

# Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children





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**Written and illustrated by Judy Weddle**

**October 1991**





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## **Acknowledgments for *Bringing the World Home***

So many people participated in the production of this YMCA international guide that listing each one would take up a book itself. However, several people and organizations deserve special recognition.

Our special thanks go to Judy Weddle, the author, for her ideas, energy, and perseverance, which found their way into the written word and illustrations.

We are especially grateful to the many YMCA national movements from every region of the world which helped us to shape this curriculum with their ideas, revisions, and materials.

Special thanks is due to the Development Education Program of the U.S. Agency for International Development for the grant which helped to launch this project.

We would like to acknowledge the many authors and publishers who helped the YMCA make available this international guide to local YMCAs free of charge by giving permission to use their materials without copyright fees.

Lastly, we'd like to thank all those at the YMCA of the USA who helped produce this volume, notably Tom Spaulding of our International Division for nurturing it to completion.



# Bringing the World Home

## The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

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## Introduction

I am very pleased to present you with *Bringing the World Home*, which aims to help your YMCA internationalize its programs for school-age children. Through this international guide, you will visit with families in 32 nations from every continent to share their stories, food, crafts, and games, as well as to learn about the international work of the YMCA.

*Bringing the World Home* represents the work of many hands from many parts of the world. It has taken over three years to complete, due in large part to the commitment of the International Division to meet two criteria: First, the project should grow out of the expressed needs and interests of local U.S. YMCAs; and second, the lesson plan for each country should be reviewed by the YMCA in that country to ensure that the final product accurately represents the people and their nation.

The idea for these lesson plans was born in February of 1988, when a group of YMCA international program directors and child care program directors met for several days at YMCA Camp Letts in Edgewater, Maryland, to talk about how international education could be most effectively introduced to children in Y programs.

Present at this meeting were Cliff Kessler (YMCA of Santa Clara Valley, Calif.), Carolyn Simmons (Bethesda-Chevy Chase, Md., YMCA), Nora Hill (YMCA of Santa Clara Valley), Debbie Gielner (Prince George County, Md., YMCA), Heather Callister (Baltimore Area YMCA), Dwight Call (Sioux Indian YMCAs), Judy Weddle (Washington D.C. Metro YMCA), Dina Rauker (International Division, YMCA of the USA), and Ken Vogt (Program Services, YMCA of the USA).

Based on the group's recommendations, five draft lesson plans—on Ghana, the Sioux Indian Nation, the People's

Republic of China, Lebanon, and Mexico—were developed by the YMCA of the USA's International Division staff in Chicago. These were distributed to local YMCAs for review.

After receiving favorable feedback, the division contracted Judy Weddle, former international program director for the Washington D.C. Metro YMCA, to write and illustrate this international guide.

Thirty-two countries represent less than a third of the 108 countries where YMCAs are at work carrying out community-based activities. (See Appendix 2 for a list of all the countries where YMCAs are at work.) The 32 countries highlighted in these lesson plans were chosen to provide a representative sample of the incredible diversity of countries from each world region.

In order to ensure that the lesson plans accurately reflected the countries they represented, drafts were sent to each of the 32 national YMCA movements for review. We are especially grateful to the many national movements that responded with constructive criticism, helpful suggestions, and additional materials.

I sincerely hope that these materials will help you bring the world home in a way that is both educational and fun! After you have had a chance to use this international guide, I would welcome your comments and suggestions for future editions.

Robert K. Masuda  
Director  
International Division  
YMCA of the USA



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### **How to Use *Bringing the World Home***

The lesson plans have been designed to follow the format of the national YMCA child care manual. Ideally, one lesson plan would be used in one day, highlighting one country. Child care staff members can use them as best fits their schedule. For example, one day each week could be international day, highlighting a different country and the work of its YMCA. Or one or two weeks out of a summer program could be designated YMCA International Week(s).

The language in the lesson plans is geared toward children. The lessons can be read to school-age children as they are written, or they can be adapted for younger children according to the needs and style of individual child care workers. We recommend that you try to use a globe or world map with each lesson plan. Also, try to incorporate follow-up activities as mentioned below, or additional resources like those listed in Appendix 1.

In an effort to make the lessons more vivid and real to children, Judy Weddle chose to portray a family in her description of each country. All the stories of families are fictional, and any resemblance to real people is purely coincidental. Of course, focusing on one family limits the discussion, to an extent, to only one social and economic level. These lessons are not intended to be comprehensive country studies but were designed to provide a realistic and exciting introduction to each country's people and culture. Ideally, they will stimulate children to want to learn more.

You are encouraged to follow up on the interest these lesson plans may stimulate. Your local library is a good source for books with pictures, music, even videotapes from different countries. You may know or be able to find people or organizations in your community from or familiar with these countries who would be willing to share experiences with the children. Parents or friends may have visited some of the countries and may have slides they could present.

Encourage the children to bring home these stories, recipes, crafts, and games to share with their parents and other family members. Or the YMCA could host special activities such as international days and YMCA World Service carnivals, and invite family members and the wider community to participate.

Linkages or partnerships can be established with YMCAs in the countries studied, and the children can exchange correspondence, artwork, tapes, slides, or videos with children in the other countries. These relationships are coordinated through the YMCA International Offices listed at the end of each country lesson plan. (Also see Appendix 3.)

For additional resources to help internationalize your YMCA, refer to Appendix 1. If you would like further assistance or want to find out about model programs, you can contact your Cluster International Liaison, the YMCA International Offices, YMCA International Program Services, or the YMCA International Division staff in Chicago (800-872-9622).

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## Bringing the World Home

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# Brian and Olivia in Australia

Brian and Olivia Rogers live in Australia, which you may have heard people call the "land down under". This is because Australia is in the Southern Hemisphere, and the whole country is below the equator. In fact, Australia is the only country that is also a continent. Brian and Olivia speak English, since Australia was colonized by the English. Brian and Olivia are happy to welcome you to their country with a hearty "Good day!"

Australia is about the same size as the United States, but there aren't nearly as many people there as in the U.S. That is because a third of the country is desert, and another third is poor land where nothing grows. Most of the people live in the eastern part of the country, especially in the southeastern part. There is a great range of mountains in the east called the Great Dividing Range. The land from the mountains to the east coast (on the Pacific Ocean) is quite fertile. Along the western side of the mountains, the land is perfect for growing wheat and raising cattle. The weather in that part of the country is moderate: It's not too hot, and it only snows in the mountains in winter.

Brian and Olivia live in Melbourne, the second largest city in the country. Sydney, the largest city, is north of them, and Canberra, the capital, lies in between Melbourne and Sydney. Most of the people of Australia live in cities, especially in Sydney and Melbourne.

The children's father is a foreman at a steel plant in Melbourne. He is quite proud of the fact that Australia produces all the steel it needs to run its many industries. Brian and Olivia's mother is a computer programmer. As you can guess by now, Australia is a country very much like the United States, with farming, industry, and large, modern cities.



But there are many differences between life in Australia and in the U.S. First of all, people drive on the lefthand side of the road, but the driver of a car sits on the righthand side! Also, the seasons are reversed—their winter is your summer, and your winter is their summer.

But the most interesting difference is the animals. Australia has all kinds of fascinating animals that you may have heard about or even seen in a zoo. There are kangaroos—40 different kinds, in fact. They jump around on their hind legs, and baby kangaroos live in their mother's pouches. The babies are called "joeys," and are quite friendly.

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Another animal is the koala bear, which carries its babies on its back. These adorable animals live in a special kind of tree called a eucalyptus tree, or "gum" tree, because the only food they can eat is eucalyptus leaves. There is also the funny platypus: It looks like a groundhog but has a flat bill and lays eggs like a duck! Although Brian and Olivia live in the city, they sometimes go to the Healesville Sanctuary outside of Melbourne, where they can see all these animals. They have cousins who live west of the mountains on a farm and think it's funny to see kangaroos protected in a special sanctuary. They have kangaroos running wild, all around their farm!

Brian and Olivia live with their mother and father in a brick house with a tile roof, three bedrooms, and a large garden all around the house. The family has two cars, one for each parent. The children go to a large primary school near their home. When they aren't in school, they love to play sports—especially swimming, tennis, riding bicycles, and "cricket," which is a game something like baseball. They have friends in school who are from many different parts of the world, since people have come to Australia from many countries.

Brian's and Olivia's ancestors first came from England about 200 years ago. The only people in Australia who didn't come from somewhere else are the Aborigines. They live mostly in the northern and western parts of the country. Today, many of the Aborigines send their children to school and live modern lives. Until 40 or 50 years ago, however, many still lived in the bush country, the way their people had for thousands of years. They were very skillful hunters and used something called a boomerang to kill the animals they ate. You may have heard of the boomerang—when you throw one, it comes back to you.

Every year, Olivia, Brian, and their parents go to visit their uncle's farm in the outback country, west of the mountains. They always fly in a small plane, because it is very difficult to get there by car. Their uncle hires some Aboriginal men to work on the farm. The farm is big, and their uncle raises lots of cattle and sheep. There is no school nearby, so their cousins listen to the "School of the Air," which brings their lessons to them by radio. The children love to sit with the farm workers in the evening and listen to their stories of Aboriginal life in the old, old days, before any white people came to Australia.



## Nutrition Time

The food in Australia is much like the food in the United States. This was brought by the English and Irish.

### Australian Sultana Loaf

1/2 cup mashed potatoes  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup raisins  
1 cup milk  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/4 teaspoon ginger

#### Glazing for top:

3 teaspoons sugar  
1 1/2 teaspoons hot water

In a bowl, beat the potatoes with the sugar. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Combine with the potato mixture. Stir in raisins, then add milk and spices. Beat well. Pour into a greased loaf tin. Bake in a 325° oven for one hour. Allow to cool. To glaze the top, mix the sugar with the hot water and spread over cooled cake.

From *Wide World Cookbook*, copyright © 1962 by Rebecca Shapiro. Reprinted by permission of McIntosh and Otis, Inc.

## People Time

A long time ago when Silverton was young, Acacia Bear lived on the banks of the Murray River with his family of cuddly koalas.

One day, Acacia Bear received a message via a passing galah that his friend, Fred Bunyip, who lived at Umberumberka, near a place called Silverton, was going on a trip.

Fred Bunyip wanted the Bear to come and look after his rock hole.

Koala Bear was very excited about this so he set off that very day with his swag in his wheelbarrow to go to Silverton.

In the wheelbarrow, he packed his spare pair of dungarees, his miner's shovel in case he found some interesting rocks on the way, and of course, lots and lots of eucalyptus sandwiches and gum tip tea.

The trip to Silverton was a long one. It was very hot, and there were lots of flies, but the Bear knew that once he got there, he would have a very warm reception from his friend Fred Bunyip.

As Acacia Bear was pushing his wheelbarrow along the very rough track that led to Silverton, he saw a pile of broken rocks in the form of a hill, and he met a boundary rider called Charles xxxx. The Bear sat down with Charlie and had a long talk about broken hills and pieces of black rock.

Charlie was sure that he had some tin, but the Bear wasn't so sure; but then again, the Koala Bear really only knows about gum tress and gum leaves and other important things like that.

After spending the night with Charlie out on the boundary fences, Acacia Bear set off for Silverton, which he found not too long after.

Silverton was a very big town for Acacia Bear, who hadn't seen very many towns before.

There were hotels! There were lots of tents! There was even a Municipal Chambers! It was a very exciting place.

Koala Bear even saw the prisoners chained to a tree at the local gaol, and he found many mines operating around Silverton. Men were sure they were going to find their fortune in silver.

Acacia Bear passed through Silverton and headed off to Umberumberka, where he met his friend Fred Bunyip. Fred went on his holiday, and when he came back, the Bear had enjoyed looking after Fred's special place so much that he decided to stay.

And Fred Bunyip and Acacia Bear have been living around Umberumberka ever since.

From *The Adventures of Acacia Bear* by Garry Halliday, printed for and on behalf of the Broken Hill Y's Men's Club.

## Playtime

In addition to its interesting animals, Australia also has some very funny birds. One of those birds is called the "kookaburra," but sometimes the children call it the laughing donkey because it has a strange laughing call. Everyone likes the kookaburra because it kills poisonous snakes. How many funny animals do you know? Can you imitate how they act and the sounds they make? Do you know any songs about animals?

## Project Time

### Animal Cookie Picture

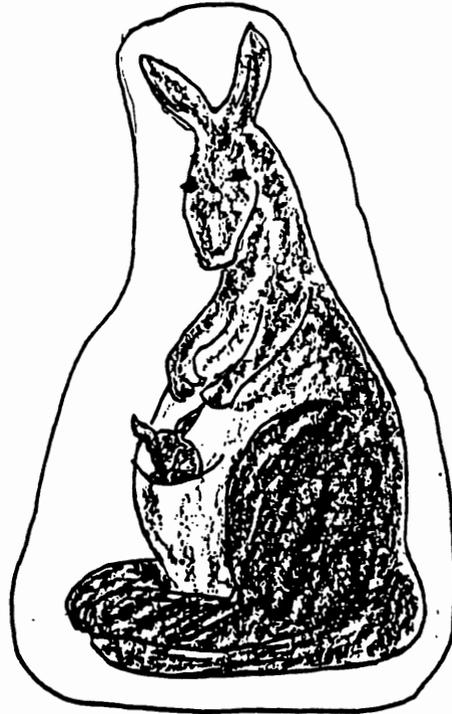
Use raw cookie dough as the canvas for a class painting of animals from Australia. Include kangaroos and koala bears.

#### Materials:

cookie dough	2 eggs
paring knife	food coloring
small bowl	cookie sheet
new paintbrushes	scissors
spatula	paper cups
waxed paper	rolling pin
chocolate syrup (optional)	corn syrup (optional)

Preheat oven to 375°. On waxed paper, roll about three tablespoons, or one-third of a package, of well-chilled dough into a cookie 1/4-inch thick. Trim with a knife into a square 4 by 4 inches, or make it a free-form shape. Trim the paper near the cookie, and transfer the whole thing to a cookie sheet (greased if the cookie recipe calls for it) by flipping it upside down and peeling off the paper. Chill the cookie while you mix the "paint." Separate the egg whites from the yolks. Put the egg yolks into a paper cup, removing the membrane. Put the egg yolks into four paper cups, and make each cup a different color by adding a few drops of food coloring. Mix well, and paint the animals on the dough. Bake it until the edges turn slightly brown—about 15 minutes. Let it cool slightly before you try to remove it from the cookie sheet with a spatula.

From *Arts and Crafts You Can Eat*, copyright ©1974 by Vicki Cobb. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.



### The YMCA in Australia

The YMCA in Australia consists of about 50 local associations, mostly in the western and eastern parts of the country. Its major activities are recreation and sporting, but there are also family programs and social welfare programs. Although the Australian YMCA is a long way from Ys in other countries, it is still very much a part of the world YMCA network, and people from the Australian Ys often travel to other YMCAs in the world.

For more information on the YMCAs in Australia, contact:

International Office for Asia  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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# Bartholomew in the Bahamas

Bartholomew Kitts lives with his family in the city of Freeport on Grand Bahama, which is one of 700 islands in the Bahamas.

Bartho (as he is called), and his baby sister Winifred stay home with their mother, while their father takes his fishing boat out to sea. Father usually takes one-day journeys, but sometimes he goes all the way to Nassau, the capital, on New Providence Island, and then he stays for two or three days.



*Drawing adapted from Let's Visit the West Indies by John C. Caldwell, by permission of Macmillan Distribution Limited, copyright © 1983.*

There are people on 40 of the 700 Bahamian islands, but Grand Bahama and New Providence have more people than any of the other islands.

Scientists believe that the islands of the Bahamas are part of an ancient mountain range that got submerged in the ocean millions of years ago. In fact, the bottom of the ocean around the islands has many peaks and valleys—just like you might find on land, but these are under the water.

The Bahamas are very close to the United States. In fact, if you go to the beach in Miami, Florida, and look out to sea, Grand Bahama Island is only about 50 miles away. The weather in the Bahamas is similar to the weather in Miami, too, only a little warmer because of the warm ocean breezes. It never gets colder than 60°, or hotter than 90°. The rainy season is from May to October.

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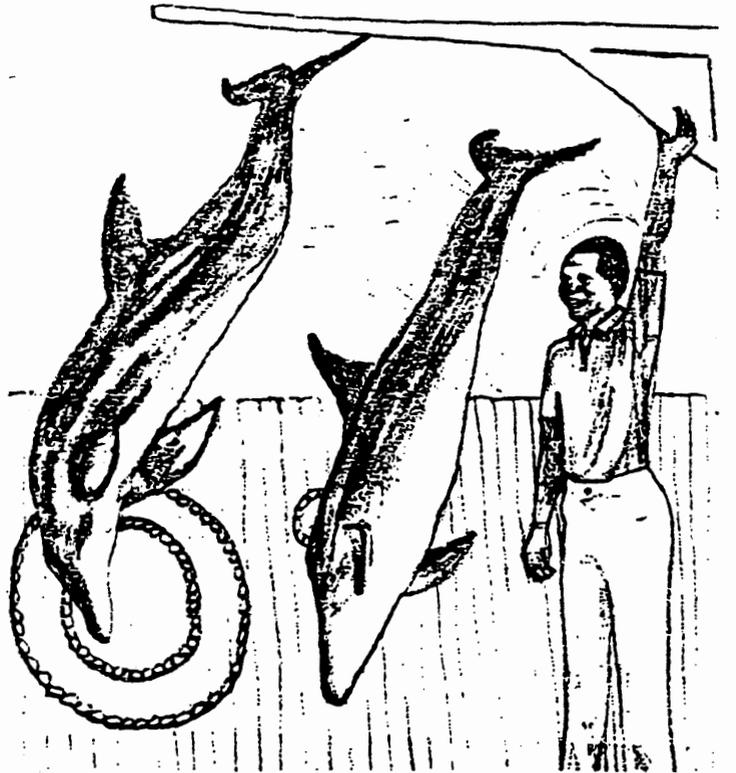
Christopher Columbus encountered the islands in 1492 during his first trip to America. British settlers came about 100 years later. The British started growing cotton and brought slaves from Africa to work on the plantations.

In the 1600s, pirates raided ships that sailed around the area, and buried their treasure in caves on uninhabited islands. The famous pirate Blackbeard made his home here! It took the British many years to get rid of all the pirates.

The slaves were freed in 1834, and eventually the cotton growing stopped. Because the land is not very good for farming, the only crops today are sugarcane, fruit, and vegetables. Most of the food has to be imported. The main industry is tourism. Banking is important, too.

Like Bartholomew and his family, most Bahamians are descended from Africans. The rest are British, European, American, or a mixture of races. Everyone speaks English, and almost everyone is Protestant Christian.

Bartho's father benefits from both tourism and banking. He borrowed money from a bank to buy his boat, and he makes a good income by taking tourists out fishing in the ocean. People come mostly from the United States and Europe, and many of them like to catch big fish like marlin, grouper, snapper, and shark. There are tournaments every year when people who are serious about fishing compete to see who can catch the biggest fish.



Since Bartho is still too young for school, Father sometimes takes him along to Nassau. They visit the tropical flower gardens and the Seafloor Aquarium, with its giant turtles, rays, and other creatures that live in the ocean around the islands. Bartho's favorite is the show where dolphins perform many tricks.

The Kitts family has not always lived in Freeport. In fact, Freeport is a new town. It was built about 40 years ago specifically for tourists. It has a casino, luxury hotels, and an international market where people can buy crafts from around the world.

Bartho's mother and father originally lived in the Family Islands. Tourists rarely go there, and life is much as it has been for years. People make their living from fishing or small farming. They live in simple houses and often don't have electricity or running water.

Mrs. Kitts often goes back with the children to visit relatives who still live in the Family Islands. Bartho loves these trips because he plays with his many cousins and listens to stories about pirates and mythical creatures. His grandmother tells him about the chickarnies: three-toed, red-eyed elves who will turn a person's head around if they don't treat them with respect. There is also Lusca, who is half dragon and half octopus. Bartho and his cousins dream about discovering buried treasure. In fact, treasure has been found on some of the islands!

Mrs. Kitts learned to make traditional crafts when she was a girl on the Family Islands, and she continues to make them today—woven purses, hats, and carved conch shells. She sells them to the tourist shops in Freeport.

## Nutrition Time

### Pineapple Drink

peelings and a little  
fruit of a pineapple  
6 cups of boiling water  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
a few cloves

Place the peelings and cloves in a pot and cover with boiling water. Leave covered for a day. Strain and add the nutmeg. Serve with ice.

From *Caribbean Food And Drink* by Aviva Paraiso, by permission of the publisher, The Bookwright Press/Franklin Watts, Inc., copyright ©1989.

## People Time

The following excerpt recounts one Bahamian woman's memories of being a child and growing up with her family in the Bahamas in the 1960s.

### Grammy

We lived in a very modest two-bedroom home. We had a living room that doubled as a dining room, a kitchen, two bedrooms, and a front porch.

The bathroom was an outside toilet. It was a wooden structure in the far backyard that had seats with wooden covers and always smelled of carbolic acid.

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The house was near to a "Jumper Church" (Church of God, always alive with music, jumping, and dancing), and three other houses shared our plot of land.

We had no running water. However, "the pump," a government utility, was placed in the road just at the edge of our front yard. Periodically during the day we would tote (fetch) water for various uses, in silver tin buckets.

As for our bath habits, we brushed our teeth each morning at the back door. This was normally just before our breakfast of oatmeal, cream of wheat, cornmeal, or tea and bread.

We took baths once daily at night, in a large tin tub that was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor at the same time each evening for this very purpose.

Also, each morning, we washed up in a little basin. This was referred to by Grammy as taking care of "possible and impossible." (I sincerely do not know the significance of that one.)

As long as I remember, we had electric light; however, Grammy was always on us about wasting the current—that's how she referred to it. We had to be careful, too, about ironing; in fact, Grammy always made sure that everything was ironed at one time. It was her theory that turning the iron on and off ran up her current.

She also did not like us opening and closing her icebox—that's the refrigerator.

Our house was small, but I liked it. After all, I only ate and slept in there. During the day I was either at school or in the yard playing.

Our yard was a very nice one with lots of trees. My favorite tree was the dilly (sapodilla) tree. The clothes-stand where Grammy washed the clothes was right below the dilly tree.

Many happy hours were spent swinging from limb to limb in the many trees in our yard. There was the guinepe tree, the mammy tree, the tambourine tree, the jou-jou tree, and many more.

My two sisters and I were as adept at climbing trees as any of the boys on the street. However, there was this thing about girls making the fruit sour on any tree they climbed.

From *Grammy*, an unpublished novel of growing up in the Bahamas in the early 1960s; used by permission of the author, Jeannie Gibson.

## Playtime

### Flower Garden

One player is "It" and gives the name of a flower to each of the other players who are seated in a circle. The play begins as It says, "I saw a garden of flowers, but the violet was missing." The violet must reply, "The violet was not missing, because I saw it in the garden." The leader then asks, "What was missing?" The violet answers, "The rose was missing." The rose must respond with, "The rose was there because I saw it. It was the daisy that was missing." The game continues in quick sequence until a flower fails to respond.

Produced by permission of Oak Tree Publications, copyright ©1964, from *Games and Sports Around the World* by Sarah Etheridge Hunt.

## Project Time

There are many different kinds of tropical fish in the ocean waters which surround the Bahamas. Make a fish mobile, with brightly colored tropical fish. You can look in a tropical fish book for examples, or invent your own.

