

SAFETY SECTION

She Nearly Lost Her Life

By QUIRICO A. CRUZ

"My child! Good . . . gracious! My child" cried Aling Maria shaking the head of her unconscious child. Blood was streaming from a big wound on the girl's forehead down to her lovely innocent face. It was raining hard, and, in spite of this, people gathered around the mother and the unfortunate child in the middle of the street.

She opened her eyes and looked around with surprise.

"Where am I, mother?" she asked when she saw her mother.

"In the hospital. But you are all right now. Child. Don't worry!" replied the mother.

The girl began to recall what had happened to her. She remained silent for a while think-



A policeman arrived shortly after and it took him a hard time to elbow his way into the crowd.

"What happened?" asked the policeman.

"That taxi . . . that taxi-driver," answered Aling Maria, between sobs, pointing to a man in a cab. "He drove his car recklessly and hurt my child. Please arrest him."

The policeman took the child and her mother into the cab and ordered the taxi-driver to take them to the Philippine General Hospital. The girl was given the necessary treatment and after about ten minutes she regained consciousness.

ing deeply. Then her face saddened and tears rolled out of her eyes. "Mother!" she exclaimed, and then cried bitterly.

"You are all right now. The doctor said you are now out of danger. Why do you cry? Do you feel any pain?"

"No, Mother. I am all right . . . but

"What is it?"

"My teacher," the girl answered.

"What has your teacher to do with this?"

"Yesterday—yes, it was only yesterday when I discussed with my classmates the meaning of the poster I have drawn. Oh! I cannot meet

INTERESTING PLACES

Angat Dam

By FORTUNATO ASUNCION *

"There is Angat Dam!" shouted one of the excursionists.

"Where?" chorused the rest.

The exclamation turned out to have been evoked by the roaring sound heard as the truck approached the place.

Sure enough, there was the great dam, as tranquil as it is attractive.

We beheld a wide expanse of water as the truck came to a stop.

Standing against the iron railings, we commanded a view of the famous place.

At the lower part of the embankment was a flower garden, made even more attractive by numerous small paths that lead to the bank of the wide river. Fruit-laden guava trees grow here and there. Flowering plants of various kinds are in bloom everywhere.

On the right is the quarters of the keeper. It is an average-sized house surrounded with vines. It is made of strong material.



Further down is the cemented part of the river bank, with a shed, two diving boards and two dressing rooms. None can resist the temptation of bathing when he stands on the place. Except this part, the bank is lined with tall ipil trees.

The roaring of the water is awe-inspiring. The deafening sounds is caused by the water dropping to a considerable depth. Right at

this part is the control mechanism which regulates the outflow of the water. Climbing a tower which rises at this spot, one can have a full view of the entire place.

Something peculiar will attract attention. Fishermen can be seen busily filling their bags with live fish caught at the point where the water drops from a fair height. The fish would be scared away, you might say, but the reverse is true for the poor fish likes to go against the current and in so doing finds a very easy road to the frying pan.

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my classmates. I cannot face my teacher."

"What poster is it?" asked the mother.

"It is in my bag. Would you mind getting it for me?" The mother took out of the bag a poster like this one:

HOLD YOUR UMBRELLA HIGH

"You cannot see when you hold your umbrella down over your face. Hold it up high. It is better to get a little bit wet than to get run over."

All those present looked at the poster.

"Don't worry. It was not your fault," said the mother in an effort to comfort the unhappy child.

"It was my fault, Mother. I was holding my umbrella down over my face. I heard the sound of the horn but I did not see the cab. I thought it was far off yet so I crossed the street hurriedly. Indeed, it was my fault."

"Never mind, Dear. You will surely not forget it again."