

## SAFETY SECTION

## LIMBAS

By MARIANO PASCUAL \*

THEY called it the "limbas." It was truly a beautiful little thing. It could fly in the sky and turn this way and that and up and down like any living bird. Of course it was not a bird. It was only a kite. But this kite was like a living bird because it could swoop down and tear another kite as easily as a hawk or an eagle swoop down upon a chicken. That is why it was called the "limbas."

Perto loved the "limbas." His uncle made it for him one Saturday afternoon in November. In November, the days and the nights are cold and the wind is good for flying kites. When the kite was finished, Perto went to the beach and flew his kite there. It was not yet called the "limbas." There were many other boys in the beach flying kites. Some of their kites were red; some yellow; some were green. Perto's kite was white with two little red wings flapping in the air. It flew up and up and up and seemed to say, "See how well I can fly!"

There was a green kite flying near Perto's kite. The green kite looked at Perto's kite and said, "I can fight you, white kite. I can fight you!"

Perto's kite shook in the wind with laughter. "Ha! ha! ha!" it laughed. "I laugh at you, green kite. Come and fight me. I laugh at you!"

And so the two kites fought. The green kite snapped his teeth at the white kite's tail. But the white kite jumped away and swooped down upon the green kite. The white kite caught the green one on the face and bit him until his face was torn all over.

When Perto's kite went down the boys in the beach crowded round it.

"What a beautiful kite!" said one. "It fights like the 'limbas'."

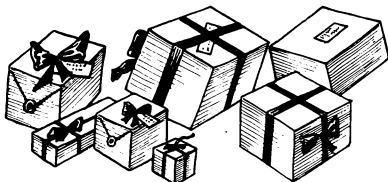
And so it was called the "limbas."

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## THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

By JOSE FELICIANO \*

CHRISTMAS is here again to gladden our hearts. What child does not look forward to the coming of this day? And what grown person is not carried away by the spirit of Christmas? Old and young, rich and poor, join in the observance of this holiday, the happiest of all the year. People wish one another peace, happiness, and prosperity. From everyone's lips comes joyously, "I wish you a merry Christmas."



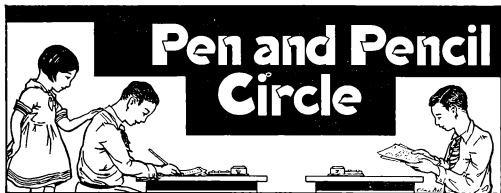
Why do you think the Christmas season so full of joy for every one? There seems to be only one answer: we give with all our heart and we wish others all the blessings from above. Yes, we believe in the old, old saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Of course, it is not all giving, for we also receive something—not necessarily in return for what we have given. No, indeed. If we remember our friends, they too remember us. If we give something out of the goodness of our heart, others do the same. Kindness begets kindness.

Now I should like to remind you of something you should not fail to do when Christmas comes around and even afterwards. You, who are fortunate enough to have a good home, loving family and friends, and comforts of life, must not forget your less fortunate brothers. Young as you are, you know that there are people who have not even the bare necessities of life. They are not to blame for not having enough to live comfortably. Perhaps misfortunes have befallen them one after another. Perhaps they have lost their piece of land, or their employment. We cannot exactly tell why

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\* Assistant Principal, Tondo Elementary School.

\* Academic Division, Bureau of Education.



*Francisca San Jose of Baiz, Negros Oriental and Preciosa Irma Pineda of Jacinto Elementary School of Manila.*

*Agustina Gayo of Tanjay Elementary School and Nora Cruz of Rizal Elementary School, Manila.*

Dear Aunt Alma.

I am Agustina Gayo. I am in grade four. I am fond of reading magazines including "The Young Citizen."

I should like to make friends with another girl in grade four.

AGUSTINA GAYO  
Tanjay Elem. School  
Tanjay, Neg. Oriental

Dear Agustina.

