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**YOUNG CITIZEN**

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

JUNE, 1940

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# Announcement to All Writers:

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## We Will Pay You

for writing articles of merit for publication in  
**THE YOUNG CITIZEN.**

We want interesting children's stories from 200 to 500 words in length; also games, reading devices, articles of historical interest, elementary science and health articles, puzzles, jokes, and playlets. We also wish to buy several good serial stories. Interesting stories less than 200 words in length are desired for Little People. You can add to your income by writing for us.

### Primary Teachers:

We especially desire various kinds of interesting material suitable for

### First, Second, and Third Grade Pupils.

We will pay teachers and others for material which we can use.

Each article should be written in clear, easy, correct English, on one side of the paper, typewritten if possible, or written by hand neatly and legibly.

The article should be submitted with a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise the publishers will not return it to the writer in case it cannot be used.

Address all communications to:

**The Managing Editor  
The Young Citizen  
Care of Community Publishers, Inc.  
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines**

# THE YOUNG CITIZEN

This Magazine Is Approved by the Bureau of Education

VOLUME 6

NUMBER 6

JUNE • 1940

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

### SCHOOLING DURING CHILDHOOD

Vacation days are over.

Many of us are sad because vacation days are over. One boy said: "I wish vacation were longer than schooling. Then I could enjoy and rest longer."

Many school children are like this boy.

But don't you think school days are also happy days?

I myself believe that school days are very much more important than vacation days. Vacation days make us ready for school days. And now school days are here again.

School days are very important.

Why? I shall tell you the reason.

Jose Rizal is a great man. He is the greatest Filipino that ever lived. All Filipinos love him.

Father Jose Burgos is also a great man. He loved the Filipino school children.

President Manuel L. Quezon is another great Filipino. He is a great leader.

There are many other great Filipinos, living or dead.

Why are they great? Why are they leaders of the people? Why do Filipinos love them?

One important reason is that when they were yet children, like the school children of today, they went to school and studied hard. By working hard in school, they became useful men.

If we study diligently we will be happy; but if we are lazy, we will be unhappy. So we should all be happy when school days come.

We are now ready for the school year.

We are ready to study our lessons every day. We are ready to meet our old classmates and to make new friends.

We are ready to do what our teachers want us to do.

During school days in our childhood we learn many lessons that could make us useful to ourselves, to our family, and to our country.

So let us all go to school with joy.

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**NITA'S PRAYER FOR HER CAT**

By SOFIA ISMAEL



DEAR LORD,

*Ma says my lovely cat is dead.  
A speeding car crushed her head  
While running after my new ball;  
On my crutches, I could only call.*

DEAR FATHER,

*Up there she must be feeling cold,  
No angel caring to stoop and hold  
Her in her arms as fondly as I would,  
Though I know Pussy is very good.*

LOVING FATHER,

*My cat was sometimes naughty, I  
know,  
And may now and then trouble you;  
But she always kept me from feeling  
lonely,  
For I couldn't often play with kids,  
you see.*

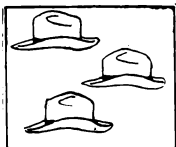
PLEASE GOD,

*If Pussy is alone and cold,  
In your warm breast please enfold;  
When you go to bed, let her cuddle at  
your feet  
And cover her well with your cosy  
sheet.*

FOR FIRST GRADERS**COUNTING AND WRITING NUMBERS**

By Mrs. FE G. CUEVAS \*

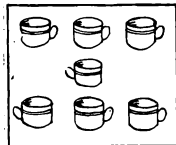
Count the things in each group. Write the number on the blank opposite each group.



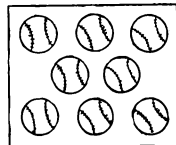
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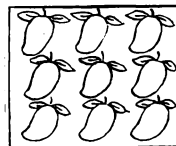
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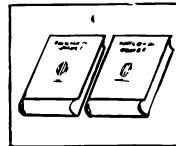
— cups



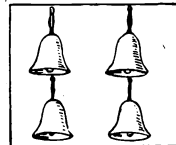
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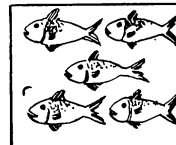
— mangoes



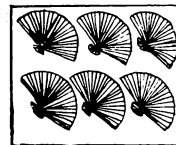
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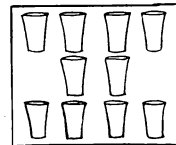
— bells



— fish



— fans



— glasses

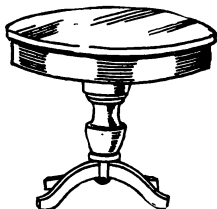
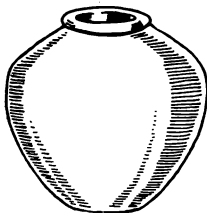
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\* Teacher, Pigcaoayan Elem. School, Cotabato.

FOR FIRST GRADERS**CAN YOU DO THIS?**

By PABLO M. CUASAY \*

Direction: Draw a circle around the number of the sentence that is correct in each group.



1. This is a pail.
2. This is a jar.
3. This is a well.

1. I sleep on the bed.
2. I play on the bed.
3. I work on the bed.

1. I sit on the table.
2. I lie on the table.
3. I eat on the table.

1. The sun tells time.
2. The rooster tells time.
3. The clock tells time.

1. I see a stove.
2. I see a frying pan.
3. I see a jar.

1. I can read a book.
2. I can write with my pencil.
3. I can jump.

\* Principal, Cabugao Elementary School, Ilocos Sur.

FOR SECOND GRADERS**GOOD MORNING**

By LUZ GABRIEL

Good morning, good morning!  
 See, the sun is now rising.  
 Hey, you sleepy-head,  
 Get up from your cozy bed.

I know it is very cold,  
 But time is as valuable as gold;  
 So, you little lazy-head,  
 Get up from your warm bed.

**SOME QUESTIONS**

Write a line under the word or words that give the correct answer.

- I wake up (when the sun is rising, when the sun is above our heads, when the sun is sinking in the west).
- I go to bed (in the morning, at noon, in the evening).
- Sometimes I get out of my bed late because (it is cold, it is warm, it is hot).
- I must get up early because (I have many things, nothing) to do.
- (Lazy, industrious, sickly, healthy) boys and girls wake up early.

**ANIMAL RIDDLES**

Draw a line under the word which answers each riddle.

## I.

I am very large.  
 I have a long trunk.  
 I have very large, flopping ears.  
 I have two long tusks.  
 What am I?

*pig*      *deer*      *elephant*

## II.

I like to climb trees.  
 I eat bananas.  
 I can swing in a tree.  
 I look just like a little man.  
 What am I?

*goat*      *monkey*      *tiger*



FOR SECOND GRADERS**MY DOG LA-OG**

By YAO GEOC HONG \*

I have a dog.  
I named it Laog  
Because it always goes out.  
It is not very stout.

Its color is black and brown.  
Its home is on the ground.  
Its eyes are sparkling  
Like the jewels of a king.

It has one flapped ear  
That cannot hear.  
It has a very long tail  
That wags at me without fail.

Laog runs very fast,  
Though in a race it would come  
out last.  
The hair of my dog is soft,  
For I always bathe him with soap.

**SOME QUESTIONS**

Draw a line under the word or words which are correct.

1. Laog always (stays at home, goes out, runs in the yard).
2. My dog is (thin, fat, stout).
3. The color of Laog is (black and white, black and brown, yellow and brown).
4. Its tail is (short, long, very long).

\* Grave VI, Mauban Elem. School, Tayabas.

**III.**

I am sometimes called "King of the Beasts."  
I have a mane.  
I have sharp claws.  
I roar loudly.  
What am I?

*lion snake duck*

**IV.**

I am big and strong.  
I like the muddy water.  
I can draw a very heavy load.  
I have two horns.  
What am I?

*carabao camel dog*

FOR THIRD GRADERS

LAST Sunday was Juliana's ninth birthday.

She gave a party.

She invited some guests: - Gloria, Natividad, Arlin, and other friends.

Juliana decorated her house with fresh flowers.

Her sister helped her serve the guests.

They served chocolate, biscuits,

and refreshments

After eating, the guests played some games with Juliana and her sister.

They were all very happy.

The guests went home at five o'clock.

"Thank you Juliana," said all the guests before they left.

"Come again next time," replied Juliana.

### CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. When was Juliana's birthday?
2. How old was she?
3. What did she give?
4. Whom did she invite?
5. Who decorated the house?
6. What did she use for decorating the house?
7. Who helped Juliana serve the guests?
8. What did they serve?
9. What did the guests do after eating?
10. How did they feel?

\* Teacher, Sta. Magdalena Central School, Sta. Magdalena, Sorsogon.

## FOR THIRD GRADERS

### HELPING AN OLD MAN

By ALEJANDRO GABORNI \*

JULIO was returning home from the town. It was Friday afternoon. The sun was about to set. He was very happy because he was going to meet his mother, father, sister, and two brothers.

On the way he met an old man. The old man was gathering firewood. It was fast getting dark. Julio said, "I wish to help you carry your firewood, for it is getting dark."

The old man looked at the boy and said, "Thank you. You are very kind."

The old man and Julio carried armfuls of firewood to the cart which was near the road.

Julio asked, "Are you going to sell the firewood?"

The old man answered, "No. I will use the firewood for myself."

At last all the firewood which the old man had gathered were placed on the cart.

"What is your name?" asked the old man.

"Julio," the boy replied.

"You are a helpful boy, Julio. I wish to have a son like you."

Julio and the old man parted. Julio arrived home late, but he was happy.

He had done a good deed that day.

**PUPIL ACTIVITY:** After the pupils have read the selection, tell them to make three questions each. If the teacher reads the selection to the class, he should tell the pupils to make three questions each, so that a closer attention could be aroused. Give the pupils five minutes to write the three questions. The teacher collects the questions, shuffles them, and then picks out a paper, and reads the questions aloud. The class will then answer the questions.

The activity may be varied.

A dialogue may be conducted, with the characters given about ten minutes or so to prepare the dialogue outside of class.



\* Pinabacdao Barrio School, Calbig, Samar.

On a sultry day in June  
 When the fields were brown and dry,  
 There was once a Mother Hen  
 That found some grains of palay.

Then she thought and thought in her  
 little mind  
 That now she a field could make.  
 But to grow those seeds in the sun-baked  
 fields,  
 All her time and care must take.

The task was hard, for she was alone,  
 And the fields were wide and big.  
 So at once she thought that she'd call  
 upon  
 Pussy Cat, Mother Goose, and Pig.

Soon the trio came as they heard the call,  
 And they wondered what the hen  
 Might have got in her little head  
 As to call them from their pen.