### Materials:

cardboard or stiff construction paper  
paints or crayons  
scissors and tape  
wire hangers  
string

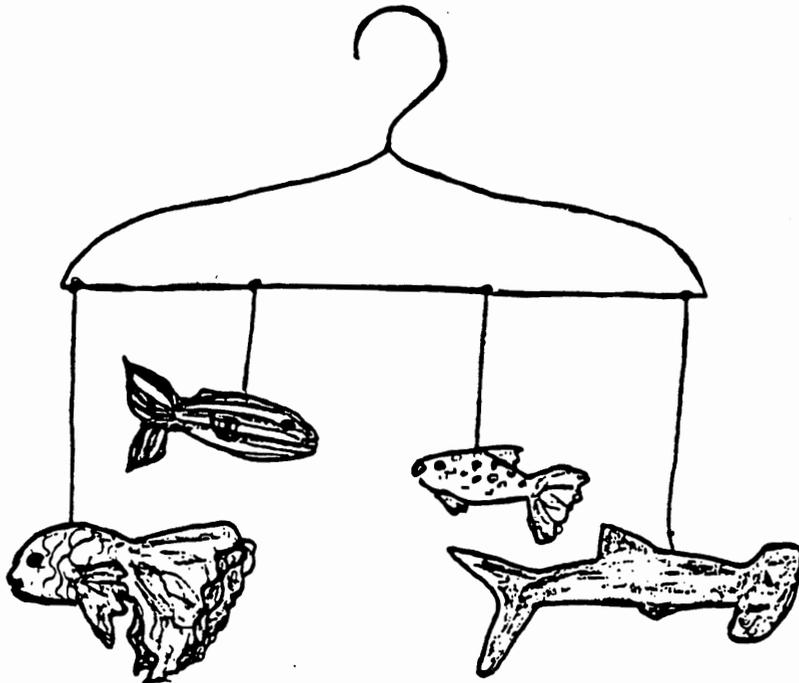
Draw fish on paper, color with bright crayons or paints, cut out. Tape a piece of string onto the top of each fish cutout, and tie it to the wire clothes hanger.

## The YMCA in the Bahamas

Bartho goes to summer day camp at the YMCA of Freeport. He learns swimming in the pool; does arts and crafts; and goes on field trips to the beach, the fire station, or maybe the island newspaper office. Older children go to the YMCA for basketball. There is also a roller skating rink, a boxing club, and a weight training program.

For more information on the YMCA in the Bahamas, contact:

International Support Unit for the Caribbean  
Butler Street YMCA  
22 Butler Street, NE  
Atlanta, GA 30335  
Tel: 404/659-8085



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# The Hoque Family in Bangladesh

Abdel-Aziz Hoque is a farmer in Bangladesh. He lives with his wife and five children in a small house on two acres of land in a village beside the town of Bogra in the northwest part of the country. His two oldest children are girls—Yasmin and Parul, both named for flowers common in the country. The three younger boys—Abdul-Rahim, Abdul-Wahab, and Abdel-Shakour—were given names that mean servant of Allah, the Muslim God.

Abdel-Aziz, like most Bangladeshis, is a very faithful Muslim. He prays to Allah every season for good weather and a good crop. But the weather in his country is sometimes violent, bringing terrible floods or droughts which ruin the crops. Whenever this happens, Abdel-Aziz knows there is nothing he can do—it is the will of Allah. He starts over again and somehow manages to make a living for his family on his little plot of land.



Bangladesh is a country about the size of the state of Wisconsin, located on the northeast side of India, bordered on the south by the Bay of Bengal. The low-lying land is criss-crossed with rivers, lakes, and streams that often overflow during the rainy season. This makes the soil very fertile, and crops grow easily. Every available acre is used to grow rice, jute (used to make rope, sacks, and carpets), sugar, wheat, spices, and, in some areas, tea. It is good that Bangladeshis grow so much food, because they have over 100 million people to feed. Bangladesh is one of the most crowded countries on earth.

But in spite of the good soil, the monsoon rains which fall from June to September also bring cyclones that destroy everything in their path and cause massive flooding. At other times there is not enough rain, and the crops dry up. Also, farming techniques are still very primitive, demanding much hard physical work, and health care is very poor, so people often get sick. In spite of all this, Bangladeshi people are cheerful and spirited—maybe because they have learned well how to deal with hardship.

Yasmin and Parul, although they are the oldest of the children, do not go to school. Their family does not consider it important for girls to be educated. Instead, they help their mother with the cooking, housework, and taking care of their younger brothers—especially the baby, Abdel-Shakour. They spend much time preparing the rice and fish the family usually eats, along with vegetables and spices they use to make different kinds of curry. They sweep the house, and they wash clothes in the stream beside their house. They don't have electricity, so everything has to be done by hand, and it takes a long time.

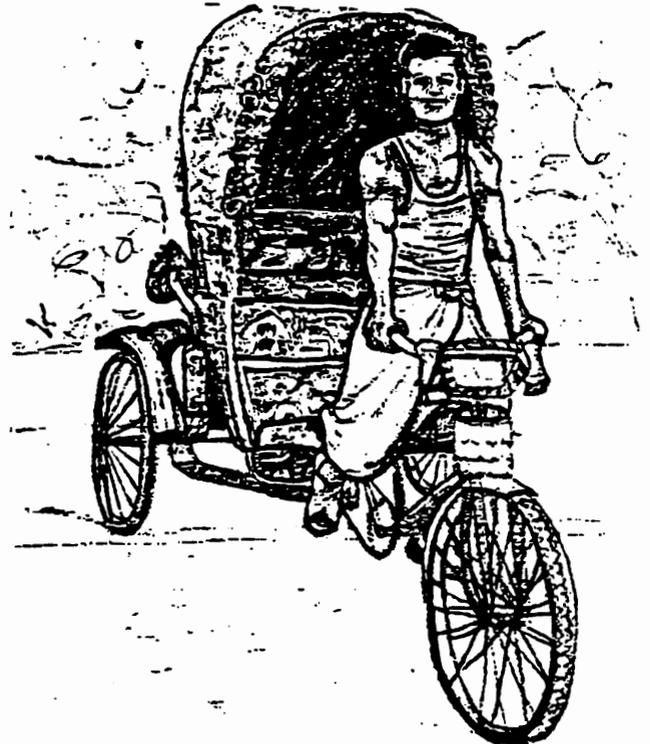
The older boys, Abdul-Rahim and Abdul-Wahab, go to an elementary school in Bogra that is run by the YMCA. Few schools in Bangladesh, especially in the rural areas, are provided by the government. The boys' father went to school when he was young at a *madrassah*, run by the local mosque (Muslim church). There he learned to read Arabic, which is the language of the Quran, the Muslims' holy book. But he decided to send his sons to the YMCA school (even though the YMCA is a Christian, not a Muslim, organization) because it is free, and it teaches the boys many useful subjects.

Most Bangladeshis speak a language called Bengali, which has an alphabet different from English or Arabic. This is the language the boys use in school, but if they continue their studies after elementary school they will also learn English.

The children's Uncle Mostaque left Bogra several years ago with his family to go to Dhaka, the capital city. He had heard that life is better there. Now he has learned English, and has a bicycle rickshaw which he operates as a taxi to pedal people around the city. He and his family always come back to Bogra to visit on holidays like Id-ul-Fitr (the end of the fasting month of

Ramadan), and Id-ul-Adha (the celebration of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac).

Uncle Mostaque tells the children amazing stories of life in the big city—the fancy hotels and rich people, and the many, many poor people and those who have to beg. Uncle Mostaque is proud to have his own rickshaw, even though it is hard work. He is glad he doesn't have to beg for money to support his family, like so many others do. Even though the Hoques are poor, they try to share what they have with people who are even poorer. This sharing is required of all Muslims, and it is especially important during the holiday feasts. When they can, they will slaughter a sheep or goat and share it with people who have none.



## Nutrition Time

### *Ktma*

1 tablespoon margarine  
1/4 cup chopped onion  
1/2 pound ground beef  
1 tomato, diced  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon curry powder  
1/2 teaspoon paprika  
1/4 teaspoon garlic salt  
pinch of black pepper  
1/2 cup cooked or canned peas  
plus 2 tablespoons pea liquid

Melt the margarine in a heavy skillet. Add the onion and cook until tender. Add the meat and tomato and stir. Cook over medium heat for 15 minutes. Mix the seasonings and spices in a cup and empty it over the meat. Add the peas and liquid. Mix well. Cover and simmer over low heat for 30 minutes.

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## People Time

### **The Five Little Foxes and the Tiger**

Once upon a time on the plains of Bangladesh, a fox and his wife lived with their five children in a snug little hole. Since the children were too young to feed themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Fox went out every evening to hunt for food. They would wait until all the people in the bazaar had gone home to their suppers, and then they would look for food that had dropped under the roughly made stalls. Sometimes they would find only a few grains of rice or shreds of pumpkin, but at other times they would pick up quite large pieces of fish or meat.

But no matter who had got the most food—and it was nearly always Mrs. Fox, for she was the better scavenger—Mr. Fox was so full of pride at his cleverness that he could not stop boasting. One evening when the two foxes were on their way home, Mr. Fox had just told his wife for the hundredth time how clever he was, when a large tiger stepped out from behind a bush and barred their way.

"At last, I've got you," growled the tiger, showing them his sharp white teeth which glistened in the moonlight. Mr. Fox crumpled into a heap and could not speak, but the clever Mrs. Fox said with a smile, "How glad we are to have met you, O Uncle! My husband and I have been having an argument, and since neither will give way to the other, we decided that we would ask the first superior animal who crossed our path to settle the matter for us."

Since being called "Uncle" is a sign of great respect in Bangladesh, the Tiger did not kill and eat the foxes, but replied, "Very well. I will help you if I can. Tell me what you were arguing about."

"My husband and I have decided to part company," said Mrs. Fox. "But we have five children waiting for us at home, and we cannot decide how to divide them. I think I should have three and my husband two, but he thinks he should have the three boys and I should take the two girls. Now, O Wise Uncle, who do you think is right?"

The Tiger licked his lips and thought of how he should have the five children and their parents for dinner, which is exactly what Mrs. Fox had hoped for.

"I must see the cubs for myself before I can make a decision," said the Tiger. "Can you take me to your home?"

When they arrived at the den, Mrs. Fox told the Tiger, "You are too big to fit in the hole, so we shall bring the children out to see you." With this, Mr. Fox dashed into the hole, and Mrs. Fox followed more slowly, telling the Tiger that she would not keep him waiting more than a few minutes.

Once inside, the foxes gathered their children around them as far from the opening as possible, and told them to be very quiet until the Tiger went away. The Tiger waited for hours, first patiently, then furiously, as it gradually dawned on him that the foxes had no intention of letting him see their children. As the sun rose early the next morning, he went hungrily away.

After this, Mr. Fox never again pretended to have more sense than his wife.

From *Animal Folk Tales Around the World* by Kathleen Amott, New York: Henry Z. Walck, Inc., 1970.

## Playtime

### Scorpion's Sting

Players gather closely about one player, the scorpion, who walks on all fours. However, he is supposed to raise one leg, which represents his stinger. The scorpion tries to touch a player with his raised leg. If he does, that player becomes the scorpion. The players tease the scorpion by touching his head, his shoulders, his hands, or even his stinger, being careful to prevent his stinging them.

From *Games of Many Nations* by E.O. Harbin. Copyright renewal ©1982 Mary Elizabeth Harbin Standish and Thomas Harbin. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Abingdon Press.

## Project Time

### Cookie Dough Plates

Use raw cookie dough as the "clay" for making painted clay plates, which are commonly made in Bangladesh. They are often painted with flowers and birds, but you can paint other animals as well.

#### Materials:

sugar cookie dough	paring knife
2 eggs	cookie sheet
food coloring	small bowl
chocolate syrup (optional)	paper cups
corn syrup (optional)	new paintbrushes
waxed paper	scissors
rolling pin	spatula

Preheat oven to 375°. On waxed paper, for each plate, roll about three tablespoons, or one-third of a package, of well-chilled dough into a cookie 1/4-inch thick. Using a bowl with a four-inch diameter, trim with a knife. Then, mold the "plate" by placing the circular

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piece of dough on the bottom of the bowl. Transfer to a cookie sheet (greased if the cookie recipe calls for it). Chill the cookie while you mix the "paint." Separate the egg whites from the yolks. Put the egg yolks into a paper cup, removing the membrane. Divide the egg yolks into four paper cups, and make each cup a different color by adding a few drops of food coloring. Mix well, and paint birds, flowers, or animals on the dough. Bake for about 15 minutes, or until the edges turn slightly brown. Let the "plate" cool slightly before you try to remove it from the cookie sheet with a spatula.

Adapted from *Arts and Crafts You Can Eat*, copyright © 1974 by Vicki Cobb. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.



### The YMCA in Bangladesh

The YMCA in Bogra has been a big help to Abdel-Aziz Hoque. In addition to the free primary school his sons attend, the Y has helped him with problems on his farm, and in saving money for needed projects. When there was terrible flooding in Bangladesh in September of 1988, most of the Hoque farm was underwater. The YMCA provided food and clothing and helped the Hoques get back on their feet. There are eight YMCAs in Bangladesh, and they provide schools, guest houses, skills training for farmers and craftspeople, and other community services.

For more information on the YMCAs of Bangladesh, contact:

International Office for Asia  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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## The Quebochacas in Bolivia

Lydia (pronounced Lee-dee-a) Quebochaca (Kay-bo-sha-ka) lives in Bolivia with her little brother Fermin (Fair-meen), baby sister Rosita (Ro-zee-ta), and their mother and father. They live on a small farm in a village beside Lake Titicaca, which is a very large lake on the western side of the country.

The Quebochacas are Aymara Indians. They make their living growing crops, fishing in the lake, and making clothing and rugs from sheep, llama, and vicuna wool.

Bolivia is in the middle of South America. It is about two times the size of Texas. It is completely landlocked, which means that it doesn't touch any ocean. The western part of the country, where the Quebochacas live, is called the *altiplano*. It is next to the Andes, some of the highest mountains in the world.

Since the *altiplano* is very high, the air is very thin, and if you were to visit you may have trouble breathing. The Aymaras have developed big lungs, so this doesn't bother them so much.

Bolivia has other kinds of land, too. The *yungas* are fertile valleys below the *altiplano*, where many of Bolivia's crops are grown. The northeast is part of the Amazon Basin, and it is tropical forest.

Lydia and her family live in a small adobe house with a thatched roof. The house is close to their fields, which are terraced on the hillsides, the way the Incas made them hundreds of years ago.

In these fields, Lydia's father grows *quinua* (potatoes) and *oca*. *Quinoa* is a strong, weedlike plant with large seeds. Lydia's mother roasts them and makes pomidge that has a wonderful, nutlike flavor. *Oca* is like a potato, except that it looks like a small pink sausage. The potatoes are made into *chuno*: They are frozen during the cold nights and then dried. There are, by the way, over 200 kinds of potatoes in Bolivia.



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Besides soup made from potatoes, rice, and noodles, the Quebochaca family often eats fish that Father catches in his boat on the lake. Fermin likes to go fishing with his father in the *balso de totora* (reed boat). The Indians make these boats themselves. They hold two to four people and last only about five months.

Besides farming and fishing, the Quebochaca family makes a living from raising sheep and a few llamas. They take the wool from these animals and spin yarn, which Mother makes into *llucbus* (hats), *abuayos* (ponchos), blankets, and rugs.

Father and Fermin wear *llucbus* and *abuayos* to keep them warm in the cool mountain air. Mother and Lydia wear bright skirts with many underskirts, and woolen shawls. Mother also wears a soft derby hat.

Lydia and Fermin go to school in their village at 9:00 in the morning. They first have a breakfast of *api*, which is made from a special kind of purple corn. At lunchtime they go home for an hour, and the school day ends at 4:00 in the afternoon. They have two vacations a year—summer vacation is November through January, and winter vacation is in June or July. Remember, the seasons are reversed in the Southern Hemisphere.

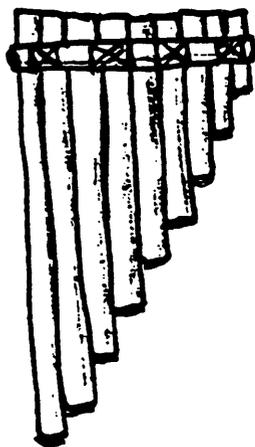
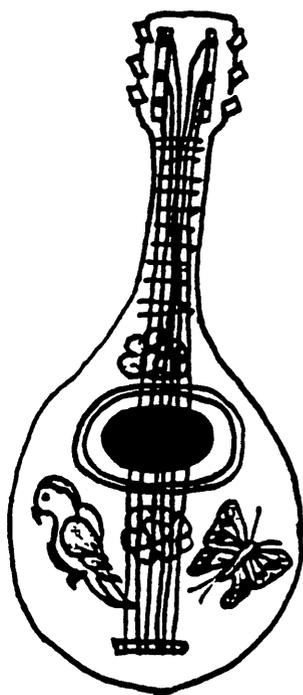
On weekends, they love to go with their mother and Rosita to the big open air market in La Paz. Mother carries Rosita on her back, and Lydia carries her good luck doll made of clay on her back. She and Fermin also help carry the woolen things Mother has made to sell.

The children especially love to visit the Plaza Murillo, where they can see the splendid presidential palace and the Roman Catholic cathedral.



Spanish conquerors came to Bolivia about 400 years ago and built many Spanish-style cities and houses. La Paz is Bolivia's capital and its biggest city. The descendants of the Spaniards mostly live in the cities, while most Indians live in the countryside.

When anyone in the Quebochaca family, or anyone else in the village, gets sick—like when Rosita had a fever a few months ago—they are treated by the traveling doctors. These doctors move around the countryside in groups of 8 to 10. They cure people with preparations made from plants mixed with fats, powdered bird feathers, hair, and other ingredients. They also sell their medicines in the marketplace. Many people insist that these doctors can perform miraculous cures!



## Nutrition Time

The people of Lydia's village eat soup made from rice and potatoes or noodles at almost every meal. This one is made with cabbage. It's called *guiso de repollo* (cabbage in sauce).

### *Guiso de Repollo* (serves 4)

- 1 small white or green cabbage
- 3 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 3 medium tomatoes, peeled and halved
- 1 fresh hot red or green pepper, seeded and chopped
- Salt, ground pepper
- 1 tablespoon tomato puree
- 2 tablespoons fresh coriander
- 4 medium potatoes, cooked and halved
- Chopped parsley or cilantro

Wash the cabbage and shred it finely. Drop it into a large saucepan of boiling salted water, bring back to a boil, and simmer for 5 minutes. Drain thoroughly and set aside. In a skillet heat the oil and saute the onion until it is soft. Add the tomatoes and hot pepper and cook until the mixture is well blended, about 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Stir in the tomato puree, coriander, and parsley. Fold in the cabbage, add the potatoes, and cook until the mixture is heated.

From *The Book of Latin American Cooking* by Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz. Copyright © 1979 by Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf Inc.

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## People Time

### The Three Golden Rules of the Incan Empire

Bolivia is a fascinating country where the people have their roots in an ancient culture, the Incas, whose traditions still help to shape life in this wonderful land. The history and culture of the Incas are still taught today in the schools to help young people become aware of and be proud of their heritage, the original native Americans.

Often the history and culture are taught through sharing Incan folktales out loud. One of these popular tales is called "Amasuya, Amakella, Amallulla," and it teaches about the values which are still being observed in most native homes.

The words "Amasuya, Amakella, Amallulla" can be translated as "Don't lie, don't steal, and don't be lazy." While this seems simple, the words in the native language are more profound and are meant to describe an entire philosophy of life.

*Amasuya* (Don't lie) doesn't mean only "don't lie." It also means that you shouldn't hide your feelings. You should share all your emotions including your joy, fear, anger, and sadness.

*Amakella* (Don't steal) isn't related only to stealing an object from another person. It also means that you shouldn't steal another person's joy or their ideas.

*Amallulla* (Don't be lazy) isn't only about sitting and doing nothing. It also refers to the capabilities each person has. Those who are given the gift to perform certain tasks should do them for the community, even if this means their burden is heavier than others. While each person is equal, their skills and capabilities are

different. If you can do more, do it! Share your gifts!

Retold by Jerry Prado Shaw, Director, International Office for Latin America, YMCA of the USA.

## Playtime

The Aymara Indians still celebrate many festivals in the village, and Lydia and Fermin like the harvest festival the best. Everyone goes to the shores of the lake to sing and dance. The men bring their musical instruments—*queñas* and *samponas* (flutes), *erques* (accordians), *charangos* (guitars), and *pututos* (horns), and the women carry bright flowers. They dance the *buaymo*, *carnavacito*, and *cueca* (handkerchief dance) for a great part of the day.

You can have your own harvest celebration (even if you don't grow your own potatoes, *quinua*, and *oca*). Get a tape or record of Andean folk music from your local library, and have everyone bring a handkerchief. Make your instruments and flowers during Project Time (below). Then turn on the music and dance the *cueca*! Everyone should have a partner. Partners circle round and round each other, linking their arms at intervals (like in North American square dancing) while waving their handkerchiefs in tiny spirals above their heads.

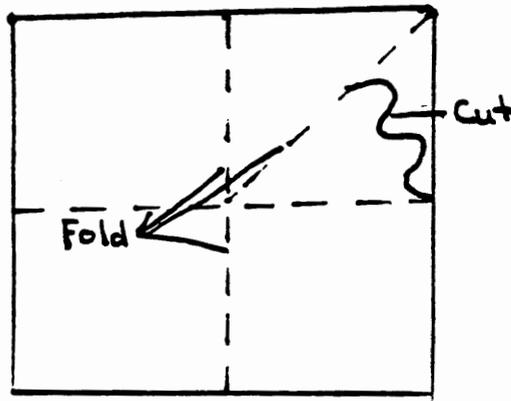
## Project Time

### Musical instruments

Materials:

stiff cardboard, scissors, string, paint

*Charangos* in Bolivia are made from armadillo shells, but you can make yours from cardboard. Cut the cardboard in guitar shapes and paint on designs of flowers, birds, butterflies, etc. Make strings by punching holes in the neck and bottom, inserting string through the holes, and knotting the string in the back.



*Quenas* can be made by cutting the staws to different lengths and gluing them together, like in the illustration. You can "play" the instruments along with the music.

### Flowers

Materials: colored tissue paper, crayons, straws or popsicle sticks, string or thin wire, scissors.

Make flowers by folding tissue paper squares in half, then quarters, then triangles. Cut the wide end of the triangle to make flower shapes. Tie string or wire around the narrow end as shown. Unfurl the tissue paper and fluff it out into a flower.

Different-colored flowers can be made by coloring the edges of the paper with crayons before folding. Stems can be added by tying sticks or straws to the narrow base of the triangle before unfolding the flower.

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## The YMCA in Bolivia

Sometimes when Lydia and Fermin go to La Paz with their mother, she drops them off at the YMCA while she goes to the market. They can play sports like soccer and basketball with other children, or sometimes they watch as older youth are trained in various skills. There are two other YMCAs in Bolivia, in Cochabamba and Santa Cruz. The YMCA in Bolivia is committed to providing recreation and learning opportunities to many Bolivian children who would not otherwise have them.

For more information on the YMCA in Bolivia, contact:  
International Office for Latin America  
Greater St. Louis YMCA  
1528 Locust Street  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Tel: 314/436-1177

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The da Souzas in Brazil

The da Souza children—Joao, Alexandra, Gabriela, Jorge, and Mario—live in Brazil. They greet you in their language, Portuguese. “Bom dia!” (Good morning!) “Como vai?” (How are you?)

Brazil is the largest country in South America. In fact, it is almost as big as all the other countries in South America put together, and almost as big as the United States. It also has many different regions, like the U.S. does. Because it is south of the equator, the seasons are reversed in Brazil. When it is winter in the U.S., it is summer in Brazil, and when it is summer in the U.S., Brazil is having its winter.

