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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FILIPINOS

APRIL, 1941

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We Will Pay You

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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.

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**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 7

NUMBER 4

APRIL • 1941

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Published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., 122 Crystal Arcade, Escolta, Manila, Philippines. Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Manila Post Office on May 16, 1936. Editorial Director: *Jose E. Romero*; Managing Editor: *Bert Paul Osbon*; Contributing Editors: *Dr. I. Panlasigui* and *Quirico A. Cruz*; Staff Artist: *Peoro Paguis*; Business Manager: *Emilia Garcia Rosita*. Subscription Price: \$3.00 for one year of 12 issues; \$2.00 in the United States and foreign countries. Single copy, 30 centavos.

Subscriptions are to be paid to Community Publishers, Inc.



THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE MESSAGE THIS MONTH

APRIL

April is a month of vacation. April is also a month of prayer.

April brings a beautiful message to every school child. It is a message from every one's heart.

April gives us time to think of our country, the Philippines.

The Philippines is a very beautiful country. The mountains are high and full of green plants. Against the blue morning sky, the mountain peaks are glorious. The Sierra Madre, the Arayat, the Apo, and the Mayon are mountains that make our country really the Pearl of the Orient Seas.

We have flowers of all shapes and colors. The sampaguita, the ilang-ilang, the cadena de amor, and others make our country a beautiful garden. It is like the Garden of Eden.

We should all be proud of our country. We should love it. We should do everything that will make it a prosperous and a happy country.

The beauty, the prosperity, and the happiness of the country should be in our thoughts during our vacation days.

April is the month of prayer. During the second week of April, all Christians over the whole world will remember the life, the teachings, and the sufferings of Jesus Christ who loves all peoples everywhere. If everyone, specially the leaders of the different peoples of the earth, had the love that Jesus had for mankind, there would be no hatred in the hearts of men. There would be no war. Big and small nations could live together as happy neighbors. Big nations would not conquer the small and weak nations.

But many people have not yet learned to love others like Jesus did. So in our meditations during this month of prayer let us all say: "God bless the Philippines!"

—DR. I. PANLASIGUI

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**THE EASTER LILY**

Lily of Easter morning,
Sterry and pure and pale,
With buds like fingers folded
In prayer at the altar rail,
Lo! in your heart is treasured
The dew and rare perfume
From gardens planted by angels
In lands of immortal bloom.

Miss S. Panbiqui

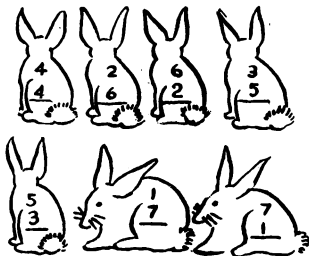
FOR FIRST GRADERS**SOMETHING FOR A GOOD WORKER**

Do what the sentences tell you to do.



Print the right word under each picture.

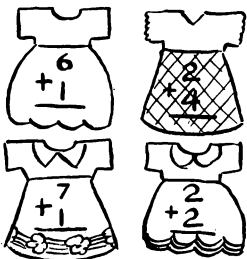
cup	plate	candle
-birthday	cake	chair
bed	doll	



Add the numbers to find out the name of the family of little rabbits.

8 7 4 6

Hang each dress in the right place on the line.

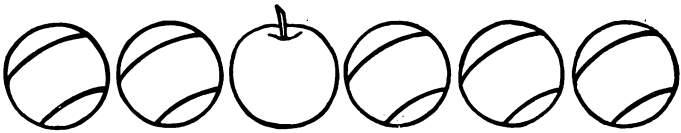

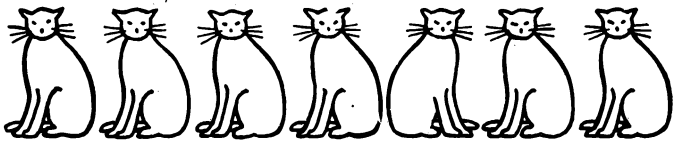
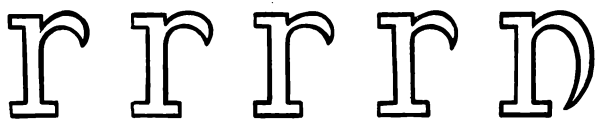
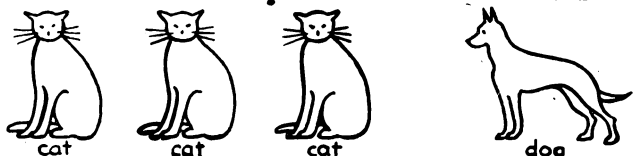


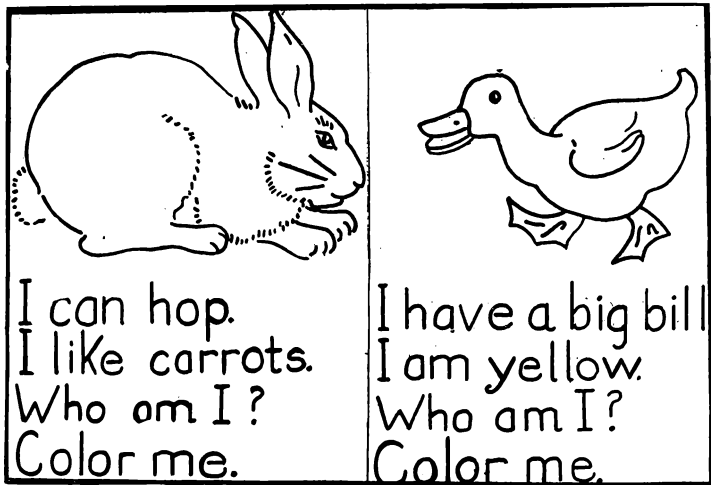
Color the farthest house red.
Color the nearest house blue.

FOR FIRST GRADERS

WHICH IS DIFFERENT?

Color the object red which is different from the others.





 <p>cat cat cat dog</p>

FOR SECOND GRADERS**CAN YOU READ AND DRAW THESE?****Something to Do**

Get a pencil and some thin paper without lines.

Place the paper over the rabbit and draw it.

Place the paper over the duck, too, and draw it.

Read all of the words under the brown rabbit.

Read all of the words under the yellow duck.

Then print the words which you read under each picture.

Choose the Right Word

A rabbit can _____.

A duck has a _____.

A rabbit eats _____.

A duck can _____.

It swims in the _____.

A rabbit has long _____.

hop ears
quack swim
four water

A rabbit has _____.

A duck has web _____.

A duck has _____ feet.

A rabbit has _____ feet.

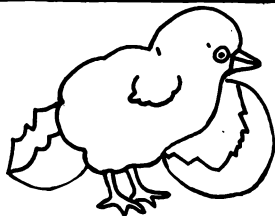
A duck says "_____."

A duck has _____.

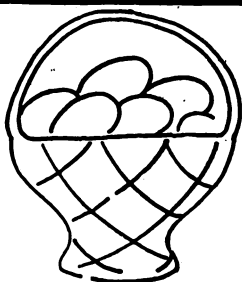
two bill
carrots fur
feet wings

FOR SECOND GRADERS

AND THESE, TOO?