"Who of you will help me plant some  
 rice?"  
 She waited a while and then gave a  
 sigh,  
 For the cat, the goose, and the muddy  
 pig,  
 In their order, cried, "Not I."

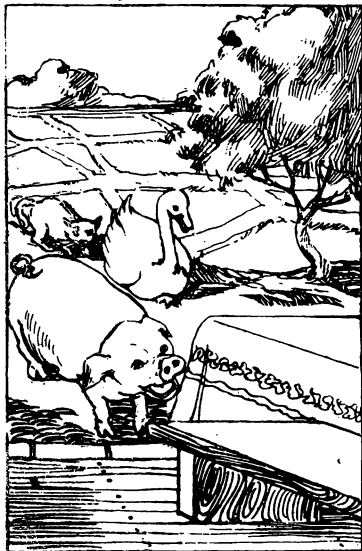
So away they went, leaving her alone,  
 As she plowed the fall'wing ground,  
 While her little chicks helped pull  
 All the grubs that could be found.

Day by day, the warmth of the tropic sun  
 And the cool, abundant rains,  
 Plus the careful toil of Mother Hen,  
 Help ripen the growing grains.

Soon December came, and the crop was  
 ripe  
 And was ready to be cut.  
 So the happy hen, in her chickenly way,  
 Cackled out from her nipa hut

# The Little's

by Elias de



To her neighbors who lived just nearby,  
 Idly spending the whole day long,  
 As if all the days were holidays—  
 But busy with their tongue.

"Who will help me cut the ripening  
 grains?"  
 She waited a while and then gave a  
 sigh,  
 For the cat, the goose, and the muddy  
 pig,  
 In their order, cried, "Not I."

# Red Hen

## Jesus Umali



So away to the fields to harvest the grains,  
With a knife she cut and cut,  
Till the staff of life, in well-filled sacks,  
Piled high o'er her nipa hut.

For pounding and grounding, again she  
perched  
On the housetop, the highest she could  
fly;  
But the cat, the goose, and the muddy  
pig,  
In their order, cried, "Not I."

"Well, I'll pound them then, little chicks  
of mine,  
I must pound them, none but I."  
So from early morn till quite late that  
night,  
She pounded and pounded her palay.

And then when the pounding and  
grounding was done  
The next thing was to bake.  
O how large did those chicky eyes grow  
At the sight of that nice rice cake!

Then again she flew, with hopes greater  
still  
To the trio in their pen:  
Tell me now how great was the patience  
Of this little red hen.

"Who will help me bake my little rice  
cake?  
Please this time don't let me cry."  
But the cat, the goose, and the muddy pig,  
In their order, cried, "Not I."

So she flew away to bake her rice cake,  
It was something nice to see.  
O I just couldn't tell if it was the  
chicken's art  
That made such a nicety.

The wind did carry the sweetest smell  
From the cake of Mother Hen.  
There was no better news that the wind  
could tell,  
So the trio came right then.

"Who of you will help me eat my rice  
cake?"  
There was a twinkle in each eye,  
For the cat, the goose, and the hungry pig  
Without order, cried, "I, I."

# The FIRST DAY of SCHOOL

by  
*Angel V. Campoy*



"CARLITO, CARLITO!" Maria called her brother. "Wake up. Let's eat our breakfast early."

"Is that you, Sis?" Carlito sat up in bed, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "Why are you in such a hurry? I'm still sleepy."

"Oh, don't you remember? Today is the first day of school, and you told me to wake you up early," Maria replied.

"Hurrah! And so it is! What fun it would be to go back to school after such a long vacation. I'll be ready in a minute."

"Don't make so much noise," Maria warned. "You'll wake up Pepito. Remember you promised to take him along to school, too, but Miss Duran said that Pepito is yet too young to be enrolled in the first grade. He is only five years old. If he wakes up, he will not stop crying until we take him with us, and he will be a lot of trouble in school."

Carlito hurried quietly to the bathroom. He took a brisk shower, combed

his hair, and put on his clean clothes. In a few minutes he was neat and clean and ready for breakfast. Their mother had prepared breakfast early, for she knew the children were going to school. They had each a plate of rice, an egg, a slice of bread, a cup of chocolate, and a glass of milk. Carlito was a little bit excited and ate his breakfast hurriedly.

"I wonder if Fred and Nenita would be back in school this year," he said.

"I'm sure they will be," Maria answered. "Nenita wrote me that they would be back in town in the early part of June so that they would not be late for the enrollment."

"Gee! That would be fun. Fred and I were in the same team last year which won every race in school."

After breakfast Maria and Carlito hurried to school after saying goodbye to their mother. They were very careful in crossing the street at the crossing.

(Please turn to page 214.)

## CARLING AND HIS FLUTE

By CONSTANTINO P. MONTEMAYOR

CARLING always sneaked away from home and from his flock of sheep when the town band was rehearsing in the *kiosko*, a vine-clad little structure in the town plaza. The band was rehearsing for the approaching town fiesta.

One morning while Carling was listening to the musicians, he heard the angry summons of his father. "You lazy boy," his father said when Carling reached the stairs of their house, "you always escape from work. Drive the sheep home—and do it quick!"

Without any word the boy obeyed his father's command, but his mind was still in the small, vine-covered building where the town band was playing.

During the town fiesta there were many things to see and enjoy in the town plaza, but Carling had only one place to go—the *kiosko*. He found great delight in watching the musicians play, one of his feet beating to the time of the music. He would smile understandingly when the bass drummer would suddenly give a loud, explosive boom, accompanied by the crashing cymbal. He had a sneaking pleasure in looking at the trombonist who would blow so hard that his cheeks would expand, as though he were ready to burst. He wondered how the man playing the giant bass instrument which was bigger than the player himself could produce a sound like the grunting of a hog early in the morning. He noted with interest the sleepy, tired looking drummer who would once in a long while beat his two small drumsticks so fast his thin body would tremble. This fellow, like the big bass drummer and the cymbalist, seemed to have the least work in the band, and Carling wondered

whether they were paid as much as the cornet players or the flutists. Of the many instruments, he liked best the saxophone, the cornet, and the flute. He looked with envy at the musicians who played these instruments. He closely observed how their busy fingers touch the keys with instinctive sureness, and wished with all his boy's heart that he could play all or any of these three instruments.

That night Carling dreamed that he was the conductor of a big, imposing band, much bigger than the band in his town. He swung his baton with grace, once in a while looking sharply at a player who went out of tune. At the glorious climax Carling swung his baton angrily at the cymbalist who beat his cymbals too slow. At this very moment Carling woke up, feeling an intense pain in his wrist—he had hit the wall hard with his right arm, not the erring cymbalist in his dream! Even in his pain Carling laughed

(Please turn to page 229.)



## THE DAY BARONG WENT TO SCHOOL

By VICENTA A. LACSAMANA

ALTHOUGH it had rained very hard the night before and the roads became muddy, *Aling Ipay* went to town. She had to go early to help wrap the various kinds of rice cakes for the guests who were attending the celebration of the anniversary of the death of *Lola Tinay* at the house of *Tia Juana*. *Mang Sidro* and the two other children, *Rita* and *Carlos*, were going to make the trip to town in the late afternoon.

After seeing *Aling Ipay* and *Baby* off on the earliest bus, *Mang Sidro* hurried to the fields. The earth was soft and yielding after the rain. He wanted much of his plowing done that day. He was not even going home for the noon meal. His wife had packed for him a

delicious lunch of chicken cooked in thick, rich coconut milk and rice wrapped in very young banana leaves.

*Rita* and *Carlos* were staying in school at noon. *Miss Santos* allowed them to clean the school yard instead of staying for the games in the afternoon. Thus they could be home before four to get dressed up for the trip to town. On their way to school that morning *Rita* and *Carlos* talked in pleasant anticipation of the games with their cousins after the prayers were over. There would be hide-and-peek, for of course no one would be sent to bed until after the guests had gone. And that would be far in the night. Then, too, there would be lots to eat. Their mother would be too busy to caution them against eating too much and getting indigestion and stomach ache.

*Barong*, the faithful dog of the family, lay drowsily in the shade of a mango tree while *Mang Sidro* plowed the field. That morning *Barong* had frisked beside *Carlos* as far as the river before the boy sent him back. There were days when *Barong* went with the children to the small one-room barrio schoolhouse, carrying *Rita's* bag of books. Sometimes he would romp with other children until *Miss Santos* rang the bell. Then he would stand in respectful attention while the flags were raised and the children sang the national anthems. The dog usually stayed by until the children marched into the room, waiting for *Carlos* to wave to him from the window near the boy's seat.

By noon *Mang Sidro* had done a good deal of plowing. Although he was beginning to feel hungry, he promised himself to finish the last furrow before tak-







ing his lunch. That would leave him only one paddy for the afternoon. He could even stretch his tired back a while in the shade of the mango tree and maybe snatch a wink or two. There was no knowing when the prayers and the supper would end. It was best to be prepared to sit even half the night through.

When the farmer realized that he had stopped to daydream longer than he wanted to, he gave his carabao a sudden jerk and a very loud "Whoa!" The animal, excited by the suddenness and strength of his command, got wild and ran. *Mang Sidro* was jerked too, and slipped down the wet and slippery mud. "Whoa there!" he shouted to the carabao from his miry bed.

The animal, realizing that nothing was going to happen, stopped. When *Mang Sidro* tried to get up, he felt an intense pain at his right ankle. After several painful efforts, he was able to sit on the handle of his plow. He untied the thing from its harness. He tried a few times to get on the carabao, but each attempt left him groaning with pain, and so he

gave it up. Finally, an idea came to him. He took off his grass rain-cape and harnessed it to his carabao. Sitting on it, he managed to have the animal drag him home. On his uncomfortable way home, he thought about how he could get upstairs, wash the mud off, and change his wet clothes. He had left his lunch in the field, for he could not even rise to get it from a branch of the mango tree. To cap them all, Rita and Carlos were not coming home until afternoon. And his ankle was hurting him more and more.

Barong jumped up and down excitedly when he saw the carabao dragging his master. His dog sense told him that something was wrong indeed. He ran a few times around *Mang Sidro*, gave a wild leap, and then raced off somewhere. THE school children had just been dismissed for the noon intermission. Rita and Carlos were still helping Miss Santos clean the blackboard; when they heard a familiar bark. "That's Barong!" exclaimed Carlos as he ran to the window from which he usually waved to the dog. Looking out, the boy saw Barong restless, wagging his tail excitedly, and growling angrily. "Rita, come and look at Barong."

When Rita saw the dog, she ran out of the room. Barong pulled her skirt.

"I think you had better go with him, children," said Miss Santos when she saw the strange behavior of the dog. "He is trying to tell you something important."

As Rita and Carlos were on the way home, Barong became quiet and ran ahead of them. "Don't worry," the boy reassured his sister whose hands had grown very cold.

