

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

WHEN THE SCOUTS WENT HIKING

By DOLORES A. LEGASPI

THE time for the *siesta* in the boy-scout camp was almost over. In the tents the boys were putting on their clothes and canvas shoes.

Soon they heard the bugle call for assembly. When they were together the camp director inspected them. Then each of the group leaders called the names of the five boys in his division.

When each boy had found his place in his group, the director said: "You have four hours for a hike. Go wherever your leader takes you. The important thing on this hike is to observe things. You may see an interesting plant, an insect, a flower, a butterfly, a fruit—anything. Look for things which are of enough interest that you will want

to bring a specimen back with you if possible. Tonight at the camp fire we shall hear of your experiences and see the things you have brought back with you."

The song leader began the camp song, and the groups started on their hike with everybody singing.

Rolando was the leader of one of the groups. He was a boy who was large

and tall for his sixteen years—a cheerful, likable chap who had something about him which made him a leader. He was familiar with the mountain trails of that vicinity and knew a great deal about many things of nature, because he was an experienced hiker.

In his group were Ciriaco, Felipe, Esteban, Arturo, and Jose. As soon as they were well on their way the boys

stopped singing, and each one began to keep his eyes open for interesting things about him.

"Roland, do you see that beautiful flower?" said Ciriaco as he pointed to some violet colored flowers growing in a tree a short ways ahead.

Rolando looked and then replied, "I think those are orchids, Coy."

"They certainly are beautiful. Mother would be glad to have a plant with such beautiful flowers," said Ciriaco.

"She shall have it then," said Rolando. "We'll get it without injury to the plant." Ciriaco became very attentive.

"Ready, boys," said Rolando. "We'll form a pyramid. Coy, you climb on top. Be sure you have your knife ready. Up



Starting on the Hike

you go."

"I've got it, Roland," shouted Ciriaco in a few minutes. Rolando and the other scouts helped Ciriaco prepare the orchid plant so it would not be injured while it was being carried.

"Well, that's a good start," said Rolando. "This orchid is somewhat rare, and is certainly a beautiful specimen. Let me tell you something about orchids, boys. Just recently I was reading about them. Did you know that sometimes enormous prices have been paid for a single rare specimen of an orchid?"

"These flowers are so beautiful that they have become the favorites of many people. The demand for orchids in the United States and Europe is very great, so every year thousands of dollars' worth of orchids are sent from South America, the East Indies and the Philippines, and even from Australia.

"Many an eager collector has climbed precipices, waded through swamps full of malaria, and endured all the dangers of a tropical forest to get these plants. The most valuable orchids are those which are airplants and grow on tree trunks. There are between 6,000 and 12,000 different species of orchids. Now let us continue our hike."

The boys started on their way. They had hiked for perhaps half an hour. "What is that?" suddenly said Jose, the smallest boy in the group.

"Where, Tiny?" asked Rolando.

"On the limb of that small tree."

"Get it and we'll see," said Rolando. Soon Jose brought something to Rolando which he recognized at once.

"That," said Rolando, "is the chrysalis of a butterfly or a moth."

"What is a chrysalis?" asked Tiny.

"A chrysalis," explained Rolando, "is

the form which butterflies or moths take before becoming butterflies or moths. First the insect lays eggs. From an egg comes a caterpillar. After a short time the caterpillar changes to a chrysalis. The chrysalis later changes to a butterfly or a moth. Unless I am mistaken, Tiny, the chrysalis which you have here is a chrysalis of a giant moth. Take this home with you and put it in a suitable place, and by and by it will become a giant moth with a wing-spread of perhaps 8 or 10 inches."

"What luck we are having!" exclaimed Tiny. "First Coy finds an orchid and then I find a chrysalis of a giant moth."

After Tiny's chrysalis was neatly folded in his handkerchief the boys marched on. They had not gone far until something dropped on the ground just in front of Arturo. He picked it up. It was nothing but a feather—a soft feather which looked as if it had come from the breast of some bird.

