



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS— OVERNIGHT CAMPING IN ANTIPOLO

by Fernando Pimentel



I AM going to relate to you the story of my experience which I have just had in an overnight camping with Troop 64, Sta. Ana Catholic School, in Antipolo. To tell you the truth, there is nothing so thrilling and exciting, as well as interesting than enjoying life, even for just one whole day and night like we did, in the mountains.

On May 24, Friday, after providing ourselves with food and camping equipment, (consisting only of 5 tents, 16 blankets, a First Aid Kit, used in case of emergency, and a hatchet, for cutting wood), we started by taking a bus to Antipolo where we planned our overnight camping somewhere around the mountains surrounding the *Hinulugan Tak-Tak*. Everybody was in full uniform and each of my scouts carried his staff to use in climbing the mountains. We enjoyed the trip to Antipolo more than we expected. During the whole trip we sang and cheered to the extent of losing our voices.

We reached Antipolo forty-five minutes later, and immediately upon arriving, proceeded to the Church to hear Mass. After Mass was over, we decided to walk around the streets of the town, which were full of pedestrians. We observed many "tiendas", such as fruits, clothes, and others around the church.

After walking for two hours around the town, we decided that it was time for us to hike to our camping place, the *Hinulugan Tak-Tak*, which, according to William, my assistant, was twenty minutes walk from Antipolo. We, however, took more time than William had estimated, on account of the interesting sights and because of the stop-overs we made during

the hike, studying different plants and trees.

We carefully searched for a suitable camping place and I received several opinions and suggestions from my scouts as to the kind of place we were to select. I finally suggested a spot a few yards from where we stood. My suggestion was accepted.

It took us more than ten minutes to climb the mountain, due to the muddy road. We then got busy pitching our tents and clearing out some bushes so as to have more room for our gathering place. When we had finished the work, I requested five scouts to get some dry wood for building a fire for cooking. While these scouts were busy cutting dry wood, William, two patrol leaders and I, were also busy preparing the food. The rest of my scouts were told to build an additional tent with one of our blankets, as we had only five tents pitched and we lacked one more to accommodate all of us.

Lunch was prepared and served at about 12:15 o'clock, to the satisfaction of all my scouts. They all praised our ability to cook such food as we had prepared that noon. The food consisted of rice, fried fish—bought in Antipolo—beef steak with onions, and mangoes.

After lunch was over, games were played. The most interesting game played that noon was "In the Pond". This game is very popular among scouts.

After playing two games, we then went around the mountain exploring and picking fruits to eat. We had already gathered many different kinds of fruits, when we went down the mountain to the falls to

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have a swim. We spent the rest of the time until six o'clock, swimming and eating the fruits we had picked during our interesting exploration. I passed two scouts who took the test in swimming and life saving.

Up again in our camping place, we again started to get busy preparing our supper and also cutting dry wood for the camp fire. When supper was over a camp fire was built. Everybody gathered around the fire and a program previously planned was given. The program was well prepared and consisted of story telling by several of my scouts, declamations by two and singing and cheering. The Camp Fire Program ended at about 8:15 P.M., after which we all went to bed—that is after bidding each other good night.

Early the next morning, William and I, prepared the breakfast. The rest of the group were busy breaking up camp, for we were to go home after breakfast. We then hiked back to Antipolo along the same road we passed going to camp, and from Antipolo, we took the bus to Manila.

We certainly enjoyed the overnight camp in Antipolo. We are again planning to go camping to some other place. During our previous camping, many of my scouts passed their tests and also learned many new things about the out-of-doors. It was really a glorious change from city life and city pleasures.

Our National Flag . . .*(Continued from page 124)*

wear clothes of more brilliant colors and of more costly materials, but they will never receive so much honor and respect as is given to the flag.

It is what the flag stands for—not what it is—that makes it worthy of the greatest respect that we can give. It stands for

Ernesto's Excursion . . .*(Continued from page 114)*

"Yes, son, birds can perform difficult acts and make things without having to learn how. The young birds can fly without being taught."

"Why do I often hear people say that birds teach their young to fly?" asked the boy.

"The father and mother bird lead the little birds away from the nest when their wings are strong enough. This is necessary sometimes because little birds are afraid or are unwilling to leave the nest. When the parents believe that they are old enough to take care of themselves, they even push the young out of the nest. The little ones flap their wings and just fly. They are not given lessons in the actual use of the wings."

"Father, can't I see some birds' nests?" Ernesto asked eagerly.

"We shall look for some empty ones that have been deserted."

the ideals for which our forefathers fought and died—it stands for liberty, honor, equality, and fraternity. It stands for the Government that maintains schools for us, protects our property, and promotes our happiness. It stands for every town and province in our country. It stands for Lapulapu and Soliman who fought the first European invaders. It stands for Rizal, who risked his life in order that his countrymen might see how they were oppressed. It stands for Bonifacio who started the first general uprising to overthrow the ruling power. It stands for the countless men and women who fell in the battlefields in order that our country might be free. It stands for the courageous Filipino soldier who died in Europe to help "keep this world safe for democracy." It stands for the uncomplaining fathers who work day and night to support their families. It stands for the self-sacrificing mothers who give their all in

"Among the thick, tall grass, they found a small nest as large as the hollow of a man's hand. As Ernesto gazed at the nest with wondering eyes, his father said,

"Nest weaving is another wonderful work that birds can do without being taught. Young birds, mating for the first time can make perfectly good nests of the usual type found among their kind. Even young birds reared by hand in artificial nests will later build the proper kind of nest for their species. The tailor-bird takes leaves and sews them together. The house-martin collects mud or clay and constructs a cup against the side of a cliff or a house."

"How interesting! Tell me more about birds, Father."

"Yes, son, let us walk on. Use your eyes well and I shall tell you about the feelings of birds."

order to make of their children true and patriotic Filipinos. It stands for the brave Filipino boy scout who, at the risk of his own life, saved a child from being run over by a train. It stands for all true men and women, boys and girls, who now live or have ever lived in our dear Philippines.

Books! Books! Books!*(Continued from page 130)***THERAS AND HIS TOWN**

This book is a story of a little seven year old boy from Athens. It tells all about his everyday life and his school days. Boys and girls from seven to ten years old will find this little Grecian story quite entertaining.

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY

This is a breezy story of Quaker life on Nantucket—about a lively young girl, Downright Dencey, herself. For girls from eleven on up to fifteen.

E.M.L.