"Why it's Father! Father!" cried  
(Please turn to page 236.)



THERE was once a mother, *Aling Tinay*, and her son *Kiko* whose only means of livelihood was milking their only cow and selling the milk in the town.

In the evening *Kiko* would clean and prepare the bottles to contain the milk and place these in a shelf. And then after saying his prayer, he would go to bed. In the morning he would do the milking and afterward go to town to sell the milk.

One morning as he was preparing to milk the cow, he was surprised to see the bottles in the shelf already filled with milk. Each bottle was well covered with no milk stain on the outside, and they were well arranged in the shelf. He could not have done a better, cleaner work. He asked his mother if she did the milking herself. When she said she did not, he was very much surprised. So was his mother.

When *Kiko* woke up the next morning, the same thing happened: the milk was ready for sale. From that time on,

*Kiko's* only job was to sell the milk. *Kiko* also noticed that his bottles of milk were now selling faster. His *suki*, or regular customers, told *Kiko* that his milk tasted better, and wanted to know if he had mixed something with the milk, or if he had found a new way of milking the cow. One night *Kiko* placed two extra bottles in the shelf; the following morning, these also were filled with milk.

Pretty soon they save enough money with which to buy another cow. And then still later, they had earned more than enough for their needs. Finally, *Kiko* and his mother had a prosperous milking business.

All the while, the boy and *Aling Tinay* were wondering who the kind, unseen helper was. One night, *Aling Tinay* said to her son, "What do you think of our finding out who the kind helper is?"

"That is a good idea," said *Kiko*.

They lighted a candle and hid themselves behind a thick curtain and watched

(Please turn to page 214.)

## BIG STONES GO UPSTREAM

*An Ilocano Legend*

By MARIANO SOMERA \*

OLD MEN in the Ilocano region say that as the years go by, big stones and rocks are slowly moving upstream. Many, many years ago, so runs the legend which the Ilocano old folks like to tell, all big stones and rocks were in the mountains, hiding in lonely places. One rainy day, the river told the stones that beyond the Cordilleras was a strange land inhabited by man who loved to take a bath in a wide body of water which was sometimes very calm and sometimes very rough. This body of water, many, many times bigger than the river, was the sea.

After hearing this interesting piece of news, the stones, tired of always being lonesome, decided to see this wonderful world which the river had related to them. The river agreed to carry them downstream. Those who wished to see the plain stopped at the river banks while the more adventurous ones went as far as the mouth to see the sea.

The stones were delighted when the river gave them a covering of cool, green moss to protect them from the heat of the sun. Later small plants stood and played on their backs, and fishes, crabs, shrimps, lobsters, and shells gave them company. Unlike living in the mountains, where tall trees towered above them from all directions, the stones could now watch the clouds sailing lazily in the sky, and at night they could play with the moon and the stars which were reflected on the water around them. They could smell the scent of ripening grains and the blooming flowers. Those near the sea could hear the murmurs and sometimes the booming as the waves dashed play-

fully against them. Thus the stones did not want to return to their lonely mountain homes.

However, when the hot season came, the sun began to dry up the river. The stones near the banks could feel the water sink beneath them. The river became more and more shallow. The strange creature man not only came to catch the happy fishes, shrimps, and lobsters hiding in their holes, but they also carried off stones and rocks to be used for building roads, houses, filling dampy places, and treating them in many shameful ways. The stones wanted to go back to their old homes!

But it was hard for them to do so. Moving upstream was a very slow process. The river could not help them much. All it could do was to produce whirling currents in front of the stone in order to make shallow holes. The stones roll forward to these shallow holes during the dry months. Through these slow, tiresome process, stones go upstream.



\* Principal, San Vicente, Ilocos Sur.

## THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

*(Continued from page 208.)*

They watched for the policeman's signal before crossing the street. When they reached school, they saw many children, among them Nenita and Fred. They talked about what they had done during the summer vacation until the bell rang for the children to fall in line.

"Good morning, children," the principal teacher greeted them when they were lined up. "You all look happy and eager to be in school again. I am sure you have enjoyed your vacation. Now you may march to your rooms for enrollment."

The fourth grade class had a new teacher, and Nenita and Maria wondered if she were like Miss Reyes who was good and kind. As soon as they were seated, a beautiful lady entered the room.

"Good morning, children," the lady greeted the children with a smile.

"Good morning," the children answered.

"Children," she said, "I'll be your teacher this year. We shall study our lessons together. I hope we shall have great fun in school." The beautiful lady wrote her name on the board. The children read the name silently, "Miss Consuelo Flores."

"Before I write your name in my register, we shall sing a song. What song would you like to sing?" Miss Flores asked.

"Let's sing 'Philippines, My Philippines,' Miss Flores," Marcial suggested.

The children sang the song very well and Miss Flores smiled and looked pleased. After the song, the children were enrolled, and then the teacher gave them time to get acquainted with each

## THE ELVES AND THE MILKBOY

*(Continued from page 212.)*

the shelves where the bottles of milk were placed. When the clock at the church tower struck twelve, two little naked men appeared carrying a pail filled with milk. These tiny visitors then opened the shelves and began filling the bottles. Kiko and his mother watched the two little men with awe and admiration. They worked so noiselessly and did not stop until all the bottles were filled, covered, and arranged so neatly in the shelves. Then the elves, after surveying their work with satisfaction ran away.

*(Please turn to page 229.)*

other. Afterwards, Miss Flores asked five children to talk briefly about what they had done during the vacation, then she related a few interesting things that she had done during the summer. The children listened eagerly to her. They were enjoying themselves in the classroom, when the bell reminded them that it was time for dismissal.

When Maria arrived home, she told her mother and Carlito about her charming teacher.

"You should meet my teacher," Carlito said proudly. "He is not handsome, nor young—I think he was many children already. But he is good, and I think we shall get along well together."

As soon as he had spoken, little Pepito joined them, his eyes red from crying.

Maria and Carlito looked at each other with understanding.

"Ma," Pepito said, tugging at his mother's skirt, "you take me to school. They left me behind," looking accusingly at Maria and Carlito.

"Don't you worry, dear. You will be in school. I will be your teacher," the mother said, hugging the little boy.

## A PAGE OF POEMS



## IN THE COUNTRY

By ARTEMIO INTAL\*

*When the twilight shadows fall,  
There's a hush as though the earth  
Salutes the twilight stars.  
Tired farmers with their carabaos  
Go wearily homeward.  
Sweet songbirds their singing cease,  
Chickens to their roost now settle,  
For the world is quiet  
When the twilight stars appear.*

*When the twilight stars appear,  
Little children group around their  
grandma  
Who tell them exciting legends old.  
On moonlit nights when the sky is clear,  
Boys and girls gather in a spacious yard  
to play  
Tubig-tubig, libre-libre, or hide-and-  
seek,  
Their young lusty voices ringing merrily  
In the stillness of the night.*

\*  
A BOY'S SONG

By REMIGIO TANCHINGCO

*Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the sheep lie fast asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for you and me.*

*Where the blossoms bloom the sweetest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for you and me.  
Where the sun shines the latest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
There to follow the busy bee,  
That's the way for you and me.*

\*  
TO THE RAINDROPS

By ELIAS DE JESUS UMALI

*Silvery raindrops,  
Shining and white,  
Where will you stop in  
Your maiden flight?*

*I know a rosebud,  
Pretty and fair,  
Thirsty and waiting  
Just over there.*

*I wish, dear raindrops,  
You'd stop and see;  
And please help open  
That rosebud for me.*

*Then at some early  
Cool morning hour,  
The world will be happy  
For a sweet flower.*



\* Seventh grade pupil, Malabon Elementary School.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE SECTION

AFTER the defeat of the Spanish fleet by the American squadron under the command of Admiral Dewey in the naval battle at Manila Bay on May, 1898, the Americans never dreamed of annexing the Philippines. But when the news that Spain had ceded the archipelago to the United States through the treaty of peace, signed by Spain and the United States in Paris on December 10, 1898, was received, General Otis who was then in command of the American force in the Islands started to force the Filipinos to recognize the sovereignty of the United States. This marked the beginning of the hostilities between the Americans and the Filipinos who refused to recognize American sovereignty. The Filipinos declared that the Americans had no moral right to rule the Islands inasmuch as the former had already established an independent government when the Americans came.

After the fall of Manila on February 4, 1899, an American expedition was sent South to occupy the Visayan Islands where the natives continued their resistance. In Samar and Leyte General Lucban with his well trained guerillas had become a great menace to many of the American detachments which were sent there.

About the beginning of the summer of 1901, a detachment was sent to Samar. Company C of the 9th Infantry, composed of three officers and seventy-five men, landed at Balangiga, a town on the coast of southern Samar.

Upon the arrival of the American soldiers, the Filipino insurgents who were detailed in the town and many of the natives fled to the deepest part of the wilderness. The soldiers at once pitched



tents and began sanitary reforms by forcing the people to take part in cleaning the streets and the town plaza, building drainage, and widening the town toward the eastern border by cutting down big trees. The natives were obedient and friendly enough. The Americans in return were good to them. They gave the natives food and money. When the people who had fled to the mountains learned how well the Americans treated the inhabitants, they returned to the town. For a couple of months the Americans were happy and contented, enjoying the hospitality of the natives.

But behind the apparent calm the Americans were unaware of a gathering storm. A treacherous plot was planned by Valeriano Abanador, the head of the town, in conjunction with General Lucban's guerillas under the command of Eugenio Daza whose hide-away was in the heart of Samar near Magtaon mountain. One day Abanador asked the commander of the Americans if he would employ laborers from the surrounding barrios to work out their taxes levied for the improvement of the town. The commander thought Abanador's suggestion quite sensible, and so hundreds of men from the barrios came down to town ostensibly to work. Most of these men were trained bolomen from the company of insurgents under Commander Daza, who was the master-mind of the plot. Only eighty laborers appeared before the American commander while the rest waited at the outskirts of the town.

Very surprising to the Americans was the leaving of all the native women and children from Balangiga. But the Americans were quieted down by the explanation that an earthquake and a tidal

## JUMBLED PHILIPPINE GEOGRAPHY

By GERARDO R. YSLA \*

REARRANGE the following words to form correct names. Example: Zonlu—Luzon.

### I. Names of Islands

- |            |          |
|------------|----------|
| 1. APYAN   | 3. MARAS |
| 2. ORIMOND | 4. OLHOB |
| 5. GENSOR  |          |

### II. Names of Provinces

- |             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. AGATBANS | 3. SAYABAT |
| 2. CLARAT   | 4. EBUC    |
| 5. ETELY    |            |

### III. Names of Lakes

- |         |           |
|---------|-----------|
| 1. TAÖB | 3. TIAMIN |
| 2. LATA | 4. AOLNA  |
| 5. UHIB |           |

(See page 233 for the answers.)

wave had been predicted and that the women and children were evacuating the town for safety.

