

FIFI

(A Story)

By B. HILL CANOVA

FIFI was a pup, such a young pup. Miss Hoffman was a young businesswoman, a very busy young lady. Trudie was a little girl, a little German girl that lived in far away China. Now what do you think could happen to a very young pup, a little girl in China, and a busy woman?

Miss Hoffman loved the outdoors but she had little time to enjoy the meadows of flowers, the woods, the streams, and the sunshine. Her work kept her inside from early until late in the afternoon. It was her custom to take a walk at dawn when the world was just waking for its day's work and play. Sometimes she dropped in on some friend for a cup of hot chocolate for breakfast and a brief visit. Sometimes as she passed a friend's home she teased by tossing snow balls on their roof to wake them.

One morning as she was on one of these early strolls she heard something that sounded like the whimpering of a puppy. She looked about and, sure enough, right by the side of a stone was a tiny pup, hardly bigger than a rat. Its tail curled tightly over its back as it

shook and shivered with cold and hunger. Miss Hoffman could not take a pup to the office, neither could she leave the little thing by the side of the road to perish or to be run over by a vehicle. It was so small that it just fit in the palms of her hands.

"You poor little thing, I wonder if you have been cast away."

She hastened on and as she approached Trudie's house she called, "Yoo-hoo-yoo-hoo," long and loud. She saw smoke coming out of the chimney and knew someone must be up, at least the cook. She turned into the yard, crept to the window,



placed the puppy on the window sill and knocked on the wall.

The knocking startled Trudie and she jumped quickly from her bed. When she saw the pup she shouted, "Oh, look, mother. Look in my window!" There on the outside of the window sill stood the curly tailed pup looking helpless and desolate. Miss Hoffman stood in silence against the wall to see what would happen next. Up came the window and out came a pair of little hands and took the pup inside. "Isn't it cute, mother, is it for me?"

"I don't know where it could have come from. I thought I heard Miss Hoffman's call down the road but I cannot see anything of her."

At this Miss Hoffman laughed and came out in sight. She told them how she had found the little cast-away. "May I leave it here for the day? I can't take it to the office and have no time to return home with it. If I advertise in the papers perhaps I can find out to whom it belongs."

"Leave it here always, please, Miss Hoffman," begged Trudie.

"Sure you may leave it," answered the child's mother. "Come in, we are about to have breakfast. This cold morning should have given you a real appetite."

"I have had breakfast," replied Miss Hoffman, "but I can never refuse a cup of chocolate or coffee at your house."

Before anyone could have anything to eat Trudie insisted that Fifi, as she named the pup at once, should have some warm milk. The poor little thing was so young that it did not know how to drink from a bowl. It looked as if it had been without food for some time and they were anxious for it to take something. Trudie held the tiny animal in her arms and her father used a medicine dropper and they fed the little thing its first meal that way. With warmth and food the pup soon fell asleep. Trudie wrapped it in one of her doll blankets and tucked it snugly in the doll's cradle. "Look, it is like a real baby," she said as the pup's head rested on the small pillow. "It's like having a little brother or sister."



"It is a dear little animal," agreed the mother.

"Shall we keep it?"

"We must try to find its owner first, but if we cannot do that, then we must let Miss Hoffman decide what she wants to do with it," explained Trudie's mother.

"If no one claims it, Trudie, I think you would make a fine nurse for it. What do you think?" asked Miss Hoffman.

"Yes, yes, I could nurse it very well."

Miss Hoffman finished her cup of hot chocolate and had to hurry on to her office. It was hard to get Trudie off to school that morning—so enchanted was she with the little dog. As she went out the door she called, "Mother, please don't let Miss Hoffman find an owner for the puppy before I get back from school this afternoon."

"It will likely be here when you return. Run along."

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KIKO'S ADVENTURES



FIFI

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That afternoon Trudie came in breathless. So anxious was she to see the puppy again that she had run all the way from school. "Oh, Fifi, dear, I have been so afraid all day—afraid some one would come to take you away and I'd never, never see you again. You are so nice I want to keep you my whole life."

Miss Hoffman did advertise the pup found on the road side and Trudie's parents inquired for the owner. As the days went by and no one called for it, it was decided that Trudie could consider the little animal as hers.

There developed an affection between child and pup that grew as they grew. Where Trudie lived there were no playmates for her so she talked and played with Fifi as if he had been another child. Each day as the little girl went to the convent to have her lessons the little dog stood at the gate waving his tail as long as she was in sight. In the afternoon when

she returned there was Fifi with a happy wave of the tail and a yelp of joy. Trudie often wished it was proper for dogs to read and write so she could take this one to school with her.

