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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

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Announcement to All Writers:

We Will Pay You

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

We want interesting children's stories from 200 to 500 words in length; also games, reading devices, articles of historical interest, elementary science and health articles, puzzles, jokes, and playlets. We also wish to buy several good serial stories. Interesting stories less than 200 words in length are desired for Little People. You can add to your income by writing for us.

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The article should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise the publishers will not return it to the writer in case it cannot be used.

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P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

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VOLUME 6

NUMBER 11

NOVEMBER • 1940

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

WORLD BROTHERHOOD

People speak of world brotherhood. Children are taught in school about world brotherhood.

What is world brotherhood?

Let us see what the meaning is of world brotherhood.

Jose's brother is Pedro. Jose loves Pedro, and, of course, Pedro loves Jose, his brother.

Jose has a toy. He and Pedro play with it. Jose has candy. He shares it with his brother. Pedro cannot understand his lesson. Jose helps him.

Jose and Pedro like each other because they are brothers.

Of course, not all brothers are like Jose and Pedro. Brothers sometimes quarrel, but they easily forget their quarrel and soon they are good to each other again.

Suppose Jose meets Go, a Chinese boy. Suppose Jose and Go become good friends. Then we say that Jose and Go are like brothers. Now let us suppose that we have several boys: Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese, Americans, Spaniards, Germans, French, English, and others who are good to each other. They become very good friends. These boys are like brothers.

If school children all over the world would become friends, they would be just like brothers and sisters. When they would grow to be men and women and remain good friends, they would just be like brothers and sisters all over the world. When peoples of different countries all over the world are good friends, we have a world brotherhood.

Would it be good to have a world brotherhood?

Yes, because then there would be no war.

The strong nation would not conquer the weak nation.

Instead of killing weak people, the strong people would help them.

There would be peace all over the world.

The world would be happy.

Let us have world brotherhood.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**A PUPIL'S HYMN OF THANKS**

By GERVACIA GUARIN *



FOR THE LIFE that God has
 giv'n me,
 For a mind with which to
 learn,
 For good health and growth
 of body,
 And the joy that life can
 earn,
 Father, I thank Thee.

For prosperity and welfare
 Of my country, provincè,
 town,
 For a willingness to serve
 them
 When to man's estate I
 come,
 Father, I thank Thee.

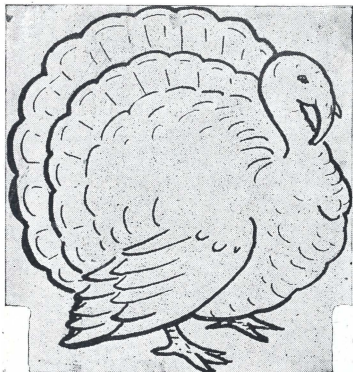
* Teacher, Arayat, Pampanga.

For my school, my books, my
 playmates,
 For the knowledge that is
 mine,
 For my teachers, always
 patient,
 And my parents, dear and
 kind,
 Father, I thank Thee.

For desire, Lord, to be hum-
 ble,
 And be ready e'en to serve,
 Though at times I fall or
 stumble,
 And for hope that I'll ne'er
 swerve,
 Father, I thank Thee.
 Amen.

FOR FIRST GRADERS**OUR BIG TURKEY**

By FE VELASQUEZ



This is our big, fat turkey.
 He has nice feathers.
 He has a fine tail.
 His wings are pretty.
 His bill is very sharp.
 Each day I feed him.
 I feed him corn and rice.
 Our big turkey walks slowly.
 When he walks he says,
 "Gobble! Gobble!"

OUR TURKEY DINNER

We are going to have
 a turkey dinner.
 We will eat
 our big, fat turkey.
 We will eat our turkey
 on Thanksgiving Day.
 Mother will cook our turkey.

She will cook other things,
 too.
 On Thanksgiving Day
 we are very happy.
 I hope you will have
 a turkey dinner.
 Then you will be happy.

SOMETHING TO DO

Get a thin piece of paper
 without lines.
 Get a sharp pencil and
 your colored crayons.
 Place the thin piece of paper
 over the picture of Mr. Turkey.
 Draw a picture of Mr. Turkey.

Color Mr. Turkey's picture.
 Color his wings and tail brown.
 Color his head red.
 Color his feet yellow.
 Color the rest of him black.
 Under the picture write:
 Our Big Turkey.

FOR FIRST GRADERS**MY NEW BOOK**

By MRS. LUISA MAGALLANES



See my nice, new book.
 It is a red book.
 It has stories in it.
 It has pictures in it.
 I like the pictures.
 I like the stories.
 Sister gave me this book.
 She got it in a store.
 It cost one peso.
Do you have a nice, new
 book?

LEARNING TO READ

I am learning to read
 my new book.
 I am learning the words
 in it.
 Each day I learn
 some new words.
 My teacher helps me.

I read the stories to her.
 I read the stories to Mother,
 too.
 Mother helps me
 with the new words.
 Can you read all the stories
 in your book?

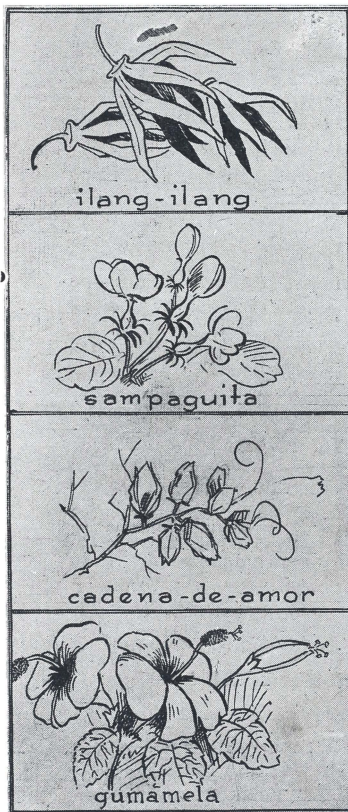
A COVER FOR MY BOOK

My book is new and clean.
 I want to keep it clean.
 I will make a cover
 for my new book.
 My teacher will give me
 some heavy paper.
 I will cut the paper.

It is for the cover.
 Then I will fold the paper
 around my book.
 I will paste the corners.
 My teacher will help me.
 My teacher wants me
 to keep my book clean.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**PHILIPPINE FLOWERS**

By MRS. FELICIDAD S. CLARIN *



The petals of my flowers are
greenish yellow.

I have a very sweet smell.

I grow high up on a tree.

What is my name? _____

We grow in clusters.

We grow on vines.

The vines climb up very high.

Our flowers are pink or white.

What is our name? _____

I grow on a woody bush.

My flowers are white.

They smell very sweet.

Boys and girls like them.

Can you write my name? _____

I grow on a tall bush.

I am bright red.

Sometimes I am pink.

I have shiny green leaves.

What is my name? _____

* Teacher, Narvacan Elementary School, Narvacan, Ilocos Sur.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**PHILIPPINE VEGETABLES**

By MRS. CELIA LAZARO LEGASPI *



pechay

My leaves grow in clusters.
They are yellow and green.
I grow in the Philippines.
I make good food.
What am I? ——



tomato

I am red when ripe.
I am green before I am ripe.
Boys and girls eat me.
I like to have them eat me.
What is my name? ——



corn

I grow on a cob.
I am covered with a husk.
Your mother cooks me before
I am ripe.
What am I? ——



squash

I grow on the ground.
I grow on a long vine.
The farmer sells me in the
market.
Can you write my name? ——

* Teacher, Isabela Central School, Isabela, Zamboanga City.

FOR THIRD GRADERS**OUR BOOK TABLE**

By ILDEFONSO PATUMAN



Our teacher likes to have us read. So she got us a nice book table. We all helped her.

Maria's father is a carpenter. He made a strong table for us.

Patricia's mother gave us a pretty cover for our table. The cover is red with black stripes. It was brought from Zamboanga.

Some of the boys and girls in our room brought books to place on our book table.

Sulpicio brought a book with easy words and colored pictures in it.

Francisca brought another like it.

The book which Perfecto brought has many funny pictures in it.

Donato's mother sent us a book about animals. It has many pic-

tures of animals in it. We all like that book.

Others brought books also.

Each month our teacher places 18 copies of *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* on our book table.

Each pupil in our room hurries to get his seat work finished, so he can read *THE YOUNG CITIZEN*.

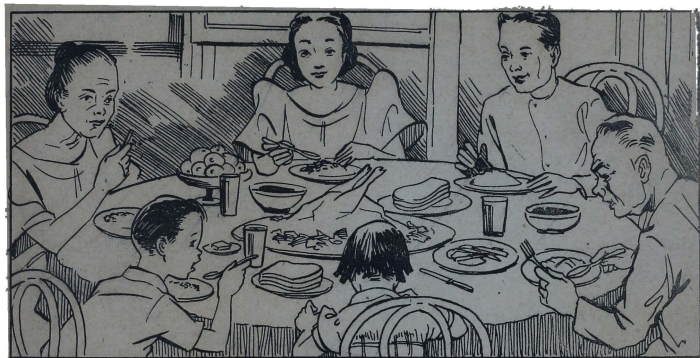
One day Asuncion's mother came to visit our school. She saw our book table.