The da Souzas live in the south of the country, in its largest city, Sao Paulo. Sao Paulo has eight million people. Some of them are very rich and live in beautiful villas, and some of them are very poor and live in the *favelas*—slums with tiny shacks made of old scraps of wood and metal. The da Souzas are neither very rich nor very poor. They have an apartment with electricity

and a bathroom. They do not have a car, but Sao Paulo has many buses and a modern subway to take them wherever they want to go. Sao Paulo has many tall office buildings, shopping centers, freeways, and, of course, people. The children's father is one of the city's military police. He patrols the city on foot or in a car, giving directions to tourists or rounding up robbers. He works very hard—16 hours a day!

Most of the people in Brazil live in one of its many cities, but some also live in rural areas, on farms, or in fishing villages near the Atlantic Ocean or along the Amazon River. The Amazon River is so big it holds one-fifth of the world's fresh water. It is surrounded by the Amazon rain forest, which takes up half of the whole country of Brazil. The Amazon has many beautiful plants and animals and is one of the earth's most precious resources. It is in the north of Brazil, where it is very hot all year long. In southern Brazil, where the da Souzas live, the weather is more moderate, like in the southern United States.



People come from all over the world to live in Brazil. People from Europe, Africa, Asia, and the Middle East meet and marry each other. The da Souzas have ancestors from West Africa, Portugal, and Germany. Where are your ancestors from? Before people came to Brazil from other countries, Indians lived there. There are still Indians, many of whom live in the Amazon. Many of them try to lead a traditional lifestyle, the way their ancestors did before them.

Joao, Alexandra, Gabriela, and Jorge go to a public school in Sao Paulo. Mario is still too young to go to school. He stays home with their mother. The children wear a uniform to school. The boys wear white shirts and navy blue pants, and the girls wear white blouses and blue pleated skirts. They all wear black shoes. When

the children aren't in school, they wear blue jeans and T-shirts, like children in the U.S. They love to go to the movies, or stay home and watch *novelas* (Brazilian soap operas) with their mother. Most Saturday evenings they go to church together. Like most Brazilians, the da Souzas are Catholic. One of the most valued things in their home is a statue of the Virgin Mary, who they call *Nossa Senhora* (Our Lady).

When they aren't in school, Joao and Jorge like to play soccer with their friends. Their hero is Pele, the greatest soccer player who ever lived. Alexandra and Gabriela go to dance at a samba school. Every year in February their school participates in *Carnaval*, the biggest celebration in Brazil. Much of the music and dancing comes from the songs and dances brought by Africans when they settled in Brazil.



Brazil has many farms and grows lots of different kinds of food. The da Souzas have cousins who live on a farm and grow coffee. Sometimes they go to their cousins' farm when the coffee is ripe to help pick the beans. Brazil produces more coffee than any other country in

the world. Cotton, bananas, soybeans, oranges, mangoes, and grapes are also important crops.

Since Brazil is so big, every region has its own special food. In the south, people like to eat *feijoada*, a thick stew made of black beans with pieces of pork added. It is served with white rice and manioc, and *couve*, a dark green leaf like spinach.

## Nutrition Time

The children like to snack on *salgadinhos*, fried or mashed dough filled with meat or cheese. Their favorite, though, is *pudim*, a thick custard they eat for dessert. You can make *pudim*, too.

### *Pudim*

1 pound sugar  
1/2 tablespoon butter or margarine  
1/2 cup water  
6 egg yolks, beaten  
1 cup shredded coconut

Grease one 10- to 12-muffin tin and sprinkle with a bit of sugar. In a saucepan, combine sugar and water. Bring to a boil, stirring until mixture forms a thin syrup. Add butter and remove from heat. When syrup is cold, add the egg yolks and coconut and mix well. Pour mixture into sections of muffin tin. Place tin in a pan filled with one inch of hot water. Bake in 350° oven for 30 to 40 minutes. They are finished when a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. When they are cool, invert the tin and turn out onto a large platter. Serve in bowls.

## People Time

Brazil is a large country, and each region has many popular folktales and myths. Three popular myths from Brazil are stories about Caipora, Boto, and Iara.

### Caipora

The Caipora (or Curupira) is a person, male or female, that lives in the Brazilian forest. While in many ways the Caipora looks like an ordinary person, he is identified by one strange characteristic: His feet point backwards. Furthermore, Caipora often is found riding through the forest on a porcupine.

Caipora is very tricky and likes to confuse people in the forest by leaving his footprints on the ground facing one direction while he is walking the other. Also, Brazilians believe that if you meet a Caipora on a Monday, you will have bad luck for the whole week.

If by chance you meet the Caipora in the woods, the only way to get rid of him is to grab a vine from the trees and tie as many knots as you can. The Caipora will then become distracted trying to undo the knots while you slip away out of the forest.

### Boto

In the Amazon region of Brazil, there is a fish called Boto which leaves the water at night and wanders about on the land. When the Boto fish comes out of the water, he turns into a very handsome man who wears a hat. Like the Caipora, his feet point backwards.

Oftentimes, young women see the Boto and instantly fall in love with him. Brazilians warn their daughters to be careful when they meet a new friend because he might be the Boto. Especially if their new friend is very handsome, they should look at his feet to see if they are backwards. If they are, you know he is the Boto.

### **Iara (Mother of the Water)**

Iara (or Viara) is called the mother of the water, or in the Portuguese language *mae d'agua*. She is a beautiful mermaid who swims about in the water. Brazilians believe that she approaches the men who fish in the country's many rivers and along the coastline. When the fishermen see Iara, they instantly fall in love with her. It is said that some fishermen have fallen so deeply in love with her that they leapt into the water and swam down through the currents of the river to join her. To this day, they live happily with Iara at the bottom of the river.

Brazilian folktales contributed and retold by Dora Thornhill and friends.

### **Playtime**

*Carnaval*, which lasts for four days before the beginning of Lent, is the most exciting time of the year for the da Souza children. They join everyone in making fancy costumes and dancing in huge parades in the streets. Prizes are awarded for the best samba song, dance, and costume. You can celebrate *carnaval*, too. First, make your own samba hats during Project Time (below). Borrow a samba record from your local library and have a dancing parade right in your YMCA. Choose a panel of judges, and award prizes for the best samba hats and the best dancers!

### **Project Time**

Samba hats can be anything you want them to be—the wilder the better!

#### Materials:

Stiff cardboard  
Scissors  
Glue or stapler  
paint (especially gold and silver)  
sparkles  
pieces of bright material  
sequins  
feathers  
buttons  
anything else you can think of

Draw the basic design of the hat on cardboard, being careful to make the ends long enough to go around the head. Cut, and decorate hats with assorted materials. Staple the ends together in the back to wrap around head.



## The YMCA in Brazil

Since Brazil is the largest country in Latin America, it also has the largest YMCA in Latin America. There are about 50 YMCA branches in 12 different cities. The YMCA in Sao Paulo is one of the largest in Brazil and offers a wide variety of programs. Alexandra and Gabriela take gymnastics classes; the older boys play basketball; and Mario goes to a YMCA day care program. All the children swim in the YMCA pool. The YMCA staff also works with children in the poorest sections of the city, to help them and their families find ways to improve their lives.

For more information on the YMCA in Brazil, contact:  
International Office for Latin America  
Greater St. Louis YMCA  
1528 Locust Street  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Tel: 314/436-1177

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## Bringing the World Home

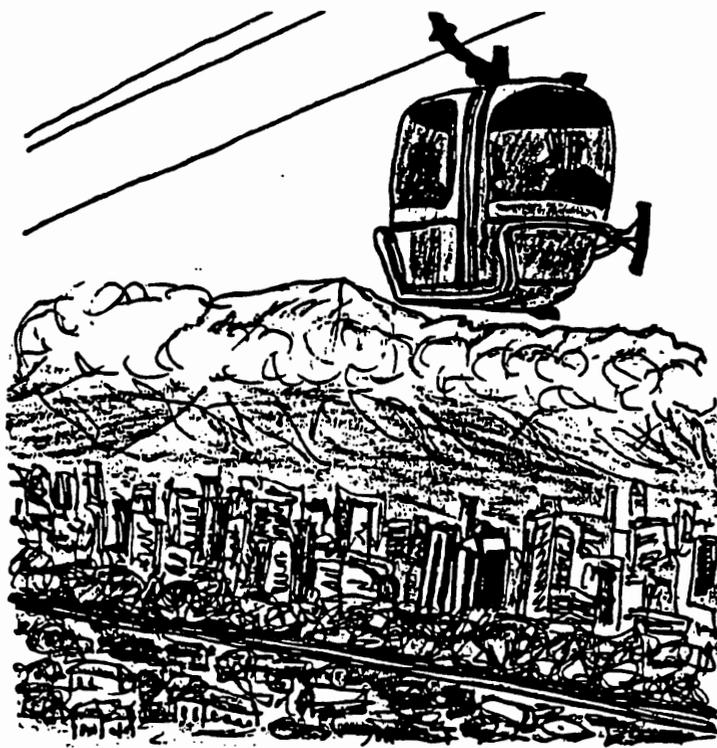
The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Gabriela and Pedro in Chile

Gabriela and Pedro Soto live with their mother and father in Chile. They speak Spanish, so to greet you they say "Buenos Días! Como va?"—"Good day! How are you?" Once they get to know you, they will give you a big *abrazo* (hug) and kiss you on both cheeks whenever they greet you.

Chile is located along the southwestern coast of South America. If you took the state of Texas and stretched it out to be long and narrow, it would almost fill the nation of Chile. Chile is narrow from east to west, but if you drove from north to south, it would take longer than it would take you to drive from Miami, Florida, to Seattle, Washington—about a week! Because Chile is so long, it has several different climates, just like the climate in Seattle is different from the climate in Miami. There is a large desert in the north called the Atacama Desert, which takes up one-third of Chile. The weather is very cold in the south, which is close to Antarctica. Remember that the seasons are reversed in the Southern Hemisphere, which means that when you are swimming in summer, Gabriela and Pedro are going snowskiing, and vice versa.

The Sotos live in a suburb of Santiago, the capital of Chile. Santiago is in the middle of the country, and the weather is much like it is in the southern United States; it rarely snows, except in the mountains. The children's father is a doctor, and their mother works part time in a museum. The family has a small house with modern conveniences like a refrigerator and a television. They do not have a car, but take buses or taxis wherever they want to go.



One-third of the people in Chile live in Santiago. Parts of the city are overcrowded and dirty, but there are also parks and many historical buildings. Señora Soto works in an old house that has been made into a museum, with displays from Santiago's 400-year history. Do you know how old your city is?

There are many modern offices and apartment buildings in Santiago. There are only a few tall skyscrapers, though, because like California, Chile sometimes has strong earthquakes that could shake them down. From Santiago, you can see the mountains of the Andes to the east. There is also a large hill called San Cristobal. The children love to ride the cable car to the top of the hill and see the view of the city below.

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Most Chilean families have more than two children, so Gabriela and Pedro have many aunts, uncles, and cousins. The Sotos often go to Valparaiso, where Dr. and Señora Soto grew up, and where their parents (Gabriela and Pedro's grandparents) and several brothers and sisters still live. Valparaiso is Chile's main port. The family runs a company there that buys fruit from Chilean farmers and exports it to other countries, especially the United States. In the summer—December through February—the whole family spends its vacation together in the resort town of Vina del Mar near Valparaiso. The children have a great time playing with their cousins at the beach, and visiting the many castles along the coast.

Most of the time, though, Gabriela and Pedro are in school in Santiago. They go to elementary school for eight years, and then they will spend four more years in high school. After this they can decide to go to one of Chile's many universities. Each weekday the children have a light breakfast of toast with jam and milk, then they ride their bicycles to school. Bicycle racing is Pedro's favorite sport, although *fútbol* (soccer) is a close

second. Gabriela has fallen in love with snowskiing since the family went to Farellones, a ski resort near Santiago, for the first time last winter. Dr. and Señora Soto are very fond of horse racing and are proud of Chile's excellent racehorses.

The Sotos are considering moving from their home in Santiago. There are many doctors in the city, and the government would like Dr. Soto to work in a different area where doctors are more needed. He would like to go all the way south, to King George Island, the first colony of Chileans in Antarctica. He thinks it will be a great adventure to live surrounded by ice, and get food by airplane once a month. The houses are big and well heated, and there are other families with children. Señora Soto is not thrilled about the idea of being so far away from her home in such a cold place. She would prefer to stay in Santiago. Pedro thinks it would be neat to move to Talca in Chile's central region, which is famous for its many rodeos and cowboy shows. Gabriela would prefer to live in Osorno in the "Region o Lakes," because the best ski resorts in Chile are near there. What would your choice be?



## Nutrition Time

Chile has many farms that produce all kinds of food. Fruits and vegetables, beef, chicken, and seafood are easy to find. Señora Soto often makes *cazuela de ave*—chicken soup with potatoes, corn, rice, onions, and hot peppers; and *asados a la parilla*—barbequed steak. Gabriela and Pedro love her *empanadas*—meat pies. Although nothing can match Señora Soto's *empanadas*, you can make some that will taste almost the same.

### *Easy Empanadas*

#### Ingredients:

1 can refrigerator biscuits  
Chili meat or grated cheese

Press biscuits into flat rounds on a greased cookie sheet. Put a spoonful of meat or cheese in the center of each round. Fold round in half and press edges together, using finger to make a scalloped edge. Bake according to directions on biscuit package.

## People Time

Most Chileans have ancestors who came from Europe, especially Spain. Many of the Spaniards who came to Chile married local Indians, and their children are called mestizo. The Soto family is mestizo. Because so many Chileans have Spanish ancestors, many of the stories originally came from Spain. The following story, told to Gabriela and Pedro by their grandmother, is one of those.

### **Nuberu**

Jaime was a farmer who lived in a village over 300 years ago. He was a great big burly man, and famous for his enormous strength. It rained a good deal in those days in his part of the world. Rain is good for farmers, but sometimes it rained too much—storms with lightning and hail which destroyed crops. When the weather got really bad, Jaime became so angry that his wrath was as violent as the storm.

Otherwise, Jaime was a peaceful fellow. In fact, people thought he was rather simple until he managed to scare off Nuberu. Who is Nuberu? Nuberu is a dreadful character. He is the maker of storms, of thunder and lightning. He is a threatening black cloud who can take on any shape he wants. There is no end to his destructive pranks—gales, tidal waves, typhoons, cyclones, and tornadoes. Nuberu always seemed to pick on Jaime's village when he could do the most damage—when the crops were ready to harvest. He would come and trample the wheat and scatter the fruit trees.

Finally, one year Jaime got so mad at Nuberu that he decided to leave his flooded fields and go off to a fair in a nearby village to get away from the storm. He had walked a good many miles when he saw an immense black cloud sprawling across the road. Jaime guessed at once that it must be Nuberu. A deep, disagreeable voice said, "Who are you, and where are you going?"

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"If you must know," Jaime answered, "I am going to the fair to get out of the wet. This is the fourth year running that you've smashed my crops to a soggy pulp." The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was lifted up and tossed high into the air, whirling and spinning through the thick black cloud. He came hurtling down and landed with a terrific splash in a pond beside the road. He lay spread out on the surface of the water and had no fear of sinking. Nuberu had turned him into a frog!

"Since you don't like getting wet," Nuberu roared, "you will remain in this pond as a frog for one year. Maybe then you'll learn to address me more politely." What a terrible fate for a strapping young farmer! How could he let his lovely Lucia, who was to be his bride, know that this ghastly change had befallen him?

Sure enough, a year later Jaime stood on two legs and walked out of the pond, back in human shape. He started out once again to the fair but again was interrupted. With a peal of thunder and a blinding flash, Nuberu appeared in his path. "Good morning, Jaime," hissed the flames, "and where are you heading?"

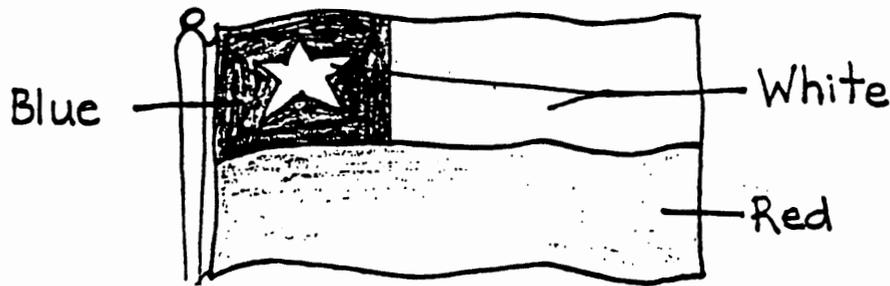
"What do you think?" said Jaime, exasperated. "I'm going to the fair to cool off. The air is almost stifling." Nuberu promptly wrapped Jaime up in a huge puff of smoke and drove him, coughing and choking, back into the pond, a frog again. Another year went by. When Jaime walked out of the pond this time, his features wore a set expression. Sure enough, as he walked, a huge oak tree suddenly crashed across the road ahead of him. Nuberu appeared as a dark, dripping blur through the leaves. This time when the sharp voice demanded to know where he was going, Jaime shrugged his shoulders. "You ought to know best. I am going either to the fair or back into the pond."

The effect of Jaime's words was extraordinary. The whole tree shook and trembled, convulsed with merriment. "All right," Nuberu laughed, "you win. I will go elsewhere." When Jaime got back to his village, he learned that all the time he had been keeping Nuberu occupied, there had been no storms, and the crops had flourished.

Jaime and Lucia were married the next year, but on their wedding day there was a terrible storm. Trees, houses and barns were struck by lightning, and sheep and cattle were drowned.

Jaime began to run about like a madman, shouting taunts: "Bad shot! Bad shot! Surely you can do better! Any marksman can hit a village, can't you hit a smaller target?" Nuberu was infuriated. He hit a small field with hailstones, not a single stone off target. Then he hit a trough, a barrel, a bucket, and finally a shoe.

From that day on, whenever a storm threatened, the entire village would put out their shoes, and Nuberu would fill them with his lightning fingers. Some he burned, some he soaked, some he filled with hailstones, but the crops would suffer no damage at all, thanks to Jaime.



## Playtime

*La Barra* is one of Gabriela and Pedro's favorite games. They especially like to play it with their cousins on the beach at Vina del Mar. It can be played by eight children or more.

Two teams of players line up in one straight line. In front of them, about 20 feet away, stands "it," one player from one of the teams.

The team opposing the team "it" is on shouts the question, "Barra?" When someone from the other team answers, "Dicha la Barra!" a player runs out from the team that shouted the question and tries to tag "it." At the same time, a player runs out from the opposing team and tries to tag the runner before he touches "it." If the runner succeeds in touching "it" before being tagged himself, "it" becomes a prisoner. But if the runner is tagged himself before he reaches "it," he becomes prisoner.

The other team then sends one of its players out to stand 20 feet away, and the game continues. The game ends when one team has only one player left.

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## Project Time

Chile's flag was adopted in 1817. Its design is based on the flag of the United States, because it was designed by Charles Wood, who was a volunteer in the Chilean army from the United States. The red symbolizes the blood shed in the country's struggle for independence; the white represents the snows of the Andes; the blue stands for the sky. The white star was a symbol used by the native Indians long before the arrival of the Spanish. On the flag, it represents the progress and honor of the nation. Make your own Chilean flags from colored paper, or paper and crayons.

### The YMCA in Chile

There are YMCAs in five cities in Chile. In Santiago, Gabriela and Pedro participate in YMCA camps, swimming, and gymnastics. There is also a program for helping young people with behavioral problems, and other programs to help people who are very poor.

For more information on the YMCAs in Chile, contact:  
International Office for Latin America  
Greater St. Louis YMCA  
1528 Locust Street  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Tel: 314/436-1177

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The Velasquez Brothers in Colombia

Jose, Miguel, and Juan Carlos Velasquez are three brothers who live in Montebello, a village in the coffee growing region of Colombia. Their father owns a small farm and grows coffee for a living. "Ola!" they say to you in their native language, Spanish. "Bienvenidos a Montebello!" (Hello, and welcome!)

Colombia is a country on the north coast of South America that is about as large as Texas and California combined. It touches the Caribbean and the Pacific Oceans, and that part of the country is low and rather flat. The Andes mountains run through the western central region, and the eastern part of the country has flat land in the north, and jungle in the south. Montebello, where our friends live, is located high up, near the mountains. The weather in the village is wonderful, like spring all year long. This is perfect weather for coffee, and the trees grow beautifully on the hillsides of the Velasquez farm. Señor Velasquez is very

proud of his coffee. Much of it is sent to the United States, and your parents might even drink it for breakfast! Señor Velasquez belongs to a group of small coffee growers who make sure that their coffee is the best it can be.

Although Colombia is second only to Brazil in coffee production, it also has many other crops, such as sugar cane, maize, wheat, rice, bananas, cocoa, and tobacco. The land is rich, the climate is good, and there is plenty of food for the country, and plenty left to ship to other countries. Colombia has other resources as well. It produces more emeralds than any other country in the world, and is the second largest producer of gold in South America. The region where the Velasquez family lives is famous for something else besides coffee: its beautiful orchids.

Jose and Miguel go to school in Montebello. Juan Carlos



is still too young for school. There is something interesting about Jose's and Miguel's school—there are no girls. The girls go to a separate school in the village. When the boys are older, they will go to high school in Medellin, which is an hour away and is the second largest city in Colombia. After that, they may go to university in Bogota, the capital of Colombia. For now, they are happy to be in the village.

When the time comes to harvest the coffee, they sometimes go to the fields with their father to watch the men pick the coffee cherries, which contain the coffee beans. This is a hard job, because only the ripest cherries must be picked to produce the best coffee. The beans are washed, and the best ones are selected and laid out to dry on rocks. The boys often help their mother turn the beans so that their undersides catch the sun. When the beans are ready, they are put in big sacks, and Jose and Miguel go to Medellin with their father to take them to be sold.

The boys love to go to Medellin, because the big city is so exciting. It seems there is always a celebration going on. At Easter there is a festival for Holy Week. Like most Colombians, the Velasquez family is Roman Catholic, and they celebrate religious festivals in a big way. At night, statues of the

Virgin Mary are carried through the streets on platforms, and men follow in long robes. People watch the parades carrying torches. Medellin also has a tango festival and an international horse show in the summer, and an annual flower festival. But the boys' favorite is the *Feria de la Candelaria*, when the world's top

bullfighters come to fight the bulls at La Macarena, the *plaza de toros*—the bullring. Ten thousand people gather on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to watch the bullfights.



When there is not a festival, sometimes the whole family just walks around the city with its skyscrapers, parks, gardens, and fountains, or they go to the museum, which has art from around the time when Columbus discovered America. Since the Velasquez family is mestizo (that is, a mixture of Spanish and Indian) they enjoy looking at the statues and jewelry made by their Indian ancestors. There are still 77 Indian tribes in Colombia today, and they speak over 40 different languages (although most people now speak Spanish as well).

The family is always glad to go home after a busy day in the city. They relax in their whitewashed house with its red-tiled roof and central courtyard, and eat dinner around 7:00 or 8:00 p.m.

## Nutrition Time

The Velasquez family often eats *arroz con pollo* (chicken with rice) for dinner, as this is Colombia's national dish. They also eat *arepas* (maize pancakes), *ajiaco* (chicken stew with maize), *frijoles* (red beans), and *quesillo*—a kind of cheese wrapped in banana leaves. The boys' favorite dessert is *arroz con coco y pasas* (rice with coconut and raisins). Would you like to try it?

### *Arroz con coco y pasas*

Ingredients: (for 6 servings)

2 cups long-grain rice

3 cups water

2 cups cream of coconut

1 tablespoon butter

2 teaspoons sugar

1/2 pound raisins

salt

Put raisins into a heavy saucepan with a tightly fitting lid, pour in the coconut cream and water, and let the raisins soak for about 30 minutes. Add the rice, sugar, butter, and salt to taste. Cover, bring to a boil, stir once, reduce the heat to very low, and cook the rice, covered, until it is tender and dry (20 to 25 minutes).

