

The Order Of The Short Pants

Short Pants,
Good Cakes,
and
Red Ants
Cannot Be
Mixed Together

By Fortunato Asuncion



“ and for all these, Father in Heaven, we thank Thee, Amen.”

The simple prayer ended a very entertaining camp-fire program. The campers, boys from the different schools in Manila, hurried to their own tents to go to bed. Comments on the program and activities of the day could still be heard as the boys talked their way to sleep.

As usual taps was sounded at eight-thirty. It was a signal for everybody to keep silent. The camp patrol returning from its inspection reported that all was well.

Ten o'clock struck and everything in the camp was quiet and peaceful. The stillness of the night was, however, broken now and then by the voice of someone talking in his sleep and the chirping of the crickets. Ten thirty was announced by the “Big Ben” in the director's tent. Still all was quiet and well. Eleven o'clock struck. Mysterious looking persons in short pants were seen gathering around a chess table in the middle of the camp. It was the order of Short Pants on one of its nightly conventions. They were plotting some mischief.

In a low commanding voice the leader spoke.

“You,” pointing to the smallest sturdy-looking fellow, “sneak into the director's tent and bring here the tin can you will see

on the table.”

“You,” addressing the tallest, “stay nearby and prevent anybody from minding our business.”

“The rest, be on the alert.”

Without much difficulty the tin can was gotten. It was laid on the chess table. With eager hands the lid was opened. What do you think was inside? A very delicious looking home-made cake. It was a gift to the director for his magnificent performance of duties. The leader apportioned the spoil among the members of the order.

They were in the midst of their merriment when a man in pajamas was seen coming from the director's camp. It was the assistant director. He saw the thief and was on his way to recover the goods—maybe to capture him. But before he could come nearer the men in shorts jumped upon him. After a brief struggle the man in pajamas ran with the speed of a deer to his tent. He left his woodenshoes and undershirts behind.

The noise was so loud that it awoke the camp director.

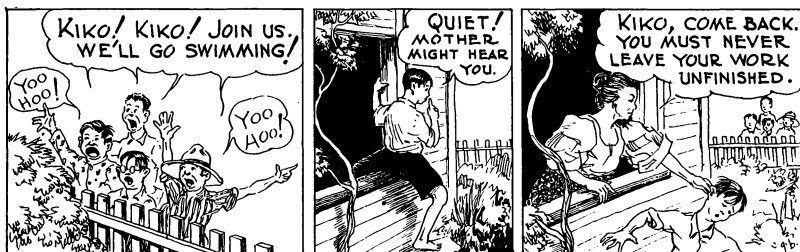
“What is all this noise about?” he roared. He spied his assistant in one corner gasping for breath.

“What is the matter?” inquired the director.

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KIKO'S ADVENTURES -- Caught in the Act

by gilma baldovina



THE ORDER OF THE

WHEN THEY WERE

THE STUPID BOY

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"They" answered the assistant.

"They what! Come on, talk!"

"They tried to take off my pants."

The director could not help but laugh. He continued,

"But why?"

"I tried to take back the tin can they stole from your table. They jumped upon me—all seven of them—and tried to undress me.

"Oh! I see."

The director stopped for a while and began to think. He then whispered something to the ear of his assistant. His face brightened. They went to their tent and began to laugh. They were careful though not to wake up the campers. They finally fell asleep with smile still on their faces. The order of the Short Pants were left outside wondering why, after all, the two were laughing so merrily.

Very early the next morning the bugle was sounded. The boys got up and fixed their beds. They then lined up for the morning assembly. As usual the director was at his post ready to begin the morning warm-up. Much to the surprise of all, seven leaders were missing. Finally they came out of their tents.

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and then supervising teacher and qualified in the "senior teacher examination." One time he was offered the superintendent's position in Zambales. He declined the offer to accept the pensionado ship to the United States to pursue courses in education.

While a teacher, he took the high school course by correspondence, but could not cover the laboratory subjects. He finished the five-year course leading to the master of Arts degree in the Columbia University in three years taking at the same time a few high school subjects.

A man of high principles and a lofty sense of duty, he always sets a high standard of work for his subordinates, who have to keep pace with him always, such is the tremendous influence of his personality. At all times firm, upright, and fearless, Florentino Cayco has won the respect of his colleagues, the admiration of his subordinates, and the esteem of everybody who knows him.

What a sight! One was trying to hide his swollen lips. Another had his hands in his pockets. The others were trying to cough off something which seemed to be stuck in their throats.

It turned out that the cake they feasted on was full of big red ants

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"Oh, I know, Aunt Rosa. I know now. A big, fat animal. It is like . . . like you, is it not, Aunt Rosa?" Pepe asked earnestly.

"Go back and tell Aunt Maria to take the two of you for a walk, stupid!" And with that she left a surprised Pepe standing beside Baby's carriage. But suddenly Pepe's eyes grew round and big, for he could see a horse running very very fast without anybody on its back. And before he could think another little thought the horse was almost on Baby's carriage. So he gave Baby's carriage a big, big push, and then everything became black.

When he opened his eyes, he was on his Mother's bed with Aunt Rosa, Aunt Maria, Mother, and many others around him. And all he could hear were the words "my darling", "my brave pet", "my dear", and many other beautiful names by which he had never been called before. He was waiting for "stupid boy", but it never came, so he gave them a sweet, sweet smile and closed his big, round eyes.

—a reason why it was left on the table unguarded.

The Order of the Short Pants did not meet anymore.