"What a nice book table!" said Asuncion's mother. "And such lovely books and magazines! Do the boys and girls read them?"

"Yes, indeed," answered our teacher. "Our boys and girls like to read. Our book table is very useful. The books and magazines on it are a great help in teaching the boys and girls to read."

FOR THIRD GRADERS**THANKSGIVING**

By MABEL L. SEAVEY



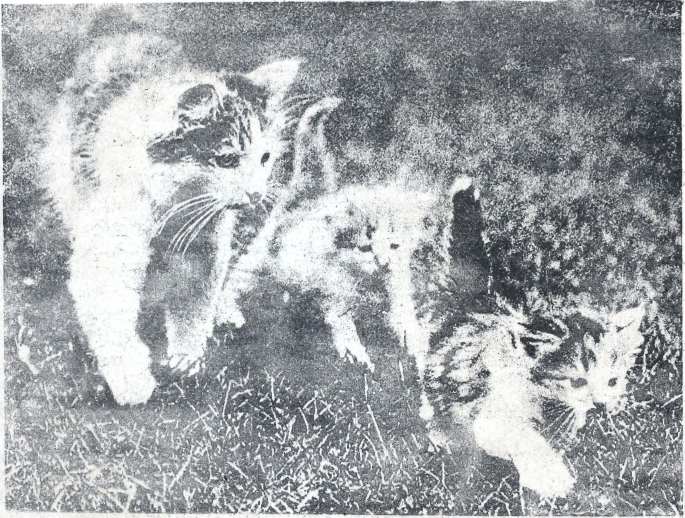
I LIKE Thanksgiving; I think
it is fun!
We always have guests and there's
much to be done.
I help Mother take out the best
china plates,
And fill the blue bowl up with
nuts and with dates.

When Grandpa arrives he sniffs,
and says, "Well,
I think that I'll stay if that's tur-
key I smell!"
And Mother, undoing a parcel, says,
"My!
Grandmother has brought us a
Thanksgiving pie!"

When dinner is ready and we all
sit down,
The turkey is brought in, so steam-
ing and brown.
And then it is served to us—dark
meat and white—
And Father says, smiling, "How's
your appetite?"

And then comes dessert—and I
just can't say "No,"
But later I wish that I had. So
although
I always am glad when Thanks-
giving is here,
I'm glad, too, it comes only once
in a year.

MOTHER CAT AND HER KITTENS



MOTHER CAT is giving her kittens a lesson in hunting. They make no noise as they walk through the grass on their padded feet. They are following something that is moving in the grass. Mother Cat will show the kittens how to pounce upon it. Perhaps they are looking for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Baby kittens are very playful. Mother Cat is often seen playing with them. She keeps them clean by licking them with her tongue. Nature gave her this rough tongue for other uses, too. A cat can strip meat from bones with its tongue.

If Mother Cat wants to move her kittens she carries them in her mouth. She catches them by the back of the neck.

Little kittens purr when they are happy. Sometimes they purr to their mother. Have you heard them do this?

Baby kittens soon learn to growl. Perhaps they learn this from their mother. They soon learn how to scratch and bite. They learn this in their play.

Do you have a mother cat and her kittens? What is the name of each one?

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE**FARMER JUAN'S THANKSGIVING DINNER**

ADAPTED BY PANZITA FLORES

OUT in Farmer Juan's garden Susana Squash lay smiling in the sun.

"How big I am growing!" said Susana Squash. "I must be the finest squash in the world. Soon Farmer Juan will take me to the market where all the world can see me."

And Susana Squash rolled over in the sun and went fast asleep.

Turkey Lurkey was out walking around under the trees. He strutted this way. He strutted that way.

"What a fine turkey I am!" he said. "I'm sure Farmer Juan will take me to the market. Then the people will see the finest turkey in the land."

Just then Farmer Juan came with some rice.

"Come, Turkey Lurkey," he called. "Here is some good rice. Eat and grow fat. Thanksgiving is coming. What a good dinner I shall have! Squash and turkey roasted in the oven."

Night came.

But Turkey Lurkey could not sleep. He was thinking.

"So that's it," he said to himself. "Rice three times a day so I'll grow fat and make a fine dinner. We'll see about that!"

Finally, a few weeks later, it was the day before Thanksgiving. Turkey Lurkey went into the garden. There lay Susana Squash fatter than ever.

"Good morning, Turkey Lurkey," said fat Susana Squash. "Will you look at me? Did you ever see before such a nice, fat squash as I am? What fun I'll have at the market! I'm sure I'll be the largest

squash there."

"Oh, Susana", said Turkey Lurkey, "you're not going to the market. You are going to be cooked for Thanksgiving dinner. You and I are to be eaten Thanksgiving Day."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Susana Squash. "What shall we do? Think fast, Turkey Lurkey. Perhaps Farmer Juan will come now."

And Susana Squash began to cry.

Turkey Lurkey bent down.

Snip, snap went his sharp bill. And fat Susana Squash rolled off the vine.

"Come with me," said Turkey Lurkey. "Roll fast."

Over and over rolled fat Susana Squash. Down the road they went. Faster and faster.

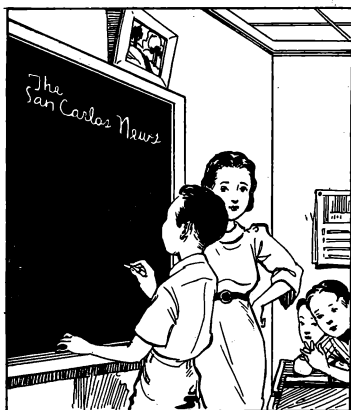
That night Farmer Juan went to the place where Turkey Lurkey always roosted in a tree.

(Please turn to page 434.)



THE SAN CARLOS NEWS

By ELEUTERIA SANTOS



ONE MORNING Miss Mercader said to her pupils in San Carlos Barrio School, "How would you like to have a newspaper, boys and girls?"

"Oh! that would be splendid!" said Ramon.

"A newspaper would be lovely!" said Simplicia.

"How can we have a newspaper?" asked Tomas.

"When may we have our newspaper?" Ciriaco wanted to know.

"Listen, boys and girls, and I will tell you," said Miss Mercader. "We shall start our newspaper right now if you wish. We shall write it twice each week on the blackboard. Would you like to do this?"

"Yes, indeed," said everyone.

"What shall we call our newspaper?" asked Miss Mercader.

Everyone thought hard for a little while. Then Jesusa suggested the name *The San Carlos News*.

"That is an excellent name," said their teacher. "Tomas, you can write well. Come to the blackboard, and you may write the things which we decide to put in our newspaper."

So Tomás went to the blackboard and in his nicest handwriting wrote at the top the name of the new paper, *The San Carlos News*.

"Now each one may write one news item on a slip of paper and I will choose some of the best items," said Miss Mercader.

Soon each pupil wrote a news item and gave it to Miss Mercader. She chose some items and gave them to Tomas, who copied them in the "newspaper" on the blackboard. When Tomas had finished writing them on the blackboard, one of the pupils read the news aloud to the class. This is what was written in their first "newspaper":

The San Carlos News

By the Pupils of San Carlos Barrio School

Today is Friday, November 1, 1940.

This is a rainy day.

We have fifteen girls in our room.

We have twenty-one boys in our room.

One girl is absent.

No boys are absent.

No one was tardy.

This morning we learned a new song. It is a song about books. We shall sing it at our program for Book Week.

Thanksgiving Day comes this month.

(Please turn to page 436.)

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

THE YOUNGER BROTHER

By IRINEO C. HABLA

TEN-YEAR-OLD TONY was a schoolboy in the fifth grade. According to his teacher, he was one of the brightest pupils in the class. He always had his lessons well prepared, and received good grades.

He was a topnotch pupil because he had good habits. He liked his books, studied his lessons carefully, and listened attentively to his teacher's explanations. He was never late to school, and did not like to be absent. He was not absent unless he was sick.

Tony was obedient and polite. He had good manners, and he used them; he had, also, a pleasing personality and a pleasant disposition. In fact, the youngster seemed to have all the good traits of character which make a boy become a good man.

As he was alert in class, so he was full of life on the playground. He liked very much to play ball and to take part in other games. He could run a race, or throw a ball, or jump farther and higher than any other boy of his age in school.

To keep his body strong and healthy, he played outdoors where he could breathe fresh air and enjoy the health-

giving sunshine. And so he had a robust body. He was a brave boy, too—nothing ever frightened him.

Tony liked to do practical things. He was handy with tools, and liked to work with discarded parts of old clocks and watches. Once he made a toy boat which was propelled by the mechanism of an old alarm clock.

Tony had a big brother named Edil-

berto, but Tony always called him Manoy. Tony was a *Bicolano*, and so called his brother Manoy, but if he had been a *Tagalog* boy, he would have used the name Kuyang. Tony idolized his elder brother, and the two never quarreled.

Edilberto was an auto mechanic. He

had built a little shop not very far from their home. In it he had installed benches, vices, lathes, and other necessary equipment. Edilberto worked in his shop alone, but occasionally, after school had been dismissed, Tony would go to his brother's shop to help Manoy in any way possible.

