

Ernesto's Excursion To The Woods

Aunt Julia's True Stories

(Continued)



ERNESTO was eating his breakfast hurriedly. He was taking his milk in big gulps. His father said,

"There is no hurry, son. We have plenty of time. The sun is just rising."

"Yes, Father, but I should like to see the nests of different birds and I want to see little ones. There is that beautiful yellow bird again!" Ernesto exclaimed.

"As I told you" the father began, "that black and yellow bird is called the kuliawan or oriole. It is a favorite pet and is kept in a pretty cage in many a home. Why, do you think, is it much liked?"

"Because of its beautiful colors," Ernesto answered quickly, "and its sweet voice," he added.

"And it sings continuously. It is happiest when it is a father or about to be. We shall try to locate its nest."

Father and son walked toward the big mango tree where the kuliawan disappeared. After straining their eyes for a while, Ernesto exclaimed:

"There, there is the kuliawan perched on that branch."

"Not far from him we shall find the nest," his father said.

Sure enough. Hanging from a small twig was a pocket-like nest of grass. On it was seated Mrs. Kuliawan, her black head and black tail and golden back visible between the branches. As the nest swayed in the breeze, Ernesto asked,

"Don't you think it will fall, Father?"

"No, the nest is tied to the twig with strong blades of grass that are woven into the nest. It is built far out at the end of a small twig so that it cannot be reached by cats, owls, and snakes which eat baby orioles."

"What do the baby orioles eat? My classmate who has a pet bird feeds it with bananas."

"The baby orioles eat worms and flies. They have a strong appetite. They continuously scream and clamor for food. So the father and mother orioles have to work hard all day hunting for worms and flies."



Ernesto's father stopped and motioned to Ernesto to keep quiet. Mr. Oriole's song filled the woods.

When the last notes of Mr. Kuliawan's song died out, Ernesto said,

"Birds are wonderful animals, aren't they, Father?"

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Overnight Camping . . .*(Continued from page 127)*

have a swim. We spent the rest of the time until six o'clock, swimming and eating the fruits we had picked during our interesting exploration. I passed two scouts who took the test in swimming and life saving.

Up again in our camping place, we again started to get busy preparing our supper and also cutting dry wood for the camp fire. When supper was over a camp fire was built. Everybody gathered around the fire and a program previously planned was given. The program was well prepared and consisted of story telling by several of my scouts, declamations by two and singing and cheering. The Camp Fire Program ended at about 8:15 P.M., after which we all went to bed—that is after bidding each other good night.

Early the next morning, William and I, prepared the breakfast. The rest of the group were busy breaking up camp, for we were to go home after breakfast. We then hiked back to Antipolo along the same road we passed going to camp, and from Antipolo, we took the bus to Manila.

We certainly enjoyed the overnight camp in Antipolo. We are again planning to go camping to some other place. During our previous camping, many of my scouts passed their tests and also learned many new things about the out-of-doors. It was really a glorious change from city life and city pleasures.

Our National Flag . . .*(Continued from page 124)*

wear clothes of more brilliant colors and of more costly materials, but they will never receive so much honor and respect as is given to the flag.

It is what the flag stands for—not what it is—that makes it worthy of the greatest respect that we can give. It stands for

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"Yes, son, birds can perform difficult acts and make things without having to learn how. The young birds can fly without being taught."

"Why do I often hear people say that birds teach their young to fly?" asked the boy.

"The father and mother bird lead the little birds away from the nest when their wings are strong enough. This is necessary sometimes because little birds are afraid or are unwilling to leave the nest. When the parents believe that they are old enough to take care of themselves, they even push the young out of the nest. The little ones flap their wings and just fly. They are not given lessons in the actual use of the wings."

"Father, can't I see some birds' nests?" Ernesto asked eagerly.

"We shall look for some empty ones that have been deserted."

the ideals for which our forefathers fought and died—it stands for liberty, honor, equality, and fraternity. It stands for the Government that maintains schools for us, protects our property, and promotes our happiness. It stands for every town and province in our country. It stands for Lapulapu and Soliman who fought the first European invaders. It stands for Rizal, who risked his life in order that his countrymen might see how they were oppressed. It stands for Bonifacio who started the first general uprising to overthrow the ruling power. It stands for the countless men and women who fell in the battlefields in order that our country might be free. It stands for the courageous Filipino soldier who died in Europe to help "keep this world safe for democracy." It stands for the uncomplaining fathers who work day and night to support their families. It stands for the self-sacrificing mothers who give their all in

"Among the thick, tall grass, they found a small nest as large as the hollow of a man's hand. As Ernesto gazed at the nest with wondering eyes, his father said,

"Nest weaving is another wonderful work that birds can do without being taught. Young birds, mating for the first time can make perfectly good nests of the usual type found among their kind. Even young birds reared by hand in artificial nests will later build the proper kind of nest for their species. The tailor-bird takes leaves and sews them together. The house-martin collects mud or clay and constructs a cup against the side of a cliff or a house."

"How interesting! Tell me more about birds, Father."

"Yes, son, let us walk on. Use your eyes well and I shall tell you about the feelings of birds."

order to make of their children true and patriotic Filipinos. It stands for the brave Filipino boy scout who, at the risk of his own life, saved a child from being run over by a train. It stands for all true men and women, boys and girls, who now live or have ever lived in our dear Philippines.

Books! Books! Books!*(Continued from page 130)***THERAS AND HIS TOWN**

This book is a story of a little seven year old boy from Athens. It tells all about his everyday life and his school days. Boys and girls from seven to ten years old will find this little Grecian story quite entertaining.

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY

This is a breezy story of Quaker life on Nantucket—about a lively young girl, Downright Dencey, herself. For girls from eleven on up to fifteen.

E.M.L.