

SAFETY SECTION

Celebrating New Year's Eve

By J. C. P.



WHY, JUAN, what happened to you?" All his classmates asked at the same time when they met on the first day of school in January.

"What happened to your eyelashes? Were they burned?" Curious Jose insisted in asking.

"And where are your eyebrows?" Pablo asked with a mischievous twinkle in the eye.

To all these queries, Juan answered with an angry side glance and walked away. But the group of naughty boys followed him repeating their unanswered questions.

"I know, I know. I will tell you what happened to Juan," shouted Andres running toward the crowd.

The boys gathered around Andres.

"It happened on New Year's Eve. The boys in Juan's place made bamboo cannons. Juan bragged that he could make one with the most thunderous report."

"Yes, yes, go on. Did he make one?" Pablo interrupted laughing.

"Yes, he did," Andres continued. "Everybody marveled at his invention. The boys stood around him as he fired his cannon. 'I will show you how to produce the most deafening explosion,' he announced, and he prepared to demonstrate the operation."

"How thrilling!" Jose screamed.

"Keep still," another shouted.

"Go on, go on with the story," everybody cried in unison.

"Well," Andres cleared his throat as he picked up the thread of his story. "He poured more petroleum into the bamboo. A heavy smoke gathered in-

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INTERESTING PLACES

BIAC-NA-BATO

By FORTUNATO R. ASUNCION *

BIAC-NA-BATO is historically famous because it was the place where Pedro A. Paterno, with Filipino insurgents who defied the might of the American soldiers in the early days of their occupation, brought about a very significant treaty. This place is as beautiful as it is famous—in fact it is fast attracting the attention of numerous travelers and sight seers.

Biac-na-bato can be reached either from Sibul or from San Miguel,—both places are in Bulacan

From a distance nothing beautiful will attract attention. A vast expanse of green things can be seen all around, the historic mountain idly silhouetted against the blue sky offers no special attraction. Towering Chinese bamboo plants gracefully swaying to the accompaniment of the gentle breeze line the sides of a trail leading to the wanders of the place. A huge anvil bearing historical inscription stands at the entrance of the trail which leads to a rivulet below. A natural shed of large flat stones provides an ideal spot from which to view the wonderful panorama at the bottom. All around the flat stones are names and dates, perhaps inscribed by those who had visited the place. On the right side of the rivulet is a cave filled with clear, cool water. The water is so clear that the white pebbles beneath are distinctly visible. People come to the place only to bathe in this water, if for no other purpose, the people say. Opposite this cave is a trail penetrating a thick woods. Wild monkeys inhabit this place. Many can be seen hopping from one branch to another. This ascending trail terminates in a small enclosure barely one and a half meters in circumference. From this place a wonderful whitish wall will greet your eyes. The whitish wall is so tall that it towers way up into the clouds. Below this towering wall of white rock is a cavern inhabited by millions of bats. The cavern yields a fortune in the form of guano, the bat's manure.

Summing up the wonders of this place, one can form a lovely picture of Biac-na-bato, linked with its history.

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 YOUNG WRITERS' PAGE

WHY I ENVY MY SISTER

I envy my big sister. My mother says it is wicked of me but I cannot help it. I shall tell you why.

She is the eldest in our family of nine children and the only girl before six brothers.

She does not run on errands. She does not help cook our food or wash the dishes. She does not help clean our house. She does not feed our pigs nor even make her bed.

She can ask anyone of us to get her a glass of water, look for her pair of shoes, run to buy hair pins, get her newspaper, polish her shoes and many, many other things. Sometimes, I hate to be within her calling distance. She's like a Big Mistress to all of us.

The last thing I envy about her is that she gets the best things always. She is given the best food, has beautiful clothes and many of them, goes out very often and mother gives her the most money. Won't you envy your sister too if she had all those privileges?

GERALDO DE LA PAZ
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WHAT A LIFE

I

"Juan!" called Juan's mother.

"Yes, mother," answered Juan as he came running to his mother.

"Did you get the five-centavo piece from my pocket?"

"No, mother."

"Then who got it?"

"I don't know, mother."

"Are you telling the truth, Juan?"

"Yes, mother."

"What is that on the corner of your mouth?"

"Dirt," answered Juan after he quickly wiped it away.

"Dirt?"

"Yes, mother." Juan was turning pale.

"Are you eating dirt?"

"No, mother."

"What you wiped away is not dirt: it is bread."

"No, mother," said Juan with a tremor in his voice.

"For the last time, I'm asking you. Did you get the money?"

"....."

"Did you get the money?"

"Yes, mother," slowly.

"Why did you deny at first?"

"I am afraid to be whipped."

"Measure your length on the floor. For lying, I'll whip you the more."

"Pak!"

"Aruy!"

"Pak!"

"Aruy!"

"Pak! pak! pak!"

"Hindi na po!"

"Juan, don't tell a lie anymore, ha?"

"Yes, mother."

"All right, remember that well.

I don't care if you get even more if you will only tell the truth."

II

"Juan," called Juan's mother.

"Yes, mother," answered Juan as he came running to his mother.

"Did you get the one-peso bill from my pocket?"

"Yes, mother."

"Where is it?"

"I spent it for a blow-out."

"What?"

"I gave a blow-out to my friends, because I got the lowest in music."

"You gave a blow-out to your friends because you got the lowest in moosik!"

"Yes, mother, that is it."

"Measure your length on the floor!"

"Why, mother? I am telling you the truth."

"Pak!" before Juan could lie flat on his stomach. "Pak! pak! pak!"

ABELARDO SANTOS, 1-A

KIKO'S CHRISTMAS DAY

Clang-clang-clang came the sounds of the barrio church Christmas bells, which were beaming softer and sweeter at every minute. They seemed to be the herald angels giving news that the King of

all Kings, Jesus Christ would be born. As the voices of the angels, if I may call them such were heard, in one corner of the churchyard were grouped Kiko, the town clever boy, and his comrades. With serious faces they were planning a more joyful and a different way of celebrating Christmas Day.

"As for me," Kiko began, "the previous Christmas days were all getting on my nerves for I have already had enough of our Christmas food the 'pinipig' and the 'suman' and our funny Christmas customs."

"I, too," cried Pepe, "I wish we could spend our Christmas day as city people do."

"That's a good idea," interrupted Cleto, "Let's have our roasted chicken for our midnight lunch and our own Santa Claus."

All at once Kiko, being the biggest and most clever boy, cried, "I will be Santa Claus."

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CELEBRATING NEW

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side. He stooped low and tried to force out the smoke by blowing hard into the hole. Some of the watching boys stopped their ears with their palms as they expected the loudest report."

"Then, what?" Pablo asked impatiently as Andres panted.

"The boys felt a little nervous as they waited for the report. But they heard nothing. Instead they saw a big flame bursting out of the little hole. Juan covered his eyes with his hands and leaned back. When he removed his hands from his face, it seemed as if another boy were before us. His face was smooth, his eyelashes and eyebrows having been badly singed."

"Ho! Ho!" the boys howled. "And so the inventor is now minus his eyelashes!"

"What price invention!" Pablo sighed heavily with mimicked sorrow.

Everybody chuckled heartily.