And now we come to the events of this story.



"Hands up, or I'll shoot!"

One day Edilberto, as usual, was out working in his shop. He was busy examining the engine of an auto which had been brought in for repairs. He did not notice that a dangerous looking man had entered the shop, and was stealthily walking up behind him.

Quietly the intruder advanced toward Edilberto whose back was toward him. The man evidently intended to commit a robbery. Picking up an auto wrench, he moved toward his victim and was within a few feet of him when Edilberto turned around.

Quick as a flash the desperado struck Edilberto on the head with the iron wrench. Stunned and bleeding, the young man fell to the floor.

Just at this moment the younger brother appeared on the scene. He saw what had happened, and knew that he must help Manoy. Quickly, but quietly, he ran to the house with the idea of calling the police by telephone. He had forgotten for the moment that the telephone had been taken out only the day before. Tony glanced around. Evidently nobody was at home. What could he do? He wanted to prevent the escape of his brother's assailant, but he was only a ten-year-old boy, and of course was no match physically for the robber.

But Tony had a mind which worked fast, and he was courageous, thanks to his good habits and athletic life outdoors. He quickly ran to his father's desk, opened a drawer, and took out his father's revolver. Tony had often seen his father shoot at a target, so the boy was sure he knew how to use the gun.

Revolver in hand, Tony started back to his brother's workshop. Through the window he saw the robber looking in the cash register in Edilberto's tiny office.

Advancing to the door of the office, Tony pointed the gun at the man.

Summoning all his courage, the boy shouted, "Hands up, or I'll shoot!" The robber turned, and there stood brave little Tony with gun in hand pointed straight at him. Up went his hands.

"Help! Help! A thief! Help!" shouted Tony as loud as he could. Two men, not so very far away, heard the cry. "Help! Help! Thieves! Murder! Help!"

The two men rushed toward the direction of the cries. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw a ten-year-old boy with a revolver pointed at a desperate looking man who stood with hands up.

The men soon overpowered the thief and tied him with a piece of rope. Then one of the men stood guard while the other went for a policeman. Tony ran to his beloved Manoy.

Edilberto was just regaining consciousness, although he was still dazed. The police soon arrived, and in a short time the thief was locked up in prison.

Edilberto's wound was not serious, and in a few days he was back at his work. After that Tony, the younger brother, was the hero of the whole town.

"Son, you were a brave boy," said Tony's father, soon after the event.

"Thanks, daddy," said the boy.

"Do you know, Tony," continued his father, "that revolver with which you captured the robber was not loaded? For the sake of safety, I never leave it in the house loaded. When you pointed it at the thief, it was empty—not a bullet was in it. But I am glad the thief didn't know that."

"So am I," said Manoy's younger brother.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

A Playlet in Four Scenes

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY *

CHARACTERS

A GROUP OF PILGRIMS (any number),
men and women

THEIR GOVERNOR

FIRST PILGRIM

PILGRIM GUARD

PILGRIM MOTHER

PILGRIM GIRL

A GROUP OF PILGRIM CHILDREN (any
number), boys and girls

A GROUP OF
AMERICAN
INDIANS
(any num-
ber), men
only

THEIR CHIEF

FIRST INDIAN

SECOND IN-
DIAN

THIRD IN-
DIAN

COSTUMES

Pilgrim
and Indian
costumes sim-
ilar to those
shown in the
illustration on
this page.



The Pilgrim Village

SCENE I

Place: Forest on the shores of Mas-
sachusetts.

Time: A morning in 1620.

*(Enter Indian Chief and Group of
American Indians. They carry bows and
arrows. Of course the Indian dialogue*

*in this scene would be spoken in the In-
dian language, but it is given in English
in this playlet.)*

FIRST INDIAN (*pointing toward the
bay*): Look! A ship! A large ship! It
is anchored in our bay.

SECOND INDIAN (*pointing toward the
shore*): And see! White men! There
are white men from the ship. Even now
they are on our shores. Shall we permit

them to ad-
vance, or
shall we at-
tack them?

INDIAN
CHIEF: If the
white men
come as
friends, they
are welcome
to live among
us. But if they
come as en-
emies, we
shall fight.

THIRD IN-
DIAN: Yes, if
they come as
enemies, we

shall fight.

ALL THE INDIANS: Yes, fight! Kill
the white men!

INDIAN CHIEF: Now braves, let us
go back to our wigwams. We will let
our people know that the white men have
come.

*(The Indians leave. After they are
gone a Group of Pilgrims—men only—
and their Governor enter.)*

GOVERNOR: At last we have come to

* Formerly Head Teacher, Maslog Primary
School, Sibulan, Oriental Negros.

a place where I think we can live in peace. Here we can have our homes and worship God as we wish.

FIRST PILGRIM: But it is cold here and there are no houses to provide shelter for our women and children.

GOVERNOR: We can endure the winter's cold. And we shall build log houses for our women and children. We shall make a Pilgrim village. These tall trees of the forest will furnish material from which to build our houses. Let every man do his part. Now, all men to the forest to cut logs for our needed buildings, while the women and children stay aboard the ship.

(The Pilgrims leave.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Place: Same as Scene I.

Time: A very little later than Scene I.

(The Pilgrim men are seen in the forest preparing to cut logs for their houses. A Pilgrim Guard, gun in hand, stands keeping watch. Suddenly the guard appears to be looking in the distance.)

PILGRIM GUARD: The Indians! The Indians! The Indians are coming. They are carrying their bows and arrows.

GOVERNOR: Let every man take up his gun. If the Indians shoot at us with their bows and arrows, we must fight. But let us try to make them our friends, so we can all live in peace.

(The Indians are heard in the distance giving war whoops. These sound louder as the Indians come nearer. The Pilgrims get in position with their guns ready to fire.)

(The Indians enter whooping and rush toward the Pilgrims.)

GOVERNOR *(As the Governor speaks he indicates the meaning of his words by*

means of signs): Stop! We are your friends. We do not wish to kill you unless you attack us.

INDIAN CHIEF *(who understands and speaks a little English)*: Me understand talk of Chief White Man. This our land. These our trees. White men steal trees. Steal land. Indians kill white men.

GOVERNOR: We are Pilgrims who have come from a land far away across the big sea-water. We want only enough of your land so we can build homes for our wives and children and ourselves. We want to be friends of the Indians and live in peace with them. We want to worship God, the Great Spirit of the white men, as we wish. There in yonder ship *(points)* are our women and children. They need houses to protect them from the winter's cold. May we have a small tract of land and trees from your forests with which to build houses, so we may live in peace with our Indian brothers? We will pay you for the land and trees.

INDIAN CHIEF: Chief White Man speaks well. If you come as friends, you may stay. These trees belong to Indians. This land belongs to Indians. But our white brothers may have land, cut trees to make houses. We all live as friends. *(To the Indians)*: These men *(pointing to the Pilgrims)* our friends. Our white brothers. Indian braves no kill white men. Indians go back to wigwams and squaws. Tell other Indians we all friends with white men.

GOVERNOR: Brother Indian Chief, we are grateful for your friendship and help. We hope that in this land we shall all find peace, plenty, and happiness, and all live together as brothers.

INDIAN CHIEF: Chief White Man speaks well. Let us smoke peace pipe.

(Please turn to page 434.)

HOW NORBERTO TOOK CARE OF THE FLAGS

By ALEJANDRO GABORNI *



Norberto was proud of the flags.

NORBERTO was a pupil in a barrio school. In the school which he attended there was a boy scout troop of which Norberto was a member.

The school had an American flag and a Filipino flag. Every morning at sunrise some member of the boy scout troop raised the flags, and every night the same scout took them down. Each of the scouts took care of the flags in turn. Norberto was happy to have his turn. He loved the flags; he was proud of them.

When it was his turn, he got up early in order to hoist the flags at sunrise. He raised them briskly. Sometimes the morning breeze would catch them and they would wave in the morning air and sunshine.

In the afternoon Norberto was very careful to take them down properly. He

never let the flags trail on the ground. He never let them get dirty. He never let the mud or any water get on them. He folded them carefully. He loved the flags and was loyal to them.

One afternoon Norberto's father asked him to go with him to town to see a movie. "I think a *Tarzan* picture is showing this afternoon, Norberto, and I am sure you would like to see it."

Norberto was very happy and jumped for joy. "O father," he said, "may I?"

"Yes, if you will come quickly," said his father.

Norberto was soon ready to go.

Then—he thought of the flags. It was his turn to take care of the flags. The sun would soon be going down.

"O father," he said, "I cannot go. I must lower the flags at sundown."

"Cannot some of the other scouts do it?" asked his father.

"All of the other boys are gone," answered Norberto. "I was left to take care of the flags. No, I cannot go. Each member of our scout troop has to do a good turn every day. It would not be a good turn to leave the flags out all night."

"Good for you, Norberto," said his father. "I wanted you to go with me, but you are doing a better thing. I am proud of you, for you can be trusted. Taking care of the flags is rendering a service to your country."

So Norberto's father and mother went to see the *Tarzan* movie, which Norberto wanted very much to see, and Norberto staid at home in order to do his duty.