Very early the following morning, before reveille, while the laborers were waiting in the town plaza for orders from the American guards to begin the work of cleaning the streets, several hundred natives, among whom were insurgents secretly armed with bolos, disguised themselves by wearing women's religious attire, and entered the church supposedly to hold a religious service thanking God that the calamity predicted did not come. While the service was going on, the insurgents hid themselves in a place in the church which was connected by a narrow passage to the convent in which the officers and some soldiers were temporarily quartered. At this moment the American soldiers were calmly eating at the breakfast table, unaware and unsuspecting of the approaching tragedy.

\* Uson Elementary School, Masbate.

## MATCHING TEST IN PHILIPPINE HISTORY

By TIMOTEO S. ORACION

**DIRECTION:** The dates in Group One are dates of events in Philippine history. Group Two gives the events which occurred on the dates in Group One. Select from Group Two the correct event for each date in Group One and write the number on the blank.

### GROUP ONE

1. March 24, 1934 \_\_\_\_\_
2. November 17, 1869 \_\_\_\_\_
3. November 30, 1863 \_\_\_\_\_
4. February 8, 1935 \_\_\_\_\_
5. December 15, 1660 \_\_\_\_\_
6. July 3, 1892 \_\_\_\_\_
7. June 19, 1861 \_\_\_\_\_
8. July 23, 1863 \_\_\_\_\_
9. October 16, 1907 \_\_\_\_\_
10. July 7, 1892 \_\_\_\_\_
11. February 17, 1872 \_\_\_\_\_
12. February 9, 1837 \_\_\_\_\_
13. June 12, 1898 \_\_\_\_\_
14. December 9, 1811 \_\_\_\_\_
15. August 26, 1896 \_\_\_\_\_
16. January 21, 1899 \_\_\_\_\_

### GROUP TWO

1. Ventura de los Reyes assumed his post as a delegate to the Spanish Cortes.
2. Inauguration of the Philippine Assembly.
3. Jose Rizal founded the *La Liga Filipina*.
4. Approval of the Philippine Constitution by the delegates of the Constitutional Convention.
5. Promulgation of the Malolos Constitution.
6. Birth of Jose Burgos in Vigan, Ilocos Sur.

## THE BALANGIGA MASSACRE

(Continued from page 217.)

Suddenly, the fatal signal, the ringing of the church bells, was sounded, and a band of bolomen from the church rushed to the mess room and attacked the unarmed soldiers. The sentry was mobbed first, and before the startled soldiers realized what was happening, their stacked rifles were seized, and most of the Americans were murdered. Those who were left fought desperately with bare hands the onslaught of the enemies. Some managed to grab rifles from their enemies, resulting in hand-to-hand fight. The soldiers who recovered their rifles used them skilfully and were able to scatter their assailants. Of the seventy-eight soldiers twenty, two of them wounded, were left. The officers ordered no retreat. At first the twenty survivors with their rifles and several rounds of ammunition felt that vic-

(Please turn to page 236.)

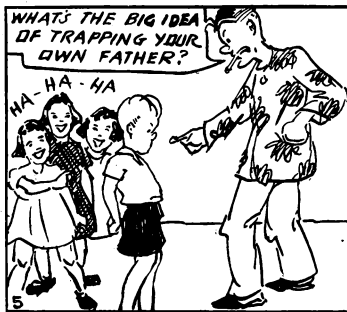
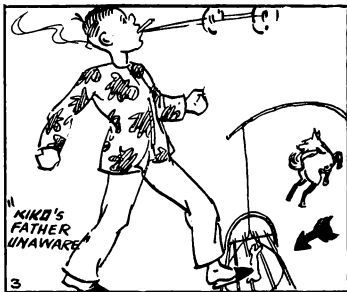
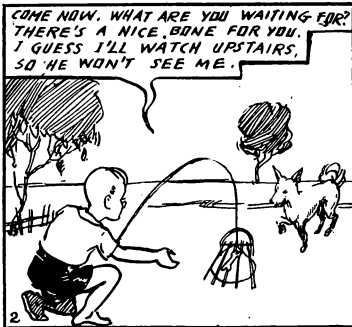
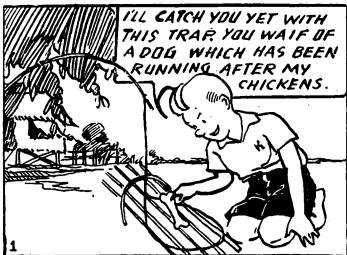
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7. Approval of the Tydings-McDuffie Law by the President of the United States.
  8. Outbreak of the Philippine Revolution.
  9. Birth of Jose Rizal in Calamba, Laguna.
  10. Andres Bonifacio founded the Katipunan.
  11. Opening of the Suez Canal.
  12. Beginning of the Pangasinan Revolt under Andres Malong.
  13. Birth of Apolinario Mabini in Tanawan, Batangas.
  14. Birth of Andres Bonifacio in Tondo, Manila.
  15. Execution of Fathers Burgos, Gomez, and Zamora.
  16. Philippine declaration of independence.

\* Social Science Teacher, Sibulan Elementary School, Negros Oriental.



THE FUNNY PAGE

# KIKO



## MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

### FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT, THE GREATEST SONG-WRITER

FRANZ Peter Schubert was born on January 31, 1797, in the Himmelpfortgrund, a small suburb of Vienna. His father, Franz, son of a Moravian peasant, was a parish schoolmaster; his mother, Elizabeth Fitz, had before her marriage been cook in a Viennese family. Of their fourteen children nine died in infancy. The father, a man of worth and integrity, possessed some reputation as a teacher, and his school, in the Lichtenthal, was well attended. He was also a fair musician.

At the age of five Schubert began to receive regular instruction from his father. At seven he was placed under the charge of Michael Holzer, the Kapellmeister of the Lichtenthal Church. Holzer's lessons seem to have consisted mainly in expressions of admiration, and the boy gained more from a friendly joiner's apprentice, who used to take him to a neighboring pianoforte warehouse and give him the opportunity of practising on a better instrument than the poor home could afford.

On October, 1808, he was received as a scholar at the Convict, which, under Salieri's direction, had become the chief music school of Vienna, and which had the special office of training the choristers for the Court Chapel. Here he remained until he was nearly seventeen, profiting little by the direct instruction, which was almost as careless as that given to Haydn at St. Stephen's, but getting much by the practices of the school orchestra, and by association with congenial



comrades. Many of the most devoted friends of his after life were among his schoolfellows. His many friends helped Franz out of their little pocket-money, bought him music-paper which he could not buy himself, and gave him loyal support and encouragement.

Meanwhile his genius was already showing itself in composition. A pianoforte fantasia,\* 32 close-written pages, and other vocal pieces and songs, were written when he was seventeen and eighteen. In his essay on chamber-music we learn that at this time a regular quartet-party was established at his home on Sundays and holidays, in which his two brothers played the violin, his father the violencello, and Franz himself the viola. It was the beginning of that amateur orchestra for which, in later years, many of his compositions were written. During the remainder of his stay at the Convict, he wrote a good deal more chamber-

\* In music, a composition not restricted by the usual laws of form.

music, songs, and miscellaneous pieces for the piano-forte. Among his more ambitious efforts were *Kyrie* and *Salve Regina*, an octet for wind instruments, said to commemorate the death of his mother, which took place in 1812, when he was nineteen years old; a cantata, words and music, for his father's name-day in 1813, and the closing work of his school-life, his first symphony.

At the end of 1813 he left the Convict, and, to avoid military service, entered his father's school as teacher of the lowest class. For over two years he endured the drudgery of the work. There were, however, other interests to compensate. He took private lessons from Salieri, who annoyed him with accusations of copying works of Haydn and Mozart, but who did more for his training than any of his other teachers. He occupied every moment of leisure with rapid and voluminous composition.

The year 1815 was the most productive period of Schubert's life. He wrote 146 songs some of which are of considerable length, four sonatas, several smaller compositions for piano, and a string quartet in G minor.

The following year saw the first real change in his fortunes. Von Schober, a law student of good family and some means, who had heard some of Schubert's songs at the house of Spaun, one of the musician's friends, came to pay a visit to the composer and proposed to carry him off from school-life and give him freedom to practise his art in peace. The proposal was particularly timely, for Schubert had just made an unsuccessful application for the post of Kapellmeister at Laibach, and was feeling more acutely than ever the slavery of the class-room. His father's consent was readily given, and before the end of the spring he was

installed as a guest in Von Schober's lodgings. For a time he attempted to increase the household resources by giving music lessons, but they were soon abandoned and he devoted himself to composition. "I write all day," he said later to an inquiring visitor, "and when I have finished one piece I begin another."

One of Schubert's admirable traits was his gift of making warm and lasting friendships. Most of his friends belonged to the more respectable class of society. Among them were Vogl, the famous baritone, who did him good service by performing his songs in the salons of Vienna; Gahy, an excellent pianist, who played his sonatas and fantasias; the Sonnleithners, a rich burgher family whose eldest son had been at the Convict, who gave him free access to their home, and organized in his honour musical parties which soon assumed the name of Schubertiaden. The material needs of life were supplied without much difficulty. No doubt Schubert was entirely penniless, for he had given up teaching, and he could earn nothing by public performance, and, as yet, no publisher would take his music at a gift. But his friends came to his aid with true Bohemian generosity—one found him lodging while another found him appliances. They took their meals together, and the man who had any money paid the bill. Schubert was always the leader of the party and was known by half-a-dozen affectionate nicknames, of which the most characteristic is "*kann er 'was?*", his usual question when a new acquaintance was proposed.

The year 1818 is significant in the life of Schubert for some reasons. It saw the first public performance of any work of

(Please turn to page 233.)

## CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP SECTION

### THRIFTY ROSAURO

(A Playlet in Three Scenes)

By ALEJANDRO G. CALAYAN\*

#### THE PLAYERS:

TOMAS, a former student.

ESTEBAN, another former student who is a friend of Tomas.

ROSAURO, a former classmate of Tomas and Esteban.

Clerk in the Postal Savings Department of the local postoffice.

\*

#### THE PLAY:

##### Scene I

(Tomas and Esteban are walking together in the street. The two boys could not reenter school when it opened, because their parents could not afford to give them the money necessary for their expenses. They are discussing this as they walk along the street.)

ESTEBAN: Why, Tomas, your father is much better off financially than Rosau-ro's father, and yet Rosau-ro can go to school.

TOMAS: I know it. And I have talked to father about that time and time again, but he always says that he cannot spare the money for my expenses. This is because the price of *copra* has gone very much lower than the price of last year. Father told me that my expenses during the past school year amounted to considerable. He told me that he could not even pay my matriculation fee at present.