## People Time

In addition to the native Indians and the Spanish who came to Colombia, Africans also came. As in the United States, the Africans told stories of Brer (Brother) Rabbit and his friends, which have become part of Colombia's culture. This is one told to Jose, Miguel, and Juan Carlos by their mother.

### **Brer Lion and Sis Turtle**

One evening Brer Rabbit was very tired and decided he need a place to rest, where none of the other animals would chase him. He came to a young tree that had grown joined to the trunk of an old one. There was a perfect bed of dry leaves in a hollow ditch between the roots. It looked like a safe enough place. He lay down and soon fell asleep, covered with leaves so no one would notice him.

After a while, Brer Lion was looking for a place to take a nap. He saw a cozy spot between two trees and lay his heavy body down. He didn't know that Brer Rabbit was under him. Luckily, Brer Rabbit was not hurt, but he could hardly breathe. He decided to scare Brer Lion and escape. He shouted, "WHO IS STEPPING ON MY FINGER?" in his loudest voice.

The lion sat up and put his paw on Brer Rabbit. He thought "Hmmm, if what I feel is only a finger, who knows how big the hand is! I'd better get out of here before this monster eats me!" And he took off and never looked back.

Brer Rabbit was still tired, but he heard his friend Sis Turtle crying, "Help! Help!"

Sis Grinny Granny Fox had caught Sis Turtle and put her in a sack to take her home and make turtle soup. Brer Rabbit decided to save his friend. He went to a tree that had a beehive. He cut the branch carefully, and

wrapped leaves around the hive without disturbing the bees, and put it gently in his sack.

Brer Rabbit rushed with his sack to Sis Grinny Granny Fox's house to wait for her. As she returned home, Brer Rabbit yelled, "You're just in time. At the back of your house, chickens are digging in your garden. They're ruining your plants!"

Sis Grinny Granny Fox threw down her sack and ran back to her garden. Brer Rabbit freed Sis Turtle from the fox's sack, and put the beehive in her place. Then they both hid to see what would happen. Sis Grinny Granny Fox returned, frowning. "That no-good rabbit," she said. "Lucky for him I can't find him now." Then she took the sack in the kitchen and opened it. Was she surprised when hundreds of angry, starving bees flew toward her! Brer Rabbit and Sis Turtle saw everything. Sis Turtle whispered, "Since Sis Grinny Granny Fox can't have turtle soup, she should try eating bee soup."

Sly Brer Rabbit laughed, "Who's doing the eating?"

"Brer Lion and Sis Turtle," copyright ©1985 by Jaqueline Shachter Weiss, from *Young Brer Rabbit and Other Trickster Tales from the Americas*, adapted by permission of Stemmer House Publishers.

## Playtime

Whenever Jose and Miguel go to the bullfights with their father, they come home and play bullfight with each other. This is how they do it, so you can play, too.

First, they find a piece of red cloth, about two feet wide and three feet long. One of them pretends he is the matador, the man who fights the bull. The other one is the bull. (They take turns in these roles.) The matador stands, holding the cloth in both hands and waving it to tempt the bull to charge. The bull must stand bent over, holding his hands on the sides of his head and pointing the index fingers to make horns. The bull charges the red cloth the matador is holding. The matador must continue to wave the red cloth with his arms at shoulder level, or the bull will stop charging. Only when the bull is right in front of him can he pull the cloth away. If the bull's horns touch the red cloth, he scores a point. If the matador manages to pull the cloth away before the bull touches it, the matador scores. The winner is the one with the most points after a certain amount of play time (this can be as short or as long as you want).



## Project Time

There are four different kinds of coffee in Colombia, and they all have a different shade of color and a different flavor. They are called *pajarito*, *borbon*, *caturra*, and *maragogipe*.

You can make beautiful designs out of different kinds of coffee beans.

### Materials:

Several different flavors or colors of coffee beans  
Cardboard or strong construction paper  
Pencils or crayons  
Strong glue

Each child draws a design—it can be an object, or an abstract design—on paper, and decides which parts of the design should be light, dark, medium, etc. Coffee beans are then glued onto the design to create colored pictures or patterns.

## The YMCA in Colombia

There are YMCAs in many cities in Colombia, including Medellin. The boys often go to the YMCA when their father has business in the city. There is always a lot going on—they can play basketball, swim, or do arts and crafts or even folk dancing. They also go to YMCA camps. The YMCA has programs for older youth as well, like vocational training and leadership development. It even has programs for senior citizens. The YMCA in Bogota (Colombia's capital city) has a special project called Gamines, to help children who live on the streets in the city. The Velasquez family is glad to help the YMCA because they know they are also helping people less fortunate than they are.

For more information on the YMCA in Colombia, contact:

International Office for Latin America  
Greater St. Louis YMCA  
1528 Locust Street  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Tel: 314/436-1177

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

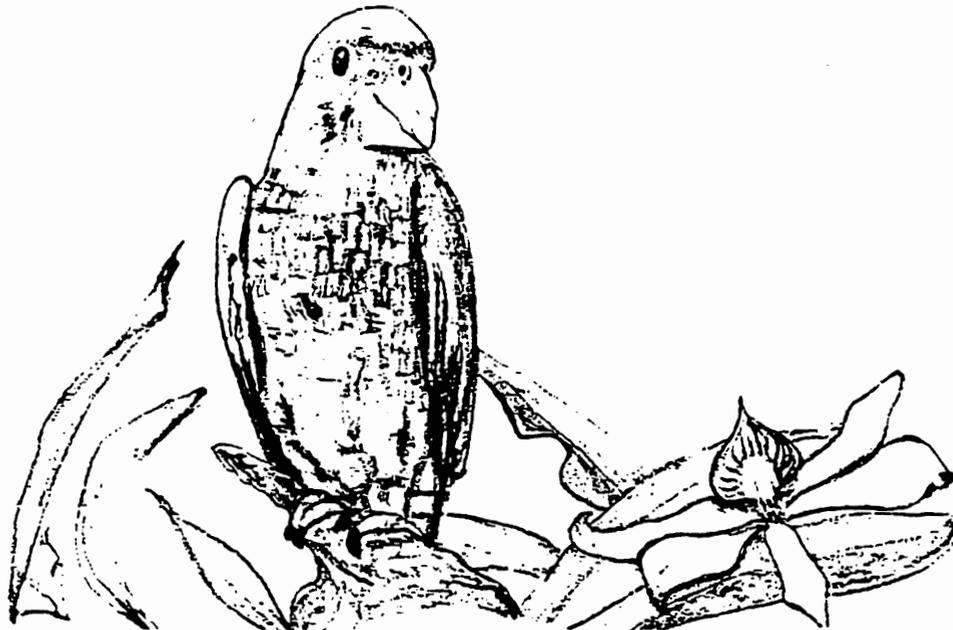
# The Mendosa Family in Costa Rica

Marta, Joaquin, Adolfo, and Marlyn Mendosa are Josefinos. This means that they live in San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica. Since everyone in Costa Rica speaks Spanish, they greet you with a bright "Ola! bienvenido a nuestro pais!" (Hello, welcome to our country!)

Costa Rica is a country in Central America about the size of Vermont and New Hampshire combined. It is located between Nicaragua to the north, and Panama to the south. Its east coast is the Caribbean Sea, and the west coast is the Pacific Ocean. A chain of mountains runs the entire length of the country, with four volcanoes. Two of them, Poas and Irazu, still have eruptions. One-third of the country is covered by forests, and there are many rivers. There are two seasons, dry from December to May, and rainy from June to November. During the rainy season, it rains every afternoon. Because of all the rain, trees grow very large, and there are many kinds of flowers and tropical fruits. In fact, Costa Rica is called "the garden of Central America." There are also many

kinds of tropical animals, such as monkeys, crocodiles, parrots, macaws, and poisonous snakes.

Most of the people in Costa Rica are of Spanish origin, although there are a few of African descent, and some native American Indians. Christopher Columbus encountered the country in 1502, during his fourth and last trip to America. He named it Costa Rica, which means "rich coast," because the native people welcomed him with small pieces of gold. The Spanish later found that there really wasn't much gold in Costa Rica, so they left it alone for a long time. This was good for the native Indians, because the Spanish did not massacre them, as they did in South American countries with a lot of wealth. Costa Rica became independent from Spain in 1821, and it soon formed a democratic government. Today, Costa Rica is very proud that it does not even have an army—only a police force and national guard. Because of this, Costa Rica is known as *el pais de la amistad*—the country of friendship.



Costa Rica is also well known for its educational system. A higher percentage of the people can read and write than in any other country in Latin America. All children are required to go to school, and the schools are free for primary and secondary students. Marta goes to secondary school; Joaquin and Adolfo are in primary school; and Marlyn is in nursery school. Sometimes the children go on field trips to visit the interesting sites in their city. These include the National Museum, with its displays of Indian pottery and jewelry; the beautiful National Theatre; the gold museum; and several historic churches and cathedrals. The school year goes from March until November.

Sr. Mendosa, the children's father, works for the National Bank of Costa Rica as a loan officer. Over half of the people in Costa Rica are farmers. Sr. Mendosa goes all over the country to give loans to farmers. There are many who grow coffee, bananas, sugarcane, and other tropical fruits. There are also cattle farmers, especially in the province of Guanacaste, which is known as cowboy country. Sometimes the whole family goes to Guanacaste to stay on a cattle ranch and

ride the horses. Sra. Mendosa, the children's mother, works at the Legislative Assembly (like our Congress) for one of the elected deputies (like our senators). The deputies and the president are elected to serve four-year terms. Sra. Mendosa is proud to work for the democratic government of her country.



The Mendosas live in a modern, one-story house in a suburb of San Jose. The garden in front has many shrubs and tropical flowers, including poinsettias, orchids, and hibiscus. When the dry season comes and the children are not in school, the family takes a vacation to Puerto Limon, on the Caribbean Sea. They take the train, called the "Jungle Train"

because it goes through the jungle, making more than 50 stops in seven hours. The children sometimes see monkeys, parrots, and macaws in the trees from the train. When it stops, they buy *gallitos* (small tortillas), drinks, and fruit from the vendors. In Puerto Limon, Sr. and Sra. Mendosa play golf while the children go to the beach. They also love to listen to salsa and marimba music in the town plaza.

## Nutrition Time

### Fried Banana Chips

1 pound green bananas  
vegetable oil  
salt to taste

Peel bananas and slice them crosswise as thinly as possible. Drop slices into a bowl of ice water and let stand 30 minutes. Drain and dry with paper towels. In deep fryer or large, heavy saucepan, heat 2 inches of oil to 375°. Add banana slices, a dozen or so at a time, and fry about 3 minutes, turning them over with a slotted spoon until golden brown on both sides. Sprinkle with salt. Serve warm or at room temperature.

## People Time

The national dance of Costa Rica is called *el punto guanacasteco*. It is named after the Guanacaste region in the northwest of Costa Rica, where the dance originated. The dance style is called *zapatiado*—a word that comes from *zapato* (shoe). When you dance *el punto guanacasteco* you have to point your toes and hit the floor or the ground with the heels of your feet.

As it is told in Costa Rica, at the end of the last century, a man named Leandro Cadalceta Drau and some of his friends had gone out one night, gotten in trouble with the police, and were taken to jail. While Leandro was in jail, he had lots of time to think.

One day Leandro imagined a song which had a very catchy beat. He began to tap out a rhythm on the headboard of his bed and hum the melody. He enjoyed it so much he hummed it all day. The other prisoners could hear the humming and the tapping, and they too liked it. Pretty soon all the prisoners were humming and tapping Leandro's new song. The rhythm was so appealing that some even began to dance.

When the song spread throughout the prison, the jailer couldn't help but hear it. He listened and enjoyed it so much that he asked where it had come from. Leandro and his two friends said they had composed it in honor of the jail's unit commander. The jailer called the unit commander and informed him of the beautiful song. He came immediately to hear it and was terribly impressed. The unit commander admired their musical genius so much that he freed Leandro and his two friends.

Not only were they set free, but the unit commander invited them to perform their song in concert in the town of Liberia. When the townspeople heard the song

they loved it and began to dance to the lively beat. The city's official band heard it and began to play it along with Leandro and his friends.

From Liberia the music and the dance created by Leandro spread throughout the country, until one day the elected leaders of Costa Rica voted to make *el punto guanacaste* the official dance of the country.

Story retold and translated by Nuria Vega Moffat.

## Playtime

### *El Reloj (The Clock)*

This game is played all over Central and South America.

You will need a jumprope or clothesline about 18 feet long. Choose two players to turn the rope. These two start turning the rope. Then a player makes 1 o'clock by running in, jumping once for 1 o'clock, and running out. The next player jumps twice and runs out for 2 o'clock. This goes on until the players have reached 12 o'clock. Then start again at 1 o'clock. If anyone misses or is touched by the rope, he or she changes places with one of the players turning the rope. Then the game starts over again at 1 o'clock. The idea is to see how many times the players can go around the clock without stopping.

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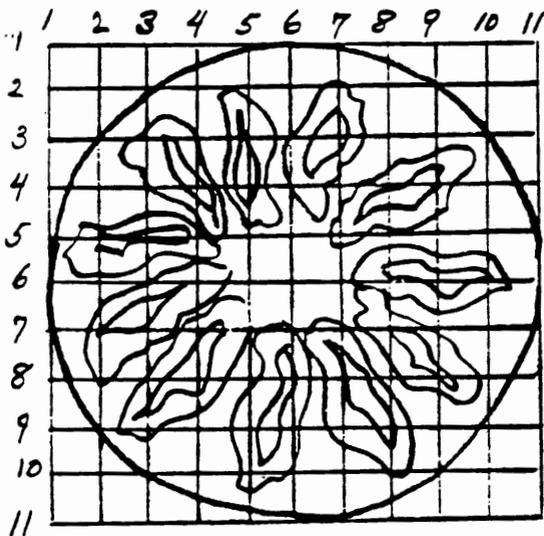
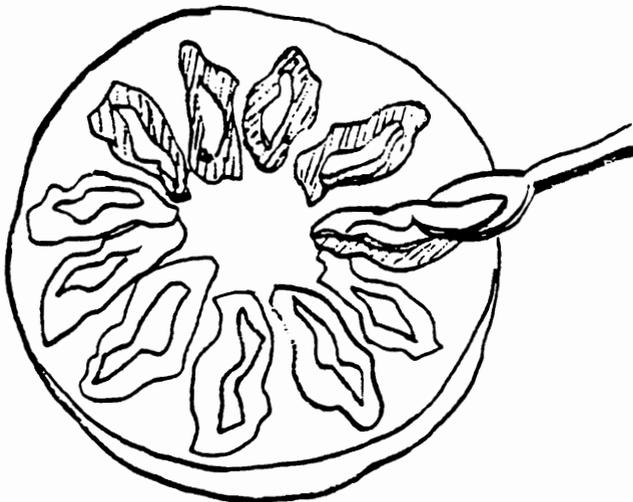
## Project Time

### Sunburst Tile

#### Materials:

1 sheet of typewriter paper  
3 1/2-pounds of oven-baked clay—  
will make several tiles  
acrylic paints or air-dried  
glazes—white and soft green  
compass  
pointed spoon  
blunt knife  
rolling pin  
flat watercolor brush, 3/4 inch wide  
(note: use a nylon brush with acrylic paints)

Draw a 5-inch circle on the typewriter paper. Enlarge the pattern design to fit this circle. Cut out circle. Roll out clay to 1/2 inch thick and 6 inches square. Place the paper pattern on top of the clay. Cut out clay with a sharp knife. Follow the design pattern with a sharp pencil, so that the lines are pressed into the clay surface. With the pointed spoon, scoop out a 3/16- to 1/4 inch-wide line, 1/8 inch deep around each flamelike shape. Let dry. When clay is leather-hard, remove any pieces of clay from the scooped-out design. Then smooth the surface with a damp sponge. Let the clay dry completely before baking. Bake the clay tile in the oven, first for 30 minutes at 150° with the door open, then leaving a 2-inch crack in the door, turn up the heat to 250° for about 30 minutes. Let cool. The color for the tile should be gray-green, made by mixing a little green in the white. Apply the color to the top of the tile, and let dry. The color should pull away from the edges of the scooped-out design, showing the rust color clay underneath.



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### The YMCA in Costa Rica

The older Mendosa children sometimes go to play basketball at the YMCA in San Jose. Besides offering sports and recreation programs for children, the YMCA is involved in many projects to help the poor people in the city and to help refugees who come to Costa Rica from other Central American countries.

For more information on the YMCA in Costa Rica, contact:

International Office for Latin America  
 Greater St. Louis YMCA  
 1528 Locust Street  
 St. Louis, MO 63103  
 Tel: 314/436-1177

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

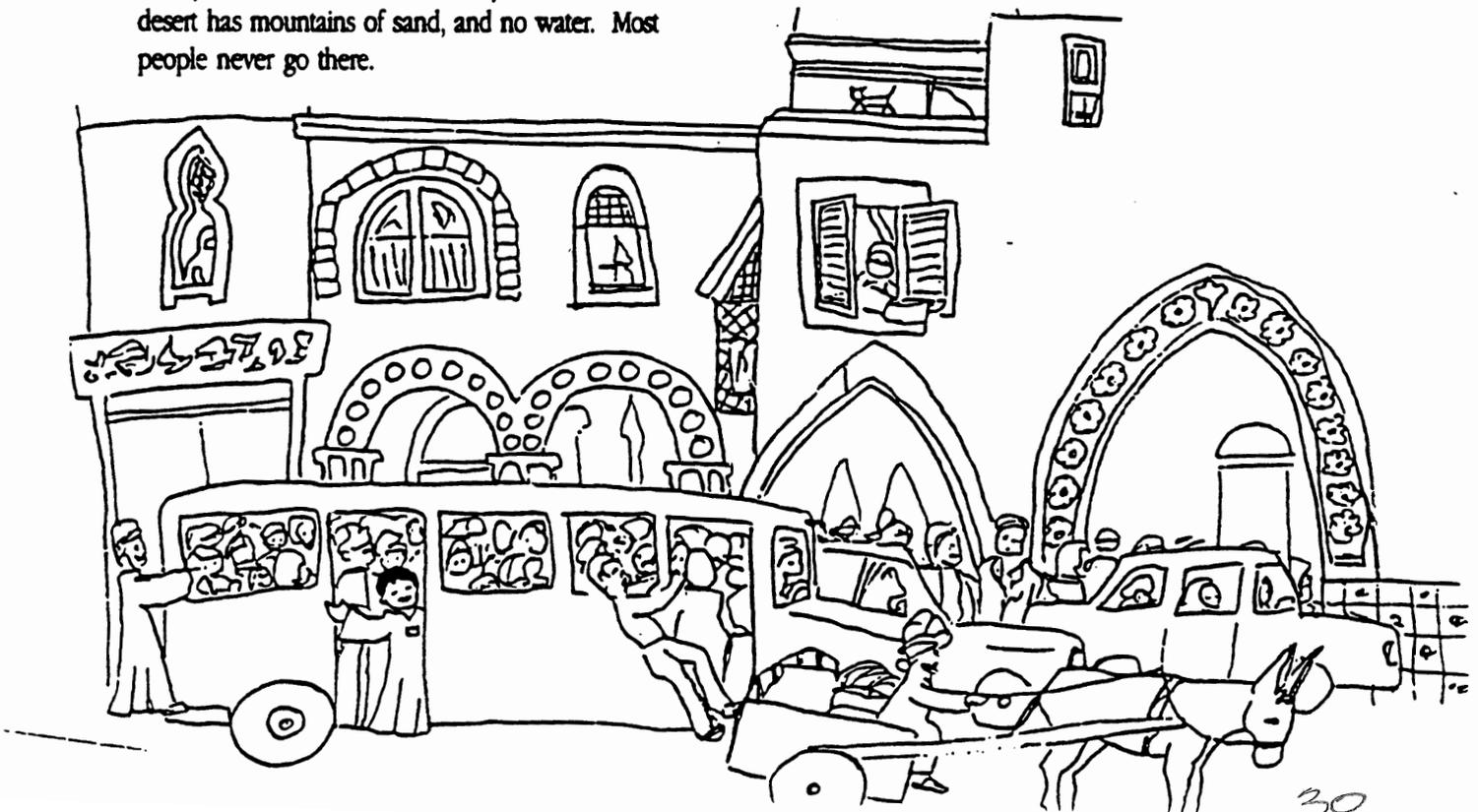
# Kareem and Hoda in Egypt

Kareem and his sister Hoda are from Egypt. "Ahlan wa sahan," they say to you in their language, Arabic—Greetings! "Izzayikum?" (How are you?) "Marhabeek fi Misr!" (Welcome to Egypt!)

Egypt is across the Atlantic Ocean from the United States, on the northeast corner of the continent of Africa. Can you find Egypt on a map? It is about the same size as Texas and Oklahoma combined. Almost everyone lives along its famous Nile River, which is crowded with cities and villages from north to south.

Kareem and Hoda live in Cairo, the capital of Egypt. With more than 12 million people, Cairo is the largest city in all of Africa. It is very crowded with people, cars, buses, buildings, donkeys, carts, and shops. Sometimes Kareem takes a bus, and he has to hold on for his life!

But most of Egypt is desert. If you drive away from the Nile, you reach the desert in a very short time. The desert has mountains of sand, and no water. Most people never go there.



Like most Egyptians, Kareem and Hoda are Muslims, and their religion is called Islam. They worship God, and follow the teachings of the prophet Mohammed. Kareem likes to go with his father to the mosque, where Muslims pray together.

When they go to the mosque, Kareem and his father wear gallabeyas—the traditional long shirts for Muslim men. But Kareem usually wears blue jeans or pants and a shirt everywhere else.

Hoda wears pants sometimes, and dresses, but she also likes to wear long dresses and scarves like her mother.

The children's father (Baba) is an accountant who works for an Egyptian construction company. Their mother (Mama) is a teacher at the local high school. Kareem wants to be a pilot when he grows up, and Hoda wants to be a children's doctor.

Together, their parents make about 200 Egyptian pounds a month. That equals about \$375 in U.S. money. This pays for their two-bedroom apartment, food, car expenses, clothes, and everything else they need. How much would \$375 buy in the United States?

Kareem and Hoda have many aunts, uncles, and cousins. Some of their relatives are *fellabin*, which means they live in the country. They farm corn, rice, cotton, potatoes, and tomatoes. The children love to go to Uncle Mustafa's farm when fruit is in season, and they can eat fresh oranges, mangoes, melons, and apricots. They also like to ride their cousins' donkey.

Uncle Mustafa has a water buffalo that pulls the water wheel to irrigate his fields.



## Nutrition Time

Tante (Aunt) Shafika makes *fool* for Kareem and Hoda when they go to the farm. They eat it with eggs and thick country bread called *ayeesh balady*. You can make *fool*, too.

### *Fool*

Dry broad beans or fava beans  
(you can substitute other beans if you want)  
Salt and pepper  
Oil

Cook the beans according to the directions on the package, until they are very soft—this can take two to three hours on simmer. Then add the salt, pepper, and oil to taste, and mash them all together.

Serve with boiled eggs and pita bread.

## People Time

Kareem and Hoda's grandfather—they call him Geddo—loves to tell the children stories. Here is one of his favorites.

### Don't Count Your Chickens

In a small village of mud-brick houses on the banks of the Nile lived a poor young peasant. One day, tiring of his miserable lot, he resolved to leave home and seek his fortune. With borrowed money, he bought himself 800 new-laid eggs and a large, round basket to carry them in. His merchandise on his arm, he carefully stepped down to the river and waited for a northbound sailing boat to take him to Cairo.