When the boy went to lower the flags

(Please turn to page 436.)

* Teacher, Pinabacdao Barrio School, Calbiga, Samar.

SELECTED POEMS FOR BOOK WEEK



BOOKS

BOOKS are doors that open out,
 Let us travel round about
 Countries that are far away,
 While at home we still can stay.
 Books are windows through which
 we
 Other times and people see;
 Books are friends that cheer us,
 too;
 Without books, what would we do?

* * *

IF YOU LIVED IN A BOOK

WHAT do your book friends think
 of you?
 Do they find you thoughtful in all
 that you do?
 Do you help them keep their houses
 clean,
 And all the rooms that are placed
 between

BOOK ADVENTURES

I LIKE to take a book in hand,
 And travel to some foreign land,
 Land of adventure and pirates, too,
 Where men are needed who dare
 and do.

And so I get a thrilling book,
 And seek to find some quiet nook
 Where I can read, and in my mind
 A treasure island I can find.

Ah! here's a story to thrill me
 through!
 Pirates! Fighting! Mutiny, too!
 And with my book my course is
 plain—
 Now I am on the raging main.

The swish of a wave upon the
 sand—
 And I have arrived at the pirate's
 land;
 The beat of a tom-tom, the throb
 of a drum
 Tell of adventures yet to come.

What will happen within the hour?
 Who will gain and hold the power?
 Brave men fighting to keep the
 hold,
 Pirates seeking treasure and gold.

(Please turn to page 437.)

Those bright new walls? Do you
 take care
 That you leave behind you no spot
 or tear?
 If you had to live all the time in a
 book,
 You would want to be careful of
 how it would look!

MY BOOK FRIENDS

By HILDRED TOPE

Books are the fin - est friends I know; They take me with them when they
go To fair - y - land or lands a - far. Some - times they let me ride a star,
Up to the moon and peek in - side, Or show me where the fair - ies hide Or
where the beau - ti - ful rain - bow ends— Books are the ver - y fin - est friends.

2. Books are the closest friends
of all,
Ready to help me when I
call,
And teach to me what I must
learn;
'Tis waiting there for me to
turn
The page and find what I
must know.
To these good friends I'll often
go,
And they'll not fail me in
what I need;
Books are the closest friends,
indeed.

3. Books are a store of treasures
rare;
Mine for the seeking—mine to
share
With others who, like me, must
go
And find the things that they
should know.
Treasures are there for me to
take;
If I but look there I shall
make
The wisdom of all the ages
live:
This is what books to me will
give.

MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC

By BERT PAUL OSBON*

IX. WAGNER, WRITER OF MUSIC-DRAMAS



Richard Wagner

RICHARD WAGNER (pronounced vahg-ner), who has greatly enriched the modern world of music, was born in Germany in 1813. As a youth he delighted in reading the heroic myths of Greek gods and goddesses. He liked to read the story of Rome, and similar stories and legends. As a boy he became greatly interested in the theater through his stepfather who was an actor.

Richard was given music lessons, but he never became a great singer or piano player. He went to school in Germany and later attended a German university. Greek and Shakespeare were his favorite studies. At the age of thirteen he wrote a tragedy and began to study harmony (the science of writing music). After he had learned to know Beethoven's works thoroughly, he decided to devote his life to music. (See the article *Beethoven, Musical Genius* in the July, 1940, issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.)

We later find him wandering from town to town in Germany, conducting orchestras and leading choruses. Then he traveled to Paris and to Russia, but was not successful there in music, so he returned to Germany. Unfortunately Wagner became involved in German political struggles. For this reason he was forced to leave the country and go to Switzerland. During his eleven years of exile he spent his time in writing books and essays and in music composition.

In all his troubled days of exile and failure Wagner worked faithfully at his dream of a new kind of opera. From Switzerland he sent to his friend Liszt (a great pianist and composer) an opera which he had completed there. This opera is called *Lohengrin* (pronounced lo-en-grin).

* Formerly Head of the Music Department, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

In this time a great celebration was being prepared in Germany in honor of one of the German poets. Famous men and women would come from distant cities to attend the celebration. Wagner's friend Liszt (pronounced list) was one of those in charge of the celebration program. Liszt had Wagner's opera *Lohengrin* performed at this celebration. In no other way could the fame of Wagner have spread so quickly. The audience realized that this opera was the work of a genius.

Wagner had turned to the Middle

Ages for the story which he used in his opera *Lohengrin*. The story is about a knight of mystery named *Lohengrin*. A noble maiden named *Elsa* had dreamed that a mysterious knight would come in a boat drawn by a swan to rescue her from the false charge of having killed her brother. Who *Lohengrin* was, how he saved *Elsa*, how they were happily married, and by what means *Elsa* lost *Lohengrin* is a story you will want to read for yourself.

Wagner did not use the word *opera* for his dramatic musical plays, but instead he called them *music-dramas*. As a writer of great music-dramas he became famous.

He believed that the music-drama should be a heroic story told in noble poetry. He wrote the poetry as well as the music of his productions. He thought that the music should suggest the true character of each person in the story, and used a musical phrase to describe a character or an idea. This phrase he called a *leitmotif* (pronounced light-mo-teef). It is like a key that unlocks the door to understanding.

Such ideas sound very reasonable, but it was many years before people accepted them. People missed the old melodious singing of former operas. In the music-

dramas of Wagner the singing is more often like dramatic speech than melody.

While he was exiled in Switzerland, Wagner worked out the idea of a series of music-dramas in which the old legends of Northern Europe were used. No single legend suited him, so he planned to write a group of music-dramas that should tell the whole story of the mythology of Northern Europe. He found enough material for four music-dramas. He called this series of four music-dramas *The Ring of the Nibelungs*. The Nibelungs, according to German mythology,

were the children of the mist, a legendary race of dwarfs or demons, the original possessors of the hoard and ring won by a mythical hero named *Siegfried*.

These four music-dramas cen-

ter around this mythical hero *Siegfried*, and the story is about the ring made from the stolen gold of the Rhine river. This ring was the cause of conflicts between the gods and men, and the final defeat of the gods. The four music-dramas of *The Ring of the Nibelungs* are: (1) *The Rhinegold*, (2) *The Valkyrie*, (3) *Siegfried*, and (4) *The Twilight of the Gods*.

Wagner wrote other dramatic musical compositions. One of these is called *Tannhauser* (pronounced tahn-hoi-zer),

(Please turn to page 437.)



Contest of the Minnesingers

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THE BAT**

By RUPERTO SARMIENTO *



HAVE you ever watched the little black "birds" flying about just at dusk each evening? Do you know what these "birds" really are? They are our friends, the bats.

The bat is not at all nice to look at. He is an ugly creature, and, although he is timid, he is fierce when angry. He hunts for food at night and sleeps in the daytime. If you see him when he is asleep, you will see a queer sight. He hangs by means of his toes, and rests that way with his head down. In this position he stays all day long.

As soon as it begins to get dark, he wakes up, leaves his sleeping quarters, and begins to help us. As he flies about, he is helping us. Perhaps you are wondering how such an ugly creature could help us. But he does. As he flies about, he catches and eats hundreds of harmful insects such as moths, roaches, mosquitoes, and the like.

* Head Teacher, Tonsuya Barrio School, Tonsuya, Malabon, Rizal.

After a while he goes back to his sleeping quarters which may be in a cave, in a hollow tree, in thick bushes, or some dark part of a building. It is interesting to know that in some countries people build places for bats to stay. These are called "bat roosts."

A Frenchman once had a pet bat. He taught his pet bat to eat from his hand and to take pleasure in being petted.

You may wonder how anyone could like an ugly bat as a pet. He does not look very intelligent as he hangs upside down. But wait; you'll admire him more when you learn to know him better.

Do you see those strange wings of thin, dark skin which the bat wraps around him like a cloak? These are perhaps the most delicate sense organs in the world. Take the bat in your hand. He will not hurt you if you are gentle and avoid that frightened snarling mouth. You'll feel the small creature trembling all over. That is because, to those sensitive wings, the touch of your hand is like a rasping

file, rough and disagreeable.

Those wings and his large, vibrating ears are the mystery and wonder of the bat. They enable him to fly in the darkest night, through the thickest forest, when his eyes are of little use to him, and pursue his insect prey without touching any part of a trunk or branch of a tree.

Those wings are made up of a close network of fine nerves which seem to be able to detect in advance the slightest vibration in the atmosphere caused by the friction of air currents against solid objects.

Because bats have wings, they used to be classed with birds. But bats are not birds—they are mammals because they bring forth their two or three baby bats alive, and nurse them with milk from the mother bat.

The young bat is at first very tiny, naked, and pink, but it clings vigorously to its mother's breast as she darts through the air. When at rest, the mother bat folds her delicate wings around her baby to keep it warm.

Bats do not alight on the ground if they can avoid it, for they crawl with great difficulty. They cannot spring into the air from a flat surface, but must climb up a little distance in order to launch themselves so they can fly.

