



AMONG THE BOY SCOUTS—

By Ricardo de la Cruz *

LONE SCOUT TRIBE GOES TO CAMP



Sssssssssssssssssssss Boom!
 "Boy Scouts, Stand together!
 Never quit the troop!
 We'll fight on forever.
 We'll never quit, we'll never quit the troop!"

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Brother Scouts forever!
 Life is just a loop.
 If you want to keep Life spinning,
 Carry on the game of Scouting!
 Never quit the troop!"

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Rigger Boom! Kigger Boom! ! Sis-boom-ba! !
 Manga Suman
 All Hail Tribe One!

Rigger Boom! Kigger Boom!! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Sssssssssssssssssssss Tribe!
 Sssssssssssssssssssss One! !
 Sssssssssssssssssssss Tribe One! ! !

It was on the morning of May 6th, that Lone Scout Tribe One, of Manila, left the Santa Mesa Railroad Station, bound for a one-week camp in Hinulagang Tak-Tak Falls, Antipolo Rizal.

Composed of only one leader and six boys (the author was a member of the group), we, nevertheless, had the time of our lives during that one week stay. Of the party, four were experienced campers, while three were "green-horns" still.

Arriving at the Hinulagan Tak-Tak Falls station at around ten-thirty, and gazing at the tremendous up-and-down trail we had to follow before we could reach our destination, it seemed as if we could never accomplish the feat. The weather was not friendly, as could be seen by looking at the dark clouded sky, and as a matter of fact, it started to rain a little just before we be-

gan our work of taking our equipment to the camping place. It took us about an hour to do this, because of our limited number and the difficult passage. Finally, we reached the place, exhausted, and immediately started cooking our lunch.

At this juncture, I would stop and recount more detailedly my camp impressions. For purposes of securing a more liberal freedom of style in guiding the reader, I would invite him to take an imaginary stroll with me and observe things as we go on our way.

We arrive at the Manila Railroad Station of Hinulagan Tak-Tak Falls. Before descending to the lake-depository, we stand by the iron railing overlooking the lake and give the scene a general view. Below us is a cluster of small bamboo huts with roofs of thatched cogon grass, serving as refreshment parlors and rest places for tired excursionists.

We go down, following a winding trail that leads right into the huts which, a moment ago, we espied from above. As we stand on the boulders beside the huts, we see before us the Falls itself,—several columns of water rushing and roaring over a stony precipice. The lake, into which the water falls is in the form of a sugar-bowl, with a circumference of about three hundred feet or more.

Several persons are swimming in the lake; it is a real thrill to join them; and a few, more daring and reckless, go so far as to climb the boulders opposite us and to dive from them.

Going on our way, we pass by the last store, and in front of us is a long, slippery trail leading upward. We follow it. It is a very tiresome journey—at times, we have to cling to a hanging branch or twig in order to maintain our balance. Finally we arrive on the summit, fatigued almost to a point of lying down.

(To be continued next month)

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