ESTEBAN: I wonder why Rosau-ro can go to school. I know his parents have

very little money to spare. His father is out of a job. And yet—Rosau-ro can go to school. I heard that he paid his matriculation fee and his fee for book rentals when he registered. I saw him this morning going to school with his books tucked under his arm.

TOMAS: I'll talk to father again about the matter, but I don't think it will be of any use. Rosau-ro is a poor man's son, and yet he can go to school. Why can't I?

ESTEBAN: Well, it's too bad, Tomas. Have you tried to get a job?

TOMAS: Yes. Yesterday morning I intended to try to get a job as a helper in a fishing crew. But I was late. I over slept, and got up long after sunrise. When I reached the beach, the fishing boat had already gone.

ESTEBAN: Well, did you think they would wait on you? Why didn't you get down to the beach earlier? You know the old proverb: The early bird catches the worm.

TOMAS: Better practice what you preach, Esteban. Well, let's be going. I guess classes are dismissed at the school. Let's go and ask some of our classmates about that new English teacher.

(The two boys hurry away to meet some of their former classmates.)

(CURTAIN)

##### Scene II

(Tomas and Esteban are again walking together in the street. They meet Rosau-ro on his way to school.)

ROSAURO: Hello, Tomas and Esteban.

\* Assistant Principal, Polo Elementary School, Polo, Mindoro.



How are you? I haven't seen you at school this semester. Why aren't you fellows in school? Mr. Domingo, our principal, has been asking for you.

TOMAS: I am very sorry, Rosauero, that I am not in school. But Father says that he cannot spare the money for my expenses. I guess your father is in better financial condition than mine, Rosauero, for evidently he gave you the money for your expenses, and so now you are in school.

ROSAURO: Tomas, you are mistaken. Father and mother said they could not send me to school this semester because they could not spare the money for my expenses. Father said he didn't have the money.

ESTEBAN: How, then, do you go to school?

ROSAURO: Why, boys, do you remember what our principal told us about saving any money which we might get, even though it were only a small amount?

TOMAS: Yes, Rosauero, I remember what he said. He told us to put a large part of any money we might get into the

Postal Savings Bank.

ROSAURO: That's right, Tomas. Well, I followed his advice, and now I can go to school. By saving my money and putting it in the Postal Savings Bank, I accumulated quite a few pesos. So when father said he could not afford to send me to school, I drew out the greater part of my savings.

ESTEBAN: Why, Rosauero, how did you have so much money? •

ROSAURO: That is easily explained. I acquired it in various ways. For one thing, when father had a job, he used to give me ten or twenty centavos a week

for spending money, but instead of spending it, I saved it. Then I worked for Mr. Castillo for several weeks during vacation, so I earned some money. I put all of that money into the Postal Savings Bank. At Christmas my grandfather always give me five pesos. Into the bank that went. Sometimes I went on errands for Mrs. Perez and Mrs. Samanilla, and earned a little money. I did not buy candy with that money; I bought only those things which were necessary. The rest of the money I put into the Postal Savings Bank.

TOMAS: Thrifty Rosauero!

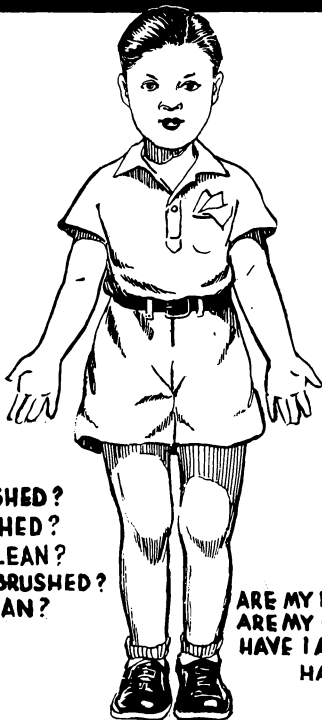
ESTEBAN: That's what I say. Thrifty Rosauero!

ROSAURO: I haven't yet told you all. I still have some money left in the bank. Not much but a little. That money I will not spend. It is precious to me. That money I call "my nest-egg," and I mean to add to it.

TOMAS: Well, Sauro, you have taught me a lesson. I am going to save my money also. You'll be calling me "thrifty To-

(Please turn to page 239.)

# AM I READY FOR SCHOOL TODAY ?



IS MY HAIR BRUSHED?  
 IS MY FACE WASHED?  
 ARE MY EARS CLEAN?  
 ARE MY TEETH BRUSHED?  
 IS MY NECK CLEAN?

ARE MY HANDS WASHED?  
 ARE MY FINGER NAILS CLEAN?  
 HAVE I A FRESH  
 HANDKERCHIEF ?

ARE MY CLOTHES NEAT ?  
 ARE MY LEGS CLEAN ?  
 ARE MY FEET CLEAN?

**ASK THE LOOKING GLASS.** G.S. 40

## HOW MARIO WAS ABLE TO GO TO SCHOOL

By PABLO M. CUASAY

IT WAS a pleasant day although the rainy season had already begun. That was the second week after the opening of school in June. Mario was not yet enrolled. The year before he could not study because his poor mother could not afford to send him to school. His father died when he was still three years old. Mario's teacher was very sorry for the boy because Mario finished the fourth grade at the head of the class.

One morning the teacher in the fifth grade went to Mario's house to talk to the boy's mother. The house was small but it was clean, inside and out. Save for a table, two chairs, and a low *papag* which also served as bed, there were no other pieces of furniture.

"I came here," the teacher began, when he was seated, "because I want to talk to you about Mario. I wish that your boy could go back to school. I am not campaigning for a bigger enrollment; in fact my class is already full. I wish Mario to continue studying because he is bright, diligent, and useful."

"I am glad about what you have said of my son," said the mother. If there is anything I want most for Mario, it is that he be educated. This past year, I was unhappy because Mario had to stop. But you see, maestro, we do not have the money to pay for the matriculation fee and with which to buy books and school supplies."

"The principal," said the teacher, "told me this morning that he would write a letter to the superintendent so that Mario may be exempted from the matriculation fee. As for the books, Mario need not buy any, for he could



borrow from friends. I'll help him borrow the books. I can lend him two of mine."

The mother looked at his boy who had been listening to the conversation. She knew that he had something to say but was hesitant making any interruption. "Mario, I think you like to say something," said the mother, turning to the boy.

"Yes, Mother." And then turning to the teacher continued, "Mr. Cruz, I was about to tell Mother about the little amount that I have saved in the savings bank. Mother, do you remember your giving me one centavo every day last year? With the money I bought savings bank stamps. Our teacher organized a thrift club in our class. All members made some savings."

"How much have you saved?" she asked the boy eagerly.

"I have saved one peso and seventy-six  
(Please turn to page 235.)

## ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION

### THE MEHAN GARDEN

By SILVINO EPISTOLA \*

FOR eighty-one years now the Mehan Garden, located near the Arroceros street not far from the Parian, in Manila, has been the object of interest of animal lovers. It has also been made a convenient resting place by some people who lie on its benches under cool, shady trees. Sebastian Soler Vidal, a Spanish botanist laid the plans of this garden in compliance with an order of Governor Norzagaray. The monument of this famous botanist now stands in the garden, facing the Taft Avenue. The animals that are kept there are a source of interest to many people.

Very recently I visited the Mehan Garden and spent a highly profitable time watching the interesting animals in it. The silence of the place is broken now and then by the varied calls of different birds, the funny chattering of

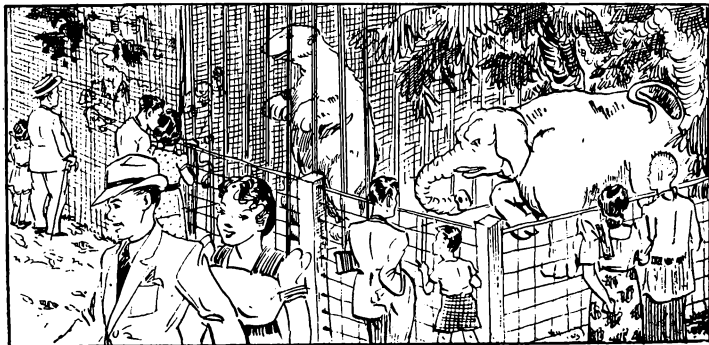
monkeys, and the rustle of the leaves of trees which make the garden look like a little forest.

The garden has a miniature plaza which has a bandstand, two big inclosures where various kinds of animals and birds are kept, and a shady pool where many gold-fish swim. On the four corners are plots on which grow various kinds of shrubbery. Tall and sturdy trees which are valuable botanical specimens grow in scattered places, giving a refreshing shade.

In the first inclosure in the southern part of the garden, I saw Goyo, the big elephant. He was captured over a decade ago in Sumatra. He is a big and awkward animal who moves clumsily. In India tamed elephants are employed to haul huge timber in the forest. Have

(Please turn to page 232).

\* Student, Arellano High School, Manila.





**THE TAILOR BIRD**

By HERMINIA ANCHETA

"MOTHER, do you know anything about the tailor bird?" asked Cecilia one night.

"Why, my child?" answered Mother.

"Our teacher told us to be ready to talk about this bird tomorrow," replied Cecilia.

"Yes, I can tell you many things about it. You may ask me questions while I talk about it," said Mother.

Mother began:

"The tailor bird gets its name from its being able to sew. Before it begins to lay eggs, it makes a nest by sewing leaves together.

"This bird is small. Its bill is small, long, and pointed."

"What does it eat?" asked Cecilia.

"It eats insects, worms, and fruits. It lives among bamboo and fruit trees near houses."

"Will you tell me how it builds its nest?"

"It is fun to see how it builds its nest. It looks for two leaves at the end of a small branch or twig. It sews the leaves together with its long, small, and pointed bill. When the edges of the leaves are sewed together, it gathers soft grass and fibers.

"The tailor bird places them in this sac. These make a soft bed."

"What noise does the tailor bird make?" asked Cecilia.

"The tailor bird does not keep still. It always moves and says: "tick, tack" as it goes from one twig to another." Mother paused a while and then went on, "boys and girls should be kind to the tailor bird. Boys should not shoot the tailor bird with sling shots. This bird is a friend of the farmers because it eats the insects that destroy their plants. It also



sings in its wee, wee voice, to make us happy."

"Thank you, Mother," said Cecilia.

**SOMETHING TO DO**

**DIRECTIONS:** See if you can tell which of the sentences in the list is true. If the sentence is true, draw a line under *True*. If the sentence is not true, draw a line under *False*.

1. The tailor bird uses leaves to build its nest. True False
2. The tailor bird is large. True False
3. Its bill is small. True False
4. It eats insects, worms, and fruits. True False

II. List five more birds which you know.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....

*Blue flame*

*Hide Potassium between fingers.*

**MYSTIC BOWL** - A bowl is filled with water. The magician waves his hands, commands "BURN", and blue flame blazes. Before the hands place a tablespoonful of ether. Hide piece of potassium between fingers, drop it to the bowl to start fire.