There are altogether about 300 kinds of bats, distributed all over the world except in the very coldest regions. Usually bats are small, but some of the bats in Malay countries and in the Philippines have a spread of wings measuring five feet. These and other large bats found in the tropics are fruit eaters; these bats are really harmful.

But, as previously stated, most bats feed on insects, and are very valuable to man. Indeed, the bat may be looked

upon as the night policeman of our gardens and groves, for it devours enormous quantities of harmful insects.

Children should not destroy the little bats, which, in spite of their strange appearance and harsh, squeaking voices, are friendly and easily tamed if carefully approached.

Bats have always had an undeserved bad reputation. This is not true of most bats, especially of the little ones which we often see flying about in the evening. But the Philippine fruit bats are injurious.

There is also another kind of injurious bat. It is found in Africa, Central and South America, and elsewhere. This is the tropical vampire bat which settles on horses and cows or even sleeping human beings and sucks their blood, sometimes so weakening the victim that death results.

These bloodsucking bats get their name of vampire from the "vampire" of legend

(Please turn to page 437.)



This is a fruit bat carrying her baby, which clings to her fur, hanging upside down just as its mother does.

HISTORY SECTION

BOOKS AND BOOKMAKING



How the First Books Were Made

THE PRINTED and bound volume which we know today as a "book" is the result of centuries of development. The earliest records of man were chiseled on stone, wood, or other durable materials. The Babylonians of ancient times impressed characters on soft clay tablets, or bricks, and then baked them hard.

The laws of Solon, the ancient Greek lawgiver, were carved on wooden tablets and set up in the ancient Greek city of Athens. The twelve tables of the ancient Roman law were similarly engraved on stone.

Thin plates of ivory, bronze, or lead were also used for records of public value. The plates were often hinged in a form resembling a modern book. For brief notes both Greeks and Romans used small wooden tablets covered with wax on which they wrote with a pointed

stylus.

When the early Egyptians learned how to make a crude paper from the stem of the papyrus reed, they found a writing material of far greater convenience than any known before, and its use spread gradually through the Mediterranean world. It was cheap, and its smooth, glossy surface made possible beautiful effects in lettering and ornamentation.

The common form of a book, when papyrus was used, was a roll of *volumen*, from which the English word *volume* comes. The papyrus was written on one side only, and was wound around a short stick much in the manner of the maps we use today. Sometimes the strip of paper was many feet long.

Many of these papyrus rolls have been found in the coffins of mummies in the tombs of Egypt. The dry air of that country, together with the cedar oil in which the papyrus was boiled, preserved them so well that the writing is still clear and distinct.

In reading such a roll, the reader held it in his right hand, and unwound it, as he read, with his left, at the same time rolling up the part which had been read.

The common practice in ancient book-



One of the First Books



The First English Printer and His Shop

making establishments was to dictate the work in preparation to a great number of slaves—called the *librarii*—and each slave made one copy. This kept the cost of making books low, and many book shops and public libraries existed in Rome in ancient times.

The inconvenience of these long rolls and the fact that papyrus was easily destroyed led to the substitution of vellum and parchment for the leaves of books. Both parchment and vellum were made from sheepskin. This was cut in rectangular sheets and bound together at one side with long leather strips or thongs. This brings us, about the 4th century after Christ, to the form of our modern book.

For a thousand years longer there were no books except those laboriously written by hand. All through the Middle Ages books were made only by the monks in the monasteries, writing in what was called the "scriptorium." In the illustration on page 424 a monk is shown

writing one of these books. We owe the possession of nearly all the Greek and Latin classics we have to the patient labors of such monks as you see in the illustration.

The lettering of these hand-made books was often very beautiful, and the beginning of each part and sometimes the first words of each page was written in bright ink of various colors. Sometimes the large initial letters contained pictures in the most brilliant colors.

Such manuscripts were said to be "illuminated," and the colors in some of these old books are as vivid today as they were when they were written.

When the volume was finished, it was enclosed between massive covers of wood, over which leather was sometimes stretched. The covers of important books were often studded and banded with gold and silver, and sometimes with precious stones. They were fastened with huge clasps. Most of the books of that time

(Please turn to page 436.)

HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION

WHEN YOU DON'T NEED GLASSES

THE BENEFIT that has come from the use of glasses is widespread and is generally recognized by physicians and by patients everywhere. And yet there are many people wearing glasses who really do not need them. Some people wear glasses because they think they make them look more attractive or more scholarly. *Don't wear glasses unless they are necessary.*

There has been, during the last few years, a continuous effort on the part of some of the makers of spectacles to develop in the public mind what is termed "eye consciousness." This has been emphasized by the examinations which have been made of the eyes of school children.

The relief experienced from glasses has been discussed in the homes, and has served as a general topic of conversation. Some manufacturers of lenses have commercialized this feeling, and have largely succeeded in developing a public belief that all eyes are more or less defective, and hence that all eyes need glasses.

This has caused some parents and pupils to believe that even if an examination shows that eyes are normal, still the use of glasses will give added strength to the eyes. This belief has caused hundreds of people to use glasses when they really were not needed.

Perhaps these people were using their

eyes at night and under bad conditions, with imperfectly printed books, and when physically in a condition which needs eye rest rather than eye work. Or perhaps, because of adenoids or catarrhal conditions, their eyes had become inflamed.

Glasses are not the first aid required in such cases, yet they have been sold and even prescribed by doctors with the feeling that the small irritation might be benefited by the use of glasses. The result of this has been that boys and girls, and even grown people, have had glasses prescribed when other things should have been used instead.



Some people wear glasses because they think the glasses make them look more attractive or more scholarly. Don't wear glasses unless they are necessary.

Here is a very foolish statement which a professor in a university made to his classes. He said: "I have noticed that many of our students are not wearing glasses. It is quite impossible that their eyes are perfect, so they should consult an eye physician at once." It would have been desirable for all these students to have had their eyes examined by an eye physician, but certainly it would not be found necessary for all of them to wear glasses. The foolishness of this professor's statement lies in the fact that the eyes, like other parts of the human body, are capable of adjustment.

On the other hand, there are many

(Please turn to page 434.)

HEADACHES

THE CAUSES of headaches are so many that the very idea of a headache "cure" by means of drugs is foolish. A headache may be caused by many reasons, some of little importance, others important.

Bad ventilation and eating too much may cause the head to ache. Continuous use of the eyes in bad light, in connection with some kind of eye defect, may cause headaches. Infections in the nasal sinuses are frequent causes of aching in the head. A badly placed wisdom tooth may cause the head to ache. High blood pressure may do the same.

Acute infections with fever resulting from such dangerous diseases as smallpox, influenza, or spinal meningitis, or trifling diseases as colds, *et cetera*, all may begin with aching in the head. There are many other diseases which cause a headache. The list could go on almost indefinitely.

It is foolish to think that any tablet, powder, or so-called headache cure on sale in most of the drug-stores everywhere can do anything more than give temporary relief. Unless the cause is found and removed, headaches come again and again. If certain drugs are taken to secure relief from headache, the drug itself may do harm, either to the nervous system, the blood, or the heart.

Headache preparations are advertised under various names. Any person can buy tablets of any popular pain-killing drug from anyone who sells them as a headache "relief" preparation.

The drug may be aspirin which is inoffensive to most persons. It may, however, be irritating to the stomach and the kidneys, and depressing to the nervous system.

Phenacetin or acetanilid may be used in the headache remedy. These drugs are definitely depressing to the heart, and may do harm to the red-blood cells.

Or the headache remedy may be aminopyrine, which is still more likely to do harm to the blood cells.

Whatever the drug, it should not be used except when prescribed by a doctor, if it is powerful enough to produce results.

Some headaches are best treated by rest in a darkened room with cool cloths on the head.

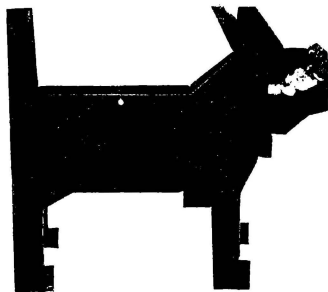
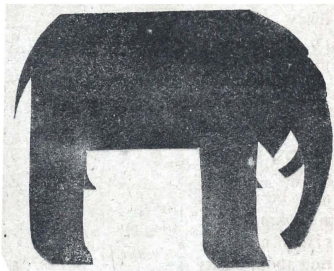
Headaches which come back frequently should be investigated by a doctor. This is much more sensible than taking powerful drugs for temporary relief from pain. The doctor will probably be able to remove the cause of the headache. This will afford permanent relief.—*Condensed from "Good Health."*



Some headaches are best treated by rest in a darkened room with cool cloths on the head. Don't take drugs or headache cures—they are dangerous.

WORK AND PLAY SECTION**ART SUGGESTIONS FOR BOOK WEEK**

A monogram of a child's initials makes a very attractive decoration for a bookmark. Monograms are easily made if they are first sketched on paper to be used as a pattern. When the pattern is made, place it over colored paper and cut it. Cutting at the same time both the pattern and the colored paper to be used for the monogram avoids the necessity of tracing around the pattern, which often gives a clumsy effect. Trace the monogram on



On the left, Monogram of Initials. On the right, a Balanced Design.