Then as he sat in the shade of the sail and sped over the cool water, he began to daydream: "As soon as I reach Cairo, I shall go to the poultry market and sell my eggs. With the price of the eggs I shall go to the weavers' bazaar and buy some fine striped cotton cloth and bring it back to the village. The women will crowd around the bright material and buy it up to sew robes for their families. I shall earn enough to pay back my creditors and buy myself a ewe. I will pamper my ewe until she gives birth to two lambs, and then I shall sell her and her young and buy myself a water buffalo cow. When the water buffalo calves, I shall have two water buffaloes to sell. They will bring me the price of a servant to do my work. Then I shall be able to say, 'Come boy! Hurry now! Run!' And if he is stubborn I shall kick him like this..."

And with his mind dwelling on his future fortune, he gave a kick that sent the basket of eggs at his feet sliding off the deck and into the Nile. The water swallowed it up in an instant, and he was left with nothing, not even a dream.

Does this sound like a story you have heard before?

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## Project Time

Sometimes Kareem and Hoda like to go to Giza, outside Cairo, to visit the pyramids. They especially like to go in the ancient tombs of the pharaohs of Egypt, who lived thousands of years ago. The tombs have pictures on the walls that show scenes from the pharaohs' lives.

Each pharaoh had his own special symbol, or cartouche, which included his name and pictures of things that were important to him. For example, the cartouche of Pharaoh Tutukamen had a *scarab* (beetle), which he believed would give him everlasting life.

Can you make a cartouche for yourself? What important things would you draw on your cartouche that would tell anyone who saw it something about you and your life?

## The YMCA in Egypt

When Kareem and Hoda have some free time, they like to go to the YMCA in Cairo to play basketball or volleyball. There is also a cafeteria there where they can meet their friends. Sometimes they help the YMCA leaders give food or supplies to poor people who live in the slums of Cairo.

If you want to contact the YMCA in Egypt, or write to an Egyptian child, contact:

International Support Unit for the Middle East

South Family Branch YMCA

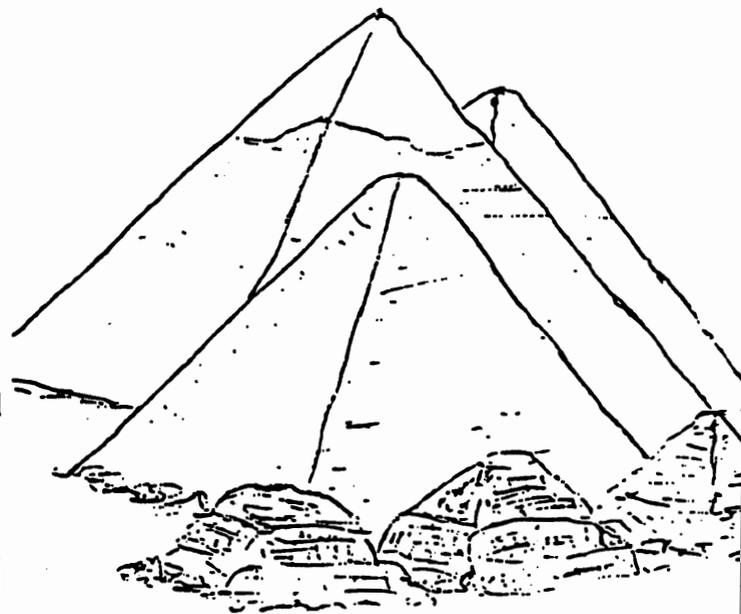
150 E. Thompson Avenue

West St. Paul, MN 55118

Tel: 612/457-0048

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Tutukamen's Cartouche

## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Charles in England

Charles Wilkins is an English boy who is anxious to greet you with a bright "Good day!" and introduce you to his country. He is very proud of it. England has a long history. It is very familiar to people in the United States because the Pilgrims, some of the early European settlers in America, came from England. In fact, the U.S. was a colony of England until the Revolutionary War, when it won its independence and became a separate country.

England is actually part of a large island called Great Britain, which also contains Scotland and Wales. Great Britain and Northern Ireland together are also known as the United Kingdom. When Charles's grandfather was young, England had many colonies all over the world, and they were all part of the United Kingdom. Now they are independent countries like the United States. Some of them are Canada, Australia, India, Egypt, Nigeria, and Singapore. This is the main reason that so many people around the world today speak English.

England itself is a small country—only slightly larger than the state of New York. The climate is very rainy. It almost never gets very hot, even in summer. Winters are cold enough for snow, but the temperature doesn't get much below freezing.

Charles lives most of the time with his mother, stepfather, and stepsister, Stephanie, in a city called Cambridge. His grandparents own a bookstore there, and his mother helps them run it. His stepfather is a professor at Cambridge University, which is one of the oldest universities in the world. Charles's mother and father are divorced, and he spends every other weekend in London with his father.

Charles's house in Cambridge is small, but he and Stephanie both have their own rooms upstairs. Downstairs is a kitchen, a dining room, and a living room. There is a yard with a flower garden and a vegetable garden.



Charles goes to primary school every day from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. First he eats a big breakfast of cereal, bacon and eggs, and tea. He usually walks to school, and sometimes he walks home for lunch. When he comes home from school, he plays with Stephanie until teatime, around

5:00 p.m. Usually his stepfather comes home in time for tea, and friends often stop by. Supper is a light meal, eaten about 8:00 p.m.

Charles likes his family, school, and quiet life in Cambridge, but he always looks forward to weekends with

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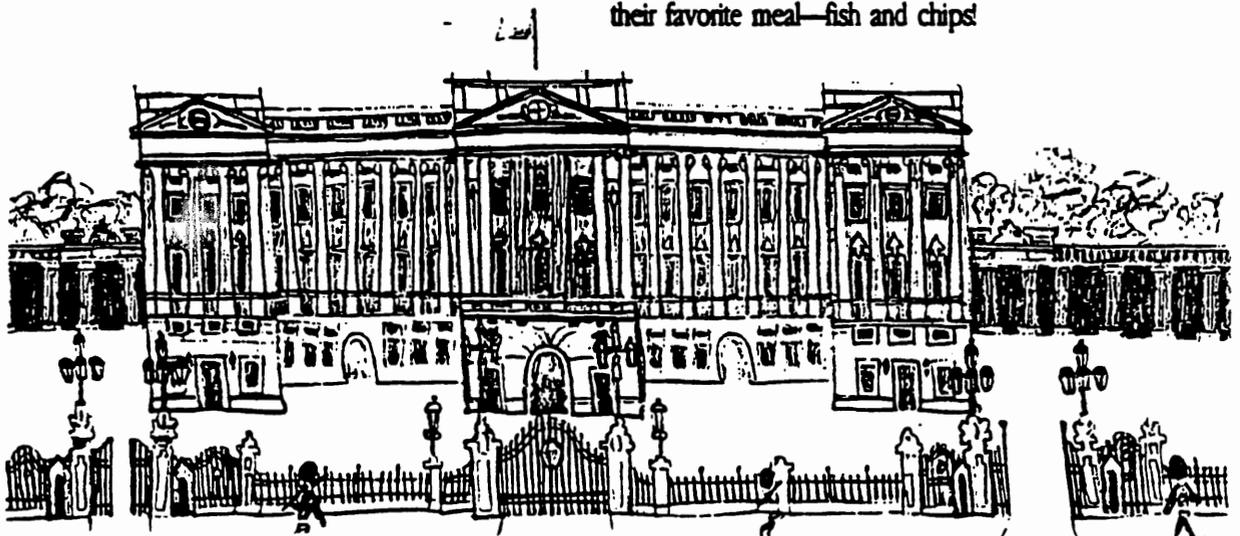
his father in London. His father is a banker, and lives in a flat (apartment) near where he works in the city. London, the capital of England, is its largest city, and always busy with people and things to do. Charles goes for a walk in the morning and evening with his father and his dog, Scotty (a Scottish Terrier). Scotty is Charles's dog, but his father takes care of him in London when Charles goes back to Cambridge. Father says he needs Scotty to keep him company when Charles is gone. Anyway, Scotty has many friends in London, and he always meets them all on his walks while Charles and his father chat with their owners.

After they've taken Scotty for his walk, Charles and Dad usually go to visit one of London's many historic sites. Mr. Wilkins doesn't like to drive in the city because there is so much traffic, so they either walk or take the tube (the subway), or a taxi, or one of London's red double-decker buses. Sometimes they go to visit Buckingham Palace, the famous home of Britain's Royal Family. This is just one of the homes of Queen Elizabeth and her husband, Prince Philip. Queen Elizabeth is considered a "figurehead" in Britain, which means she doesn't have real power. The laws are made by the Parliament, which meets in the Houses of Parliament, near Buckingham Palace. There is a high clock tower with a famous clock called Big Ben, which chimes every hour and is well

known for keeping perfect time. Since London is such an old city, there are many historic palaces, churches, parks, and houses to be explored. Charles's favorite sight, though, is a street entertainer. When the weather is nice, you can find clowns, magicians, or pantomime artists performing before crowds in public squares.

Sometimes Charles and Father go to a soccer game, a tennis match, or even a horse race. And of course every spring there is the annual boat race on the River Thames, when teams from Oxford and Cambridge race from Putney to Mortlake. Of course, Charles and Dad have to cheer for Cambridge.

Every time Charles goes to London, he and Father also go to visit Grandmother Wilkins. She lives alone since Grandfather Wilkins died, in the house that they moved into when they returned to London from India, where Grandfather served in the British Foreign Service (the British State Department). She still has close friends from India, and one of their grandsons, Sanjay, is Charles's best friend in London. In fact, there are lots of Indian people in London, as well as people from the other countries that were once part of the British empire. Sanjay's mother makes wonderful Indian food for the boys, but they also love to have supper with Grandmother Wilkins. Her housekeeper always gives them their favorite meal—fish and chips!



## Nutrition Time

The English are famous for their teatime, about 5:00 p.m. Sometimes people eat sandwiches, or scones or crumpets (which are like muffins), but Charles likes cookies and milk with his tea.

### Tea and Sugar Crisps

**Tea:** Heat water to boiling, then pour it into a pot that has already been warmed with hot tap water, and add either loose tea or teabags. Let it steep for 3 to 5 minutes. Serve with milk or lemon and sugar.

### Sugar Crisps

1/4 cup soft butter  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/2 cup sifted flour  
1 or 2 teaspoons milk  
a few drops of vanilla

Preheat oven to 350°. Measure the butter and sugar into the mixing bowl, and blend well. Add flour, a little at a time, beating after each addition. Add vanilla and 1 teaspoon milk. Stir until mixture doesn't stick to the sides of the bowl. If it seems too dry, add 1 more teaspoon milk. Form dough into a smooth ball. Pinch off about 1 teaspoon of dough. Roll it between your palms into a small ball. Place the ball on an ungreased cookie sheet and flatten it with your palm or the bottom of a glass. Continue until all the dough is used up, placing the balls about 1 inch apart. Bake for 10 minutes, or until crisps are golden brown. Cool for 5 minutes, then lift off sheet with spatula onto a wire rack.

## People Time

England is famous for its fairy tales. Every night before they go to bed, Charles's mother reads one to him and Stephanie. This one is probably familiar to you.

### Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time there were three bears who lived in a cottage in a great wood: Father Bear, Mama Bear, and Baby Bear. Not far away there lived a little girl named Goldilocks. One day Goldilocks was walking in the woods when she came upon the bears' cottage. She came up to the door and found it was not locked. She poked her nose in, and then went inside.

She found a room with three chairs in it—one big chair, one medium chair, and one small chair. She sat down in the big chair, but found it hard and uncomfortable. She tried the medium chair, but it wasn't comfortable either. So she went to the small chair. It was soft and warm, and Goldilocks was quite happy in it until all at once it broke into pieces!

She got up, and saw a table with three saucers—one big, one medium, and one small—all full of oatmeal. The oatmeal in the big saucer was bitter. She tried the medium saucer, but it wasn't so nice. Then she tried the oatmeal in the small saucer. It was so sweet that she ate until it was gone.

Goldilocks then found herself tired, and thought she would like to lie down. She went upstairs. There she found a room with three beds—a big bed, a medium bed, and a small bed. She tried the big bed, but it was hard and lumpy. She tried the medium bed. It was better, but she still could not get comfortable. Then she tried the small bed. It was perfect, and she fell to sleep.

After a time the three bears came home. Papa Bear went to his chair and said, "WHO'S BEEN SITTING IN

MY CHAIR?" And Mama Bear said, "Who's Been Sitting in My Chair?" And Baby Bear said, "Who's been sitting in my chair and has broken it all to pieces?"

Then they went to have their oatmeal, and Papa Bear said, "WHO'S BEEN EATING MY OATMEAL?" And Mama Bear said, "Who's Been Eating My Oatmeal?" And Baby Bear said, "Who's been eating my oatmeal and has eaten it all up?" Then they went upstairs, and Papa Bear said, "WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BED?" And Mama Bear said, "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?" And Baby Bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed—and see, here she is!"

The bears wondered what they should do with the girl. Just then Goldilocks woke up. When she saw the bears she ran from the room, down the stairs, and out the door. She ran home as fast as she could go, and never went near the bears' cottage again.

## Playtime

Five or more players form a semicircle around a bucket, standing at a distance of eight to 12 feet. Each player has a pebble, beanbag, or some other object to throw. At the signal to throw, each player tosses his object at the bucket. Those who miss must pay a forfeit, which they must redeem by performing a stunt.

The following stunts can be used (or invent your own):

1. Dance around the room three times with a broom for a partner.
2. Bend your head as low as you can to the floor.
3. Repeat "blue bread" rapidly five times.
4. Make faces three different ways at three different people.
5. Crow like a rooster.
6. Bark first like a small dog, then like a large one.
7. Quack like a duck.
8. Pose as the Statue of Liberty.
9. Pantomime someone with a bad case of mumps.
10. Say rapidly three times, "Big black bear bit a big blue bug."

From *Games of Many Nations* by E. O. Harbin. Copyright renewal © 1982 Mary Elizabeth Harbin Standish and Thomas Harbin. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Abingdon Press.

## Project Time

In London, there is a very famous clock called Big Ben in a tower. Every hour Big Ben chimes, and you can hear it for miles around. You can make your own Big Ben out of cardboard.

### Materials:

a rectangular sandwich bag box, or  
an aluminum foil box cut in half  
a cup to trace a circle  
cardboard  
construction paper  
crayons  
a pushpin  
a piece of cork or eraser  
scissors and glue

First, cut a piece of construction paper to fit the box, and glue it around as if you were wrapping the box (be sure to keep one end open so you can put your hand inside the box to attach the clock hands). Next, trace a circle out of cardboard, then cut and glue it onto the box to make the clock face. Cut the clock hands out of cardboard. Push the pushpin through the end of each hand, then through the middle of the clock, and into the cork or eraser on the *inside* of the box. This will allow the hands to move so you can "set" the clock. Next, cut the roof section out of cardboard, glue together at the flaps, and glue or tape to the top of the box. Now you can draw the numbers on the clock face, and decorate your clock tower to look like Big Ben.



## The YMCA in England

There are YMCAs all over England, including London and Cambridge. The YMCA in Cambridge is a youth hostel, where young people from all over England and all over the world can spend the night.

Charles's father is a member of the Central YMCA in London. He goes there almost every day to swim and work out with weights, or take an exercise class. There is also Bible study and other classes. Charles goes with his father on weekends for swimming lessons. The YMCA also has a very nice hotel and coffee shop, where they sometimes have lunch.

If you want more information on the YMCAs in England, or want to contact some English children, write:

International Office for Europe  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Tel: 216/344-0095

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Senitiki in Fiji

"Bula!" ("Hello!") says Senitiki, a small boy with dark skin, curly black hair, and dark eyes. He lives with his parents, grandparents, three brothers, and two sisters in a village on the island of Beqa, one of the 322 islands which make up the nation of Fiji. Together these islands are about as big as the state of Hawaii, but only 100 of them have people living on them.

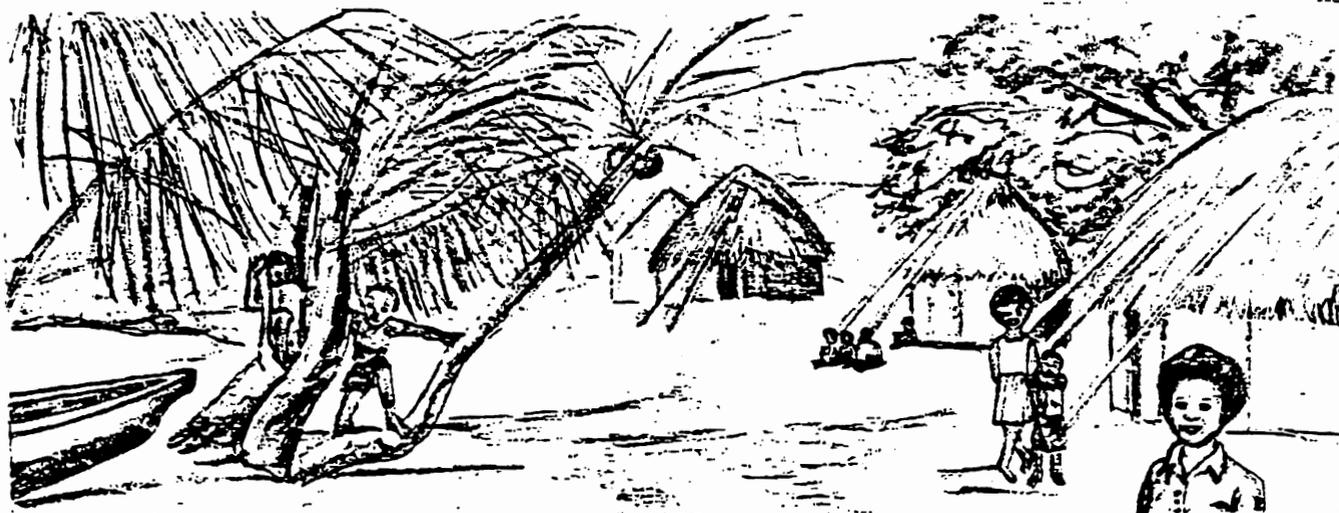
Fiji is located in the Pacific Ocean, south of the Equator and east of Australia. The largest island, near Beqa, is called Viti Levu. It holds the capital, Suva, as well as the airport and most of the people. People travel between the islands either by boat or by airplane.

The weather is warm on the islands, but it rarely gets over 85° because of the cool ocean breezes. In winter (June through August), the sun shines all the time, but in summer (November through April), it rains a lot. Only 48 percent of the people in Fiji are native Fijians like Senitiki. Forty-six percent are Indians, descended from people who came to Fiji from India as laborers. There are also some people from other Pacific islands and from Europe and China.

There are different types of villages in Fiji—some in the mountains on the larger islands; and some near the ocean shores, especially on the smaller islands. Beqa is a small island, and Senitiki's village is a traditional one on the shore. It hasn't changed much in many, many years. Many of the houses, called *bures*, are still made from a wooden frame with a thatched roof and walls.

In Senitiki's house there are no walls, but different parts of the *bure* serve different purposes. The back is private, for the family. Next to that is a part where only honored guests are allowed. The front has a fireplace for cooking and is the public part of the *bure*.

Senitiki and his family sit and sleep on mats. The house sits on a mound of earth which first belonged to Senitiki's great-great-grandfather. It has been handed down from eldest son to eldest son and is considered a sacred family possession. One day it will belong to Senitiki's oldest brother, Sela.



But Senitiki's family does not have a completely traditional lifestyle. His father, Ratu Aca, makes money by performing the fire dance before audiences of tourists and by selling fish to restaurants on Viti Levu. One of Senitiki's uncles moved away from the village to work in Suva. Since it is hard to take care of children in the city, he and his wife sent their three children back to the village, and they are taken care of by Senitiki's family as if they were his own brothers and sisters.

All the children between ages 6 and 12 go to school, where they are taught in Fijian and English. They may continue to secondary school if they wish, and there is a university for the most advanced. Senitiki would like to be a doctor. To do this, he would have to go to Fiji's medical school for training, then return to practice basic medicine in his village. Ratu Aca's cousin, Ratu Lemeki, is the doctor for several neighboring villages. Senitiki greatly admires his skill.

For now, Senitiki is content to enjoy his life at school and in the village. He and his brothers and sisters often go swimming among the coral reefs that surround their island. The water is clear blue, and they swim among hundreds of beautiful multicolored tropical fish. They like other sports, too, especially rugby and basketball. But they don't care much about winning. Instead they will ask, "Did you enjoy the game?"

The children usually go to watch their father when he performs the fire dance. Beqa is known as the "Island of Firewalkers," and only men of the Sawau tribe have the ability to walk on fire. Ratu Aca leaves his family for two weeks before a performance to prepare himself.

The firewalkers prepare the fire. Then, in a special ceremony, the *Bete* (high priest) calls the men to walk

on the red-hot stones. Their feet are unharmed, and scientists cannot explain how this is possible!

The children's favorite time in the village is when there is a festival and a *meke* (dancing and singing). Everyone takes part, even the youngest children. Some dance, and the rest strike the ground with bamboo tubes or beat the lali drum. Everyone drinks *yaqona*, a traditional drink made from roots, and then *magiti* (food) is served that has been cooked in a *lovo* (earth oven). Gifts are also often given. The most special gift is the *Tabua* (whale's tooth). It is given to important guests.



## Nutrition Time

Surrounded by ocean, Fijians of course eat lots of fish and seafood. But they also like pork and beef. Root crops called yams, dalo, and cassava are cooked in the earth oven with the meat. And there are many kinds of wonderful tropical fruits: mangos, pineapples, coconuts, oranges, breadfruit, mandarins, pawpaws, and especially cooking bananas.

You can eat bananas the same way the Fijians do by baking them in the oven at 325° for about 15 minutes. Eat them with a spoon right out of the skin, or put the cooked banana in a dish or serve it over ice cream.

## People Time

### The Magic Pool

Once upon a time there lived three beautiful sisters, daughters of a High Chief of an island. Their names reflected their beauty, for they were Adi Lolodra (Lady Scarlet Fronds), Adi Drodrolagi (Lady Rainbow), and Adi Kalanasiga (Lady Sunset).

Every day they bathed in their pool called Nawailumi. It lay clear, cool, and green under the trees, some distance from their village. No fish or prawns lived in the pool. A large flat stone led from the bank into the water.

Every time the sisters entered the water, sandalwood oil in which the red rerega dye was dissolved would bubble up from the bottom of the pool. Their skin was therefore smooth, perfumed, and of a beautiful coppery color. Their beauty was known throughout Fiji. Many re-owned chiefs came to ask for their hands in marriage.

Early one morning, Adi Lolodra, the eldest princess, went to the pool before the others. She was startled to see a gray eel beside the big flat rock. She was so scared she picked up a rock and threw it at the eel. The eel dived deeper into the pool and disappeared.

Adi Lolodra had a quick bath, then hurried home to tell her sisters what she had seen. The two younger sisters rushed to the pool but did not see the eel.

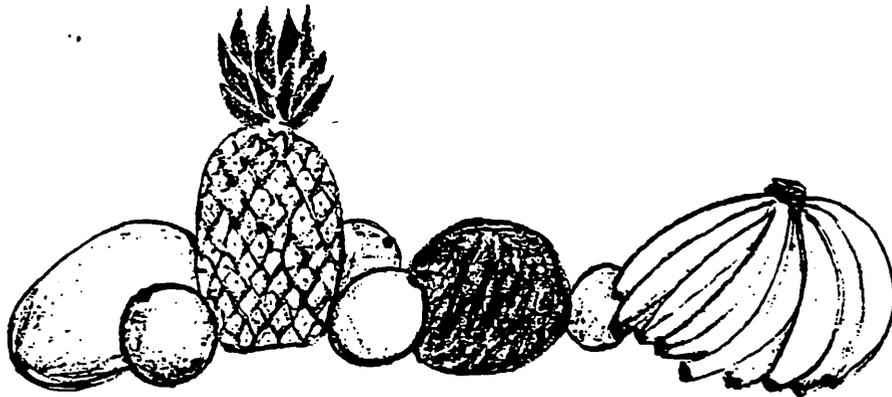
The next morning, Adi Drodrolagi went early to the pool. She saw the dull gray eel beside the flat rock, and she threw it at the eel to chase it away. The eel dived deeper into the pool and disappeared.