*Saturated Calcium Carbonate.*

*Saturated Potassium Carbonate solution.*

*Pour into heavy jar.*

*Liquids mix to form solid.*

**QUICK CHANGE** - To turn liquids to solids, prepare two solutions in boiling water, one with quick-lime and a fraction of an ounce of Potassium carbonate.

*Wet inside with Muriatic Acid*

*Wet inside with Ammoniac solution.*

*Put glasses mouth to mouth and cover with handkerchief.*

*Burn Newspaper. Fan smoke toward glasses.*

**CLOUD MAKER** - Follow above directions to blow smoke toward empty glasses.

*Uncovered - Heavy smoke will rise from each glasses.*

**YOU, TOO, CAN BE MAGICIANS**

By LUKAS MORTELL

Boys and girls open their mouth in sheer stupefaction as they watch the magician perform his bags of tricks. If you know some elementary chemical combinations, you, also, can be magicians in a big way. Follow the directions accompanying the illustrations, and you will be surprised by the results. Chemicals can be purchased in the drug store.

## THE ELVES AND THE MILKBOY

(Continued from page 214.)

The following morning Aling Tinay said to her son, "The little men have made us prosperous. We must show them that we are grateful to them."

"How can we show them that we are grateful?" asked Kiko.

"We shall think of a plan to repay them for their service," the mother said.

Then Kiko spoke, "Some nights ago I left a box of chocolate on the table. When I looked for it the following morning, I found that it was empty. Now I suspect that they like chocolate very much and must have eaten it. Let us prepare a box of chocolate for them tonight," Kiko said, a happy twinkle in his eyes.

Aling Tinay was pleased with the idea, and so that night they placed a nicely wrapped box of chocolate in one of the shelves and took the battles away. They thought that the little men had worked for them long enough, and that they deserved a vacation.

At midnight, Aling Tinay and Kiko who had hidden themselves behind the curtain, saw the little men bounding in and were about to set to work. But there was no single bottle to be seen, only a box of chocolate. At first they were astonished. They looked at each other wondering for a long time, and then they smiled happily, and danced around the box. Then they opened the box and began eating the chocolate. They danced as they ate, skipping lightly and fast with their nimble little legs. When they had eaten everything, they danced themselves out of the door.

From that time on, the elves did not come any more, but grateful Aling Tinay and Kiko lived a happy, prosperous life.

## CARLING AND HIS FLUTE

(Continued from page 209.)

softly: his dream was funny indeed.

In the darkness of his bed Carling wished that he owned a musical instrument—a flute, for instance, with its high and sweet melodious sound, like the voice produced by the *siloy*, that black-white little bird that sang so sweetly in the thicket near his house very early in the morning or when the sun was about to set. Or a saxophone with its low, moaning sound which was like a soft, pleading cry. "Some day," Carling thought, "when I have money, I'll buy either a flute or a saxophone—or both." The only instruments that he played were ones that he made himself. One of these was the hollow stem of a papaya leaf. He covered one end of the stem with a piece of paper or thick cloth and made four, sometimes eight, holes in a row on the stem. On these holes he placed his fingers. Another simple instrument which he played was the young coconut leaf which he wound and wound spirally. This tapered off in one end, which was used as the mouthpiece. The sound produced by this instrument was so loud it disturbed people and even himself. Besides it could not produce many variations in notes, and so after a while he would get tired of it.

The following morning when he was going to the meadow with his flock of sheep, Carling stopped at a bamboo grove and cut a small bamboo stem. While the sheep were grazing contentedly and his dog Hankow was peacefully drowsing nearby, the boy began making his flute with his sharp knife. At about noon he produced a good-looking flute. When he tried it, he was surprised when it gave forth a pleasant sound. Days after when

(Please turn to page 235.)

## WORK AND PLAY SECTION

### COCKEYED CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

By SALVADOR AGUIRRE CRUZ



#### ACROSS:

1. A drop of salty fluid from the eyes.
4. To leave out.
7. Gray or white with age.
9. A preposition, meaning position, state, or condition.
11. Evening.
12. A conjunction to show choice.
13. Soft, wet earth.
15. Annoy.
16. A sack; a pouch.
18. Work.
19. An interjection meaning to see.
20. An article used before singular nouns.
21. Having existed or lived many years.
22. Middle.
24. Make a purchase.
26. A family pet which gives a purring

sound.

28. A preposition, meaning position, state, or condition.
29. To pull or drag by a rope or line.
31. A way of addressing one's mother.
32. Having little weight.
34. A jungle animal.
35. To flow gently.

#### DOWN:

1. A number of persons working or playing together, as to form a side in a game.
2. An exclamation expressing sudden, but mild, emotion, as pity.
3. A small deer of Europe and Asia.
4. A metal-bearing mineral or rock.
5. A pronoun showing possession.
6. A native of Turkey.
8. An interjection, meaning "Hail!" or "Farewell!"
10. A large, deep vessel for washing purposes.
12. A globe.
14. To waste time; to delay.
15. An order of classic architecture characterized by a spiral, scroll-shaped ornamental top.
17. The creator of heaven and earth.
18. A thick, sweet fruit preserve; to become tightly packed.
21. Not within doors.
23. A bank or wall built so as to hold water.
24. Temporary freedom given a defendant or prisoner when security is entered for his appearance when summoned.
25. A piece of timber.
27. A narrative or story.
29. A silvery white, soft metal from which many useful articles are made, as boxes, cans, pans, etc.
30. A relative pronoun.
32. An interjection meaning to behold.
34. A preposition.

(Answers on page 237.)

## FALLING TIMBER: A GAME

By BEATO A. DE LA CRUZ

THIS game is popular in Aklan.

From eleven to twenty children can take part in the game. All the players, except one, form a circle. They sit on the ground and stretch their legs toward the center. The players also stretch their hands forward. The extra player steps into the circle and places his feet at the point in the center where all the feet meet together. His feet are held tight by all the feet of the players around him. Then he stands as stiff as a "piece of timber" ready to fall any moment. The "timber" must fall straight without bending his knees.

At the signal, "Timber, fall," the boy in the center starts to fall like a felled tree upon the hands of the player who form the circle. His feet must never leave the center of the circle. Each player on the

(Please turn to page 235.)

## AN ARITHMETIC PUZZLE

IN Drawing 1 below, the sum of three figures is always 9, whether added horizontally, vertically, or diagonally. In Drawing 2, fill each of the nine squares with any number so that three figures, added horizontally, vertically, or diagonally will give 9.

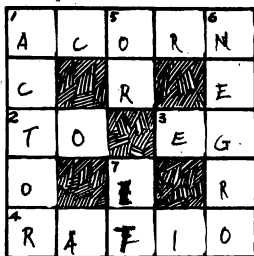
3	3	3
3	3	3
3	3	3

DRAWING 1


DRAWING 2

## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

By ARTURO SINCO



ACROSS:

1. The seed of the oak.
2. A preposition to show direction.
3. Abbreviation of "for example".
4. Relation of number, degree, or quantity; the quotient of one quantity divided by another of like kind.

DOWN:

1. A performer in plays or dramas.
5. A coordinating conjunction.
6. A member of a typical black African race.
7. A pronoun in the third person.

## A PHONIC'S GAME

By ALICIA NEBRIAGA

GRADES III—VII

THIS game can be played by pupils from grades III to VII, suiting the materials to the particular grade it is used in.

Direction: Write the phonics list on the board:

Example:

face	cake	etc.
lace	sway	
stay	trail	

(Please turn to page 235.)

## THE MEHAN GARDEN

*(Continued from page 226.)*

you seen a circus in which an elephant was one of its main attractions?

Not far from Goyo, I observed the Russian bears. They were captured in Siberia where the climate is cold, but one of them, I suppose, was born in the Mehan Garden. They have a coat of brown fur to keep them warm and also sharp claws to work and fight with. Brown bears can be tamed.

In the next cage I saw a couple of terrible-looking wild hogs with long snouts and sharp, yellow tusks. The wild hog is widely distributed throughout the Philippines, and is hunted by many because its meat is delicious. This animal is very destructive to plants so that farmers build strong fences around their farms.

Tex, the tiger, was in a pensive mood in the next cage. The Palmer-Johnson Expedition in 1939 captured him in China. Tex has an orange coat which is striped with black. The tiger is among the fiercest of animals and, like the lion, belongs to the cat family.

On a wooded hillock in a corner of the same inclosure I saw a couple of strange animals called mousedeer or chevrotan. The mousedeer though barely two feet high can outrun many beasts. The mousedeer is a rare animal from Palawan.

Having seen all the interesting animals in that inclosure, I followed an acacia-shaded path leading to the southern part of the garden. Standing alone where the path divides itself is an *akuio* tree or *diospyllum decandrum*. This big tree is a native of the Philippines. Near the bandstand, to the right, is a macupa tree or *Eugenia Mallacensis*. The fruit of the macupa which is common in the country is delicious. Another tree I saw was the ipil. From the ipil we obtain first

class hard wood. This tree is used by the Bureau of Forestry in reforesting barren hills.

After a short walk northward, I came to the northern inclosure. Near it is a pond in which could be seen many goldfish gracefully gliding in languour and seeming contentment.

The monkeys in the enclosure caught my attention, and watching them pick one another's lice and eating their catch greatly amused me.

In another partition of that cage I saw what looked like a big rotting log lying near a pool. Upon close observation, I found out that it was a big crocodile. This animal has square scales on its back which are as thick as ancient armor plates, and its long tail has a deadly lashing strength. Crocodiles are found in many big rivers in the tropics and are dreaded because they are man-eaters.

Some procupines that were running about in the next cage caught my attention. The quills of this animal which, I suppose, are sharp look harmless on its back, but when the procupine is exposed to danger they stand up, making it look like a pin-cushion. Procupines can be found in Palawan.

The next partition is a sort of aviary where several Philippine birds are kept. I saw some eagles perching high in one cage. These birds which are noted for their keen eyes have a gray color on the back and white on the breast and on the legs. Their hoarse call may be heard in the high mountains where they live.

In another cage were some pigeons. Looking at them made me think of the pigeons used as message-bearers during the world war from 1914 to 1918 and also in the present war in Europe.

On the ground I saw some herons peck-

*(Please turn to page 235.)*

## SCHUBERT...

(Continued from page 221.)

Schubert's. It also saw the beginning of his only official appointment, the post of music-master to the family of Court Johann Esterhazy at Zelesz, where he spent the summer amid pleasant and friendly surroundings. On his return to Vienna in the autumn he found that Von Schober had no room for him, and so he took up his residence with the poet Mayrhofer. He made his first public appearance as a song-writer on February 28, 1819.