Trudie's parents also grew very fond of the little dog. They were pleased to see their little daughter so happy with her playmate. Every evening as people passed the house they saw a little girl and a little dog, at the window waiting and watching for the father to return from his work. Fifi soon learned to recognize the sound of the master's motorcycle as well as Trudie.

By and by when Trudie was about twelve years old and the dog about five, the father came to the Philippines and found a position. After he went away Fifi often went to the window and listened anxiously and then would turn to Trudie and seem to ask, "Why does the master not come?"

"Because," Trudie would explain, as she took her pet up in her arms, "he is very busy right now but as soon as he gets a

home prepared, you, mother, and I are going to join him."

Trudie knew her geography very well so she often took Fifi to the map and pointed out the place where her father was in the Philippines. "You see, Fifi, that is where he is and that is where we are going before long." Fifi would tighten the curl in his tail a little and seem to understand.

One day a big ship arrived in the Philippines and on the deck stood Trudie, her mother and Fifi anxiously looking for the father, husband, and master. As the gangplank was being lowered they recognized a tall man waving a white helmet to them. At that moment Fifi gave a yelp of joy and leaped from the deck to the master's shoulder. This was a happy reunion, the family and the little dog. They all went home to the plantation where the father had his work.

This family would have been very lonesome in the islands had they not been a devoted and resourceful group. The mother and father knew scarcely any

English and there was no one near who spoke German. Trudie knew her English well, but there were no girls and boys for her to play with. In the new home her best pal and playmate was her old friend, Fifi.

By and by Trudie grew up and Fifi was becoming an old dog. Dogs, as you know, are considered old at ten. Finally, it was time for Trudie to go away to school. She was to sail to Europe and never expected to return to the islands again. They discussed the possibility of taking Fifi, but thought the heat in going through the Red Sea and Suez Canal would be too much for him since he was so old and so fat.

Trudie had her suitcases and bags spread out on the floor to pack and repack. Fifi stood watching her with a question in his eyes and the curl slightly out of his tail. After a while he jumped into one of the open bags and coiled up with a dejected look on his face. The girl was busy arranging something in another bag, but when she discovered the dog in the bag she sat down in the floor and wept and wept. By and by when she felt like talking she took Fifi's head between her hands and explained everything to him. "Listen, Fifi," she began. "it is very, very hard to leave you. You have been my playmate, pal, brother. Oh! you have been everything." With that she took her much loved pet up in her arms and hugged him tight. "You understand everything." Then she

put him back on the floor and standing on her knees took his head in her hands again and continued to explain: "You see the travel on the ship would be hard for you, then the heat in the Red Sea would be still harder. After that you would have to remain in quarantine for six months in Genoa. I could not be allowed to be there with you. I do not know the kind of food you would have or who would give you a bath. And the main thing, Fifi," she went on very seriously as she smoothed back his ears and stroke the back of his head, "you must stay here to keep my mother and father company while I am away. You are the only one around here who speaks German, you know. You must now take my place, and at the same time be yourself too. In Europe I will be busy at school. You can do more good here than by going with me. I'll miss you all my life, but you must stay here and be happy. Roll on the floor laughing and playing every day, but don't let any one know that you miss me. Always keep your tail curled."

Feeling that Fifi understood all she had said Trudie put him aside and silently continued her packing. And so it is—Trudie is in far away Europe busy with the business of a young girl. Since she went her mother often says, "Yes, we miss Trudie so very much, but Fifi is a great comfort, always faithful, and so cheerful that his tail is always tightly curled."

AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS

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not only to ourselves, but to injured excursionists as well.

In the afternoons, we went swimming in the Falls. A shallow place was marked off and non-swimmers were not permitted to go beyond the mark. A life-saving stick was always within reach: (thanks to God, it never was used actually).

During our last evening, we held a large campfire. You can imagine the seven of us,—a wee group, proportionally smaller than the fire we built, creating an atmosphere of merriment and cheer. There we were,—singing around the campfire,—and lusty voices raised in the air, lost in the darkness around. The Campfire is an institution. Around it, friendships are formed,—friendships as tight and binding as the large cables that support a mighty bridge. Around it, comradeship prevails,—a comradeship that will remain unforgotten in the years to come, even when we no longer wear shorts and neckerchiefs.

Tired but happy; a little hungry, but buoyant; each and every one of us returned home the next day, every boy with his own stories to tell. The members of our Tribe have had various camp experiences in the past, but take it from one who has always been present in all of them, our 1937 Summer Camp in Hinulagan Tak-Tak Falls, Antipolo, tops them all!