I am yellow.
I say, "Peep."
Who am I?
Color me



I am round.
I am brown.
What am I?
Color me.

Some More Drawing

Again get a sharp pencil and some thin paper without lines.

Place the paper over the little chick and draw it.

Place the paper over the basket of eggs, too, and draw it.

Read all of the words under the little yellow chick.

Read all of the words under the brown basket of eggs.

Then print the words which you read under each picture.

Finding More Words

A chick says "_____."
The basket is _____.
The chick eats _____.
I eat _____.
The chick has two _____.
It has a _____.

peep	yellow
big	round
shells	rice

It has _____.
The eggs have _____.
The chick will grow _____.
The _____ laid the eggs.
This chick is _____.
Some chicks are _____.

feet	hen
eggs	black
bill	wings

FOR THIRD GRADERS**YOUR FRIEND, THE DENTIST**

By CORNELIA GUTIÉRREZ



I AM the dentist. I am your friend, for I will help you to keep in good health.

And you should come to see me often. Come to my office, where I do my work.

I will look at your teeth. If any of them

are decayed, I will stop the decay.

Then you will not have toothache.

I will help to save your teeth, so you can chew your food well.

I will teach you how to take good care of your teeth. Good teeth are necessary to good health.

Do not be afraid of me, for I will not hurt you if you will come to me often enough. But you will have painful toothache if you do not come.

Everyone likes to see beautiful teeth which are clean and well cared for.

If your teeth are crooked, I can straighten them, although it will take a long time to do this. But it will not hurt you.

Am I not your friend?

My Teeth

MY TEETH are all good. There are no cavities in them, because I have the dentist look at them and clean them.

I am careful not to injure my teeth. I do not bite anything which

is very hard. Something hard would crack them.

My teeth are beautiful and sparkling, because I take good care of them. Do you take good care of your teeth?

Something I Must Do

I MUST get a toothbrush and some good toothpaste at the drugstore. I must brush my teeth each morning before I go to school, and each night before I go to bed.

Every six months I must go to the dentist to have him look at my teeth. I must have him clean them and put them in good condition. I must not forget to do this.

FOR THIRD GRADERS**YOUR FRIEND, THE AVIATOR**

By CORNELIA GUTIERREZ



I AM an aviator. I fly in an airplane and I fly very fast. I can go faster than the train.

I am your friend, for I will do many things for you. I will carry you or your parents or friends in my airplane

very swiftly from one place

to another.

If necessary I will quickly carry medicine to a sick person.

Or I will carry an important letter so that it will be delivered soon.

Often I go on important errands for some one. Frequently I make an important trip in a few hours.

I am willing to help you at any time.

And I will risk my life if necessary.

Have you seen me in my airplane flying high up in the sky? You can hear the humming of the motor, even when I am a long way off from you.

I am very useful, for I can fly over land or sea, plain or mountain.

Am I not your friend?

An Airplane

AN AIRPLANE looks like a giant bird. It has wings and a tail. It has an engine, and burns gasoline like an auto.

• Passengers can ride in some air-

planes. Some airplanes are so large that fifty or sixty or even more persons can ride in one.

Did you ever ride in an airplane?

It is a wonderful experience.

The Air Mail

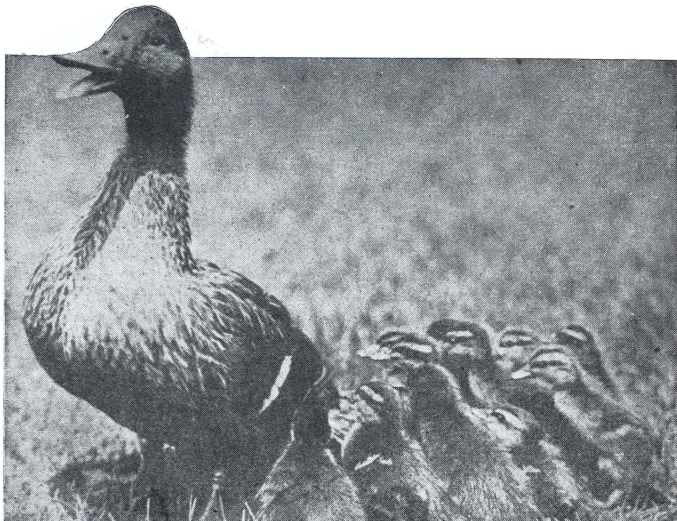
A LONG TIME AGO men on horseback carried important letters. The horses went as fast as they could run, but it sometimes took a long time to make the trip.

Now important letters are often

carried in an airplane. A letter can be carried by airplane from Manila to Cebu or Iloilo or Zamboanga in a few hours, and to the United States in five days.

The air mail is very swift.

MOTHER DUCK AND HER BABIES



THIS MOTHER is a barnyard duck. Her babies are called ducklings. As soon as the baby ducks come out of the shells, Mother Duck leads them to the water. She does not have to teach them to swim and dive. They seem to know how. Their webbed feet are made for swimming. They are like paddles.

A mother duck makes her nest on the ground. She pulls down and feathers from her own breast to make the nest soft. When she leaves the nest, she covers it with dry grass and feathers. She will not leave it when it is time for the eggs to hatch.

Father Duck is called a drake.

Mother Duck and Father Duck both say "Quack! Quack!"

A roasted duck makes a very good dinner, and a roasted half-grown duckling is delicious.

There are many kinds of wild ducks, too. Some are found in the Philippines. Hunters like to shoot them and carry them home for food.

Have you ever seen duck eggs? They are larger than the eggs of a hen.

Mother Duck makes a nice pet. She will learn to know her master and will follow him about for food.

Have you seen Mother Duck and her babies swim all together on the water?

LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

THE FRIENDLY HELPERS

ADAPTED BY PANCITA FLORES

SCHOOL had been closed for a week. The novelty of vacation was beginning to wear off.

"Let's do something, Jo," said Samuel.

"What will it be?" asked Jo.

"I think it's a wonderful day to fly our kites," cried Samuel, happily.

"And it's just windy enough to make them go 'way up high, too," added Jo.

The boys hurriedly ate their breakfast. They could scarcely wait to get out-of-doors, so anxious were they to get their kites in the air.

Jo and Samuel were very proud of their kites. They had made them all by themselves, and now they could hardly wait to see how high they would go.

It was not long until the kites of both boys were high up in the air.

"See how high my kite is!" cried Jo.

"Look at mine! It's sailing right along, too," laughed Samuel.

Soon Daniel came running over to play with the boys.

"Look!" he called. "I have a kite, too. I think my kite is prettier than yours." And Daniel held it up for the other boys to see.

What a beautiful kite it was! It was made out of thin, shiny green paper.

Jo and Samuel looked at the kite longingly. It was by far the nicest kite they had ever seen!

"My uncle made it for me," said Daniel. "He bought me this kind of paper because it is just right for making kites. It is so light it will go higher than any kite you ever saw. You just watch!"

Sure enough, up went Daniel's kite,

higher and higher. Soon it was as high as Jo's and Samuel's kites. But Daniel unwound more string, and up went the kite higher than ever.

"Oh," said Samuel sadly. "I thought our kites were so nice, but Daniel's is much nicer, and look how high it goes."