TO HELP OBSERVE Book Week, boys and girls can make bookmarks of various kinds. They may be for their own use or for gifts.

Folded Animal Bookmark

a narrow strip of paper of contrasting color, and press it. The illustration on page 428 shows how it will look.

Younger children can make balanced designs instead of monograms. They can fold the paper, and cut it freehand, cutting both pattern and colored paper at the same time, as was done with the monograms for bookmarks.

Other interesting designs are the funny imaginary animals in silhouettes, mounted on pieces of bright colored paper.

A pretty folder with a simple design may be used as a bookmark. A simple quotation about books—many such quotations will be found on page 432 of this issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN—or jingles like the following may be written or printed inside the folder:

You are a friend of books;

Yours show it by their looks.

Cutting animals on folded colored paper, leaving ears, tail, or backs uncut on the fold, makes a marker which

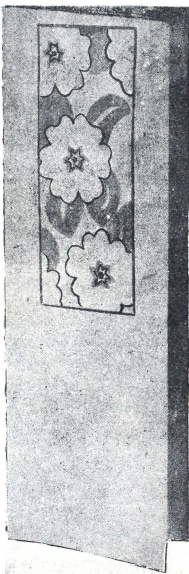
can be slipped over a leaf of the book in order to keep the place.

The different kinds of bookmarks suggested in this article are illustrated on these pages. Notice the illustration showing monogram initials for a bookmark

This will suggest, perhaps, a design for using desired initials. A "balanced design" is also shown. In another illustration there is a picture of folded animal bookmarks. These are clever and will please young people. There is illustrated, too, an attractive design for a folder bookmark; also a suggested silhouette bookmark.

Try making some of these bookmarks; you and your friends will enjoy them. If you are wanting some inexpensive gifts for birthday or Christmas pres-

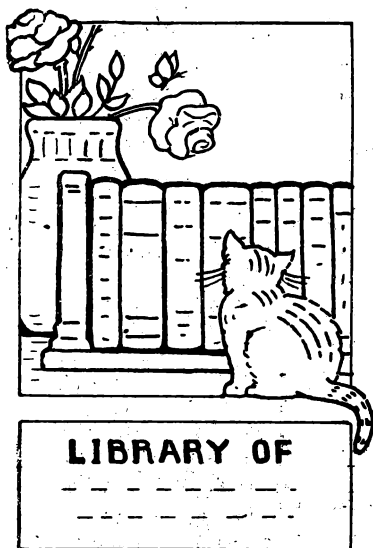
ents, bookmarks, made by yourself, are ideal. Your friends will like them all the better because you made them. And they will be very attractive gifts, too. The plan is worth trying.



On the left, Design for a Folder Bookmark

On the right, Design for a Silhouette Bookmark

BOOKPLATES FOR YOUR BOOKS



THE BOY OR GIRL who owns a small library will find a bookplate just the thing to show personal ownership of each book and to add distinction to the library.

It is not difficult to make a bookplate to suit one's fancy. On this page are given two designs for bookplates, but the boy or girl who is clever at drawing may make an original design. If either of the designs on this page are used, fill in the name. After one has a design to suit the fancy, copies of this bookplate design are to be made and one is to be pasted in the front of each book.

There are several ways of making

copies of the design. One way is to take a photograph of the design, and from the photograph negative make as many photographic copies as are desired.

Another method is to draw the design on tracing paper with drawing ink (ordinary ink will not do) and make as many blue print copies as are wanted.

Of course one may take the design to a photoengraver and have a cut made. From this cut a printer can print as many copies as are desired. This method is advisable when one has several hundred books in a library. Thus you avoid losing your books.



MAKING CANDIES

(Continued from the October number)

IN THE ISSUE of *The Young Citizen* for last month there were some excellent recipes for candies. This month we are giving more. These can be used for making a plentiful supply of candy for the holidays which will soon come.

Then, too, candy-making can help to increase the family income. The boy or girl who has learned to make delicious candy at home can build up a nice little business by selling homemade candy. Many people prefer it to the expensive candies bought in the stores.

In this article we shall give recipes for making caramels. Caramels contain the ingredients that make the candy boil very high and burn easily. Therefore it must be stirred continuously. Have a shallow square pan oiled or greased in which to pour the candy when it is done. It should be poured to a thickness of about one inch and be al-

lowed to cool before cutting. Dip the knife used for cutting in powdered sugar which will prevent its sticking. Nut meats may be added to any caramels just before pouring.

Chocolate Caramels

Melt two and one-half tablespoons of butter in a kettle, add 2 cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, and one-half cup of milk. Stir until it begins to boil, and then add 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate (to be purchased at any good grocery store). Boil to 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Add one teaspoon of vanilla flavoring just before pouring.

Coconut Caramels

Pour into a kettle one pound of granulated sugar, one and one-half pounds of corn syrup, one cup of sweet cream (or if it cannot be obtained use one cup of Carnation evaporated milk), one can of condensed milk, and the liquid of one can of Baker's coconut (to

be purchased at any good grocery store). Cook the mixture to 240 degrees. Add the drained coconut and boil to 242 degrees. Add one teaspoon of vanilla just before pouring.

Pulled Caramels

Put 2 cups of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water, one-third of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, and one-half of a teaspoon of glycerin in a saucepan and bring it to the boiling point. Let the mixture boil without stirring until it will turn brittle when tested in cold water. When nearly cooked, add 2 tablespoons of heavy cream (or Carnation evaporated milk) and one and one-half squares of bitter chocolate. Pour on a buttered platter, and as the edges cool fold towards the center. As soon as it is cold enough to handle, pull until it is glossy. Then cut it into small pieces, using a knife or scissors. Put on a slightly buttered platter.

(To be continued)

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

BOOK QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY MRS. GERONIMA CALDERON ANCHETA *

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

Books are faithful friends.

Read and enjoy books.

The child who reads is the child who leads.

Read and grow.

Reading is the most important thing the child can learn in school.

FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

Books which help you most are those which make you think most.

A book carefully selected has a permanent value which nothing else can have.

It is never too late to read.

Good books are faithful teachers. They interest, inspire, and guide.

It takes as long to read a poor book as a good one.

He lives a thousand lives who reads his books.

Books are the greatest inheritance of the new generation. They preserve the wisdom and the beauty of the race, and carry it as a living, ever-growing stream.

A library is the pupil's workshop; it is the teacher's assistant; it is the professional's chief outfit.

Books are a guide and an entertainment in youth.

Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested.

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book. In every good book he finds passages which seem confidences hidden from all else and unmistakably meant for his ear.

All books are divisible into two classes: books of the hour and books of all time.

Reading has changed the world and continues to change it.

The man without books lives only the life of one individual.

No one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better and the happier for it.

He that loves reading has everything within his reach.

Book-love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all recreations are gone. It will last you until your death.

THE READER'S SPAN

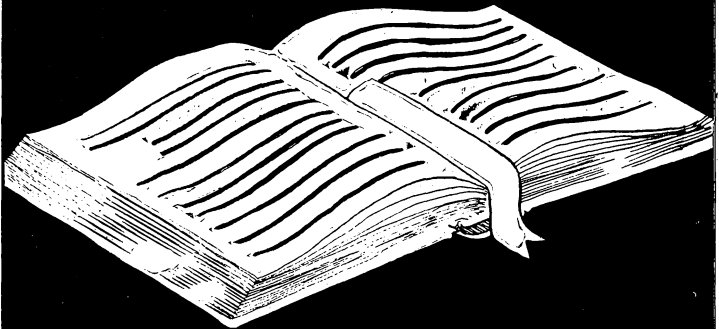
THOSE who love to read have life
Beyond their own short day;
They travel through the centuries
With authors years away.

READING EVERY DAY

I READ a good book ev'ry day,
So I will grow up wise;
I read a good book ev'ry day,
So says the child who tries.

* Teacher, Lukban Elementary School, Manila.

RIZAL TOOK
CARE OF HIS BOOKS
DO YOU ?



FARMER JUAN'S DINNER

(Continued from page 411)

"Where are you, Turkey Lurkey?" he called. "Come here. I'm ready for you. What a fine Thanksgiving dinner I shall have!"

Then he looked up and down with his flash-light. In the tree and around the tree and most everywhere. But no Turkey Lurkey was to be found. Then he looked in other trees. No Turkey Lurkey.

"Where can that turkey be?" said Farmer Juan. "Well, anyway I'll cook that fat squash for my Thanksgiving dinner."

Down to the garden he went. He looked in the corner where the squash had been growing. Susana Squash wasn't there. He looked and looked. No squash.

Finally he gave up, walked to the house, and went to bed.

And on Thanksgiving Day what do you think Farmer Juan had for his Thanksgiving dinner?

Did he have squash? No.

Did he have turkey? No.

He had only some *camotes*.

QUESTIONS

1. When was Farmer Juan going to have a turkey dinner?

2. Why did he feed rice to his turkey?

GLASSES

(Continued from page 426)

people whose eyes are seemingly very good, yet for whom the use of properly fitted glasses would prove a relief from nervous strain. There are multitudes of people whose imperfect sight prevents them from seeing things which make life beautiful and worth while. There are many others for whom properly chosen glasses are the necessary means for correcting reflex nervous trouble, and whose headaches, indigestion, neuralgia, or dizziness pass away with the relief of eye strain.

