. There are

YOUNG WRITERS

ROSES

I

Of all the flowers I like best
That bloom so radiant and fair.
The fragrant rose lead all the rest.
As I tend it from day to day.

II

When all its rosy petals bloom,
And sparkle with the silv'ry dew,
The morning sun that shine on high
Gives it a little smile or two.

By Praxedes B. Tupas

A GOLDFISH'S STORY

I was born in a big aquarium in a pet shop. I was very weak and so I had to be separated from my mother because she might eat me any time. The food they gave me was oatmeal and soon I grew strong.

Many months later I was a full grown goldfish. I looked for my mother but alas! She had died.

I stayed in the shop for nearly a year until one day a kind-looking woman bought me and had me brought to her home. She had many children. She gave me to them. They all took good care of me.

Now I have six children. Four are males and two are females. The family is very proud of me and always take good care of my children too.

Erlinda T. Alcantara

baby contests in the morning and games in the afternoon. In the wards the doctors, internes, and nurses can be seen at work. The dormitories of the doctors and nurses are also open to the public. In visiting the nurses' dormitories one cannot but be impressed by the cleanliness and orderliness of the whole building. The nurses are expected to see that everything is clean

STRANGE FACTS

In ancient Egypt a brother and sister marriage was said to be an ideal one.

In England, there are many canals and inland waterways. And on these canals and waterways, about 10,000 boats are registered as dwellings. 40,000 persons live in these boats.

The war in Ethiopia has had many strange effects on trade. All rhinoceros in the London market are now immediately shipped to China. There they are ground into powder. Then they are made into magic potions that will assure courage and bravery. From China, the powders are sent to Ethiopia and sold to the soldiers of Haile Selassie.

In the Civil War of the United States, more Union soldiers died from disease than were actually killed in the battle.

Camphor balls are not made out of camphor. They are made of naphthalene.

Bats are not blind. Most of us believe that they are blind. Bats possess very good eyes which are hidden under the fur on the face.

Eskimos were free from disease before visits by white men.

and in order before they leave for duty. Baby contests are held to stimulate interest and encourage better care of babies. There can be no greater pride for a mother than to have her baby acclaimed as the most healthy.

Let us not forget to pay a visit to any hospital or hospitals on this particular day. We can be sure of being received with hospitality in all hospitals, for there, even strangers are always welcomed.

An elephant talks through its nose.

Ice cream is not cooling. In fact, it makes you warmer. Ice cream contains starch and sugar. These foods are classed as fuel foods which produce body heat.

Among the frogs—the he frogs make all the noise—while the she frogs remain mute.

Enrico Caruso, the late opera singer, will long be remembered in Italy. In a tiny chapel, there stands a candle sixteen feet high, which is burned once a year in his memory. That candle will last eighteen centuries.

Flaubert, noted French novelist, wrote poetry when he was young with a human skull on his desk for inspiration.

Georges Clemenceau, the late French statesman, often wore slippers and gloves when he went to bed.

Alexander Dumas, who has written 298 books, finished "The Three Musketeers" in the middle of a page. He drew a line underneath the end of the novel, then he started "The Count of Monte Cristo" on the same page.

AN ANGEL OF GOD

(Continued from page 107)

In 1923 the Fontgallands made a pilgrimage to Lourdes. There, his Heavenly Mama spoke to Guy: "My dear little Guy, I will soon come to take you. I will come to seek you on a Saturday in the arms of your mamma and will bear you straight to heaven." Again, the boy said, "Yes, yes."

All these came to pass. Guy died of diphtheria on a Saturday in the year 1925. It was only when he was about to die that His mother knew of his secret. His last words

A boat painted red will travel faster than a boat painted blue or white. The reason is that—barnacles fasten themselves to the hull of boats. And boats that have plenty of barnacles can not travel easily. Now, barnacles do not love for the color red. So that if a boat is painted red, barnacles will not fasten themselves to it. Hence, a boat painted red can travel faster.

Like hens, turtles don't have teeth. They have horny beaks which usually have sharp cutting edges. The tortoises have most of their bones on the outside like shellfish. Some fish also have beaks instead of teeth.