"I wish ours were like that," decided Jo. "But we had only that old wrapping paper to make ours from."

The two boys tried not to feel too bad as they watched Daniel's kite flying 'way up above theirs.

"I'm glad my kite is the best," thought Daniel happily, as he ran along the field, letting out more string so that the kite went higher and higher.

Poor Daniel! He was so busy thinking how wonderful his kite was that he forgot all about watching where he was going. Nearer and nearer to the big, tall trees he ran. Suddenly along came



We can make a new kite.

a big gust of wind.

"Oh," cried Daniel, looking very frightened, "my kite is going right into the tree."

He started to pull the string as fast as he could, but it was too late! Straight toward the tree went his beautiful kite.

"Oh, it's all broken!" cried Daniel. "My pretty green kite is all spoiled."

There it was, up in the top of the tree. The paper was torn and the framework was broken. And the string was tangled up in the branches.

Daniel stood and looked at his kite as if he could hardly believe his eyes. Just then Jo and Samuel came running up to him.

"I'm sorry about your kite," Jo said to Daniel.

"I'm sorry, too," added Samuel. "It was such a pretty kite."

"And now it's spoiled," cried Daniel, rubbing his eyes.

"Maybe you can make another one like it," suggested Jo.

But Daniel shook his head. "I don't know how to make a kite," he said. "My uncle made this one for me."

"You can take turns flying our kites," said Samuel kindly.

"But that isn't so much fun as having one all your own," said Jo. "I know what we can do," he added excitedly. "We can help Daniel make a new kite. We know how. We made ours all by ourselves."

How happy that made Daniel feel! But he was a little bit ashamed of himself, too.

"I'm sorry I tried to show off with my kite," he said. "I guess that's why it got smashed. Uncle gave me a big pile of that paper, and you can have some for your kites if you want it."

What a busy morning the three boys had! They worked as hard as they could.

"There!" said Samuel with satisfaction. "They're all finished!"

How happy the boys were when they looked at their three new kites! There was a pretty red one for Samuel, a nice bright blue one for Jo, and a green one for Daniel that looked exactly like the one his uncle had made.

"Come on," called Samuel. "Now let's see how high they will go."

Soon the three kites were flying high up in the sky.

QUESTIONS

1. What had Jo and Samuel made?
2. Why were they proud of them?
3. Why did Daniel's kite fly higher than the other kites?
4. What happened to Daniel's kite?
5. What did Jo and Samuel say they would do to help Daniel?
6. Why did Daniel feel ashamed?
7. What did Daniel give to the other two boys?
8. What colors were the three new kites?
9. Do you try to show off when you have something nice, or do you try to share it with your friends? Which is the better way?
10. Did you like this story? Why?
11. What have you learned from this story?
12. Do you think you could do as Jo and Samuel did in this story?
13. Do you think all the boys were happier when they became "friendly helpers"?
14. Do you try to avoid being jealous? Or envious?
15. How do you avoid jealousy?

READING TIME FOR YOUNG FOLKS

THE MISER'S GOLD

An Old Legend

By H. G. K.

THERE was once a greedy old miser who lived alone in a hut in a forest.

All his life this old man had saved all his money. When he had saved enough coppers, he would exchange them for a gold piece. Then he would hide the gold piece away in an iron kettle that he buried in the ground.

One night a robber, who had heard of the greedy old miser and of his many gold pieces, crept into the woods.

When the old man had blown out his candle and gone to sleep, the robber crept to the hid-

ing place of the iron kettle of gold money. He began to dig in the earth, and soon found the kettle. He pulled it out of the ground and took off the lid. By the bright

moonlight that shone down through the trees, the robber could see the gold pieces shine.

"How rich I shall be!" said the robber.

He put the lid back onto the kettle and started for the edge of the woods. Just as he was almost out of the woods, he thought he heard a twig crack behind him.

"Someone is trying to catch me," he thought, and so he started to run. And at that moment he caught his foot on a big root that stuck up from the ground.

Down went the robber. The kettle flew out of his hand, the lid came off, and the gold pieces were scattered over the ground.

Before he could get up and hunt the gold pieces, it was dawn, and the robber was glad to run away into the town without being caught.

Soon after, a good, beautiful fairy floated by. She saw the gold pieces lying about on the ground, and guessed at once that some one had been trying to rob the greedy old miser who lived in

the hut in the forest.

"This gold must not stay here," the fairy said. "If I leave it the old miser will find it and will hide it away again. I will see if I cannot put it away

where everyone can enjoy it."

So the good fairy bent down, gathered up the gold pieces, and put them back into the iron kettle. Then she left the forest and floated out over the green meadows.

As the fairy floated along she reached into the iron kettle for gold pieces. She tossed them down one by one into the grass of the green meadows.

In each spot where a gold piece fell, there blossomed in a moment a shining

(Please turn to page 147.)



HOW THE FOX LOST HIS DINNER

IN SOME COUNTRIES foxes are quite common. A fox looks like a dog. He is very sly. He likes to eat chickens and ducks and geese and turkeys.

One day a fox was hiding in some bushes. He looked this way and that, hoping to see a nice fat hen which he could catch. All at once he saw a turkey and some ducks.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fox. "I am just in time. Here are some nice fat ducks and a turkey. They are so close together that I can catch them all, very easily, one after the other."

So he went toward the ducks and the turkey, and called out to them in a very friendly manner. "Good morning, pretty ducks," said he. "Good morning, dear Mr. Turkey."

The ducks and the turkey were very frightened. They said, "Oh, have you come to eat us, Mr. Fox? Please do not eat us. Please let us go back safe to our home on the farm."

Mr. Fox said, "No, I shall not let you go. I shall eat you up, every one."

The ducks and the turkey cried, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"It is hard for us poor fowls to lose our lives in this way," said one of the ducks. "Please let us do one thing before we die, Mr. Fox."

"Yes, please let us all have just one wish," said Mr. Turkey. "Afterwards we will all stand up before you in a row, so that you may choose the fattest and the best."

"What is it that you all want?" asked Mr. Fox.

The first duck replied, "We would like to have one hour in which to say our

prayers before you eat us."

"Please do, Mr. Fox," begged all the ducks and the turkey.

"Well, that is fair," said the fox, "and I am quite willing. Begin your prayers now, and I will sit down beside you and wait for you to finish."

So the fox sat down. The ducks and the turkey stood in a row and all began to talk very loudly. "Quack! Quack! Gobble! Gobble! Quack! Gobble!" they said.

"Such a noise!" exclaimed Mr. Fox. "Can't you pray more quietly?"

But the ducks and the turkey only called out louder, "Quack! Quack! Quack! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Quack!"

The farmer, who was working near by, heard the ducks and the turkey.

"What is the matter with those ducks and the turkey?" the farmer thought. "I will see."

So the farmer looked around. He saw the ducks and the turkey standing in a row and the fox sitting near them.

The farmer ran quickly to drive the fox away. Mr. Fox saw the farmer coming, so he ran away as fast as he could.

"There goes my nice dinner!" said Mr. Fox. "How foolish I was not to eat it at once."

QUESTIONS

1. What is a fox?
2. What does he like to eat?
3. Where was a fox hiding?
4. What did he see?
5. What did he say to the ducks and the turkey?