Adi Drodrolagi had a quick swim, then went home to tell her sisters about the eel. The two rushed to the pool Nawailumi but didn't see the eel.

On the third morning, Adi Kalanasiga went early to the pool. The gray eel was again by the flat rock. She felt sorry that her sisters had treated the eel roughly, so she just stood and watched the eel. As she watched, a slow change came over the dull gray eel. It changed into a shimmering red color.

Full of curiosity, Adi Kalanasiga stepped onto the flat rock. She dipped her *masi* cloth towel into the water and picked up the eel with it. Tenderly, she stroked the head of the eel and said softly, "You must be the owner of the pool." The eel shimmered into a rainbow of colors and Adi Kalanasiga heard melodious singing, chanting, and lali beats coming from the pool.

Slowly she lowered the eel into the water. The rainbow eel darted into the middle of the pool, then leapt out of the silvery water several times before it finally disappeared. The music, singing, and chanting stopped, then



the pool turned back into its cool, quiet, green color.

When Adi Kalanasiga finally arrived home, Adi Lolodra asked, "Why have you been so long at Nawailumi?"

Adi Kalanasiga replied, "I was looking for the eel."

The three princesses continued to bathe at the pool, but something strange began to happen. The two older girls began to lose their beauty, but Adi Kalanasiga continued to grow more and more beautiful.

However, Adi Lolodra and Adi Drodrolagi were still lovely, and chiefs continued to come to ask for their hands in marriage. Finally, to their father's delight, the two princesses agreed to marry two renowned young chiefs. A double wedding was arranged, and the whole land celebrated with much excitement, dancing, and feasting. The two brides then left to settle in their husbands' villages.

Young chiefs continued to call on Adi Kalanasiga's father to ask for her hand, but she kept refusing. Every day she went to the pool Nawailumi, and she continued to grow more and more beautiful. She kept giving the

Chief, her father, all kinds of excuses not to marry any of the young chiefs who came to ask for her hand.

This constant refusal was an insult to the young chiefs, and it caused many arguments between the Chief and Adi Kalanasiga. Although the Chief loved Adi Kalanasiga very much, one afternoon he got very, very angry when she yet again refused the proposal of a particularly High Chief.

He said to Adi Kalanasiga, "You have insulted the High Chief and you have insulted me. Your action can cause great trouble between his people and our people. I will not have you in my house again to continue to create trouble. Leave immediately and go somewhere else to live!"

In tears, Adi Kalanasiga stumbled out of the house. She undid her plait of long hair, cut it, and threw the hair into the flower garden. Sadly, she made her way to the pool Nawailumi to bathe for one last time before she finally left the village.

She stepped onto the flat rock and looked into the water. To her surprise, she saw a village at the bottom

of the pool. She lowered herself slowly into the water and found herself face to face with a handsome young chief.

"Welcome to the Land of the Sandalwood Oil, Adi Kalanasiga," he said. "We have met before. You were kind, but your sisters threw stones at me."

"Rainbow eel!" she cried.

"Will you marry me?" asked the chief, whose name was Ratu Nawailumisa (Sir Shimmeringwater).

"I gladly will," said Adi Kalanasiga.

And so the people of the Land of the Sandalwood Oil celebrated the marriage of Adi Kalanasiga and Ratu Nawailumisa. There was a lot of singing, dancing, and feasting.

Back in Adi Kalanasiga's village, her mother was watching a little creeper growing in her flower garden. She had found Ali Kalanasiga's long hair in the garden the morning after her daughter's disappearance. When she picked it up she found the hair turning into a creeper. Now the creeper was covered with sweet-smelling white flowers.

Retold and translated by Mrs. Rejeli Racule, Curriculum Unit, Ministry of Education, Government of Fiji.

## Project Time

Fiji has many kinds of delicious tropical fruits. Make some of them out of clay and paint them. If you want to keep them, you can cover them with liquid wax.

Materials:

clay

a pointed tool

paint

liquid wax

To make a pineapple, break off a piece of clay about twice the size of your fist. Roll the clay between your hands to make an egg-shaped ball. Press in the top to make a little hollow. Flatten a piece of clay and cut out three long pointed leaves with a tool. Wet the wide ends of the leaves, and make a hollow in the ball. Press the leaves into the hollow. While the clay is still soft, make criss-cross lines all over the ball with a pointed tool. Press a small hole in the center of each criss-crossed box. When the clay is dry, paint the pineapple. When the paint is dry, pour liquid wax over it. You can also make oranges, mangoes, bananas, and coconuts.



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## The YMCA in Fiji

The YMCA in Fiji offers many services in Suva and throughout the islands. Young people like Senitiki and his brothers, sisters, and cousins play sports such as basketball, rugby, and table tennis through YMCA programs. In Suva, other sports offered are boxing, judo, badminton, body building, and wrestling. A YMCA rural community development project built a community center and latrine for Senitiki's village. The community center offers a kindergarten, a library, church services, and leadership training. The Fijian YMCA gets support from the New Zealand and Canadian YMCAs.

If you want more information about the YMCA in Fiji, or if you want to contact some Fijian children, contact:  
International Support Unit for the Pacific  
YMCA of Honolulu  
1441 Pali Highway  
Honolulu, HI 96813  
Tel: 808/531-3558

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Hans and Klarchen in Germany

"Guttentag!" (Good day!) This is how we are greeted by Hans and Klarchen Schmidt in German, which is their native language. Hans and Klarchen live in Frankfurt, a city in west central Germany. But before we learn more about them, we should know something about their country.

Germany is in the middle of Europe. For almost half a century following World War II, it was split into East and West Germany, but now it is united again. It has high mountains called

the Alps in the south, and flat coastlands that border the North Sea and the Baltic Sea to the north. In between there is beautiful rolling farmland, and wide river valleys in the west. The weather is not much different from that in the northern United States. Although people often think of the farms when they think of Ger-

many, most of its people actually live in cities. There are many large cities, and they are all important in their own way—Hamburg, Dusseldorf, Leipzig, Berlin, Bremen, Essen, Cologne, Bonn (the capital), Stuttgart, Munich, and Frankfurt are the biggest, but there are many others. Germany has a lot of people—10 times as many per square mile as the United States. It is a homogenous

country, which means that most people's ancestors were German, too. There are some people from other countries such as Turkey, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Portugal, and Spain. They were invited by the government to come and work in Germany as *gasterbeiter* (guest workers) for short periods of time, but many have stayed. They are a small minority, though, making up only 4 percent of the people. In the past, many Germans left their country to come to the United States, so there are quite a few Americans with German heritage.

Do you know if any of your ancestors came from Germany?

Because Germany's cities are so crowded, many people live in large blocks of apartments. The apartment that Klarchen's and Hans's family lives in is fairly large. It has three bedrooms: one for each of them and one for their parents, Wolfgang and Greta. There



is a kitchen, a dining room, a living room, and a large balcony. Greta keeps lots of plants on the balcony in summer—it looks like a garden. In the winter she brings them all into the living room. Germans are very fond of nature, and they are concerned about protecting their environment. This is a problem today, because Germany has many industries, and they have polluted the



air and water, just like in the U.S.

The children go to school at 8:00 in the morning, after a breakfast of yogurt, crispbread or rolls, and hot chocolate. Klarchen just started *grundeschule* (primary school) this year, and on the first day she took a cone filled with sweets, as is the custom. She and Hans come home for the main meal of the day at about the time we call lunchtime, and their afternoons are free. There is a park beside the Schmidts' apartment building where the children spend many afternoons. Greta works in a sausage shop in the morning only, so she can be home with the children in the afternoon. She often brings home different kinds of sausages, called *wurst*, for dinner. Germans are famous for their sausage. In fact, one of the most famous sausages came from Frankfurt: the frankfurter (better known to us as the hot dog). Besides *wurst*, they also eat a lot of cheese, potatoes, noodles, dumplings, cabbage (especially sauerkraut), and cakes.

The children's father is usually on his way to work when they get up in the morning. His work begins at 7:00 a.m., so he is on the *autobahn* (the freeway) into Frankfurt before 6:30. Wolfgang is a manager of a convention center. Frankfurt has many trade shows where companies from Germany and around the world

display their products. He just finished a show of German cars—Mercedes, Volkswagens, and BMWs.

On Sunday morning the family always goes jogging together along a trail that is near the house. It has exercise stations, and Wolfgang runs ahead and works on each one until Greta and the children catch up. The family takes two vacations every year. In winter they go skiing in the Bavarian Alps in southern Germany. They also stop to visit Greta's brother Wilfred and his family, which owns and runs a small farm. Actually, Wilfred's wife Lotti does most of the farm work, while Wilfred works in a photography studio in the village nearby. Lotti raises a few cattle and pigs to sell for meat, and grows the crops the animals eat. They have two children, Brigitta and Otto. Klarchen is especially excited to visit her cousins this year, because Otto was just born, and she is anxious to hold her new baby cousin.

The children's grandparents also live with Wilfred and Lotti. Hans is especially fond of grandfather, who teaches him how to make simple toys out of wood. Someday, Hans may even be skilled enough to make a cuckoo clock. The second vacation is in the summer, and they always go to a beach in Italy, Greece, or southern France.

## Nutrition Time

*Abendbrot* is the last meal of the day, the evening meal. It usually includes different kinds of breads, cold meats and cheeses, and a salad and hot tea. Sometimes Greta makes a special dish for the children—*Kartoffelpuffer* (potato pancakes).

### *Kartoffelpuffer*

#### Ingredients:

- 2 pounds potatoes
- 2 eggs
- 1 onion
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- oil for frying
- lemon juice

Peel the potatoes into a bowl of water with a little lemon juice in it to stop the potatoes from turning brown. Grate the potatoes and grate or finely chop the onion. Squeeze the extra water from the potatoes before mixing in the other ingredients. Heat the oil in a frying pan. When it is hot, drop spoonfuls of the mixture in the pan. Press flat with a spoon and fry until crisp and golden—about three minutes on each side. Serve immediately with *Apfelsauce* (applesauce).

## People Time

### **The Ox as Mayor**

There once lived a peasant. He had an ox with which he used to work in the fields. When he was plowing, his wife brought him his lunch. They had no children. While the two ate their lunch together, the ox went on plowing tranquilly. It was a very clever animal. One day as they were having their meal, the peasant said to his wife, "Our ox is so clever that it would be a pity to let him go on working in the field. Let's send him to school so that he can learn something." His wife agreed.

The next morning the peasant went to town with his ox. On his way he met a group of young fellows who were wearing colored caps. They asked the peasant where he wanted to go with his ox. "Well," he said, "my ox is so clever that I want him to go to learn something." The fellows said that they were going to school, too, and that they would take the ox with them. But he would have to give them some money for the books and material the ox would need. The peasant gave them the money and was glad that everything went so smoothly.

The boys took the ox with them and sold it right away. But once in a while they wrote to the peasant that the ox needed more books, for he had read the old ones to pieces, and to send some money. And the peasant always sent the money. After some years the boys wrote that the ox had now finished his studies and that he had become mayor. He might come and call on him.

The peasant went to town. By chance the mayor's name was Ox. The peasant found his way by asking and was admitted to the mayor's office. He had to go up some stairs. When he entered, the mayor was sitting behind his table with a sullen face and big glasses. "Well," thought the peasant, "he has changed a little. But there

is still some resemblance." The mayor addressed him gruffly and asked what he wanted. The peasant said, "Well, now you pretend not to know me any more. And in former days you used to pull my oxcart."

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## Playtime

### German Egg Game (Easter Game)

This game can be played by an unlimited number of players. It can be played in a gymnasium or on a playground. You will need colored eggs (you can use ones you make in Project Time), cotton, and two baskets.

The game is most interesting when played by two, with the other children watching. One basket should be shallow, and filled with the cotton or shavings. The other should contain the eggs. One player is chosen to be the runner while the other tends the baskets. The runner rushes from a starting place and back; during that time the other player tries to transfer the eggs from the egg basket to the shallow one, being careful not to break the eggs. The children then change places and play again. The score depends on the number of eggs transferred. The eggs may be given to the player having the best record.

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## Project Time

Because so many Germans emigrated to the United States, some of the traditions of Germany have become part of the traditions in the U.S. One of these is the Easter Bunny, and Easter eggs. Klarchen and Hans make easter eggs, too, and hang them on a tree branch in their house.

### Materials:

Hardboiled or blown eggs  
egg dyes  
paints and brushes  
string  
a large tree branch

Dye the eggs according to the directions of the dye package. Then paint designs on them—stripes, flowers, pictures, or simple designs. Thread a piece of string through each egg, and hang it on the Easter egg tree.



## The YMCA In Germany

The YMCA in Frankfurt offers a youth club, which both Wolfgang and Greta belonged to when they were teenagers (in fact, that is where they met). They still help out as advisors to the Bible Study classes. In summer, Hans goes to a special YMCA camp at Berchtesgaden, near his cousins' farm. Hans has asthma, and this camp is especially for children who have that ailment.

If you want more information about the YMCAs in Germany, write:

International Office for Europe  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Tel: 216/344-0095

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Ah Mai and Kwok Yin in Hong Kong

Ah Mai Chan and her brother Kwok Yin Chan live in one of the many highrise apartment buildings in Kowloon, Hong Kong. They, their parents, and their grandparents are among the five and a half million people who crowd into this tiny country. Hong Kong is one-third the size of the state of Rhode Island.

The Chans, like so many people in Hong Kong, originally came from the Guangdong Province in China. They speak the Cantonese dialect of Chinese, and they also speak English. Since Hong Kong is a British territory, Ah Mai and Kwok Yin have grown up with both Western and Eastern cultures.

Hong Kong is made up of two large islands, several small islands, and part of the mainland of South China, called the New Territories. The British have been in Hong Kong for about 150 years. The Chinese gave Hong Kong Island to them after a war. Kowloon and the New Territories were added later.

Since the country is so small, and there are so many people, there are few resources in Hong Kong itself. But the people have been very successful at manufacturing by importing materials they need to make things, then exporting the finished products. You can probably think of many things labeled "Made in Hong Kong"—everything from watches to clothes, and all sorts of electronic equipment. Shipping, commerce, and tourism are also very important.

Life in Hong Kong is best described as crowded and busy. People have been coming from mainland China ever since Hong Kong was established, working very hard to make their lives better.

Ah Mai and Kwok Yin's grandparents came during the Chinese Revolution, when the Communists took over the Chinese government. They started out selling tea, coffee and sandwiches on the streets. They earned enough to send their son to engineering school and to rent a stall for selling their food. Even though they are in their 60s, they



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still get up at 5:00 every morning to do this.

The children's father is a supervisor at an electronics factory. His company makes transistors that are used in radios and televisions. Their mother never went to school, since Chinese women have traditionally been expected to stay home. But when Ah Mai and Kwok Yin started school, she began working in a factory that makes toys. Hong Kong has over 5,000 toy factories. You might even have some toys that were made there.

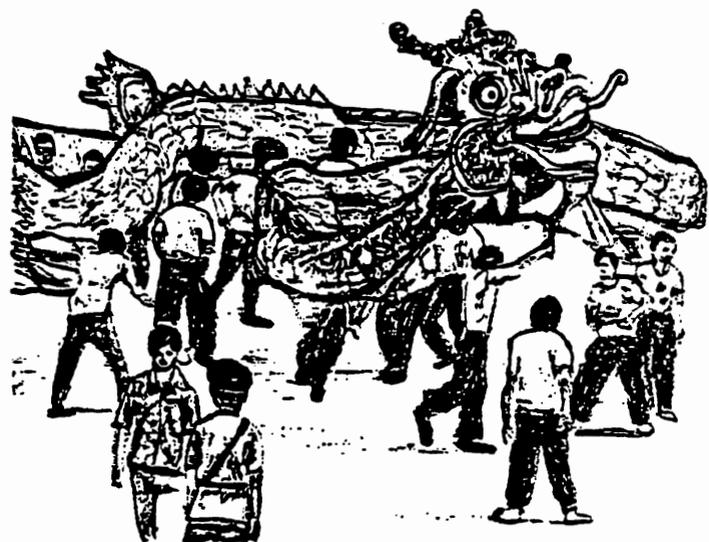
Ah Mai and Kwok Yin go to a private, Catholic school that their parents must pay for. This is expensive, but education is very important to Chinese families, and so it is worth the sacrifice. Because there are so many students, the children go to school in shifts. The Chans go in the morning from 8:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., and other children go from 12:30 to 5:00 p.m. After school, they stay with their grandparents, or go to a club called the "JPC" (Junior Police Club), which is set up by the police department. They do their homework or other activities there. When their parents come home, the whole family often goes out to eat in one of the hundreds of Chinese restaurants.

The Chans live on the 10th floor of their apartment building. Their apartment is small but modern, with a refrigerator and a television. In the kitchen is a statue of Tsao Kwan, the Chinese kitchen god. Tsao Kwan watches the family during the year, and when Chinese New Year comes in January or February, he reports on their behavior to his superiors in the heavens. If they have been good, they will have good luck the following year. If not, they won't be so lucky.

The Chans have their own *feng shui*, or fortune teller, whom they consult before making any big decisions, or sometimes just for a checkup. The *feng shui* reads their palms, or consults their astrological charts, or sometimes uses clairvoyance (the ability to see into the future) to advise them or warn them of some danger.

The Chans follow ancient Chinese beliefs, which are a mixture of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. Although they don't practice their faith with others in a church, it plays a big role in their lives.

The Chinese celebrate many festivals in Hong Kong. Even though there are few farmers, everyone celebrates the Mid-Autumn Harvest Festival. Kwok Yin's favorite is the Dragon Boat Festival, when long, narrow dragon boats with up to 30 men rowing them race in the harbor. But the biggest is Chinese New Year: the beginning of new life. Everyone pays off their debts, settles old arguments, buys new clothes, eats lots of wonderful food, and goes to watch the dragon dances.



## Nutrition Time

### Fried Rice (4 adult servings)

- 1/2 cup salad or peanut oil
- 1/2 cup Chinese cabbage or finely diced celery
- 1/2 cup sliced water chestnuts
- 1/2 cup scallions, cut into thin diagonal strips
- 3 cups cooked rice
- 1/2 cup smoked ham or chicken, cut into small cubes
- Salt and ground black pepper
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons water
- 4 eggs

1. Heat the oil in a large skillet and add the vegetables. Cook quickly, stirring occasionally, for three or four minutes.
2. Add the rice and ham or chicken and mix well, adding more oil if necessary. Season to taste with salt, pepper and soy sauce.
3. Melt the butter in a separate skillet, add the water to the eggs and beat, then let them cook without stirring to make a pancake. Do not turn. Cut the pancake into thin strips and sprinkle over the fried rice.

## People Time

### Mountaintop

Once upon a time, three little pandas stood at the foot of a huge mountain. They all looked eagerly up to the top of the mountain.

"How nice the grass looks up there," said the first panda.

"And look how beautiful the flowers are," said the second little panda.

"How fascinating it must be so close to the sun," said the third little panda.

"And what a wonderful view there will be from the top," they all said together.

And they determined to go to the top of the mountain to see it all for themselves.

They set off along a sandy path. As they went, they sang their songs and told their stories, and each of them secretly dreamed of how wonderful it would be when he got to the summit.

After not too long, the three little pandas came to a fork in the path.

"That's the way to the top," said the first little panda, pointing to the left.

"No, that's the way to the top," said the second little panda, pointing to the right.

But the third little panda could not make up his mind. First, he agreed with the first little panda, and then he agreed with the second.

The first and the second little pandas met up again at the top of the mountain. They were so delighted to see one another that they clasped each other in a great hug. They looked around with satisfaction, enjoying the view from the mountaintop, and said to each other:

"It is even more beautiful than we imagined up here. What a shame that our friend the third little panda is not with us. We must tell him how beautiful it is up here and teach him to make his own way and not be put off by wolves or panthers."

And that is exactly what they did, so that very soon there were three little pandas standing at the top of the mountain admiring the magnificent scenery.

Story retold and contributed by the YMCA of Hong Kong.

## Playtime

### One, Two, Three, Dragon

In a schoolyard or other big playing area, form a line with each player's hands on the shoulders of the player in front. The first in line is the dragon's head, the last is the tail. The tail yells, "One, two, three, dragon!" to start the game. Then the head player tries to tag the tail without breaking up the line. No one can let go of the shoulders of the player in front. If anyone lets go, the dragon dies, and the head player becomes the new tail. If the head tags the tail without breaking the line, the head gets one point and stays at the head for the next game.

The game goes on until everyone has had a chance to be the head. Each player tries to stay in that spot for as long as he or she can. The player with the most points after every player has been the head is the winner.

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## Project Time

### Palm Leaf Fan

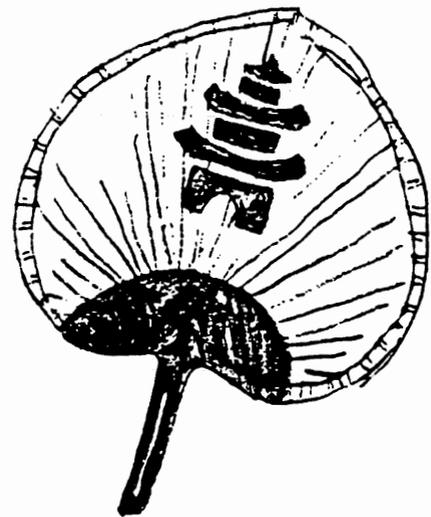
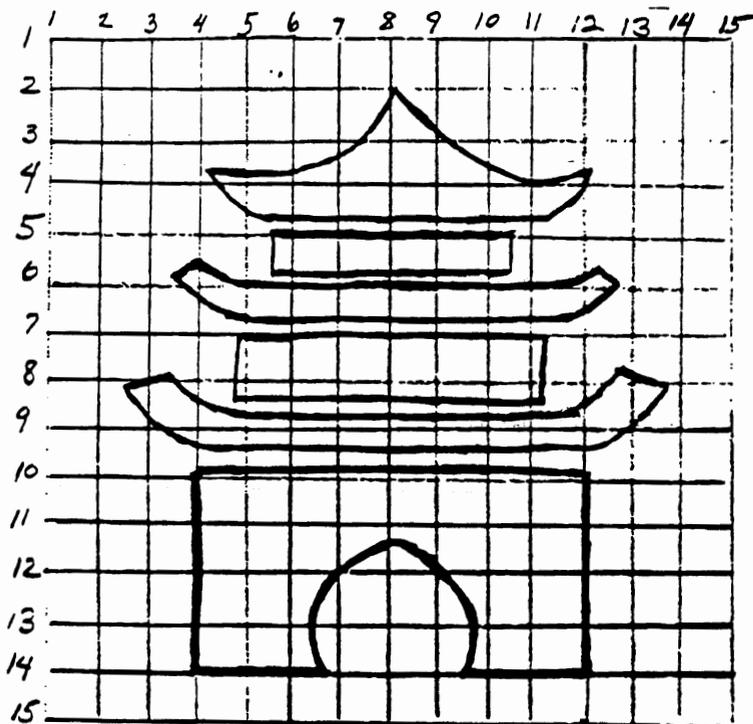
In the Far East, fans are made from the lower part of a broad palm leaf, the edges bound with strips of reed, the leaf stem becoming the handle. The fans are often painted with designs—flowers, a pagoda, sprays of bamboo, a bird, or mountain scenes. In this project the fan is first covered with gold- or brass-colored metallic enamel. The stenciled drum tower is a copy of a 13th-century building. These towers served as town gates and places of warning (by drum) of attacks from outside.