I gave your letter to Nora Cruz, another reader of the "Young Citizen." She promised to answer your letter. Have you heard from her?

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma.

I am going to tell you something about the Unit II Athletic Meet.

On October 4 the meet began. The towns that were represented were Tanjay, Sibulan, Ayuguitan, Dumaguete, Luzuriaga, Zamboan-

guita, Dauin, Siaton, Bacong and Tolong. Before the games began there was a parade which was preceded by the town band. The districts that took part in the parade were Tanjay, Dumaguete, Zamboanguita and Tolong. It was a very attractive parade. The uniforms of the athletes captured the attention and admiration of the people. The best group was the Tanjay group. The town people were surprised to see the girls' uniforms. In the history of this town they have never seen girls parading the streets in shorts. Our girls were neat-looking and businesslike in their new uniforms. After the parade it was thought that our athletes would not have any chance to win because they were younger and smaller as compared with those of the other groups of athletes. The first game played was baseball. Pres. C. Limbaga of Tanjay pitched the first ball. When the ball was pitched the crowd shouted and clapped their hands. Cenon Aguilar of our team was the star pitcher. His balls were very swift. He is left-handed. Lino Buenaflores was the catcher. He was a good catcher.

and therefore there was no school. So many boys were on the beach.

Perto saw the other boys toss their kites into the air. But the wind was strong and many of the kites danced crazily in the air, and then they would suddenly dive to the ground again.

Perto laughed aloud.

"See my 'limbas,'" he said. "Your kites cannot fly in a hard wind. The 'limbas' can fly even in a storm."

He did not use any body protector. Because of the brilliant work of these two boys Tanjay won the game easily. At the end of the meet the total points were counted. The following were the results: Tanjay got 80 points; Dumaguete, 39 points; Zamboanguita, 36 points; and Tolong, 0. Tanjay won the general championship of the Unit II Athletic Meet.

Aunt Alma, I think this is all I can tell you at present.

Sincerely yours,

PATERNO RODRIGUEZ  
Tanjay, Negros Or.

Dear Paterno.

*Congratulations for the victory of Tanjay in the Athletic Meet! Your description too, is excellent. I am sure children in other parts of our country will enjoy reading it.*

AUNT ALMA

Dear Aunt Alma.

I am twelve years old and in the last stage of the intermediate grade. I am one of the admirers of the *Young Citizen* and I enjoy reading it very much. All of my brothers and sisters also enjoy reading the stories. In school, we read this magazine in our spare moments and sometimes advertise them as a part of our lesson in reading.

My classmates are all interested in the *Young Citizen*. Every time they see a new issue of that magazine they read it eagerly.

Your admirer,

ADELIA B. FUGOSO  
VII-B, Emilio Jacinto Elementary  
School, Manila

## LIMBAS

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Many other afternoons Perto went to the beach. Many other kites fought with the white kite, but always the white kite won.

One early afternoon, Perto went to the beach with his white kite, the "limbas." The sky was cloudy and the sea was angry with long rolling waves that beat on the shore with a loud noise. On a day like that, boys do not go to the beach to fly kites. But it was Saturday,

The "limbas" was tossed into the air and it flew upward proudly as if to say, "Look at me. I can fly even in a storm. Look at me. Is there a better kite than I?"

The "limbas" went higher and higher into the air. At first it danced merrily and flapped its wings with pride. Then its brave white face became troubled and it looked down at its little master, down, down the earth looking like a tiny little ant.

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## THE WONDERFUL ORGAN

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The night deepened. Now and then, the silence was broken by sounds from firecrackers. In other houses, other boys like him were playing and having a good time.

"Good evening," someone called at the gate. "Will you give a tired traveller a drink of water?"

"Good evening," answered Benito, as he came down the house with the drinking bowl.

The stranger drank the water and said, "Thank you." Then he returned the coconut bowl to Benito. "Your hand is bleeding," he observed. The voice was soft and kind. No one had spoken to Benito as kindly as that before.