(Please turn to page 150.)

AMONG THE WILD ANIMALS OF EAST AFRICA

True Experiences Related by a Young Traveler

IV. A NIGHT IN A NATIVE HUT

MY FRIEND and I had been on a visit to a neighbor's farm near Kitale, Kenya Colony, East Africa. We were on the way back to our own farm in the foothills of Mount Elgon. (See the map on page 136.) The afternoon had been rainy, and therefore the road was not very good. Our motorcycle slid in the red soil of the road from one side to another and I had a hard time to keep myself steady on the back seat. Near Entebass my friend, who was steering, hit a rock with the front wheel of the motorcycle, and turned completely over.

When we got up, our clothing was daubed with the red mud. We tried to start our motorcycle, but the red clay clung to the tires. We found it impossible to continue on our way, because the wheels of our motorcycle

would turn no more, and it was then too late to clean the mud off.

The country around us was filled with lions, elephants, and leopards. We decided, therefore, to try to find night quarters in one of the nearby native huts. There were a few natives who knew us and they were happy to take us into one of their huts over night. This was a great honor for them, as it is very seldom that a foreigner goes into a native hut to sleep.

It was interesting to see how these native huts are built. The natives drive

long poles into the ground for about a foot, while five feet of the pole remains above the ground. These poles are set up in a circle and thin branches are woven in between them until it becomes a round wall of branches. A thick clay mixed with cattle manure is then plastered on this woven wall. This plastering starts from the bottom and goes slowly upward around the wall. After the first layer is dry, fresh plaster is put on. This continues until the wall is five feet high and six inches thick.



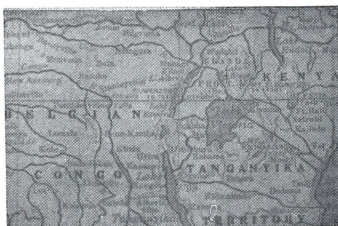
Native Huts of East Africa

This work takes about two days, during which the natives laugh and joke all the time. They like to build new houses. There are some tribes in East Africa who build new houses every two months.

After the walls are completed and

nearly dry, a roof is placed on top. Long poles are bound together at an angle of ninety degrees. This is necessary; otherwise the rain would run into the house. The roofing is ordinary grass which is five to eight feet long. The floor of the hut is the soil on which the hut has been built. It is always very dirty. There is a fireplace on one side, usually in a hole in the ground. The natives are very careful to see that the roof over their heads does not catch fire.

My friend and I were in such a clay-plastered hut as this. We sat with the



Map Showing a Part of East Africa

natives before their fireplace. The heavy smoke from the wood fire made our eyes water.

I took out of my pocket a little flute which I had with me, and played a few of our songs for these East African natives. They seemed to enjoy my music, although I am only a very ordinary performer on the instrument.

After I had finished, one of the natives took a string instrument from his bed and played on it. It was only a poor substitute for a guitar, but the natives seemed to like it. He played a few tunes and then the other natives started to sing. Their songs were long and very monotonous. My friend and I could not understand a word of what they were singing.

Over the fire they were cooking some corn meal, or *posho* as they called it. The *posho* meal was ready when they finished their long song. They took it off the fire and started to eat with their fingers. They ate noisily, and smacked their thick lips together, showing their evident pleasure in the meal. My friend and I did not say anything while they were eating—they were so noisy we could not have been heard.

An old man, who seemed to be the father of the whole family, was dressed

in a cow-hide, which was bound together over his right shoulder. The hide was just as it had come from the cow. It had been dried in the sun before it was used for a garment, and it still had the odor of the animal.

We started a conversation after they had finished their meal. The young men told us that the old man was very rich, as he owned a herd of about sixteen cattle. And he had three wives; the first one had been paid for by his father; he bought the other two himself, and paid six cows for each one. This is the customary way of getting a wife among those natives. A man who has enough cattle to pay for them has several wives; this is a sign of wealth, dignity, and power.

We talked about witch doctors; that was the most interesting subject we could choose. It was astonishing to see how much those natives believe in the power of a witch doctor. When they are sick, they would rather go to a witch doctor than to the government doctor at a hospital. They consult a witch doctor for all sorts of things. If it does not rain just right, or if their cattle become thin, they consult a witch doctor.

Witch doctors also act as judges for the natives. The natives very often have quarrels. Sometimes such a quarrel—a feud—goes on for years. For example, a man may have bought himself a wife for six cows. It might happen that in a few days after the wedding one of these cows would die. This would surely start a quarrel or feud, and the whole family would be busy talking about it. Everybody would believe that this cow had been sick when it was given as payment for the wife, or had been bewitched.

Sometimes these quarrels are brought before the court of an old tribesman, but

they are usually settled with the help of a witch doctor. It depends upon the witch doctor whether the quarrel is settled peacefully or not.

The natives in our hut told us how the old man had lost his eldest son through a witch doctor. A feud had gone on for a long time between the two families. The other family had finally consulted a witch doctor. He had advised his clients to tell the old man to pay them three young healthy cows. This was the common way of settling a feud. The old man had found a dead hen hanging at the door of his hut every morning for a long period. A dead hen meant evil wishes from somebody.

Shortly after this two of the old man's cows had been bitten by snakes and one had died. He now believed in the power of the witch doctor and wanted to pay the three cows. However the son of the old man did not want to let his father pay. He wanted to marry soon, and the three cows were to be the payment for a native girl from another family.

A small bag made of cow hide and containing five feathers was found at his door each morning. The five feathers meant the old man had to pay the three cows within five weeks; otherwise, something very terrible would happen.

After four weeks the son became sick; the old man was very frightened and called the witch doctor. Nobody knows what the witch doctor did, but the son died. The old man then paid the three cows to settle the feud.

This is a typical case, and shows how strong the power of a witch doctor can be. The British law in Africa forbids the consultation of witch doctors, but their power is still great and the natives believe in them more than in anything else.

We listened to this interesting story, although it took us a long time to understand the natives. While telling it, they had become very excited, and their language was not easy to understand.

It had now become very late, and as my friend and I were both tired, we went to our hut with a native to show us the way. He carried a burning torch.

There were many leopards around, but they do not attack when they see a burning light moving.

There were a few boards in the hut, and we placed them before the entrance. It has sometimes happened that leopards have gone into the huts and have carried goats, dogs, and even children away with them. They have also killed natives, but have disappeared before the other natives

(Please turn to page 147.)

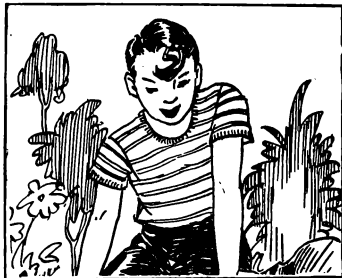


EAST AFRICAN CHIEFS

One of these chiefs has a tuft of wool on the end of his spear; that means that all three of them and their people are at peace.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING MAKES GOOD

By ROBERT McAFEE *



"Perhaps I could write a story," thought Pedro.

ALL his young life Pedro had been called a worthless good-for-nothing. He had been told that so many times by his teachers that he took it seriously and actually believed it himself. Yes, Pedro really thought that he could not do anything worth while. His teachers had made it clear to him that he had passed his grades only by luck and not because he had the ability to get through.