All these years music publishers would not print his works. It was not until his friend Vogl had sung *Erlkonig* at a concert that Diabelli, a publisher, hesitatingly agreed to print some of his works on commission. But he did not get much from this. The mishaps of these years were compensated by the prosperity and happiness of 1825 when publication moved more rapidly; the stress of poverty was for a time lightened. In the summer there was a pleasant holiday in Upper Austria where Schubert was welcomed with enthusiasm.

Some of his smaller pieces were printed shortly after his death, but the more valuable seem to have been regarded by the publishers as waste paper. Schubert is best summed up by Liszt, another great composer, as the most poetic of musicians. In clarity of style he was inferior to Mozart, in power of musical construction he was far inferior to Beethoven, but in poetic impulse and suggestion he is unsurpassed. He wrote always at headlong speed, he seldom blotted a line, and the greater part of his work bears, as a result, the essential mark of improvisation.\* He was the greatest song-writer that ever

lived, and almost everything in his hand turned to song.

Like Mozart, whose influence over him was considerable, he wrote nearly all the finest of his compositions in the last ten years of his life. He wrote operas, piano-forte compositions, sonatas, and concerted pieces for the voice, but the bulk of his works was in his songs which numbered over 600 and contained masterpieces from the beginning of his career to the end. He wrote compositions for the poems of Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and other poets. He is said to have been indiscriminating in his choice of words. Schuman declared that "he could set a handbill to music," and there is no doubt that he was inspired by any lyric which contained, though even in imperfect expression, the germ of a poetic idea. But his finest songs are almost all to beautiful poems. He set over 60 of the poems of Schiller, famous German poet, and 70 of Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany. To Schubert the world owes the introduction into music of a particular quality of romance, a particular "addition of strangeness to beauty"; and so long as the art remains his place among its supreme masters is undoubtedly assured.

Like Mozart, Schuman died young. He died on November 19, before completing his 32nd year.

## JUMBLED PHILIPPINE GEOGRAPHY

## THE ANSWERS

I.—1. Panay, 2. Mindoro, 3. Samar, 4. Bohol, 5. Negros.

II.—1. Batangas, 2. Tarlac, 3. Tayabas, 4. Cebu, 5. Leyte.

III.—1. Bato, 2. Taal, 3. Mainit, 4. Lanao, 5. Buhì.

\* An extemporaneous musical composition.

## HEALTH AND SAFETY SECTION



TO MAKE my house a more pleasant place to live in, I decided to get rid of mosquitoes, flies, bedbugs, and other kinds of vermin that seemed to find our house and its surroundings very comfortable places of habitation. My teacher in health and sanitation had taught me that vermins are a nuisance to human beings.

My brother and I filled the stagnant pool near our house with garbage and earth in order to deprive the mosquitoes of a nice place to grow their young. We drained the ditch near the house properly so that water would not stand. After this we buried the manure and other dirty matter which served as good breeding places of flies. And then we swept the yard very well.

The program for the following day was to destroy the house pests—chiefly bedbugs and cockroaches. While waiting for the petroleum can of water to boil, my brother and I took all our mov-

able pieces of furniture to our yard, in the sunshine. These I liberally sprayed with "flit." And then we poured boiling water on every crack and crevice where I know bedbugs were safely hiding. When I was sure that every blood sucker had taken a good hot bath, we left the furniture in the sunshine the whole day, taking them upstairs in the late afternoon. In the meantime, my brother and I investigated and clean every nook and corner of the house which were possible cosy habitats of cockroaches. The boiling water was a most convenient and thorough-going weapon in convincing the cockroaches that the house was getting too warm for their comfort and they had better scam to save their black, filthy skin.

We repeated this highly effective process once every three weeks, until the house and its surroundings were fit only for healthy, sanitary-minded human beings.

As for the rats—well, we have never  
(Please turn to page 239.)

\*Thirteen years old Rizal Elementary school, Tondo, Manila.



## CARLING AND HIS FLUTE

*(Continued from page 229.)*

the bamboo dried up, the quality of the sound improved, until finally, it produced a beautiful sound. While he watched the sheep in the pasture, Carling played

*(Please turn to page 237.)*

## HOW MARIO WAS ABLE...

*(Continued from page 225.)*

centavos. This will be more than what I'll need for the school supplies."

"Oh, by the way, *Aling* Sela," said the teacher, "Mario's teacher in gardening said that Mario has one peso deposited with Mr. Castro. This amount came from the sales of Mario's garden vegetables. Mario could get the money any time."

Great was *Aling* Sela's and Mario's joy when they were sure about the boy's going back to school.

On the bamboo stairs Mr. Cruz turned to speak to the boy. "Mario, don't fail to remind me about your books after you have enrolled." And then he bade *Aling* Sela and Mario goodbye.

The two watched Mr. Cruz walk away. "He is a very kind teacher," *Aling* Sela said quietly.

"I'm glad he came," the boy said.

"You must behave well in the class," spoke the mother. "You must do everything to please Mr. Cruz."

## THE MEHAN GARDEN

*(Continued from page 232.)*

ing around quietly. The heron seems to walk on stilts and has only one leg visible when it is at rest. In the field this bird may be seen perching on the carabao's back. The heron frequents inland lakes and creeks where it feeds on the smaller aquatic animals.

In going home I took the way which

runs parallel to the Taft Avenue. I saw the monument of Sebastian Soler Vidal with an inscription in Spanish at its base. I stood looking at the statue for a while, thinking of the unique contribution of the man who laid the plans of the Mehan Garden.

## A PHONIC'S GAME

*(Continued from page 231.)*

Then write the same words on flash cards.

Place the cards on the chalk ledge with the blank sides up. The appointed leader goes to the board and takes one card without showing it to the class. He asks:

I have a word on this card; guess what it is.

Pupil: Is it cake?

Leader: No, it is not cake—or

Yes, it is cake.

The one who can guess and pronounce the word correctly becomes the next leader. But even if the word is guessed correctly if it is not rightly pronounced he does not become a leader.

**VARIATION**—Instead of flash cards, the words may be written on small pieces of paper which are rolled and placed in an open box. It will then be like drawing lots.

## FALLING TIMBER

*(Continued from page 231.)*

circle must stretch his hands to push the "timber" away from him. He must not stand or sit up to do this. He remains in his original position.

Every player tries to push the "timber" away from him, or it falls upon him. If it does, then he becomes the next "timber".

The game goes on as long as the children enjoy the game.

## THE DAY BARONG...

(Continued from page 211.)

Carlos as he and Rita ran to their father who was sitting against a post, his clothes mud-soaked.

"Don't cry, Rita. I'm all right. It's only my ankle which I sprained." And then seeing the dog wagging his tail happily, *Mang Sidro* said, patting him, "So you have done a good deed again, Barong. Good, good, dog."

Carlos and Rita helped their father up the stairs and to the bamboo bed. When *Mang Sidro* felt comfortable on the bed, Carlos ran to the field to get the lunch from the mango tree. Rita pushed the small table near the farmer's bed, and brought in steaming cups of fragrant ginger tea which she had brewed so that they could have something hot with their cold lunch. The three had a merry meal together while Barong, under the bed, was busy with the chicken bones and the whole of a big leg which *Mang Sidro* had given him.

A few minutes after their meal, the farmer told Carlos to walk down to the crossroads and get *Tandang Sepa* to massage his foot which he could not move any more.

When the old woman came, Rita assisted her by heating the kapok leaves and cutting rags for bandaging. It must be awfully painful, the girl thought, to have his father's foot massaged the way *Tandang Sepa* did it. However, when the quack was through, *Mang Sidro* said he felt better.

Carlos took *Tandang Sepa* home, and then took a bus to town to tell his mother about *Mang Sidro's* sprained foot, else she would wait and wait for them. He was told that he might spend the night at his aunt's house in the town, as *Mang Sidro* and Rita could manage the night

ANSWER  
CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

4	1	4
3	3	3
2	5	2

A	C	O	R	N
C	R	E	E	
T	O	E	G	
O	I	R		
R	A	T	I	O

through. But Carlos knew that his mother would send him back. *Aling Ipay* herself would go home right quick if she knew that her husband had met with an accident, but *Mang Sidro* made Carlos promise to assure her that he was all right and that he, *Mang Sidro*, wanted her help *Tia Juana*.

The farmer told Rita she might study to be a nurse when she grew up. She was very much concerned with the sprain of her father. After their supper which Rita cooked and which *Mang Sidro* declared was as good as *Aling Ipay's* work, Rita lighted the oil lamp at the altar.

When the last bus from the town stopped, Rita told her father, "I think that's Carlos." And sure enough it was Carlos with two large baskets sent by *Tia Juana*. There were large white rice cakes, chicken soup with *sutanjon*, other kinds of cakes wrapped in banana leaves, and a large heart of delicious yellow custard.

## THE BALANGIGA MASSACRE

(Continued from page 218.)

tory was at hand as the retreating insurgents vanished one by one into the forest.

But that was not the end. After several hours native warriors with flashing spears came from all directions, like a swarm of locusts, and attacked the Amer-

icans again. This time the foreigners were greatly outnumbered by the Samaritanos, and the only way to save themselves was either to surrender or retreat. But the gallant twenty held their ground firmly, making no inch of retreat. But their heroic resistance was hopeless. They were forced back to their rooms and hacked there. Major Griswold and Lieutenant Bumpus were killed while Captain Connel who jumped from the window died.

Of the remaining twenty soldiers, only six were able to escape in groups of three. They stole two *barotos* (native bancas) and set out for Tacloban, the nearest American outpost. The native warriors pursued them all day, but were kept at a distance by the rifles of the fugitives. One of the boats drifted ashore and landed at Lipata, now a barrio of Basey, and its unfortunate occupants were murdered by the natives there. The three other Americans continued sailing under the heat of the burning sun. Thirst, hunger, and their torturing wounds added to their suffering. After a harrowing night, the three survivors landed at dawn of September 29, 1901, at Tolosa, a town of eastern Leyte where they were picked up and housed by one of the prominent friendly natives of that town. In the afternoon of the same day they were able to connect Tacloban to which they proceeded to tell the news of the massacre.

Immediately a relief expedition was dispatched to Balangiga to recover the bodies of the slain soldiers and punish the insurgents. But when the Americans landed at Balangiga, the natives had deserted the town. On the spot where the bloody combat was fought were traces of dry blood. The bodies of the dead soldiers had already been buried in the town plaza. The insurgents and their

(Please turn to page 239.)

### CARLING AND HIS FLUTE

(Continued from page 235.)