Arturo was about to throw it away. "Looks as if this feather has blood on it. It is a white, downy feather, but it has a red blood-stain on it. Some bird nearby has just been wounded and is now bleeding."

"Let me see that feather, Art," said Rolando. Arturo handed it to him.

"There is no blood on this feather," said Rolando. "The red which you see is not blood—it is the actual color of the feather. This belongs to a pigeon which is found here in the Philippines and which is called the bleeding-heart pigeon. Let us look carefully, boys, and we may find the bird from which this feather came. Scatter out a little and start to use your eyes."

The boys began looking in the trees



"Anything can happen when a scout goes hiking," said Rolando.

and the bushes. Rolando was the lucky finder.

"Look, boys, there are two of them on that branch."

The boys looked and saw two pigeons sitting and cooing on a low limb of a tree. Sure enough, the breast of each was white with a red splotch, and had the appearance of blood-stained feathers.

"Yes, those are bleeding-heart pigeons," said Rolando. "Sit down, boys, and right here I will tell you an interesting story."

The boys promptly sat down on some large rocks.

"You saw those pigeons. You saw the white breast with the crimson feathers which look like a blood stain. There is a legend about this pigeon—a story which, of course, is not true, but which is interesting.

"According to the legend this pigeon, or dove, long, long ago had a white breast. The legend tells us that this innocent bird witnessed the crucifixion of Jesus when He was upon the cross. The

dove saw the crown of thorns upon the brow of the Savior, and felt compassion. It flew to the sacred head and tried to remove the crown of thorns. The thorns pierced the white breast of the pitying dove, and made it bleed. The story goes that ever since then this dove or pigeon has had feathers which look like a blood-stained white breast. Of course, this is only a story which never happened, but nevertheless, it is a beautiful legend.

"If you would like to examine the bleeding-heart pigeon closely, the first time you are in Manila go to the Aquarium in the old wall. You will see there a number of excellent live specimens of this pigeon. Now, boys, let us continue our hike."

"Wait a minute," said Felipe.

He quickly ran over to one of the rocks upon which some of the boys had been sitting. He stooped down and picked up something between his thumb and forefinger.

"Here's my interesting bit of nature to take back to camp."

"Oh, what a curious looking bug!" exclaimed little Jose. "How did you happen to see it? You surely have good eyes, Felipe."

"This is not a bug," answered Felipe. "It is a beetle."

"What is the difference?" asked Jose.

"Beetles are not true bugs," said Felipe. "Though many beetles are called 'bugs' they should not be confused with the true bugs with sucking beaks, which form a distinct order of insects. This is a beetle. And I think I know what kind, too, because only last week I was reading about beetles in the encyclopedia, and I read about a beetle which seems to have the appearance of this one."

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"What kind of beetle is this, Fil?" asked Arturo.

"I think this is a hercules beetle. If it is, those long wicked-looking projections from its head and back are used by the male in carrying its mate. Curiously enough, this is one of the most harmless of all beetles. I am not sure that this is a hercules beetle, but I shall take it with me and at the first opportunity I shall find out whether or not I am right."

Felipe then placed his prize in his collector's jar. "Mr. Beetle, you will soon be dead, and then you will make a nice specimen for our school museum of elementary science."

"Say, fellows! Why is it that everybody has had such good luck except me?" asked Esteban. "You have all found very interesting things, but I have found nothing."

"Plenty of time yet, Steve," said Rolando. "We still have an hour and a half of our hiking time. Lots of things can happen in an hour and a half, you know. So come on, boys. All of you keep your eyes open, and let's help Steve find something to take back to camp."

The boys started on. Everybody peered and looked, but no one found anything of any particular interest.

"I think Lady Luck has deserted us," said Esteban. "Say, boys, do you see that lovely little brook ahead of us? How pretty it is just there where it flows over those small stones. I wish I had my kodak with me—I could get a fine picture. Let's go and look at the brook. May we, Rolando?"