His mother had often asked him to do something to earn a few pesos to add to the slender income of the family, but her pleadings were useless, since Pedro thought he did not have the ability to do anything. So, gradually his parents had lost all faith in him, and the boy had lost all faith in himself. Occasionally, to be sure, he got a small job doing some kind of work outside of school hours, but he always lost the job in a short time.

* Student, Brent School, Baguio, Mountain Province.

"It's just no use," he would say. "I'm only a good-for-nothing, and so I can't make good."

Pedro was not a *bad* boy; he was just a worthless boy—at least he and his teachers and his parents thought so.

About the only thing Pedro really liked to do was to read stories; he enjoyed reading a good story very much. He liked to tell them, too. Sometimes at recess he would get a group of younger boys around him and would tell them something he had just read. Usually he told a story which he had read, but if none occurred to him at the moment he made up one of his own.

Pedro was a subscriber to several magazines for boys and young people. He liked to read the stories in *Boys' Life* or *THE YOUNG CITIZEN* or similar publications. He had a number of story books in his room, and often he read them instead of studying his lessons.

One night he sat in his room reading a thrilling story. Presently he finished the story. "I suppose I should work those problems assigned for tomorrow," he said to himself. "But what's the use? I couldn't get them right." So he decided to go to bed. He took off his clothing and put on his pajamas.

Pedro always said his prayers before he went to bed. On this particular night as he knelt down he happened to notice the crucifix which his mother had placed on the wall near his bed. An idea came to the boy. "Perhaps if I ask God to help me, I might not be such a worthless, good-for-nothing boy," he thought.

(Please turn to page 149.)

A PAGE OF SELECTED VACATION POEMS

Vacation Time

I'M GLAD vacation time is here
 Altho' I hold the schooldays
 dear,
 But everyone needs change, it
 seems—
 Vacation, too, has lovely themes.
 I haven't made my plans as yet
 But think perhaps that I shall
 get
 Some flower seeds, a rake, and
 hoe—
 I must make ready first, you
 know—
 Prepare the ground, then plant
 the seeds,
 And when they sprout, look out
 for weeds!
 I may raise vegetables, too—
 There is so much for me to do!
 So much I doubt if I shall find
 The time to do what's in my
 mind.
 Many things, both great and
 small;
 I know I cannot do them all.
 I'll like to camp a week or two;
 Yes, that is one thing I *must*
 do.
 And in between tasks I shall
 play,
 But work, too, can be very gay.
 And maybe I shall go to see
 The great big city—you'll a-
 gree
 That *that* would be a lot of
 fun.
 And when vacation days are
 done,
 I'll not be sorry, but instead
 I'll welcome schooldays just
 ahead.

Vacation Thought

I WONDER if our schoolbooks
 Are lonely all the day,
 While thro' the long vacation
 In cupboards put away?
 I wonder if the blackboard
 Seems rather out of place,
 Without a single piece of chalk
 To mark upon its face?
 I wonder if the schoolroom
 Is sometimes lonely, too,
 While standing bare and empty
 Without a thing to do?
 But this we can assure them:
 When vacation days all flee
 We'll join them in the school-
 room
 And keep them company.

* * *

Camping

VACATION time has come again
 And camping days are here,
 With hiking, swimming, playing,
 too—
 The best time of the year.
 We climb the trees and roam the
 woods,
 And all grow strong and tall;
 Our friends will hardly know us
 When we are no longer small.
 We do not miss the shops and
 stores,
 The movies, or the cars,
 When we can play and swim all
 day,
 And sleep beneath the stars.

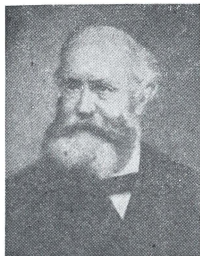
MUSIC APPRECIATION SECTION

GREAT COMPOSERS OF MUSIC

SECOND SERIES

By BERT PAUL OSBON *

IV. GOUNOD



Gounod, Idol of French Opera

WHEN the director of the Paris Opera was asked to name the most popular French opera of today, he replied without hesitation, "Gounod's *Faust*." And yet, when this opera was

first produced in Paris in 1859, it was a failure. Ten years later, after a total of 300 successful performances outside of France, it began to become well-known and liked in Paris.

Gounod (pronounced goo-no), now "the idol of the French opera," was born in Paris in 1818. He received his first musical instruction from his mother who was an artist. She did her best to make a practical man of her son. After having been taught music by his mother, the talented boy entered the great music school of France which is known as the Paris Conservatory. Here he did such outstanding work in music that he won the Grand Prize.

Later he went to Rome where he heard the music of Palestrina. (See THE YOUNG CITIZEN for January, 1941.) This

* Formerly of the Department of Music Education, School of Education, New York University, New York City, U. S. A.

music so developed his piety and religious zeal, that, when he returned to France, he considered seriously becoming a priest, and adopted the title of Abbe Gounod. If you read the story of Liszt in THE YOUNG CITIZEN for February, 1941, you remember that abbe is the title given by the Catholic Church in France to a clergyman who has not taken vows and does not receive his living from the church.

While in Rome, Gounod devoted much time to the study of church music; later he studied theology, but he gave this up in order to devote himself to music, especially to the writing of operas. His first operas were not well received, but later he achieved success. His first successful opera was *Faust*, although, as previously stated, it was not liked in France until ten years after its first production in Paris.

I am sure you have heard some of the lovely melodies from the opera *Faust*. Let me tell you a little about this opera, and you will want to hear more of it.

First, let



The Grand Stair-Case of the French Opera

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE SECTION**THE MIGHTIEST CATARACT IN THE WORLD**

Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River in Rhodesia, British Africa

THIS mightiest of all waterfalls in the world is situated in Rhodesia, British Africa, at a point where the Zambezi river passes from the central African plateau to lower levels. Its roar is like continuous thunder, and the vapor from the falling water rises in a column that can be seen for miles. The native African name (*Musi-oa-tunya*) for the falls means "thundering smoke." Dr. Livingstone was the first European to view this falls. He discovered it in 1855. We can imagine the sensation of awe and exultation with which he gazed upon this mighty spectacle.

The height of Victoria Falls is more than twice that of Niagara Falls in North America, which has been described in previous issues of *THE YOUNG CITIZEN*. It is divided by islands into four separate cataracts, of which the middle two, Main

Fall and Rainbow Fall, are the widest. Their breadth together is slightly greater than that of the Horseshoe Fall and American Fall of Niagara. (See the February, 1939, and the September, 1939, issue of *THE YOUNG CITIZEN*.) The total breadth at the edge is considerably over a mile.

The river pours perpendicularly into a deep chasm or crack in the earth, set squarely across the current, from which it issues roaring and boiling, the whole volume pent up and confined in a narrow gorge leading to a Z-shaped canyon. The railway, which enables visitors to reach the spot, crosses the canyon so close that passengers are wet with the spray.

The greatest spectacle of the kind in the world is this falls of the Zambezi river named Victoria Falls in honor of Queen Victoria of England.

SPONGES

SPONGES have been known for thousands of years. Yet it is only within the last seventy-five years that they have certainly been known to be animals and not plants.