Benito looked at his hand and saw that it was, indeed, bleeding.

"I am working on the organ for the church. It must be finished by tomorrow morning," Benito said softly, as if he were saying his prayers.

"And will you finish it?" asked the stranger.

"If I can keep awake, I will try hard to finish it," Benito answered. "I am very sleepy."

"Let me tell you stories, then, while you work," said the stranger.

Benito looked around him. The house was very still. The *alvarez* had gone to hear the midnight mass. The other slaves were fast asleep.

Benito led the stranger upstairs. He sat on the floor in front of Benito. Then he told Benito stories. He told him about the fairy moonbeams that danced and leaped among the leaves of the trees and about golden fishes that played hide-and-seek among the corals under the deep, blue sea. He told him, too, about a land where the birds were always gay and the flowers never withered. As he spoke, the

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are very kind to you."

The little boy was very happy because of his new toy, and the mother was very happy because of the happiness of her boy. The mother and the son felt the joy of Christmas Day.

## LIMBAS

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Perto on the ground held the string of his kite with trembling hands. At first he had been smiling. But now he did not know what to do. The wind had blown harder and harder carrying his brave

lamp glowed more brightly. The room seemed to be flooded with moonlight. But outside, it was very dark. A sweet delicious scent hung in the cold, December air. And from afar, came the soft, sweet strains of an unknown song. The knife dropped from the young boy's hands. His head sank lower in his breast. The stranger's quiet voice had lulled the tired boy to sleep.

Then, all of a sudden, the stillness was broken by the ringing of the bells telling of the birth of the Saviour.

The Christmas morning was bright and cheery. When Benito awoke, the sunshine was streaming into the room through the windows. He remembered the organ with a start. He felt very much frightened. He took the knife right away and looked for the part which he had left unfinished. He could not find it. Both sides of the organ were done in the same beautiful way. More than that, they were beautifully painted. Benito did not know how to paint. Who had finished the organ and painted it while he was asleep?

Then Benito remembered the strange visitor of the night. He looked at the organ again. The flowers looked so fresh he knew they would never wither, and the birds looked so gay, he knew they would always remain so. He looked at the leaves. The moonbeams were still there.

Then he looked at his hand. It was completely healed.

For the first time in many years tears stood in Benito's eyes. But he was too simple and good of heart to be afraid. Lifting his eyes up to the sky, he murmured softly to himself, "God, I thank You for all Your kindness."

white kite up, up, higher and higher, although he tried hard to pull the kite down. The string was humming loud and he had all he could to prevent himself from being lifted up into the air. The white kite grew smaller and smaller and then suddenly, he fell back on the sand. The string had snapped broken and the "limbas" was gone sailing in the wind farther and farther away.

Perto sat on the sand sobbing. The "limbas" was fast disappearing, his dear, brave, little "limbas." He saw the broken half of the string gleaming in the wind and noticed that the little kite was flying lower and lower. Quickly wiping his eyes, he ran away in the direction taken by the "limbas."

Half an hour later, he found the "limbas" still flying over the roof of a nipa house. The string it carried had caught around a lamp post and the kite flew up and down as if trying to free itself.

Perto ran here and there looking for something. A policeman standing near the lamp post watched him as he ran. Perto found a long pole standing against the wall of a house. Without asking the owner any permission, Perto took the pole and went back to the street. He was about to reach the string caught around the lamp post when the policeman stopped him.

"Wait," the policeman said.

Perto wanted to cry again, but he stood still at the policeman's bidding. They saw the kite flying up and down. Sometimes it whirled round and round and then it would suddenly fall down again. As they watched the kite whirl again for the second time, it suddenly flew toward the wires. There was a hiss and a sudden light, and the kite burst into flame. The next moment it had turned into ashes.

"Did you see that?" asked the policeman.

Perto, pale with fright, nodded at the policeman. He would have died if he had touched the wires with the pole.