Nowadays we know a good deal about bird migrations. Bird-banding and other methods of identification have helped our knowledge. Back in 1703 an English writer seriously suggested that British birds flew away for the Winter to the moon!

On the roof of the New York "Journal" building in Manhattan 76 carrier pigeons live. They bring pictures of in-coming celebrities from ships at Quarantine 14 miles down the Bay. Time averages 12 minutes—against two hours for the newspapers that wait until the ship docks. An aluminum capsule on the carrier's leg takes two ounces of film negatives or "copy" to be set.

THE ADVENTURES OF

(Continued from page 119)

by Mr. Del Valle.

The next day Mr. Del Valle took Tonio and his Lolo to the City. The eye specialist they consulted declared that an operation might bring back the old man's sight.

(To Be Continued)

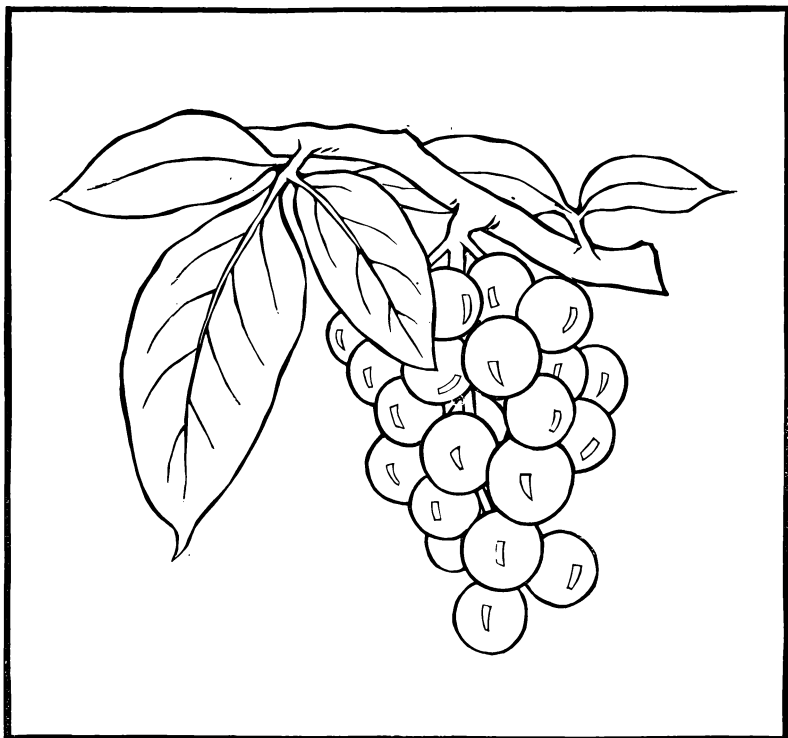
were: "Jesus . . . I love You Mamma!" Madame de Fontgalland knew that the last word was not for her but for his Heavenly Mama.

DRAWING LESSONS

FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

by gilme baldovina

Some berries are red,
Some berries are blue,
But we are black berries dark as night,
Our leaves are of green—
If you color us right,
Won't we make such a pretty sight?



• NEWSETTES •

Successful Rally

Bacolod became a scene of a spectacular Boy Scout affair last March 7 and 8. Originally planned by the late Mr. E. Schaffner, former Division Superintendent and Field Scout Commissioner, Mr. Williams, the successor to the post, carried it out successfully.

Forty-two out of the fifty-two troops in this province participated in what is considered the biggest number of troops ever gathered together in the most successful rally ever held in this province. Ten troops could not participate for lack of funds.

The rally opened with an imposing parade in the streets of Bacolod, featuring troops and officers, colors and music.

During the first day of the affair, Mr. Williams suggested that one minute of meditation be dedicated in memory of the death of Mr. Schaffner on December 7, 1935, and which, by coincidence, happened to be exactly three months ago on the date of the Rally. The suggestion was taken, and at 11:00 A. M. Saturday, March 7, the events were stopped, the Boy Scouts stood at attention when the tap call was given. It was a very solemn occasion. This gave every Scout a chance to dedicate a solemn thought to the departed Boy Scout leader.