Like plants they are always fixed and never move about. They do not have eyes or legs or any of the sense organs. They do not have any of the internal organs that we usually think of as belonging to animals. Yet they have a way of feeding and type of egg cells and their development that belong to animals. And in other obscure ways they resemble animals and not plants.

Of course this means *living* sponges. Perhaps you are thinking of what we usually call "sponges," which are only the dry skeletons of sponges. In life these were all filled in and covered over with the soft jelly-like flesh of living cells.

Sponges of all kinds always live in water. Most of them live in shallow water in the ocean. They are of many sizes and forms and colors.

The skeletons of sponges are very interesting. The wonderfully beautiful skeleton of the "Venus's flower-basket," which is found in the Philippines, is made of flinty fibers intertwined and interwoven in ways so delicate and intricate that one wonders that such a simple and lowly creature as a sponge could have formed it and had it for its skeleton.

Although sponges are in most ways very simple animals, they are rather difficult to understand, for they are different from the animals

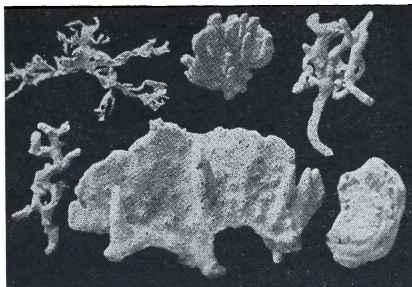
with which we are familiar.

The only work they do is to feed, and the sea really feeds him, because he gets all of the currents of water which pass by his body. The surplus water is poured out through another set of openings.

Sponges are never eaten by other animals, probably because they have a peculiar disagreeable odor and perhaps a peculiar flavor. But other animals of many kinds live *in* sponges for their homes—worms, small crabs, mollusks, etc.

Sponges adapted for commercial use are found in the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, near the Bahama Islands, on the coast of Florida, and in other parts of the world. They are secured from the water by diving, dredging, and, in shallow water, by long forks.

Sponges are of different sizes and textures. Some are large and coarse; these are used for auto-washing. Smaller, finer sponges are used for many purposes. Sponge fishing is an important industry.



Various Forms of Sponges

The WHAT ARE YOU DOING? / CLUB



Vacation Camping

By MANUELO PASTRANO

(16 YEARS OLD)

FOR several vacations some of us boys have camped out for a short time on the banks of a small stream a few miles away. Every boy brings his own bed, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons, and food. We sleep in a borrowed tent and cook at an outdoor fire.

Everyone takes his turn carrying water, gathering wood, and helping to prepare the meals. Each boy washes and dries his own dishes. We have two swim periods a day.

The rest of the time we spend in playing ball and other outdoor games, going on hikes, and reading books and magazines which we have brought with us. At night we have a camp fire where we sing songs and tell stories.

One boy brings a microscope and a pair of field glasses to help uncover interesting facts. We have added to our knowledge of

(Please turn to page 150.)

Business in Vacation

By LI ONG KWANG

(15 YEARS OLD)

My older sister and I lived with our aunt and uncle in one of the larger Philippine towns during the vacation months of 1940.

One day my sister said to me, "Let's earn some money."

"How?" I naturally asked.

"By making and selling candy," she said.

My sister can make delicious candy—several kinds. So each morning we made different kinds of candy—taffy, coconut bar, caramels, peanut brittle, and other kinds. Each afternoon I went out selling our wares on one of the large business streets. I wore a clean pair of shorts and a clean white coat. By means of a strap around my neck I had a tray of various kinds of delicious homemade candy in front of me. The candy was temptingly displayed in little cellophane bags to protect it from dust and in-

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Using My Time

By MATILDE SANTOS

(14 YEARS OLD)

"TIME is precious; do not waste it even in vacation," was the last thing our teacher said to us just before the close of school.

So the first morning of my vacation I said to my mother at the breakfast table, "Mother, our teacher told us not to waste our time even during vacation. How can I avoid wasting my time?"

"Budget your time, make a schedule, and follow it."

And that is what I did. First I made a list of the things which I planned to do. These included the following items: reading, practicing on the piano, playing tennis, learning to cook, doing some sewing, taking kodak pictures, hiking, writing letters to friends, arranging my stamp collection (yes, I collect stamp even though I am a girl), and other things.

Then mother helped me to budget my time for each

(Please turn to page 150.)

WORK AND PLAY SECTION

VACATION GAMES

Horseshoe Pitching

IN INFORMAL horseshoe pitching two stakes are fixed 30 to 40 feet away from each other. New or discarded horseshoes are used. The first throw is determined by a toss. In turn each contestant then pitches his two horseshoes. A foul line is drawn, and any player who steps over it when throwing is disqualified for that throw.

Each player tries to throw his two horseshoes nearest to the stake at the opposite end. If a horseshoe encircles the stake, it is called a ringer.

The scoring is: ringer, 3; horseshoe leaning against the stake (leaner), 2; horseshoe nearest to the stake, 1; both horseshoes nearest to the stake, 2. The game consists of 21 points.

Circular metal rings may be used instead of horseshoes as in the game called quoits.

Touching Wood

THE PLAYER selected as the It starts inside a circle of the other players in some yard, field, or grassy spot. A definite bounds is assigned, and a player who goes out of bounds immediately becomes the It.

If the It tags a player inside bounds, he immediately become the It in turn, unless he is touching something made of wood.

As a player tempts the It from one side of the circle, players from the other side leave the wood and run to new sections of the circle, even across the entire circle.

Firefly

A CIRCLE is formed of couples, each boy holding his girl partner's hand. One

couple, the Fireflies, runs around the outside of the circle, carrying a flashlight. Suddenly they flash it on one of the couples in the circle.

They then try to run around the circle to the right, while the other couple runs to the left, both couples trying to arrive first at the only vacancy in the circle. The couple that fails gets the flashlight, and becomes the Fireflies. The game is best played after dark.

Poison Circle

THE PLAYERS stand in as wide a circle as they can, with hands clasping those of their neighbors. A circle is drawn four feet inside the circle, and a soft rubber ball placed in its center.

At a signal all pull and push, endeavoring to force a player into the central Poison Circle. When a player is forced in, the others cry "Poison!" and run away. The player pushed inside gets the ball, and tries to hit one of the fleeing players. He continues until a player has been hit three times.

If several players are pushed into the circle, they scramble for the ball, and the one securing it throws.

A player who is hit by the ball has one score against him. When a player has three scores against him, he stands with his back towards the others, and the "Poison" player has three more throws at him.

Zamboanga

TWO GOAL LINES 60 feet apart are drawn. Two teams are selected, one placed behind each goal line. Team No. 1 agrees upon some trade (planting rice, or sewing a coat, or some other occupation), and

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MISER'S GOLD

(Continued from page 133)

golden yellow flower. Soon all the meadows in all the land were filled with beautiful golden flowers, the good fairy's golden yellow flowers which everyone could enjoy. And they have bloomed there ever since.

Thus, the good fairy changed the miser's gold into something beautiful which everybody would enjoy.