But there are also many people whose eyes are perfectly normal, who are entirely comfortable without wearing glasses. For these, glasses are wholly unnecessary.

If you are in doubt as to whether or not you should wear glasses, go to a good eye physician, and then do what he advises.—*Condensed from "Good Health."*

3. What more did he intend to have at his Thanksgiving dinner?

4. How did the turkey and the squash escape from Farmer Juan?

5. What did Farmer Juan have for dinner?

FIRST THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 416)

(Produces a long pipe which he puts to his lips as if smoking it. He then hands it to the Governor.) This is Indian peace pipe. Smoke it, brother White Chief, as sign of friendship between Indians and white men.

(The Governor places the peace pipe to his lips as if he were smoking it.)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Place: In a field at harvest time.

Time: Some months later than the previous scenes.

(Piles of cornstalks may be seen in the background. There are also some pumpkins or squashes. Pilgrims—men and women—are busy gathering the corn and pumpkins.)

GOVERNOR *(entering)*: My friends, God has rewarded our toil with a bountiful harvest. We have corn and squashes and dried wild fruits. We have venison from the forest and fish from the streams. Wild turkeys and other fowl are in abundance. These are blessings from our Heavenly Father. Let us all give thanks to God for his kindness. Let us have a day of
(Please turn to page 439.)



Raising Flowers

By RAMON SIN
(11 YEARS OLD)

ONE of the nicest things for a schoolboy or a girl to do in leisure time is to raise flowers. I have a beautiful flower garden just in front of our house. It is rectangular in form, ten by twelve meters, and is enclosed by a bamboo fence.

At a distance the garden presents a variety of colors. There are *sampaguita* flowers, hibiscus (*gumamelas*), *cadena-de-amor*, and different varieties of roses. In the center of my garden there is a statue. Around this statue I have roses growing. Near the roses are clusters of lilies. In each of the four corners are hibiscus bushes, and along the sides are *sampaguitas*.

Each morning I gather flowers in my garden. Then I remove any old or dry leaves. I fill a vase full of flowers which I am careful to arrange attractively. In the March, 1940, number of THE YOUNG CITIZEN I read *Suggestions on Flower*

Our English Club

By MAMINTAL TAMANO
(11 YEARS OLD)

IN OUR ROOM at school we have organized an English Club. The members of this club agree to use no language except English at school. The purpose of this club is to help us in the use of English and to make us feel at home in speaking it. This is because English is the medium of instruction in the Philippines.

When we organized our club, the first thing which we did was to elect officers. Our teacher appointed a "detective" who is not known to the club members. This "detective" reports those members whom he hears using the dialect at school. The offender has to pay a fine. We use the money thus collected for improving our room.

We are all interested in our club, and it is a successful organization.

Arrangement. These suggestions help me to make a nice arrangement of my cut flowers.

Collecting Butterflies

By ESTRELLA G. REYES
(14 YEARS OLD)

COLLECTING moths and butterflies has been my pleasant outdoor work for several years. When do I find time to do any collecting? This is the way I do it. Each day as I go to and from school I am on the lookout for specimens. I am always prepared to take care of any specimens which I may capture, and I get some that way occasionally.

Then on Saturdays, if I have no work for mother, I go on a collecting trip. One Saturday I had very good luck and took many specimens in one of the fields to which I went.

Sometimes I collect a few specimens on Sundays. And of course when we are having vacation I have many a pleasant and successful collecting trip.

When I get some specimens I put them in a large glass container. This contains a chemical which kills them quickly and painless-

(Please turn to page 437.)

NORBERTO TOOK CARE

(Continued from page 417)

that evening, he stood under them and looked up at their bright colors. They had never looked more beautiful. He took them down, and put them carefully into the box.

When Norberto's father came home the next day, he brought two new flags, an American flag and a Filipino flag. He gave them to Norberto.

"You may present these to your school, my son," said his father.

Norberto was very proud of the new flags, and he and the other boy scouts took good care of them.

"By taking good care of the school flags and hoisting and lowering them properly," said Norberto to the other scouts, "we are rendering a service to our country. My father said so."

I think what Norberto's father said is true. Don't you?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO

1. If you were to raise the flags at sunrise?
2. If you were to lower the flags at sunset?
3. If you saw the flags had been forgotten on the flag-poles at night?
4. If you saw the flags up during a rain?

BOOKMAKING

(Continued from page 425)

were copies of Greek and Latin classics, as well as Bibles and other church books written in Latin. On page 424 is shown a picture of one of these old "illuminated" books.

In the 11th century, paper made from linen rags began to find its way into Europe from the Orient. The use of such paper increased rapidly after the invention of printing, for it was cheap and could be used easily on the printing presses.

Before the invention of printing from movable types, small religious books were sometimes printed from solid blocks of wood. These blocks of wood were the size of the page, and consisted mostly of pictures, with perhaps a small amount of lettering engraved at the bottom.

The method of printing from movable types is called *typograph*. The first book printed from movable type is supposed to have been a Bible which appeared about 1453.

Early in the 16th century the books became smaller in size, thinner paper was used for the pages, and the wooden boards of the cover were replaced by pasteboard. Artist-printers de-

SAN CARLOS NEWS

(Continued from page 412)

We shall have a program on Thanksgiving Day.

We will all be thankful.

We all want to be good citizens.

We are going to do our very best each day.

We are always glad to have visitors.

Welcome, everyone!

After the pupils had read the first "issue" of *The San Carlos News*, Miss Mercader said, "I think that is a splendid beginning, boys and girls. We shall have our 'newspaper' each Tuesday and Friday morning."

That is the way *The San Carlos News* was started in the San Carlos Barrio School.

Every boy and girl in that room thinks it is a very good "newspaper."

Perhaps you can have a "newspaper" in your room if you will ask your teacher.

signed beautiful types and printed exquisite books, with elaborate coverings of vellum, silk, velvet, or other beautiful materials, such as ivory and precious stones.

The most famous artists of the day made the illustrations, using not only woodcuts, but copper engravings. The titles of those

(Please turn to page 439.)

WAGNER

(Continued from page 421)

and another is known as *The Mastersinger*. There were knightly singers who wandered about Germany during the Middle Ages. Sometimes these singers met in contests to decide who was the best singer. An artist has painted an imaginary scene representing a contest of these *minnesingers*, as they were called. A copy of this picture is shown on page 421.

After years of exile, Wagner was permitted to return to Germany. With considerable difficulty he built a theater in the little city of Bayreuth (pronounced high-roit). He called this theater his Festival Playhouse, and it has become very famous. It took a long time to get it built, but at last it was finished. Wagner had fulfilled his dream of the union of arts in the creation of the music-drama and the Festival Playhouse.

The last opera which Wagner wrote was *Parsifal* which tells of a knight named *Parsifal* and his deeds. This was completed in 1882. Failing health caused Wagner to spend the following winter at Venice, where, in 1883, he suddenly died. He was buried at Bayreuth, at

THE BAT

(Continued from page 423)

—ghosts that come out of their graves at night, according to superstition, and suck the blood of human beings. Of course, this belief is only a superstition—most certainly it is not true.

There are thousands and thousands of bats in the Philippines which help and benefit the Filipinos. Have you ever seen thoughtless Filipino boys stoning or killing a bat? Do you think they should do that? Certainly not. We should protect the bats, for that is the only way we can repay them for their good work.

which place his famous theater is still in use.

REVIEW

1. Tell of Richard Wagner as a boy.
2. Tell of his early study of music.
3. When he was a young man what did he do in music?
4. Why did Wagner have to leave his country?
5. What did Wagner call his musical plays?
6. What stories did he use in his series known as *The Ring of the Nibelungs*?
7. Name the four music-dramas of this series.
8. Have you ever heard any of Wagner's music?

COLLECTING BUTTERFLIES

(Continued from page 435)

ly. Then I arrange them in my display case. I fasten each specimen securely in place by sticking a pin through it.

My mother admires my collection very much. So do many of my friends, and some of them have gone into the business of collecting moths and butterflies for themselves.

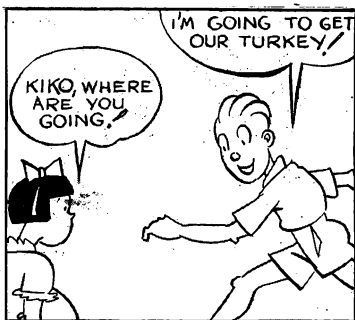
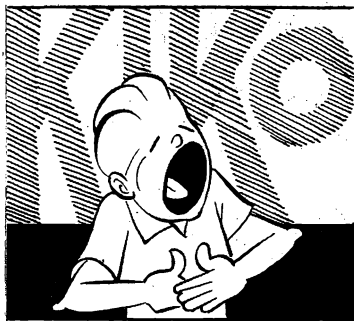
I took my collection to school where it was on display. My teacher showed it to other teachers and pupils and the visitors who came to our school.