BULACAN JAMBOREE A REAL SUCCESS

For the first time in scout history, a provincial Jamboree was held at Bocaue, Bulacan, March 29, 1936.

Several Troops of Bulacan as well as neighboring provinces joined in the Jamboree. Though some of the Troops that competed are fresh-green, like those of Troop 141, Annunciata Academy, and Troop 91, Bocaue Central School,

yet before a vast audience of 700 people or more, they gave a splendid demonstration.

As an opening troop-entries of the Jamboree, the troops paraded around the town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately after the parade a passing review and inspection of the troops followed. Mr. Hipolito Tamesis, Field Scout Commissioner, made the opening ceremony.

The winners of the General Championship in the Jamboree are as follows: 1st place, Troop 81, Paombong Catholic School; 2nd place, Troop 141, Annunciata Academy; third place, Troop 91, Bocaue Central School.

Prizes in the form of medals, bars and other Scout prizes were given to troops as well as individual winners.

The success of the Jamboree was the result of the undivided attention of the Scoutmasters, Scouters, and the able leadership of Commissioner Hipolito Tamesis.

In San Fernando, Pampanga, a big fire destroyed 27 homes and burned four people. The four are reported seriously ill. Thirty families were left homeless because of this fire.

Many little stories were told about the fire. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the story of two little girls who were alone in their

house when the fire started. Their parents had gone away, so the little girls were faced with the necessity of saving whatever they could. The little girls rose bravely to the occasion. They bundled their clothes and those of their parents, they gathered their few properties together, and they took these to a place which the fire could not reach. Fortunately, the fire was stopped before it could burn their house, so the girls had to carry back their belongings.

For three marks and a half, or about P2.80, people can talk and see each other through the telephone for three minutes between Berlin and Leipzig. A commercial telephone with television has just been opened in that place. Leipzig and Berlin are about 110 miles apart, but the light and sound waves travel more than 110 miles because the cables go quite roundabout between the two places at a total distance of 186 miles.

Col. Lindbergh, the famous flier, has rented Long Barn, four cottages with a barn built into one of them, at Weald, in Kent, England. Great meadows that surround the cottages make a fine landing field for planes.

The house is said to be haunted by the ghost of William Caxton, the first printer in England, who may have been born there about 514 years ago. On moonlight nights, the printer is said to return there and sets up his hand press.

SAMPAGUITA

By Lulu de la Paz

I love the gumamelas red,
The yellow bells and roses pink.
I love the calachuchis sweet
Adelfas tall, Champakas bright.

Still when'er I have all these
There's one flow'r that I often miss—
The Sampaguita—pale and white—
Much sweeter than all the flowers bright.

The Message This Month

Vacation And School

The two months, April and May, are the months of vacation. As I write this morning, I see from my window several children playing on the side of a small hill. I can hear them laughing as they fly back and forth on the swings. They are very happy. They are enjoying their vacation.

Almost all school children are having their vacation. Vacation is good because it gives us the chance to play as much as we want to. It gives us time to work a little and help our parents. During vacation, it is possible to earn a little money to help us go through school. But vacation does not last the whole year. Soon our schools will open and all of us will be going to school.

What did we do during the months of vacation? Has our vacation made us ready to do our school work beginning next June? Has it made us physically strong? Has it made us more ready to study our lessons and more eager to learn and to study? Our vacation should do these things for us. It should prepare us for another school year.

Nex month, June, schools will be opened. Let us be ready to go back to schools and be happy because of our opportunity to gain an education.

During vacation days let us play and be merry; but during school days let us study as diligently as we can.

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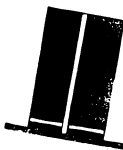
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PEPITO AND NENITA

Pepito and Nenita are going to participate in a "Santa Cruz de Mayo." Pepito is the "Constantino"; Nenita is the "Santa Elena." Dress them up in their beautiful costumes.

