

Scene I

On the street

(Jose shakes hands with Ricardo)

Jose: Congratulations, Ricardo. You surely acted your part as George Washington in the playlet very well.

Ricardo: Thank you, Jose. I'm glad you like it. I was afraid I might not do it well and thus disappoint our teacher.

Jose: You should have seen how proud Miss Reyes was, of you. When the principal and the other teachers congratulated her excellent playlet she proudly and gladly said that the success was wholly owing to your very good acting. Aren't you glad?

Ricardo: I should say I am. You know, Jose, my good acting was perhaps due to my great admiration for George Washington. Ever since I read the story about the cherry tree and his



hatchet, I have always liked him. He has been my hero since then. My greatest ambition is to be just as honest, just as truthful, and just as brave as he.

Jose: That is where our opinions agree. George Washington is also my hero and what I admire most in him is his honesty. I have always wanted to be like him, too.

Ricardo: So with me, but you see, I have never had a chance to show just how honest I am. There are times when I feel like cutting down my father's much beloved chico tree so that I can make a show of my courage in admitting a fault in spite of fear of punishment.

Jose: How proud your father and mother would then be of you! It's a pity, chances like those don't happen. Well, here is my home. Won't you drop in for a few minutes?

Ricardo: No, thank you, Jose. Mother is perhaps waiting for me. Till tomorrow, then.

Jose: So long, till tomorrow.

Scene II—Ricardo's Home

Ricardo arrives home and finds nobody in the house. He goes to the dining room. He gets a glass of water and starts to drink when suddenly, the glass slips from his hands and falls on the floor broken to pieces. He collects the pieces in the dust pan and throws them

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in the garbage can. He goes to the sala, and sits in an armchair and reads.

(Ricardo's father and mother enter beaming with smiles.)

Father: *(tapping Ricardo on the shoulders.)* Well, my boy, your mother and I are very proud of you. You acted your part very well, indeed.

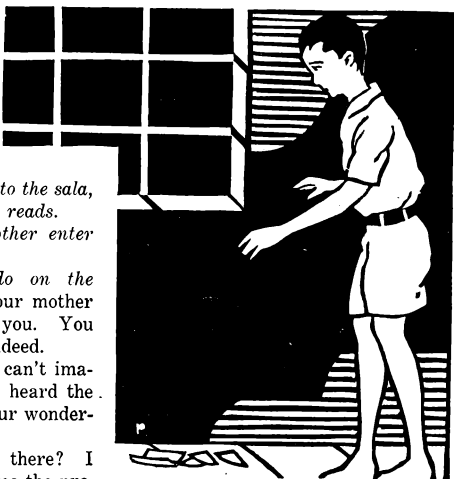
Mother: Yes, my son, you can't imagine how glad I was when I heard the praises of the audience on your wonderful acting.

Ricardo: So you were there? I thought that you would not see the program. I wonder why I didn't see you.

Father: How could you when there were so many people. My dear son, your excellent performance this afternoon has made your mother and me very happy, but we will be a hundred times happier if you will try to be as honest, as truthful, and as brave as George Washington, whom you so realistically impersonated in all your words and actions.

Ricardo: That, I promise, I will, father. O, if I would only have a chance like my hero. The question is we don't have opportunities to prove our true character nowadays.

Father: There is where you are sadly mistaken, my son. Opportunities to do worthwhile deeds can be found everywhere and anytime, if only you have eyes for them.



(Mother enters the room holding the broken pieces of glass.)

Mother: Maria . . . Maria . . . Where is our maid? That careless girl broke this glass. Now, my beautiful glass set is incomplete.

Ricardo: Mother, I . . . I wa-s-

Mother: Run, Ricardo call Maria. I will make her pay for this so that she shall learn to be more careful in handling things.

Ricardo: But, mother, Maria has no fault. I broke the glass accidentally. I'm very sorry, mother.

Mother: So you broke it, then? I thought it was Maria because I told her to wash the glasses before we left this afternoon. Of course, I'm sorry about the glass, but I would have been sorrier had you allowed Maria to bear the blame

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DRAWING LESSONS FOR LITTLE ARTISTS

To add beauty to this picture
Color the skies azure,
Green the cactus on the bank
And the hedges by the fence;
Brown the house and the sand,
And blue the rippling river.



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for something the poor girl hasn't done. I'm glad, my son, that you are honest enough to own your fault.

Father: And let me add, that like your hero's father, I would rather prefer to have all those glasses broken than have my only son willfully evade telling

the truth when that truth has to be told.

Ricardo: O, father, I've always waited for an opportunity like this. I've always envied my hero, George Washington, for having had a chance to prove his honesty by admitting that it was he who cut the cherry tree. I thought that such a chance like that would never come to me. I have never dreamt that such a little thing

mother very happy.

Father: And why not, Ricardo? They are the little things, such as this one, that make up the big thing. That is the very reason I told you a few minutes ago, that opportunities to be good knock always. They can be found everywhere, and every time if you have your eyes, ears, heart, and hands open for them.