Any one living here in the Philippines can make a good collection of moths and butterflies. There are plenty of specimens here.

BOOK ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 418)

A sinking ship, a desolate cry,
Tell of men who soon will die;
The pirates now have gained the top.
Hurry! Can no man make them stop?
One man left to save the ship!
One man left! He must not slip.
Far into the night so late,
I read to learn this one man's fate.

THE FUNNY PAGE

FIRST THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 434)

thanks. We will have a Thanksgiving feast and ask our Indian friends to be with us.

PILGRIM MOTHER: Yes, let all give thanks to God for His blessings.

GOVERNOR: With all my heart. Now we will return to our cabins and prepare a great Thanksgiving dinner to be enjoyed two days hence. *(Pilgrims leave, carrying corn and pumpkins.)*

CURTAIN

SCENE IV

Place: The Pilgrim village.

Time: Two days later than Scene III.

(Under a large tree near a log cabin a big table is spread. On it may be seen roast turkeys and all things needed for a very bountiful feast. As the curtain opens, the Pilgrim men are standing about talking with each other, a group of Pilgrim children are playing, and the Pilgrim women are arranging things on the table. The group of Indians and their Chief enter.)

GOVERNOR: Welcome, friends, welcome to our festive board. This is a feast of thanksgiving. Sit at our table, one and all, Indian brothers and our own people, and let us partake of the food which God has given us in abundance.

(The Indians and the Pilgrims sit on long benches at the table. As soon as all are seated, Indian Chief rises.)

INDIAN CHIEF: Chief White Man, white friends and brothers, we Indians very glad to eat with you like friends and brothers in great thanksgiving feast. We want friendship always.

GOVERNOR: So say we all. *(The Governor rises.)* Indian Chief, Indian brothers, and members of our own colony, we have set this day aside as a day in which to give thanks to God for the bountiful harvest He has given us. We are now about to partake of a Thanksgiving dinner. Kind Providence has given us of the bounty of Heaven, and to a gracious Heavenly Father we offer thanks. We are grateful to our Indian brothers for their friendship and help. Let us now bow our heads in a prayer of thanksgiving. *(All bow their heads.)*

(A small Pilgrim Girl steps forward and recites the following poem as a prayer of thanks.)

PILGRIM GIRL:
Dear Father in Heaven, we thank Thee
For a bountiful harvest this year;
Our Father in Heaven, we ask Thee

BOOKMAKING

(Continued from page 436)

books were usually very long, often covering an entire page.

Gradually there came to be a wide variety of sizes of books. The smallest of these were no larger than a postage stamp, and the largest were certain church books in Spain which were six feet high and four feet wide.

At about the beginning of the 19th century, printers began to make much better books. Better paper was used, and the old hand printing press gave place to the large cylinder press.

As the art of bookmaking has advanced, so has the demand for books, until now the production and selling of books is one of the world's great industries.

To continue Thy guidance and care.
We thank Thee for friendship and kindness,
For the beautiful land that we see;
God grant we may have peace and plenty
In the land of the brave and the free. Amen.
ALL PILGRIMS: Amen and amen!
(As the curtain closes SLOWLY, the Pilgrims and the Indians begin to partake of the Thanksgiving dinner.) CURTAIN



Chats with the EDITOR

OUR CHAT this month will be about YOU and ME, for the month of November is just the time to write what I have in mind.

You see, this is the month of Thanksgiving. In some countries, especially in the United States of America and the Philippines, it is the custom to observe a Day of Thanksgiving. On that day we think about the things for which we should be thankful. Often, too, in honor of the day, we have a delicious dinner—a Thanksgiving Dinner.

Your Editor cannot very well provide a dinner for the thousands of readers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN, but a few things can be mentioned which should cause YOU and ME to be thankful.

YOUR LIST

Here are some of the things for which I believe you should be thankful on this Thanksgiving Day of 1940. The list is not complete and you can add some things to it, I am sure.

1. **GOOD HEALTH.** If you are enjoying good health—and most of our readers are, I believe—you should be very thankful. Good health, I think, heads the list.

2. **KIND AND LOVING PARENTS.** Most of you, boys and girls, have kind and loving parents. If you will think of the many boys and girls in other parts of the world who have lost parents, you will be very thankful that you still have a

kind father and mother to care for you.

3. **A PEACEFUL COUNTRY.** Our country—our beloved Philippines—is at peace. What a blessing for which to be thankful!

4. **A GOOD GOVERNMENT.** No tyrannical government exists in the Philippines such as some countries of the world must endure. Be thankful for your good government.

5. **A PROSPEROUS NATION.** Our country is prosperous. There is food and shelter for all. No great famine. Let us be thankful for prosperity.

6. **A GOOD SCHOOL.** There is a good school near your home for you and other boys and girls. Let us be thankful for the splendid schools of the Philippines.

7. **A PLEASANT HOME.** Most of you have a pleasant and comfortable home. Certainly one should be thankful for a nice home.

Now get paper and pencil and complete your list. I know you will think of other things for which to be thankful.

OUR LIST

When I said that this Chat will be not only about YOU, but about ME as well, of course by ME, I meant THE YOUNG CITIZEN. What a lot of things THE YOUNG CITIZEN has to be thankful for! Here are some of them.

1. **WRITERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.** We are thankful for the

many writers scattered all over the Philippines who from time to time contribute good material for publication in THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

2. **MANY YOUNG READERS.** We must have readers for our magazine, or we cannot exist. We are very thankful, indeed, for the thousands of bright Filipino boys and girls who read and enjoy THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

3. **MANY INTERESTED HELPERS.** We feel very grateful for our many friends and helpers. They send us subscriptions, they write us encouraging letters, and they tell their friends about THE YOUNG CITIZEN.

4. **A HOST OF EDUCATORS USING OUR MAGAZINE.** Hundreds of teachers throughout the Islands use THE YOUNG CITIZEN for supplementary material in the school room. We are thankful for this host of efficient educators who make use of our magazine.

5. **THE OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE.** We are glad that we have the opportunity to serve our nation's educators and the young Filipinos of our country; we are glad that we are able to supply their need for an interesting and educational magazine. It is no easy task to collect and assemble worth-while material for a magazine suitable for pupils of all ages in the elementary schools. But with the help of our many friends we are succeeding. We thank you, one and all.

I shall end this Chat with a few lines from an old song which I learned years ago:

*Count your blessings—
Name them one by one!
Count your many blessings—
See what God hath done!*

Goodbye.—THE EDITOR.

Announcement to All Our Young Readers:

Did you ever do something interesting and worth while? Have you had any experience in doing any of the following: (1) Collecting Philippine Shells, (2) Hunting Turtles, (3) Exploring a Volcano, (4) Catching Sharks, (5) Making an Aquarium, (6) Collecting Postage Stamps, (7) Visiting Famous Churches of the Philippines, (8) Making a Garden, (9) Raising Flowers, (10) Making Candles, (11) Building a Sail Boat, (12) Hunting for Wild Animals, (13) Baking Bread or Cakes, (14) Making Articles of Clothing, (15) Making Articles of Furniture, (16) Visiting the Aquarium in Manila, (17) Collecting Moths and Butterflies, (18) Collecting Interesting Botanical Specimens, (19) Raising Orchids, (20) Visiting Primitive Peoples in the Philippines, or doing many other interesting things.

WRITE ABOUT IT IN A SHORT COMPOSITION.

Send your composition to *The Young Citizen*.

Each month the Editor of *The Young Citizen* will publish as many of the best compositions as space will permit.

If your composition is accepted for publication, you will become a member of

The What-Are-You-Doing? Club.

The rules for securing membership are simple.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Write about something interesting which you have done, such as the above titles suggest. Do not write a story which is not true. If your story is accepted, you are a member of the Club.

2. On your composition write your name and address **VERY PLAINLY**.

3. State your age.

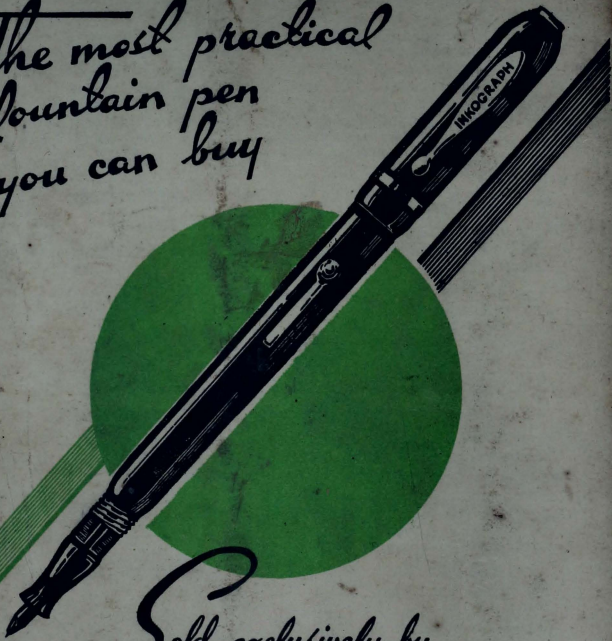
4. Tell what you liked best in recent issues of *The Young Citizen*.

Address all letters to:

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