

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP

A Police Officer

By RESTITUTO CARPIO *

(What would you do if you were a police officer and your son had violated a traffic regulation right under your very nose? Keep this thought in mind as you read this story through. Be able to answer the questions at the end without going back to the story.)

It was about eleven of a Saturday morning when I went down to the Divisoria Market to buy vegetables, fish, and meat for lunch. I called a carretela and told the cochero to take the street I pointed to him. He objected saying,

"I cannot: this is a one-way street."

"Never mind," I told him: "I'm responsible."

"You had better call another carretela," he said as he laid his hand on my purchases to take them out, adding in the same tone of voice,

"I might if the traffic officer on that corner is not very strict: his word is almost law; he has pardoned no one yet. No, sir, I won't."

"But I'm his son," I boasted.

"Then you're responsible. Sir?"

"Most assuredly," I answered.

We had not gone very far, however, when I heard the shrill sound of a whistle. The cop came up to us, motioned the cochero to the curb, and said softly,

"Your license, please."

"It was I, Father," I broke in, "who asked him to take this way, because it is the shortest one home."



"Very well," the officer said, "come along with me just the same."

The trio went to the municipal court, and when the judge had heard of the case, he was surprised. But the police officer paid the fine.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the policeman pay the fine?
2. Why do you think the judge was surprised?
3. Do you know of a person who made use of the official position of his friends or relatives for his convenience? Relate the story without mentioning names.
4. Someone has said, "I love my friend, but I love justice more." What does this mean?

Keeping the School Clean

(A Civic Duty)

By Cesario Llobrera

It was a rainy day. The soil was very muddy. Four boys decided to play outside of the school building. They enjoyed playing in the rain. They were Mariano, Celestino, Felix, and Alfredo, all sixth grade boys. They went around the grounds, looking for a good place to play handball.

At last one of them suggested, "let us play at the back part of the building."

"That is a fine place. The wall of the building is wide and smooth. Besides, there is not much standing water," added Alfredo.

So the four classmates went to the back yard and played the game. They did not know that the ball, as it bounced on the ground, carried with it mud. After two minutes of play, the wall of the building was full of mud that looked like brown bubbles. The boys did not know that they were destroying the beauty of the building because they were very much interested in their game. They continued playing.

Soon the rain stopped and the children went out to the school-ground. A group of them was composed of Nemesio, Candido, Eleuterio, and Aniceto. They were seventh grade pupils. They saw the sixth grade boys finishing their game. Led by Candido, the seventh

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WHY NENE WAS THANKFUL.

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need it for her special Thanksgiving dishes."

"What will you have for dinner?" Charing asked.

"We shall have fried camotes, stuffed baños, and *lumpia*. Mother got big camotes from her plot. I shall pare and slice them and my mother will fry the slices.

"That must be delicious!" exclaimed Charing.

"We cannot stuff anything else but baños," Nene continued. "But I like its stuffing of onions and tomatoes."

"It would be like a picnic," Charing remarked.

"You remember the big coconut palm we had near the gate? That was blown down last week. Mother got the bud and she will make it into *lumpia*. They say it is very good." Nene's eyes brightened as she spoke.

"Yes, Nene, even my mother says so," Charing agreed. "I see you will have a real holiday dinner." Charing's voice was mourn-

ful.

"Charing! But you will have stuffed turkey and chicken stew and salad and fruits! That must be a wonderful dinner, although I do not know how the dishes taste."

"Wonderful? I wish I could eat dinner with you." Charing's tone was wistful.

"Why not, do stay, Charing," and Nene held her friend by the arm.

"I can't. I was brought home to eat that old turkey with the rest of the family. I have to be going." Charing kissed Nene lightly on the cheek and turned sadly homeward.

Nene watched her friend walk slowly away.

"So rich people's food does not taste good, after all," Nene murmured. "I know I must be thankful for nothing is so good as fried camotes and stuffed baños and *lumpia*. *Lumpia!* Nene's mouth watered at the thought of her favorite dish, which she could have only once in many, many months.

KEEPING THE SCHOOL

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grade boys ran to the players.

Candido shouted, "stop playing."

"Don't you see what you have done?," asked Aniceto, pointing to the dirty wall.

Nemesio did his part by grabbing the ball from Mariano. Mariano was about to serve.

The boys who played in the rain were reported and shortly afterward they were seen scrubbing the wall themselves.

Felix said, "We should have finished that game had it not been for those four boys."

Celestino answered, "As for me, not playing at all is better than scrubbing this wall. We really made it very ugly to look at."

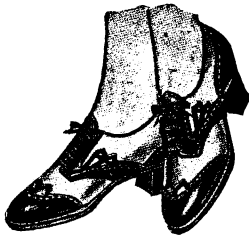
They realized after all, that the school should be kept clean. By keeping the school clean, they were doing an important civic duty.

"Poor Charing!" she thought as she stooped to gather the fuel.

KEEP YOUTH

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