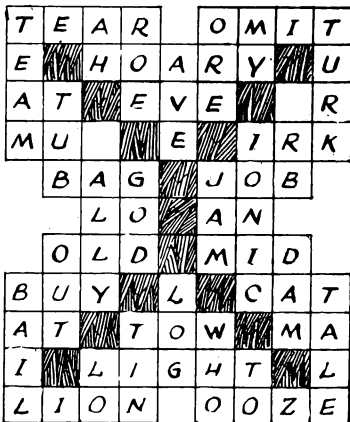
on his flute until he was able to play most of the pieces that he had heard the town band play.

One day, Carling took along his flute to the *kiosko* where the band was playing. Most of the pieces played were familiar to him. He wanted to play with the musicians, but he was afraid that he might be scolded by the conductor and laughed at by the players. At last the temptation was so great that he got out his flute which he had hidden in his pocket and played with the musicians. When the musicians saw the boy, they made signs to stop him, but Carling went on with his playing. The conductor who was a kindly old man watched Carling with interest, and then when the piece was finished, he approached the boy who

(Please turn to page 239.)

### COCKEYED CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

(The Answer)





## A Day at the Beach

By ARSENIO A. BALAIS

(13 years old)

EARLY one morning my mother, sister, brother, and I packed our lunch and articles needed and went to spend a day at the beach. The day was clear and fair.

When we arrived at the beach, I was a little disappointed because in my imagination I had pictured a beach as being more attractive than what I really found it to be. But I soon found it to be a very interesting place.

First, we put on our bathing suits for a swim. I am not much of a swimmer, but I enjoyed playing in the big waves when they came rolling toward the shore. As I got bolder, I went further from the shore until a man catching crabs told me to go back to the beach.

Of course our lunch tasted very good when we ate it under some trees along the beach. I think the lunch was the most enjoyable part of our outing.

## Hunting With Father

By BLAS MEJI \*

VERY early one Saturday morning my father woke me up and asked me if I would like to go hunting with him and some friends. Of course I wanted to go, and so I jumped up from my bed. I helped him prepare the things we needed. After breakfast we set out, my father shouldering his gun while I carried our provision.

On our way to the mountains we met a young man. According to a popular belief among the hunters of

\* Fourteen years old, Elementary School, Bato, Leyte.

Making forts and tunnels in the sand is lots of fun. But one should take along something with which to dig the sand.

I enjoyed looking for shells and star fish. One can always find interesting shells near the beach.

Presently it was time to return home. I was quite tired after my day at the beach.

my place, a chance meeting on a hunting trip is a good omen. Not long after our arrival at the mountain fastness noted for game, our dogs began to scent quarry. The dogs began to bark and soon disappeared in hot pursuit. Presently a huge boar came running fast toward Father. He aimed, and then there was a loud detonation which gave a long and loud echo. The poor animal, hit on the forehead, died almost instantly. I ran towards the boar, and on seeing that it still looked alive, I grabbed it by the neck and rode on it as though I were a wrestler atop his opponent. My companions laughed at me, although I was quite serious because I thought that I was doing something big and important.

We carried our catch to our camp where we cooked some of the meat. We feasted on the boar with high spirits. Shortly after we had had our fill, we went home with the air of conquerors.

## THE BALANGIGA...

*(Continued from page 237.)*

leaders had retreated into the mountains.

To this day the fame of Valeriano Abanador, the brave leader, and Eugenio Daaz, the master-mind of the plot, has remained, and the names of these two insurgents have been endeared in the hearts of the natives of Balangiga.

## CARLING AND HIS FLUTE

*(Continued from page 237.)*

showed fear in his face and was about to run away. But the conductor held him by the hand. "Where and how did you learn flute playing?" he asked the boy.

Carling told him everything.

"If you want," said the conductor, "you may join the band."

The happiness of the boy was unbounded.

The day the boy joined the band was the beginning of the boy's rise to fame. He was able to pay his way to school from his share in the band. Later he went to study music in Manila. Afterwards he became a great musician—a slow, upward rise from a poor, earnest boy who made his own bamboo flute and played while he watched his sheep in the pasture.

## RIDGING OUR PLACE...

*(Continued from page 234.)*

been bothered by rats since we took in two cats for household pets. After a week or so with the family,

## THRIFTY ROSAURO

*(Continued from page 223.)*

mas." Come on, Steve, we must be going. Good-bye, Rosauro.

ROSAURO: Goodbye, boys.

*(The friends separate, Rosauro going to school, and Tomas and Esteban going home.)*

(CURTAIN)

Scene III

*(Tomas is seen at a window in the local post office talking to a clerk at the Postal Savings Bank Department.)*

TOMAS: How can I open an account in the Postal Savings Bank?

CLERK: If you have one peso, you can open an account. If you deposit one peso, we will issue you a book in which your initial deposit will be entered.

TOMAS: But, sir, I have only fifty centavos which I earned yesterday.

CLERK: Would you like to save that?

TOMAS: Yes, sir.

the cats mysteriously increased in weight. Last year one of the cats died. I suspect that he died for lack of exercise: there were not enough rats to run after—and feast on. Today the other cat appears sleepy most of the time. I know why: he has found the house very dull, for want of game.

CLERK: Here is a card with spaces for 10 ten-centavo stamps. With the fifty centavos which you now have you can buy 5 ten-centavo postal savings stamps and paste them on this card. As soon as possible, buy some more stamps. When you have filled this card with ten stamps which are worth a peso, return it to me and I will issue you a Postal Savings Bank Book in which your deposit will be entered whenever you make one.

TOMAS: Here, sir, is the money. *(He gives the clerk his fifty centavos. The clerk gives him the card and the five stamps, which he pastes on the card.)* Thank you, sir. I shall be back in a few days for the other five stamps. I am going to save my money from this time on.

*(Esteban enters the post office and sees Tomas.)*

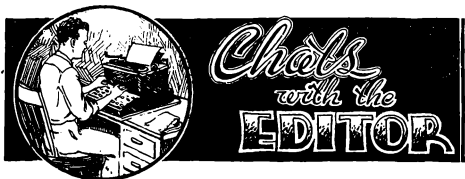
ESTEBAN: Hello, Tomas. What are you doing here?

TOMAS: Just starting a postal savings account.

ESTEBAN: That is exactly what I have come to do. I, too, have learned my lesson from thrifty Rosauro. Next year I'm going to school!

TOMAS: Me too, Esteban!

(CURTAIN)



SCHOOL days are with us again. We are in company with new faces, new teachers and new friends. One great fun of school life is meeting people with varying characteristics. Getting along well with persons whose traits are different from ours is an enviable ability. Education is not only book learning. Education also embraces the training a child in dealing with his fellows. The happiest persons are those who count with many good friends. The school is one of the best training grounds for the social development of a boy or girl. School days are among the best times in forming beautiful and lasting friendships.

\* \* \*

YOU have probably noticed a changed layout of the magazine, a better one we are proud to think. We have better, much bigger illustrations, going with materials which have been selected from many manuscripts; for, you see, contributions have come pouring, as it were, from all

parts of the country. This is truly encouraging. Teachers from the remotest barrios where children wallow in the mud on rainy days have sent us stories, poems, and teaching devices which they have found successful. THE YOUNG CITIZEN has become a medium through which teachers share their ideas and experiences.

\* \* \*

One thing that must have struck the attention of our readers is the lack of advertisements in the pages of this magazine. The reason for this is not the shying away of advertizers from us; people will only be too glad to advertize in THE YOUNG CITIZEN because of its big and growing circulation. You see that our pages are "full and "solid". This is poor business on our part, we know, but we do not mind, not much anyway. We want to serve the teachers and young boys and girls of this country.

IN OUR opinion the version of Elias de Jesus Umali of the story of the little red hen is more entertaining than the original prose selection. Mr. Umali has sent us two thick batches of poems, almost all of them very good and which we shall use from time to time.

\* \* \*

YOU have read of ghost writers, those self-effacing scribblers who slave in the shadow while the big shots for whom they write bask in the sunlight. But perhaps you have not read of ghost editors. Well, THE YOUNG CITIZEN has had one in the last few months. But the ghost editor who is now writing this page will not be a ghost any longer. By the time you get hold of his issue, he will have died. You will never know who is—nor care. He has fallen in love with his work of reading and editing interesting manuscripts, fallen like a ton of steel; but this ghost of an editor will die, soon. Before he breathes his last, he wishes to say to all THE YOUNG CITIZEN readers: Goodbye, auf wiedersehen, adios, sayonara—all of which mean, Since it must be . . . Ghost Editor.

# Announcement to All Our Young Readers:

Did you ever do something interesting and worth while? Have you had any experience in doing any of the following: (1) Collecting Philippine Shells, (2) Hunting Turtles, (3) Exploring a Volcano, (4) Catching Sharks, (5) Making an Aquarium, (6) Collecting Postage Stamps, (7) Visiting Famous Churches of the Philippines, (8) Making a Garden, (9) Raising Flowers, (10) Making Candies, (11) Building a Sail Boat, (12) Hunting for Wild Animals, (13) Baking Bread or Cakes, (14) Making Articles of Clothing, (15) Making Articles of Furniture, (16) Visiting the Aquarium in Manila, (17) Collecting Moths and Butterflies, (18) Collecting Interesting Botanical Specimens, (19) Raising Orchids, (20) Visiting Primitive Peoples in the Philippines, or doing many other interesting things.

## WRITE ABOUT IT IN A SHORT COMPOSITION.

Send your composition to *The Young Citizen*.

Each month the Editor of *The Young Citizen* will publish as many of the best compositions as space will permit.

If your composition is accepted for publication, you will become a member of

### **The What-Are-You-Doing? Club.**

The rules for securing membership are simple.

## OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES:

1. Write about something interesting which you have done, such as the above titles suggest. Do not write a story which is not true. If your story is accepted, you are a member of the Club.
2. On your composition write your name and address VERY PLAINLY.
3. State your age.
4. Tell what you liked best in recent issues of *The Young Citizen*.

Address all letters to:

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**The Uses of**  
**THE YOUNG CITIZEN**

*Approved in Acad. Bull. No. 11, series 1935*

The Director of Education, in his letters of Nov. 4, 1937 and Jan. 14, 1939, indicated the following points:

1. The **YOUNG-CITIZEN** is ideal for audience reading, group projects, and the like.
2. The **YOUNG CITIZEN** can be of much help in encouraging reading habits on a voluntary basis.
3. Authority is given for the placing of one or more subscriptions for *every classroom* (including barrio schools) of Grade II and above.
4. In addition to subscriptions for classrooms, several subscriptions may be placed for the library, and one for the Home Economics Building and one for the shop building.
5. The **YOUNG CITIZEN** being the only magazine ever published in the Philippines for children, the Bureau of Education has taken much interest in its development.
6. Subscriptions to magazine intended for pupils should be on full year basis.

*This magazine is published 12 times a year*

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**MANILA**