QUESTIONS

1. What is a legend? (See the dictionary.)
2. What is a miser? (Again see the dictionary.)
3. How did the miser in this story secure his gold pieces?
4. Where did he hide them?
5. What evil person went to the old miser's hut?
6. What did the robber do?
7. What happened to the kettle of gold?
8. What did the fairy see?
9. What did the fairy decide to do?
10. Tell the rest of the story.
11. What do you think of hoarding money and not using it?
12. Do you know any fairy stories? Could you tell one?

NIGHT IN A HUT

(Continued from page 137)

were able to kill them.

We were tired and soon we went to sleep, although our beds were not very comfortable. I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud screaming and yelling outside. We got up at once. We could clearly hear the excited voices of men outside. We did not know what had happened. I took a pistol in my hand and my friend took some of the boards down. We could not see anything outside and the noise had stopped. We called twice and one of the natives answered: "*Tui mbaja sana hapa, bwana.*" (I have killed a leopard.)

This killing of a leopard did not interest us very much, we were so accustomed to it at our farm. Therefore we went to bed again and slept until morning.

The natives were talking noisily when we came out of our hut the next morning. There was a corral near the huts where the cattle and the goats were kept at night. The fence of this corral was about nine feet high and was built from branches of red thorn trees. It was effective for keeping the wild animals out.

During the night a leopard had sneaked through the fence to get one of the goats. He had killed two of them and had begun to eat his prey. The cattle in the corral had become excited. This noise had awakened the natives in their huts, and they knew at once that there was a wild beast around. Two of the men had taken their spears and shields and gone outside quietly.

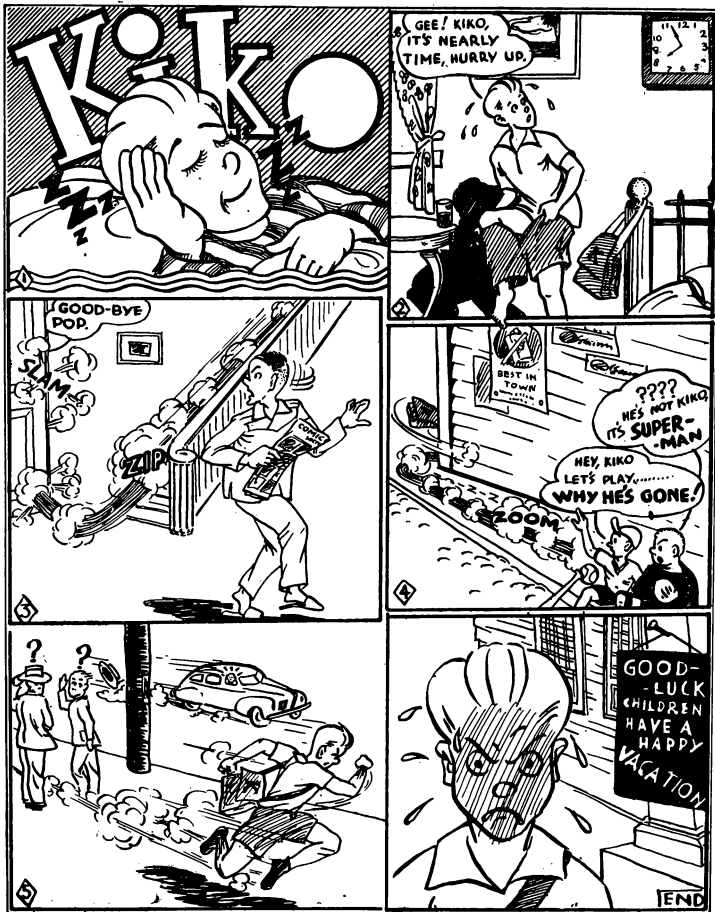
It was dark outside, but these natives are accustomed to seeing in the darkness. The two men quickly found the leopard. The animal then tried to get out of the corral. He leaped at the two men, and they killed him with their long spears.

A medium sized leopard lay before us. The claws of the beast were long and sharp, and looked very strong. I raised his lips and saw his great fangs which were about three inches long.

The leopard still had the spear in his side. Several wounds showed us that both spearmen had fought him. The natives do not like too many holes in the skin of a leopard. They sell the yellow and brown spotted skin, and they will get more money for it when there are not many holes in it. They usually dry the skin in the

(Please, turn to page 149.)

THE FUNNY PAGE



NIGHT IN A HUT

(Continued from page 147)

sun, and then sell it to one of the farmer's wives.

They offered us the skin, but we thanked them and declined. We could not take the skin with us because we had no means of carrying it on our motorcycle.

We cleaned the mud from our motorcycle, and waited until the hot sun had dried the road. Then we said goodbye and climbed onto our motorcycle which took us to our farm in a short time.

We were glad that we had stayed with the natives during the night, as this had given us the opportunity of seeing their home life and enjoying their hospitality. But one night in a native hut was enough, especially when we had a visit from an East African leopard.

QUESTIONS

1. What can you tell about a leopard? (See the encyclopedia.)
2. Describe the skin of the leopard.
3. Why do the natives not wish to make holes in the leopard's hide?
4. Find Kenya Colony on the map. Mount Elgon.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

(Continued from page 138)

So he added a little petition of his own to his prayer. "Help me, God, to do something worth while, so I won't be a good-for-nothing."

Just as he finished his prayer, he happened to notice the back cover of a recent magazine for young people. "Can you write a good story? Win a prize!" the advertisement read. He scanned the announcement through. "I wonder if I could," he said, half aloud. He thought for a few moments. "Well; I'll try."

He seated himself at his study table. As he did so, he again said the words of his prayer uttered a few moments before. "Help me, God, to do something worth while, so I won't be a good-for-nothing."

Inspiration and strength come to the boy. Soon he was working away on a short story to be sent in answer to the advertisement he had read. Never before had he had such an eager desire to do something worth while. He wrote and wrote. It was a simple story, and the plot unfolded naturally and easily.

"I think this is a pretty good story," Pedro thought when it was almost finished.

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GOUNOD

(Continued from page 141)

dramas, Wagner. (See THE YOUNG CITIZEN for November, 1940.)

At seventy-five, crippled and blinded by a paralytic stroke, Gounod composed a *Requiem*. He heard it played, and when it was finished, he fell over unconscious and died. This was in 1893. At the funeral service hosts of his admirers were present.

Gounod's great operas *Faust*, *Romeo and Juliette*, and many of his sacred compositions will always be heard and loved whenever there is music.

REVIEW

1. What is Gounod called?
2. What is his nationality?
3. What are the dates of his life?
4. What is Gounod's most famous opera?
5. Tell of the success of this opera.
6. What is an opera?
7. Name some selections from *Faust*.
8. Name some other compositions by Gounod.
9. Tell of the disposition of Gounod.
11. Name one contemporary.
12. What was Gounod's last composition?

HOW THE FOX LOST

(Continued from page 134)

6. Why were the ducks and the turkey frightened?

7. What did the fox say to them?

8. What request did they make?

9. Did the fox agree?

10. What did the ducks and the turkey do then? Why?

11. Did the farmer hear them?

12. What did he do?

13. What kind of story is this? (A fable.)

14. What is a fable?

15. Which was wiser, the fox or the fowls?

16. Did you like this story?

17. What did you learn from it?

18. Have you ever seen a duck?

19. Have you ever seen a turkey?

20. Have you ever seen a fox? Or a picture of a fox?

21. What have you read or heard about a fox?

22. Is the fox a wise animal?

23. Do you think he was wise when he agreed to what the ducks and the turkey asked?

24. This story was told long ago by a man named Grimm. Ask your teacher or some other person to tell

VACATION GAMES

(Continued from page 145)

approaches the other team with this dialogue:

Team No. 1: Here we come.

