

The Sagada Postboy

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The Sagada Teachers' Association fourth meeting of 1952 – 1953 will be held in the Sagada library, Saturday, January 10th, promptly at 3:00 pm. Coffee, doughnuts and pancakes will be served during the meeting. Questions to be discussed: The Fiesta. Should the STA support the Namfrel Community Center for Sagada Project? Should the STA initiate adult education classes? Can anything be done to establish practical arts and teachers' training college in this section of the Mountain Province? This year's meetings of the STA so far have been rather dull and uninteresting for each of vital topics to talk about and because of four attendance. All members please come to this informal meeting and be prepared to express your ideas.

A beautiful place planted in the core of Eastern Cordillera mountains is the town of Sagada. Anyone who is a stranger to the place could not help but murmur some expression of admiration for this scenic place. The cool, hospitable breeze that sweeps along the whistling pines is always ready to refresh the weary traveler. A little to the east of the town are castle-like rocks which to many are among the wonders of the world. The basement of these rocks are caves which seem impenetrable. Many a tourist has come to Sagada just to take a look at these so-called beauties. The Mission Compound, which is situated at the eastern part of the town contributes much to the natural beauty of Sagada. A stranger may not know the compound, but upon entering the gate he might as well focus his eyes to the left and there he is met by a very pleasant view. The hospital, convent, church, the school and the residences of the Americans which are among the few painted buildings in the town, make Sagada more picturesque with their painted roofs and walls shining against the green of the pine trees. A gully separates the Mission Compound from the "poblacion". In looking from either side it seems a narrow gully, but actually it is so steep as to be almost impassable, except to school boys. In the morning, the sun rises in Sagada than in other places in the district because the mountains east of the town are not so tall as to barricade the kind rays of the sun to whose rising everyone looks forward to. But in the evening, the sun always sets early because of the lofty mountains west of the town which deprives us of seeing the sun set in the sea. Sagada has such a rare magnificence that the natives of the town are very proud that they live in such a beautiful, secure and happy town. – by E. Zabala

Tabuk Trip. The days just after Christmas Day, a group of students and teachers of St. Mary's School, together with several town folks packed up on Mr. Aben's Tabuk-bound ford which started at 8:00 that morning. It was a joyous trip though in spite of the travel distress that pinned down most of the weaker sex passengers. At 12:00 we stopped beside a cool stream of drinking water and had our lunch. The best treat was a big pot full of deliciously cooked chicken right from the lunch box of Mrs. Aben, in which everyone

had a piece. The lunch took us about an hour. From there we passed through the panoramic view of the Lubuagan Valley and journeyed on, passing through strings of small roadside villages. With no rest at all, we proceeded on, passed through the Pasil River and on and on until we reached Naneng. And then from there commences those rugged roads, overlooking the endless Chico River, with those demon-filled precipices and suicide cliffs. These we had to pass through patiently until the sight of the distant plateaus cheered us. Came Bantay, the Bontoc colony, the newcomers were attracted by the giant guavas, a number one unavoidable delay which they had to gather from time to time. About 4:00 that same afternoon, we reached Calanan, the crossroads. From there, The party was divided, the others going North, going East. (Tabuk being divided by the great Chico River). Those taking the Eastern route had to cross the river on ferry boat. While in Tabuk, we had a grand time, despite the stormy weather brought by typhoon Hester. Parties, excursions and hiking were our business while in Tabuk. There was the blazing sun that turned us into coffee brown, there was the kilometers and kilometers of muddy road we had to hike, the lost road back to the farm, the barn dance atop the ferry boat, the benighted hike from a visit to another farm, and then a night among the natives of Naneng, on return trip due to engineering trouble. These we can't forget, these we will cherish and these we want to try again some other time. – by M. Piluden

Biology Class Activities: Due to lack of adequate zoological and botanical specimens, we had to spend time looking for them. The Junior students about two weeks before Christmas, spent their two periods of Biology class, collecting insects and varied plants for completing a project on the different kinds of reproduction. The river dividing Dagdag and Demng was the nearest possible place to find water insects, so that we had to go down there ourselves. We are lucky living in such an environment wherein plants of various kinds, both simple and complex, can be found in the compound. Therefore a need for these things doesn't worry us. Sister Kiara came with us. She illustrated each and everyone of the articles, differentiating the methods of reproduction involved. It was almost midday when we were back at school. This brief excursion meant much to us since it was a chance for outdoor exercise as well as study. – by E. Agpad

Holidays in Sagada. Though almost all teachers and school boys and girls from the Central and St. Mary's schools left for vacation, Sagada was not as lonesome as it was supposed to be during the two-weeks holidays, for some of our town mates staying in Manila, Baguio and other places came and were glad to have spent their Christmas vacation with us, as most of the students were in their own homes. There were few visitors but we were grateful to have them help in the singing on Sundays. – by M. Aligmayo

The 302 students of Sagada Central School are divided into nine sections:

Grade VI - A 24 - Mr. Pio Dacumos
Grade VI - B 22 - Mr. Ignacio Muting
Grade V 37 - Miss Luz J. Cruz
Grade IV - A 31 - Miss Jane Calaoa
Grade IV - B 27 - Miss Josefina S. Alejandro
Grade III - A 39 - Mrs. Alice E. Dacumos

Grade II 49 - Miss Semina Bioyo

Grade I 36 - Miss Amalia Lardizabal

The two lowest grades are taught in the building next to the Civic Center. The other classes are in the main building which has a very commending view of the valley – by B. Daoas

The night is dark and long,
The crickets sing their song.
The child is sleepless, all alone,
Because of the crickets song.
- by E. Calaoa