

Iloilo. And at 12:30 we took our lunch at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Lopez. After lunch Mrs. Lopez took us to the show. We left Iloilo at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning we arrived at Zamboanga at 7: o'clock. The moro boys met the boat in their Vintas. They were naked. They asked for some money and we threw pennies to the water and they dived for them. My Aunt met us and she took us around. We went to San Ramon Penal Colony and also to the Pasonanca. We went also to the Moro Village and to the coconut factory.

We sailed at 5 o'clock for Cebu. We arrived at Cebu at 8 o'clock the following morning. My daddy's friend met us, and took us around Cebu. Then we left Cebu at 10: o'clock at night. Next morning we arrived again at Iloilo. Then we sailed at 2:00 o'clock for Manila. We arrived this morning. We enjoyed our trip. I like Zamboanga better. Then Cebu and Iloilo because it is cooler. Besides an orchestra met our boat.

Your friend,

Betty Alvear

Grade V, St. Joseph's
Academy

Dear Betty:

Thank you for the interesting story of your trip to Iloilo, Zamboanga, and Cebu. I am sure the readers enjoy it. Very few children are as fortunate as you are. They will surely want to hear more about your trip. Did you not get seasick? Don't you have some pictures?

Aunt Alma

THE STORY OF A DISOBEDIENT BOY

Once there was a boy whose name was Gildo. He was disobedient and disrespectful to his mother and his elders.

One day Aling Mameng, his mother, said,

"Gildo, you are old enough to work. Go out and harrow the field."

With a frowning face, Gildo went out. His mother prepared special dishes for Gildo. At noon she took lunch to the field. Gildo was nowhere to be seen. The ground had not been touched at all. The carabao was wandering in the field. Gildo was sleeping under a tree.

Aling Mameng was so angry that she cursed Gildo. "Since you do not like to work, you shall be a cripple," she said, making the sign of the cross.

Gildo became a useless cripple. His whole body trembled and twisted when he walked. After taking a few steps, he would look up, open his mouth in an ugly grin, and produce sounds like those of a monkey.

By Estrella Reyes, VI-B
Zurbaran Elementary School,
Manila

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A VALEDICTORIAN

I was embroidering a tablecloth when a boy entered the sewing room. He told the sewing teacher that I was wanted by our teacher in charge. He told me that I was the valedictorian of the class 1935. My heart was so full of joy that my feet seemed to be very light. As I worked on the tablecloth that I was making, I smiled once in a while. My classmates asked me why I was smiling to myself, but I could not talk.

When we were dismissed, I wanted to reach my home in two steps. My parents were very happy when they learned that I was the valedictorian.

Before class the next morning, the children gathered around me to congratulate me. When we went to the room, the teachers congratulated me, too. I was very, very happy.

My relatives were proud of me. My aunt who is a school principal sent me a bracelet as a gift. She told me that I must try to graduate from the high school with honors. I will try to work very hard in order not to disappoint my parents, my teachers, and my relatives. I am thankful to God for the reward of all my struggles.

Juliana Enriquez
Rizal Elementary School,
Manila

When They Were Young

(Continued from page 115)

He kept venturing forth. Surely, because of this perseverance, the boy who once peddled rice sweets and newspapers now sells ₱2,000,-000 worth of goods a year! And he says he would be willing to start all over again right now if anything happened. "I don't forget," he says, "that there are still typhoons and earthquakes and other unexpected events."

In spite of his money and his large enterprises he does not sit around doing nothing. He keeps himself busy every minute while in his store. But here is a secret—he still loves to swim. Sometimes he does stop for just a minute at his office window to recall the days when he used to sell newspapers on the streets below or when he used to run off for a good swim in the Pasig.

Shirley Temple

(Continued from page 120)

poses of Shirley Temple, and with the best write-up on the "Little Colonel", WINS.

The judges to this contest are the following: Mrs. I. S. Reyes of the Herald; Mr. D. L. Brodt of the Tribune; Mr. Hal Linn of the Bulletin; Mrs. Sofia de Veyra; Miss Elisabeth Latsch, Business Manager of *The Young Citizen*; and Mr. H. J. Sarzin, General Manager of the Lyric Theatre.