Team No. 2: Where from?

No. 1: Zamboanga.

No. 2: What's your trade?

No. 1: Lemonade.

No. 2: How's it made?

Then team No. 1 acts out the movements of the trade selected. As soon as a member of team No. 2 guesses it correctly and announces it, the members of the first team race for their goal, the other team trying to tag them.

All who are tagged or "caught" before reaching their home goal join the other team. Then team No. 2 selects a trade, and the games proceeds as before.

you about Grimm.

25. What else did Grimm write? (Many fairy stories and other stories which have become famous.)

26. Can you draw a picture to illustrate this story?

27. What should be in the picture? (The ducks and the turkey in a row making a loud noise, and the fox sitting nearby.)

28. Have you ever read any other fables? (You will find some in other numbers of THE YOUNG CITIZEN.)

VACATION CAMPING

(Continued from page 144)

trees, birds, stones, stars, and water creatures, besides having fun and learning to know one another better.

BUSINESS IN VACATION

(Continued from page 144)

sects.

I found no difficulty whatever in selling two or three trayfuls each afternoon. After a person tasted some of the delightful candy which my sister can make, that individual always wanted more. Sometimes, too, I took orders for several kilos of a certain kind which was well liked.

When my sister and I returned home after vacation, we each had nearly a hundred pesos.

USING MY TIME

(Continued from page 144)

activity. Of course I left a generous allowance for unlooked-for activities. Each morning I made a daily schedule, and tacked it up in the *sala*. I did my best to follow my schedule, and succeeded fairly well. Each night I wrote in my diary all the things I had done during the day. At the end of vacation I was astonished at the number of things I had accomplished, all on account of using my time wisely.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

(Continued from page 149)

Presently it was completed. The boy read it over carefully, changing a sentence here and there, or looking up a doubtful spelling in the dictionary.

"When the story was written to his satisfaction, he placed it in the drawer of his study table. "Tomorrow night I will copy it and send it in," he said to himself. Then he went to bed.

The next morning Pedro read his story before breakfast. "It is really a good story—better than I thought," he decided. However, he felt it was best to say nothing to anyone about his attempt at story-writing.

That evening he made a neat copy of his story, placed it in a large envelope, and addressed it to the editor of the magazine. "I hope I get at least a small prize," he said to himself. And then the words of his player again came to his mind. "Help me, God, to do something worth while, so I won't be a good-for-nothing."

The story was mailed at the post-office, but Pedro told no one of his literary attempt. Then things went on about as usual.

Weeks and weeks went by, and the boy heard nothing from the publishing

company. "Just like everything else I try to do—worthless!" he thought.

But one day he received a letter—a letter in a long envelope with the name of the publishing company in the upper left hand corner. He could hardly wait to open the envelope.

"Dear Pedro," the letter ran. "We congratulate you upon the manuscript which you entered in our recent contest. We are pleased to announce that your story was awarded second place. We enclose you our check for one hundred pesos, the amount offered as second prize. Your contribution will soon appear in our magazine for young people. If you care to send us more stories we will buy them from you if they are as well written as the one you sent us."

Pedro could hardly believe his eyes. One hundred pesos! He showed his letter to his parents and teachers. They were as astonished as he was.

They all thought a miracle had happened. And indeed it had, for after that nobody could persuade Pedro that he was a good-for-nothing. He knew now that he *could* do something worth while—he was a successful writer!

"A good-for-nothing makes good," said Pedro to

himself. And from that time he was a changed boy.

ANSWER THESE

1. Did you like this story? Why?
2. What did Pedro's parents and teachers think about him?
3. What did Pedro think about himself?
4. Was this true?
5. What did Pedro like to do?
6. What changed Pedro's opinion of himself?
7. What did Pedro need in order to "make good"?
8. Do you ever doubt your own ability?
9. Do you think you would be more successful in doing things if you tried harder?
10. Is there any person who is really good for nothing? Why do you think so?
11. Have you ever heard of an "inferiority complex"?
12. What is an "inferiority complex"? (It is the feeling in a person that he is unable to do anything—the feeling that he is good for nothing.)
13. Is it possible to develop an "inferiority complex" within yourself? (Yes)
14. It is possible to destroy an "inferiority complex" when you have developed such a feeling? (Yes) How?



Chats with the EDITOR

I WONDER, boys and girls and grownups who read THE YOUNG CITIZEN, how you are spending your vacation (if you have one). Perhaps my thoughts along this line have been prompted by a girl's article sent to *The What-Are-You-Doing? Club* page. I hope you will read it—the article *Using My Time* on page 144 in this issue. That girl is blessed with a wise teacher, a wise mother, and a wise little self. What did she do? Scheduled her time so she could use it to the best advantage. I hope that many of our young readers will do—at least to some extent—as did that fourteen-year-old girl.

And I hope you will read the business suggestion in the article *Business in Vacation* (page 144 in this issue) by our fifteen-year-old Chinese friend who lives in one of the provinces of southern Luzon. That article contains a suggestion which scores of boys and girls all over the Philippines could follow. If I were a boy, I

would certainly do that very thing. (Perhaps that is because your Editor has a "sweet tooth.")

For the boy who likes to camp there is a splendid short article on *Vacation Camping* (page 144 in this issue). Any group of boys interested in camp life could have a fine time at a very small cost by following the suggestions of that article.

All-in-all, our page set aside for *The What-Are-You-Doing? Club* is replete this month with practical vacation suggestions.

If you are something of a shark for working out picture puzzles—especially if you have some aptitude for drawing—you will find a very interesting and suggestive page in the *Work and Play Section* this month. Turn to page 146, read carefully *A Picture from Twelve Lines and a Dot*, and then—see what you can do. There are just twelve lines and a dot in every one of them; I know because I counted them.

You will find some good

vacation games listed on page 145 in this issue. Some are old—have stood the test of time—others are new. But they're all good.

As in previous issues, we are running another interesting story this month about life in East Africa. This is very timely just now, since East Africa is one of the theaters of action in the present World War. Next month there will be another of these true experiences. The article will tell of a great forest fire which drove before it scores of wild animals—elephants, lions, leopards, bucks, antelopes, buffaloes, zebras—all trying to escape from a terrible common enemy—a forest fire. Of course you will not miss reading the May issue of THE YOUNG CITIZEN just for that article alone.

Perhaps you, my dear reader, will have some interesting or even thrilling experience during this vacation. If you do, why not write it up and send it to the Editor? We will gladly publish it—sooner or later—if it is worth while. Try it.

Once again, your Editor wishes you a very pleasant and profitable vacation wherever you may be, or whatever you may do. Until next month, then, Good-bye.—THE 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:

The What-Are-You-Doing? Club
Care of Community Publishers, Inc.
Publishers of *The Young Citizen*
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines



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