#### Materials:

1 sheet of typewriter paper  
stencil paper—7 x 9 inches  
sheet of cardboard—10 1/2 x 13 inches  
palm leaf fan—11 x 12 3/4 inches, 6-inch handle  
2-ounce jar of metallic enamel—gold or brass  
acrylic paint—black  
acrylic polymer gloss medium  
pencil  
ruler  
craft knife  
flat nylon brush—3/4 inch wide  
tools for cutting and coloring stencil

Enlarge the drum tower pattern squares to 1/2 inch, using the typewriter paper. It will be 5 1/2 inches wide and 6 inches long. Prepare the pattern and cut out the stencil with the craft knife. Cover both sides of the palm leaf fan with metallic enamel, using the 3/4 inch brush. Let dry.

Place the stencil over the center of the fan and hold it in



place with small pieces of masking tape. The top of the design is 1 inch from the top edge of the fan. With the stencil brush, fill in the openings in the design with black acrylic paint. Remove stencil and let the paint dry before moving the fan.

When the paint is dry, add a curved area of black paint at the base of the fan, using the 3/4-inch flat brush. This area is 6 inches wide at the base and 2 1/4 inches high in the center over the handle. Paint the handle with black paint. Let dry. With the flat brush, paint the stenciled side of the fan with acrylic polymer gloss medium. Let dry.

Turn the fan over and do the same on the other side. Also cover the handle with the acrylic polymer gloss medium. Let dry well before using the fan. If you cannot find palm leaf fans, substitute one made from a

sheet of illustration board, using the drawing of the palm leaf fan as a guide. Use a piece of dowel split partway down its length for the handle. Insert the fan shape in the split and glue with contact cement.

For younger children: This project might be a bit too complicated. Instead, try cutting and pasting paper to make Chinese characters, birds, trees, pagodas, etc. Another idea would be to make potato prints with a Chinese theme.

Permission for use of the above material from *Folk Arts Around the World and How to Make Them*, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1981, is granted by the author, Virginia Fowler Elbert, for one-time use.

## The YMCA in Hong Kong

Every summer Ah Mai and Kwok Yin go to a children's camp run by the YMCA. When they get older, they can participate in YMCA clubs, leadership and language training, and sports programs. There are two main YMCAs in Hong Kong, and they both operate big hotels. There is also a new hotel in Wanchai. The YMCA also runs four schools, 25 program centers, and three camps in Hong Kong.

For more information on the YMCA of Hong Kong, contact:

International Office for Asia  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Sarla and Rajit in India

"Namaste!" This is how Sarla and Rajit Doshi will say hello to you in India. They say it while bending gently with their palms together below the chin. Sarla and Rajit live in the southern part of New Delhi, the capital of India. They live in a house with their parents; their aunt, uncle, and his children; and their grandparents. It is common in India for sons to marry and continue to live with their family.

India is the seventh largest country in the world. It is about one-third the size of the United States, but it has three times as many people! It has more people than any other country except China. Because it is so large, the climate varies, from tropical in the south to seasonal in the northern mountains. Basically it is hot from March to May, rainy from June to September, and cool or cold from October to February. The valley of the Ganges River has the most people. About one-half of the country is farmed, and 70 percent of the people are farmers.

About 25 years ago, India started using modern farming methods, and now it produces most of its own food. The government has also encouraged many industries to develop; products include airplanes, ships, motor scooters, railroad cars, motor cars, and trucks. But India's main industry is filmmaking. India produces more films than any other country in the world, including the United States. But even with all this development, most of India's people are very poor. Many do not get enough to eat, or they die of disease, and only about one-third of the people know how to read. The government is trying to correct these problems, but with so many people, it is a difficult job.



The people of India speak 22 main languages and about 1600 dialects. The most widely spoken is Hindi, which is the national language. English is also widely spoken, since the British ruled India for over 200 years. Most of the people (83 percent) are Hindu, but there are many other religions such as Jainism, Sikhism, Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity. Often these languages and religions overlap, so people will speak more than one language and will have a mixture of religious practices. Sarla and Rajit are Hindu, and they speak Hindi at home. But they go to a Christian school, and there they learn English as well as Hindi.

The Doshi family owns shops in Delhi that sell silk and cotton for women's *saris*—the dresses that women wear in India. Bapu (father) and Chacha (uncle)

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Devendra work all day in their shops. Their wives sometimes help, but they mostly stay home with the children. Sarla and Rajit have grown up with their cousins, Nirmala, Vikramjit, and Sudhir. If the family lived in a village, the children would help with the housework, and Sarla and Nirmala, as older girls, would help take care of their younger brothers. But the Doshis are a city family and can afford to hire two servants. So the children have the freedom to play, go to school, and take Indian dancing and music lessons. Their parents and grandparents are careful to teach them the traditional Indian values of humility, social harmony, and respect for their elders.

Sarla, Rajit, and their cousins are lucky to be able to go to a good school. There are not enough schools for all the children in India, and many children in the rural villages cannot go to school. Those who do often have one-room schools, or even schools held outdoors under trees. Education is a privilege in India. Because of this, teachers are highly respected. When the children's teacher enters the classroom, everyone stands up, and they always address their teacher as *ji*, which is a title of respect. Books are sacred. If Sarla drops a book, she will pick it up and touch it to her forehead as a sign of respect. Even though many Indian children can't go to school, those who can have the opportunity to get a good education. There are excellent high schools and universities, and many Indian students become doctors, scientists, engineers, and teachers.

Since there are so many different religions in India, the children have many holidays from school. Diwali is the beginning of the Hindu year and is called the festival of lights. Rows of lamps light up the homes, and shops are filled with sweet treats. At night there are firecrackers, and sparklers for the children. India also has holidays to celebrate the harvests and the coming of spring. Holi, a March spring festival, is Rajit's favorite. On this day,

people (especially children) are allowed to play pranks on anyone. They throw water-filled balloons at people passing on the street and rub brightly colored powders on each other. Needless to say, no one wears good clothes on Holi!



## Nutrition Time

*Chappatis*, the round flat bread of India, is an important part of the daily diet. It is eaten by itself or used to scoop up food.

### *Chappatis: Indian Potato Cakes*

1/2 cup mashed potatoes  
1/4 cup flour  
melted butter

Mix the mashed potatoes with the flour. Knead well. Add a few drops of water, if necessary. If the dough is sticky, add more flour. Divide the dough into two parts and let it stand for 1 hour. Roll the dough into flat thin cakes with a floured rolling pin on a lightly floured board. Or dust your hands with flour, and slap the dough with your palms into thin round cakes. Spread both sides with melted butter, and, in a skillet, brown one side and then the other. Makes two five-inch cakes.

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## People Time

### Friendship

Two good friends were walking in the jungle, when all of a sudden they saw a big bear coming. One of the friends knew how to climb a tree; the other didn't. So the one who did went up the tree. The second friend played dead on the ground. The bear came by. He began sniffing the friend on the ground to see if he was dead or alive. The bear thought he was a dead man, so he didn't harm him. The friend up in the tree thought that the bear told him something in his ear. After the bear was gone, he came down the tree and asked, "What did the bear tell you?" His friend told him that the bear said that not all friends can be trusted.

Have you ever had an experience with a friend who let you down? Who can you call a friend? Who are your friends and why?

### Use Your Brains

A monkey was playing by the side of a river and eating food from the bushes near the banks. A crocodile approached, and the two began to talk. The monkey saw the crocodile approach. "Are you a friend?" he asked. "Of course," said the crocodile. They chatted about various things, but the monkey kept his distance because he knew crocodiles have big teeth and like to eat monkeys.

In their conversation, the monkey mentioned that he wished he had a boat to go to the other side of the river. Crocodile said, "That's a grand dream, and I can help you. Just hop on my back, and in no time you will be at the other side of the river." At first, the monkey didn't trust him. But he was tempted by the free ride. So he jumped on the crocodile's back. When they were in the middle of the river, the crocodile stopped and said

monkey brains were sweet, and he wanted to eat the monkey's brain.

The monkey said, "Gee, I always leave my brain on the tree when I cross rivers, so why don't we go back and get my brain." The crocodile turned around and brought him back to the shore. The monkey jumped off and said goodbye.

Indian folktales contributed by Rohit and Manna Sevak.

## Playtime

### Cheetah, Cheetah

Indian princes used to train cheetahs to hunt the graceful, spotted deer known as cheetals. That's how this tag game got its name. You will need chalk and a large playing area for this game.

Pick one player to be the leader. Divide the rest into two teams: Cheetahs and Cheetals. Draw two parallel lines five feet apart on the ground. Make them long enough to hold a team. Then draw two home-base lines, each about 20 feet from the middle lines. The leader stands at one end between the two middle lines. The two teams line up on the middle lines, their backs to each other. The leader calls out, "Chee-ee-ee," then either "tah" or "tal." The leader must say it clearly so the teams can understand which one it is. The team that was called must turn and chase its opponents to the opponents' home base. Anyone tagged before reaching home base is out of the game. The game goes on until all the players on one team are out. The other team is the winner.

From *International Games* by Valjean McLenighan, copyright ©1978, used by permission of Raintree Publishers.

## Project Time

### Indian Walking Elephant

Ancient Indian wall and miniature paintings show elephants with decorated fabric saddles and headpieces. Their necks are hung with jeweled leather collars, and even their ivory tusks are brightly painted. These were elephants who walked in religious or state processions, or carried maharajas on their backs. This walking elephant is copied from one of those early paintings.

#### Materials:

1 sheet of typewriter paper, 1 sheet of graphite paper  
lightweight illustration board—6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches  
acrylic paints—black, red, green, and yellow  
stiff wire or coat hanger wire—8 1/2 inches  
string—8 inches  
adhesive tape—3/4 inches wide  
pencil, ruler, scissors  
flat nylon brush—3/4 inches wide  
round nylon brush—#3  
felt-tipped black waterproof pen  
craft knife, small thin nail, wire cutter, pliers

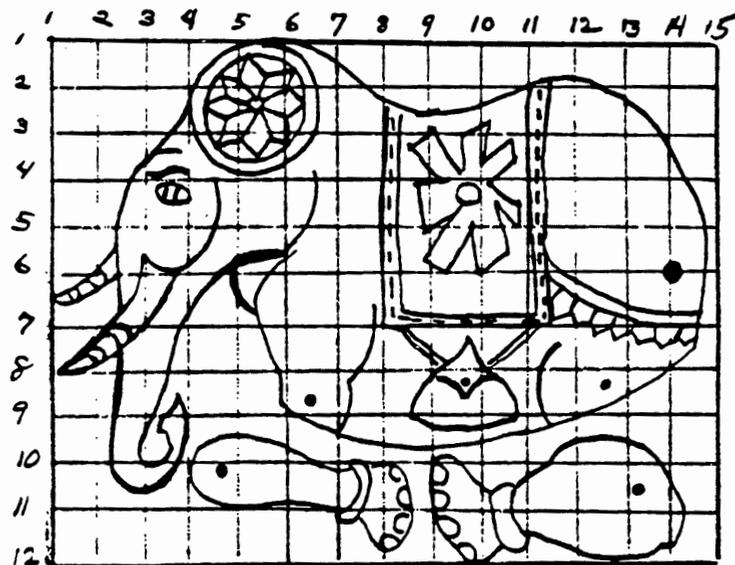
Enlarge the elephant pattern on the typewriter paper. With graphite paper, transfer the enlarged drawing to the illustration board or white cardboard. Thin out the black acrylic paint and cover the body and legs with a thin, light gray wash. Let dry. Outline the elephant's body and legs with the black felt-tipped pen. Follow the graphite paper transfer lines. Also outline all the decorations on the body of the elephant. Let dry.

Cut along the outside edge of the black body and legs outline. Add colored decorations with acrylic paints and #3 brush to the saddle, head, body, and tusks. When the paint is dry, punch two holes with the nail at the bottom edge of the elephant's body as shown on the pattern. Also punch a hole at the top of each leg. Cut two 2-inch

pieces of string. Tie a knot at one end of each piece. Pull the unknotted end of one piece, front to back, through one hole at the bottom edge of the elephant's body. Push string, front to back, through the top hole in one leg. Pull string through until the knot is against the elephant's body. The leg should be close to the body, but able to move freely.

Tie a knot against the back of the leg, and with the scissors cut off the extra string. Repeat with the other leg and piece of string. To add the tail, punch a hole with the nail at the back of the body, tie a knot at one end of the rest of the string. Pull string through the hole front to back. Tie a second knot close to the body to hold the string in place. Fray the other end of the string. Trim the string so that the free end is about 1/2-inch shorter than the legs. Stick a 2-inch long piece of adhesive tape across the center back surface of the elephant. Leave a vertical loop in the center, a little broader than the thickness of the wire. Cut a piece of coat-hanger wire with wire cutters, then bend it with pliers to make a hook. To make the elephant walk, insert the hook end of the wire into the adhesive loop, from the bottom to the top. Hold the other end of the wire and move the elephant forward, feet just touching the ground.

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Enlarge to 1/2" squares

## The YMCA in India

There are 433 YMCAs in India, in small rural communities and in the big cities. The small Ys often help villagers improve their lives through training programs, community organizing, and teaching new ways of doing things. The large YMCAs, like the one in New Delhi, offer a wide variety of programs. In addition to the primary school that Sarla and Rajit attend, the Delhi Y has a school for mentally retarded children, business and journalism schools for college students, a government training program, a village development program with an orphanage for boys, a large hotel, and more.

For more information on the YMCAs in India, contact:  
International Office for Asia  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Chaim and Hanna in Israel

*Shalom!* Chaim and Hanna will greet you with this word, which means hello, or goodbye, or peace in Hebrew. Hebrew is the language of Israel, the country where they live.

Israel is a small country in the Middle East. It sits on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea and is bordered to the north by Lebanon and Syria, to the west by Jordan, and to the south by Egypt.

It is the homeland of the Jewish people, and it is the place where Jesus Christ was born, lived, and died. It is considered a holy place by both Jews and Christians. Muslims also consider it holy because their prophet, Mohammed, was taken there in a dream by an angel and from there was taken on a visit to heaven.

Israel is about the same size as the state of Massachusetts, but it is longer and more narrow. In one place, the country is only about 10 miles across—a good jogger could run across it in less than an hour.

Even though Israel is so small, the weather is different in the south than in the north. The south is a desert, called the Negev Desert, and it is hot and dry. The north has a climate more like Florida. There it is hot and dry in summer (April through October), and cold and wet in winter. In the mountains, it even snows sometimes, and people can go snowskiing.

Chaim and Hanna live in Jerusalem, which people call the holiest city in Israel. Jerusalem is a very old city—over 5,000 years old. It has been destroyed and rebuilt many times. Today there are two parts of the city, Old Jerusalem and New Jerusalem.

Chaim and Hanna live with their parents in a small house in New Jerusalem, but they love the old part of the city the most. Some of the houses and streets look much the same as they did when Christ taught in the temple almost 2,000



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years ago. Now the only thing left of the temple is a wall, which the Jews consider the holiest place on earth. It is called the Wailing Wall, because Jews from all over the world come to it to pray and to remember the many times their people have suffered for their religion.

The Christians have built many churches in Old Jerusalem, and the Muslims have also built mosques to worship in.

New Jerusalem seems like a different world from the old part of the city. It has modern buildings, including the Knesset, where the Israeli government meets; the Hebrew university; and many houses, schools, museums, shopping centers, swimming pools, and theatres. In fact, it is not much different from a modern city in the United States. Like the United States, New Jerusalem is full of people who have come to live there from many other countries; except that unlike in the U.S., they are all Jewish. There are Jews from all parts of Europe, the Soviet Union, the Near and Middle East, and North Africa.

Chaim and Hanna's grandparents came from Czechoslovakia and Russia. The children's father came to Israel from Russia with his parents when he was a baby, but their mother was born in Israel, as Chaim and Hanna were. Any Jew who was born in Israel is called a Sabra, after the prickly pear that is so common there—prickly on the outside, but sweet and tender on the inside.

Chaim and Hanna's father and mother met when they were in the army, which is required of both men and women in Israel. Now the children's mother, Yael, is a journalist for one of Israel's 25 daily newspapers, and their father, Ephraim, is a manager for Histadrut, the union that makes sure Israeli workers make enough money and are treated fairly. Histadrut also provides many services to the people, like health care, schools, homes for old people, libraries, and vacation and sports clubs.

All Israeli children go to school from ages 5 to 16. After that, they go to university or trade school. Chaim and Hanna go to a primary school near their home. They learn Hebrew, English, and French, as well as stories from the Talmud—the teachings of the Jewish religion.



After school ends at 1:00 in the afternoon, they go to spend the afternoon with their Russian grandparents until their parents finish work. Their grandparents speak Russian at home. The children understand Russian, but they always answer in Hebrew because their parents speak Hebrew with each other and with them.

Their other grandparents, the ones from Czechoslovakia, live in the countryside in a *moshava*, or small farming village. They grow orange trees on their small farm. When they first came to Israel, they lived on a kibbutz, which is a farming community where everyone lives and works together.

All the chores are shared in a kibbutz. No one has any money, because everything they need is traded for work. Women work, too, so the children on the kibbutz all stay together in special centers and only see their parents a few hours a day.

Yael was raised on the kibbutz, and she tells the children many stories from her childhood. Their grandparents left the kibbutz when Yael went to the army and moved to the *moshava*. The kibbutz is still there, however. Along with the many other kibbutzim in Israel, it provides most of the country's food.

Ephraim and Yael work very hard, but when they can get a few days off, they take the children and go to Eilat, a vacation town in the south, on the Red Sea. The beach is wonderful there, and they rent a glass-bottomed boat to go out over the coral reefs in the water and watch the beautiful tropical fish.

## Nutrition Time

Saturday is called the Sabbath by Jews, and it is their holy day, like Sunday is for Christians. No one is supposed to do any work on the Sabbath, so all the meals are prepared a day in advance. This is a dessert that is commonly eaten after dinner on the Sabbath.

### Stewed Fruit

- 2 packages of mixed dried fruit (prunes, apricots, pears, etc.)
- 1 box golden raisins
- 2 apples, cut into pieces
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Cinnamon
- Honey and sugar

Put all the fruit in a saucepan with about 2 cups of water. Simmer until fruit is soft (15 to 20 minutes). Remove from heat. Serve warm or cold, with cinnamon sprinkled on top, and sugar or honey to taste.

## People Time

### Elijah the Slave, A Hebrew Legend

In ancient times, in a distant land, there was a large city where many rich men lived. It had magnificent palaces, broad avenues, parks, and gardens.

In their midst was a tiny street of broken-down houses. They had narrow windows and doorways, and their roofs leaked. In the humblest of these, there lived a holy man. Tobias was his name, and his wife was called Peninah. They had five children, three sons and two daughters.

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Tobias was a scribe who copied the sacred scrolls. In this way he was able to earn a meager living.

But suddenly he was taken ill and lost the use of his right hand. Soon there was no bread in the house. The larder was so empty that even the mice ran away. There was nothing for the cat to catch. The boys could not go to school because they had no shoes. Tobias's clothes were in rags and tatters.

When the neighbors saw the family's need, they tried to help. But Tobias refused their offers, saying, "There is a God and He will help us."

One day Tobias's wife said to him, "If God intends to help us, it better be soon. But whatever He might do, for you to just sit at home doesn't improve matters. You must go out into the city. Even while waiting for a miracle, it's good to do something. Man must begin and God will help him."

"How can I show my face among people when I have no clothes to wear?"

"Wait, my husband, and I will take care of that."

Peninah went to a neighbor and borrowed a coat, a hat, and shoes. She helped Tobias dress, and truly he looked like a new man. "Now, go," Peninah said, "and luck be with you." When he left, she told the children to pray that their father would not come home with empty hands.

As Tobias approached the center of the city, a stranger stopped him. He was tall and had a white beard. He wore a long coat and carried a staff. "Peace be with you, Tobias," he said, and held out his hand. Tobias, forgetting he could not move his right hand, clasped the stranger's with it. He was baffled by this miraculous recovery.

"Who do I have the honor of greeting?" Tobias asked.

"My name is Elijah and I am your slave."

"My slave?" Tobias said in astonishment.

"Yes, your slave, sent from heaven. Take me to the marketplace and sell me to the highest bidder."

"If you come from heaven, I am *your* slave," Tobias answered. "How can a slave sell his master?"

"Do as I say," Elijah replied.

Since Elijah was a messenger from God, Tobias has no choice but to obey.

In the marketplace, many rich merchants gathered around Tobias and Elijah. Never before had a slave who looked so noble and wise been offered for sale.

The richest and most forward of the merchants addressed him. "What can you do, slave?"

"Anything you wish," Elijah said.

"Can you build a palace?"

"The most magnificent you have ever seen."

"Even more splendid than the king's?"

"More splendid—and bigger."

"Why should we believe you?" asked one of the merchants.

Elijah took a sack of wooden blocks from his pocket and with them built a miniature palace. He did it with such speed and the palace's beauty was so unusual that the merchants were dazzled.

"Can you build a real palace like this one?" the richest merchant asked.

"A better one," said Elijah.

The merchants, sensing that this slave had supernatural powers, began the bidding at once. "Ten thousand gulden," one shouted.

"Fifty thousand," called another.

"One hundred thousand," offered a third.

The highest price—800,000 gulden—was finally offered by the richest merchant, and he paid the money to Tobias.

Turning to Elijah, the merchant said, "If the real palace is as beautiful as you promise, I will make you a free man."

"Very well," Elijah replied. And to Tobias he said, "Go home and rejoice with your wife and children. Your days of poverty are over."

After giving praise to God and thanking Elijah for his goodness, Tobias returned home.

The joy of his wife and children was great.

As always, Tobias gave a tenth part of his money to the poor, and even though he was now a rich man, he decided to go back to his beloved work as a scribe.

Night came and Elijah spoke to God: "I sold myself as a slave to save your servant Tobias. I pray you now to help me build the palace."

Immediately a band of angels descended from heaven. They worked all night long. When the sun rose, the palace was finished.

The rich merchant came and gazed in awe. Never had an edifice of such splendor been seen by human eyes.

"Here is your palace," Elijah said. "Keep your word and give me my freedom."

"You are free, my lord," replied the merchant, and he bowed low before God's messenger.

The angels laughed.

God looked down from his seventh heaven and smiled.

The angels spread their wings and, together with Elijah, flew upward into the sky.

"Elijah the Slave" from *Stories for Children* by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Copyright ©1984 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, Inc.

## Playtime

### *Dreidel*

Hannukah, the festival of lights, is celebrated for eight days each year by Jewish people in Israel and around the world. During Hannukah, Jewish children often play a game known as *dreidel*, which was developed in medieval times.

Children gather to spin the four-sided *dreidel* and bet coins on which of the sides will appear when the *dreidel* comes to a rest. Each of the four sides has a different Hebrew letter which come from the Hebrew, "poh gadol hayah sham." In English it means, "A great miracle happened here."

First make *dreidels* during Project Time. Then the children gather in a circle and place the *dreidel* in the center. Each player begins with the same number of coins. (Children in the United States often use chocolate coins.)

After each child puts some coins into a pile in the center of the table, the children draw lots to see who will spin the *dreidel* first. Each letter on the *dreidel* means something different. If it lands with the (or P) face up, then the spinner doesn't win anything and has to pass the *dreidel* to the next person.

If the *dreidel* lands with the (H) face up, then the spinner wins half the pile. If the dreidel shows the (S), then the spinner must put another coin into the pile. If the *dreidel* lands on the (G), then the spinner wins the whole pile of coins!