"Of course," said Rolando. "We will all go there. It is a beautiful spot where we can sit down and eat our sandwiches. I guess we've found all the interesting things there are to be found on this hike, so we'll rest and eat, and then go back to camp."

In a very short time six hungry boys were seated on the bank near the stony-bedded little brook, and each was enjoying a large sandwich.

Esteban finished his sandwich first. "You fellows are slow. You have not yet finished eating. But take your time. I'm going to poke around here a little."

"Go ahead, Steve. Maybe you'll find a knap-sackful of diamonds," said one of the boys. All the other boys laughed.

Esteban wandered about, looking at the rocks and pebbles. Several he placed in his knap-sack. "These are not at all interesting," he said to himself, "but I'll take two or three along anyway."

"Come on, boys. It's time to start back," said Rolando.

Soon the boys were on their way back to the camp.

That night, by the light of the camp fire, each boy who had found anything of interest on the hike displayed his find and told about it. Ciriaco proudly showed his orchid and told what Rolando had said about orchids. Jose showed his chrysalis of the giant moth. Arturo brought out his feather from the breast of the bleeding-heart pigeon and told the legend about it. Felipe exhibited his beetle. Of Rolando's group Esteban was the only one who had nothing to show.

Then the boys all turned in for the night. The next day they broke camp and returned to their homes.

A day or so later Esteban happened to find the two or three rocks which he had picked up on the hike.

"This one is all covered with clay," he said.

He took his knife and be-

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gan to scrape the clay off. "I wonder what kind of a stone this is. It's so shiny. Guess I'll show it to our high school principal."

A few days later Esteban showed his rock specimen to Mr. Diaz, the principal of their school, who knew something of geology. Mr. Diaz examined it carefully.

"Come with me, Esteban. We are going to have it examined by an expert," said Mr. Diaz in a few minutes.

Soon they were at an assayer's office. The head assayer looked at it. Then he made some tests.

"Where did you find this, my boy?" the assayer asked. Esteban told him.

"Do you know what this is?"

"No, sir," said Esteban. "What is it?"

"Well, young man, you found a gold nugget—a fairly large one. This nugget is worth, I should judge, about two thousand pesos. Leave this with me and we shall soon find exactly what it is worth."

Esteban could hardly believe his ears. Two thousand pesos! That would put him through college.

The news soon spread, and everybody was con-

gratulating the boy upon his discovery. One of the first was Rolando.

"That afternoon we went hiking I was not so unlucky after all," said Esteban. "Coy found a flower, Fil found a bug—no, I mean a beetle, Jo found a chrysalis, and Art found a feather. But I found a college education!"

"Anything can happen when a scout goes hiking," answered Rolando.

REVIEW

1. Did you find this story interesting? Why?
2. Tell something about orchids.
3. Tell something about the hercules beetle.
4. What is a chrysalis?
5. Tell something about the giant moth.
6. Tell something about the bleeding-heart pigeon.
7. What is a legend?
8. Tell the legend of the bleeding-heart pigeon.
9. Has gold ever been mined in the Philippines? (Yes, and some gold nuggets have been found.—*The Editor*.)
10. What did Esteban mean when he said, "I found a college education"?

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Can you name the instruments of the woodwind section?
2. Have you examined the picture of each instrument? (See page 243.)
3. Can you tell about each of the following instruments: (a) flute, (b) piccolo, (c) oboe, (d) English horn, (e) clarinet, (f) bass clarinet, (g) bassoon, (h) contrabassoon?
4. What is a reed?
5. Can you name the single-reed instruments of the woodwind section? The double-reed instruments?
6. Which ones have no reed?
7. Which is the smallest woodwind instrument?
8. Which is largest woodwind instrument?
9. Which woodwind instruments have you seen and heard?
10. Which woodwind instruments can play a solo? (All except the contrabassoon.)
11. What are the most ancient types of woodwind instruments? (Flute, oboe)
12. What ancient nations had instruments of the oboe type?
13. How was the flute regarded by the ancient Greeks?