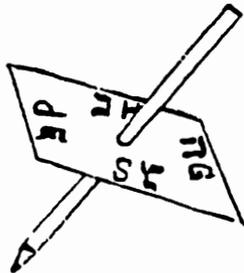
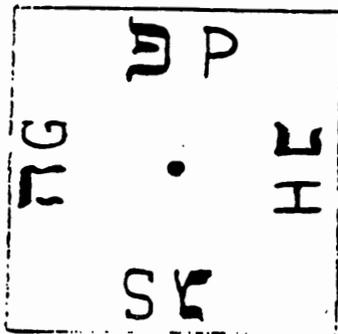
## Project Time

To make your own *dreidel*, you will need cardboard or stiff paper, paints or crayons, a short pencil, and scissors.

Cut a 2 or 3" square out of the paper. Decorate it with paints or crayons, using the English or Hebrew letters—

שׁ P, גׁ H, גׁ S, גׁ G

one letter on each side of the square. Push the short pencil through the center of the square, and spin the *dreidel*.



## The YMCA in Israel

There are two YMCAs in Jerusalem—one in West Jerusalem, close to where Chaim and Hanna live, and one in East Jerusalem. The YMCA in West Jerusalem is well known for its hotel; people from all over the world stay there when they visit Israel. The YMCA in East Jerusalem is mostly for Arab children. There is another YMCA for Arab children in Gaza.

If you want more information on the YMCAs in Israel or want to contact Israeli children, write:

International Support Unit for the Middle East  
South Family Branch YMCA  
150 East Thompson Avenue  
West St. Paul, MN 55118  
Tel: 612/457-0048

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Elizabeth in Jamaica

Elizabeth Winston lives in Jamaica with her brother, sister, and parents. They have a house and some land between Port Royal and Kingston, on the southern coast of the island country.

Like most Jamaicans, they are descended from Africans who were brought to the island as slaves by the British. Their lifestyle is a blend of African, British, and Caribbean cultures found only in Jamaica.

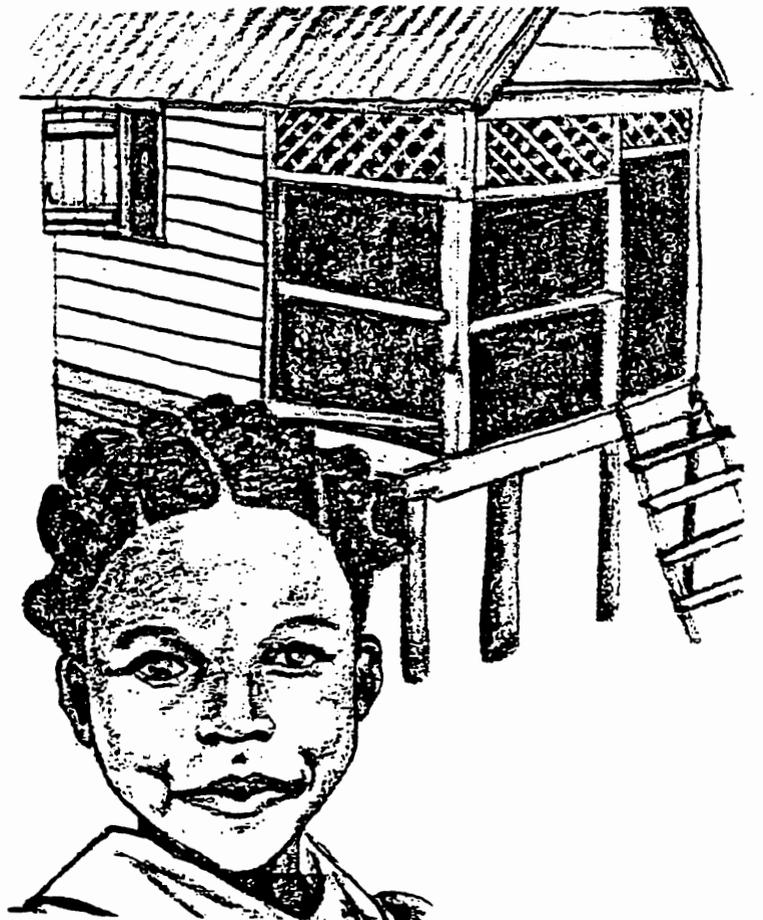
The island of Jamaica is 140 miles long and only 22 miles wide. It has plenty of sunshine, warm tropical weather, and miles and miles of fine, sandy beaches. More than half of the country is covered by mountains, and there are rivers with beautiful waterfalls.

Christopher Columbus reached Jamaica during his explorations in 1494. He thought he had sailed around the world to India, so he named it and the surrounding islands the West Indies. Jamaica is the third largest of the islands, which also include Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and other smaller islands.

When Columbus came to Jamaica, a peaceful people called the Arawaks lived there. They were soon conquered and enslaved by the Spanish. The Spanish and then the British brought slaves from Africa to work on the sugar plantations they established. They brought so many that Africans eventually made up 95 percent of the population.

The British took Jamaica from the Spanish in 1670. They freed all the slaves in 1834, 31 years before slaves were freed in the United States. The British gave small plots of land to the freed slaves, but they still controlled everything. Jamaica did not win its independence until 1962.

Jamaica is still mostly an agricultural country. Sugarcane is the main crop, although coffee and cocoa are becoming more important. Jamaica is also famous for its molasses and rum. But with its beautiful scenery, perfect



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weather almost all year long, and sandy beaches, the main industry of Jamaica is tourism.

Elizabeth knows how important tourism is, because her father works in the tourist business. He is the head bartender at one of the fancy hotels for tourists in Port Royal. She loves to hear his stories about the rich people who come to the hotel from the United States, England, and many other countries. Since her father is so friendly, he makes lots of friends, and hears about many problems over glasses of Jamaican rum or cups of rich Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee. Elizabeth can't believe rich people have problems, too, but her father says sometimes they have more problems than folks without a lot of money to worry about.

Elizabeth and her family live in a brightly painted wooden house with a metal roof. They have a cold-water spigot outside the house, which makes them very happy, because before it was installed, they had to go to a nearby stream for their water. They cook on a gas stove, but they have electric lights.

Elizabeth's mother grows vegetables and yams in the family's garden. She often takes Elizabeth with her on Saturdays to sell them in the biggest and liveliest market in the capital city of Kingston. All the women in the market are called "higgar" women because they haggle over prices.

During the week, Elizabeth goes to school with her older brother and sister, Philip and Margaret. The primary school near their home is free, but their parents have to buy their school uniforms. At age 11, the children will take an examination to see if they can continue into secondary school. Although the examination is difficult, their parents hope they will pass.



The Winstons are Christian and go to church every Sunday morning. But they also follow one of the Jamaican cult groups, called Pocomanians. Sometimes when someone in the family is having a problem, they will go to a ceremony on Saturday evening, with dancing, singing, and drums to get rid of the evil spirits.

In their free time, the children always find something fun to do. Port Royal has a wonderful museum full of coins, cannons, and other relics from the days when pirates ruled the seas and much of Jamaica. There are also waterfalls to climb and caves to explore. And, of course, there are the beaches.

## Nutrition Time

Rice and peas dishes are found on several different Caribbean islands in slightly different forms. The "peas" of this Jamaican version are red kidney beans or *gunga* (pigeon) peas.

### Rice and Peas

- 1-lb can of red kidney beans  
or pigeon peas
- 1 1/4 cups of long-grain rice
- 2 1/2 cups of coconut milk
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1 hot red pepper, seeded and chopped
- 1 teaspoon of thyme
- 2 tablespoons of vegetable oil
- salt and pepper to taste

Heat the oil in a frying pan and fry the onion until it is golden brown. Drain the beans and place in a casserole with all the other ingredients. Cover and cook over a very low heat for 20 to 30 minutes or until all the liquid is absorbed by the rice.

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## People Time

### Why You Find Spiders in Banana Bunches

There was once a monkey in Jamaica who planted a big field of corn. Every day he watched it grow taller and taller, until at last it was almost ready to reap.

Then, one morning, Monkey looked at his field and saw that somebody had been stealing corn from the corner farthest away from his home.

"Now, who could that be?" he said to himself. "I must consult my magic cards and they will tell me."

Home he went and cut and shuffled his magic cards, and each time the answer came up the same—Anansi.

Now Anansi was a cunning spider who was always stealing and getting the better of the other animals who lived in the West Indian islands, so Monkey was not in the least surprised that the cards had pointed him out as the thief.

Off he went to find Anansi, and when he saw him he cried, "Anansi! Just leave my corn alone, or I shall give you a good flogging!"

Anansi pretended to be very surprised, and said sadly, "How can you think so badly of me, Monkey? I would never steal your corn. I never steal anything. I guess it's Tiger who is taking it."

But Monkey didn't believe him, and said again, "Just you leave my corn alone, or I shall give you a flogging."

Anansi was a little frightened at Monkey's tone of voice, for, as you have probably guessed, it was he who had been stealing Monkey's corn. So for a few days he kept

away from the field.

But all day long and at night in his dreams Anansi kept thinking of the delicious ripening corn, and at last the temptation was too much for him, so back he went to Monkey's field to steal some more.

When Monkey saw that the thief had been at work again, he shuffled and cut his magic cards, and got the same answer as before—Anansi.

So Monkey took his drum, and wrapping a long whip around it, he tucked it under his arm and went off in search of the thieving spider.

Now this drum was magic, and each time Monkey stopped along the road or in the fields and asked the question, "Is Anansi here?" the drum would answer as Monkey beat it gently,

"Ribbim-Bim-Bim  
Not a sign of him."

Then Monkey would go on to another place and stop and ask again, "Is Anansi here?" and the drum would answer as Monkey beat it gently,

"Ribbim-Bim-Bim  
Not a sign of him."

Presently Monkey reached his own corn field and, standing under a palm tree at its edge, he asked the drum, "Is Anansi here?"

"Ribbim-Bim-Bim  
I've discovered him,"

said the drum, and without wasting a minute, Monkey

took his whip, climbed up the palm tree and gave Anansi, whose mouth was still full of stolen corn, a good thrashing.

After that, Monkey thought he had stopped Anansi from stealing, but when a few days later he discovered that someone had been at his corn again, he didn't stop to consult his cards. He seized his magic drum and whip, and began the search once more.

"Is Anansi here?" he asked the drum each time he came to a likely hiding place.

"Ribbim-Bim-Bim  
Not a sign of him,"

said the drum again and again.

Then at last Monkey came to a big banana plantation and when he asked the drum, "Is Anansi here?" the answer came at once:

"Ribbim-Bim-Bim  
I've discovered him."

With a cry of rage Monkey rushed among the banana trees to search them more closely, but he was soon stopped by a fierce-looking Tiger.

"What are you doing in my plantation?" asked Tiger.

"I am looking for Anansi, who has been stealing my corn," replied Monkey.

"Oho! That's your story, is it?" growled the Tiger.  
"You've come to steal my bananas but pretend that you are looking for Anansi. I know he is the world's biggest rogue, but I don't believe for a moment that he is in my banana plantation."

Nothing Monkey could say would convince Tiger that he was really looking for Anansi, and in the end, Monkey had to go away without finding the wicked spider or giving him the flogging he deserved.

But of course the magic drum had been right, and Anansi was hiding in the heart of a big bunch of bananas, where no one could possibly catch sight of him, and as he watched Monkey being sent away by Tiger, he laughed till he cried.

Monkey went along the path grumbling aloud at the way that Tiger had refused to let him look for Anansi among the banana trees, and presently he met Tortoise.

"You sound pretty angry with somebody," said Tortoise.

"I most certainly am!" exclaimed Monkey, and he told Tortoise all that had happened.

"I can catch Anansi for you," boasted Tortoise. "You leave it to me. I will hold a dance and send an invitation to Anansi, and then when he has drunk a lot of beer and is dancing with all the other guests, you can surprise him and lay hold of him."

Monkey thought this a splendid idea, and he and Tortoise made great preparations for their party.

When the evening came, all the animals assembled in Tortoise's paddock, and Monkey stood behind a bush watching to see whether Anansi was coming.

Presently he saw him swaggering along the paths towards the open gate. Monkey held his breath, while his tail twitched nervously. He had not long to wait now.

But just as Anansi reached the gate, he stopped.

"Something tells me it would be dangerous to go inside," he said loudly. Then, wrinkling up his nose, he turned quickly away, crying, "I can smell Monkey!"

Then he dashed back the way he had come and was soon lost among the forest trees.

So Monkey did not catch Anansi that time, or any other time either for the matter.

But from that day to this, if you cut down a bunch of bananas you will always find Anansi, or at least a spider that looks very much like him, hidden away inside.

From *Animal Folktales Around the World* by Kathleen Arnett, copyright ©1970, Henry Z. Walck, Inc.

## Playtime

### Shoebox Dominoes

Dominoes is the most popular game in Jamaica. In the real game, players try to match the number of dots on one tile with the number of dots on another. Most people are familiar with building a long line of dominoes standing on end, and then nudging the last one, to watch the domino chain reaction. This game replaces dominoes with shoeboxes.

shoeboxes (100 is not too many)  
newspapers  
tempera paint in all colors  
paint cups  
paintbrushes  
masking tape

Decorate shoeboxes with all kinds of colors and

designs. You might suggest that the children paint pictures of things they have learned about Jamaica. Once all boxes are dry, it's time to stand the boxes on end in a curving line, a whirlpool design, a figure eight, etc. Finally, tip the last one, and watch out!

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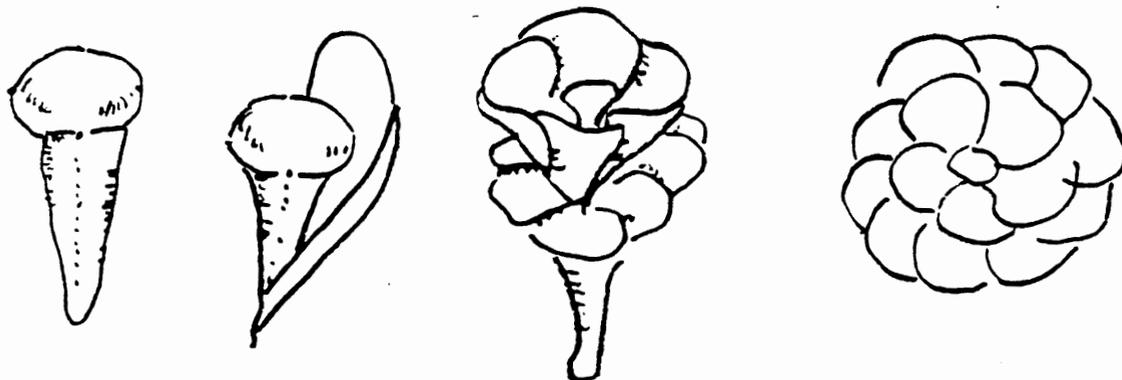
## Project Time

There are over 3000 types of flowers in Jamaica, and 800 species are found nowhere else in the world. Flowers from Jamaica that are familiar to us include orchids, poinsettias, and hibiscus, which grow as big as saucers in Jamaica.

### Materials:

Turkish taffy of assorted flavors (get banana—they grow in Jamaica!)  
double boiler  
butter  
scissors  
waxed paper

Place a few pieces of taffy in the top of the double boiler over hot water until soft. The candy should be soft but not too hot to handle. Butter the index fingers and thumbs of both hands. Pinch off a piece of warm taffy. Place a small piece of taffy in a buttered spot on the palm of one hand. Then press the taffy into a round shape with the buttered thumb of your other hand. Make at least six petals of the same flavor to form one flower. Make the flower center from another flavor of a different color.



To assemble the flower, wrap a petal around the center and pinch the bottom to hold it in place. Add other petals, wrapping them around at the base. Push the petals apart to create flowers with a wider bloom. Trim away extra candy at the base with scissors. Refrigerate finished flowers so they keep their shape.

From *Arts and Crafts You Can Eat*, copyright ©1974 by Vicki Cobb. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

### The YMCA in Jamaica

Every summer Elizabeth, Philip, and Margaret go to the YMCA day camp in Kingston. There are many children at the camp, and they play games and do other activities. Sometimes there is even a camp counselor from another country, like the United States. Besides the Y in Kingston, there is also one in Montego Bay. The YMCAs provide a center for youth, to provide them with education and recreation activities.

To find out more about the YMCAs in Jamaica, contact:  
International Support Unit for the Caribbean  
Butler Street YMCA  
22 Butler Street, NE  
Atlanta, GA 30335  
Tel: 404/659-8085

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Kimiko in Japan

Kimiko Nomura lives in the historical old city of Kyoto, Japan, with her little brother Takeshi, their parents, and their grandfather. Nippon (Japan), known as the "Land of the Rising Sun," is a country in the Pacific Ocean near the Soviet Union and North and South Korea.

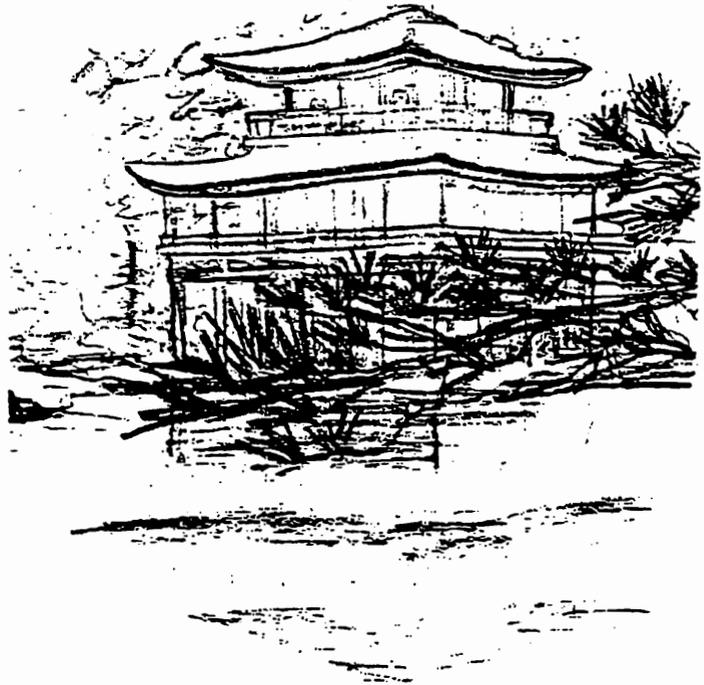
Living in Kyoto, Kimiko has a strong sense of her country's long history and unique culture. Kyoto is called the spiritual heart of Japan. For hundreds of years it was the country's capital and the home of the emperor. Kyoto has many shrines of the two main religions, Shintoism and Buddhism.

Japan is made up of four main islands and many small ones. Together they are a little bit smaller than the state of Montana. The seasons in Japan resemble those in the United States, with much rain. The islands are lush and green most of the year.

Over two-thirds of the land is covered by mountains. This leaves only a small amount for the people. Japan is the third most densely populated country in the world. The highest mountain is Mt. Fuji, which was traditionally considered sacred by the Japanese people and is still much loved today. Only about 15 percent of the land is suitable for farming. Farmers there grow three-fourths of Japan's food, mostly on small plots of land between the mountains. The main crop is rice, but many kinds of vegetables and fruits are also grown. Some Japanese farmers raise cattle, but the main source of protein for the Japanese people is fish. They eat it many ways but are known for their sushi—raw fish with rice.

The Japanese love nature, and they create beautiful gardens from the many kinds of flowers and trees in their country. The cherry trees are famous, and people have flower-viewing parties called *Hanami* when they bloom. You may have heard of the cherry trees in Washington, D.C., which Japan gave to the U.S.

Japan is the leading industrial nation in Asia, and it exports its many products throughout the world. You probably have products from Japan in your home—almost any electronic equipment, from television sets to radios, VCRs, cameras, watches, and, of course, cars. In fact, many countries now complain that Japan exports too much. The Japanese have become successful because they work very hard and stress loyalty.





Kimiko has already begun to learn these lessons in school. She is very proud of her school uniform, which every student must wear. She knows the importance of manners, and she always bows when greeting someone and speaks respectfully to her elders.

Kimiko's father works for an electronics company. He is lucky to have a job with a good company, and he works eight to ten hours a day. Being with a company in Japan is like belonging to a family. Nomura-san (san is like Mr. or Mrs. in Japanese) spends much time with his production team at the company—they often eat dinner together, play sports together, and even take vacations together. Nomura-san will work for the same company until he retires at age 60, then the company will send him money until he dies. People usually stay with the same company their entire lives.

Kimiko's mother studied art and sold her paintings before Kimiko was born. She painted mostly nature

scenes and calligraphy, which is the very fancy writing of Japanese letters. Now she devotes her time to Kimiko and Takeshi. She uses her creativity at home, making flower arrangements, growing *bonsai* (miniature) trees, and cooking for her family. She usually makes *miso* (seaweed) soup with rice and tea for breakfast. Other meals include vegetables, soybean curd, and fish. The food is arranged very artistically, since the Japanese consider the way food looks as important as how it tastes. American-style food is also available, and sometimes the family eats at Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Kimiko's grandfather came from Tokyo to live with them when her grandmother died. He is glad to be away from the crowds of Tokyo, which is the capital of Japan and the world's second largest city. The Nomuras live in a small apartment, since houses are very expensive in Japan. The living room has Western-style furniture and carpet, with a nook in one corner called a *tokonoma*, which holds a scroll and flower arrangement. The bedrooms have straw mats called *tatami* covering the floors. The beds are quilts that are unrolled at night. Everyone in the family takes off their shoes when entering the apartment.

## Nutrition Time

### Japanese Sukiyaki

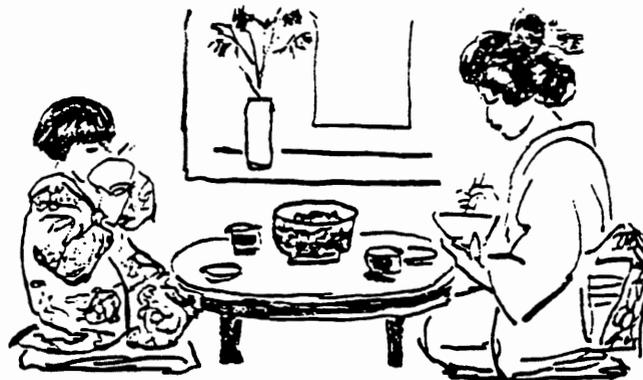
Sukiyaki is made by arranging cut-up vegetables and meat ahead of time, then cooking it on a low stove in front of the guests who eat it.

#### *Sukiyaki*

1/4 pound beef sirloin  
1/3 green pepper  
1 green onion  
1 tomato  
cornstarch  
salad oil  
salt and sugar  
soy sauce  
cooked rice

Slice the meat into paper-thin 2-inch strips, cutting against the grain. Cut the green pepper into strips and the green onion into 1-inch pieces. Cut the tomato into eighths. Dust the meat with cornstarch and set it aside. Put very little oil in a skillet, cook the green pepper until slightly wilted. Add the onion and cook a little more. Empty the cooked vegetables into a dish and keep hot on the stove. Put more oil in the pan, add the tomato, sprinkle with salt and sugar and cook up fast and firm. Empty into the dish. Brown the meat quickly with soy sauce to moisten. Empty the meat into the dish with the vegetables. Mix and serve over rice.

From *Wide World Cookbook*, copyright © 1962 by Rebecca Shapiro, reprinted by permission of McIntosh and Otis, Inc.



## People Time

### The Good Fortune Kettle

Once upon a time there lived a poor junkman, who one day found a badger caught in a trap. The old man felt sorry for the badger and straight away set it free.

The grateful badger in return wanted to help the poor junkman. So he turned himself into a teakettle and stealthily crawled into the basket the junkman was carrying on his back.

What a surprise the poor junk dealer received when he reached home after his day's work! Deep down in his junk basket he found a beautiful teakettle. In all his life he had never seen such a fine teakettle. He decided to take it to a certain temple priest who had always been very kind to him. He knew that the priest would want to buy such an unusual kettle.

Early the next morning, the junkman carried his treasure to the temple. As he expected, the priest was greatly pleased with the shining teakettle. The priest paid him three whole *ryo*—a far greater amount of money than the junkman could ever have dreamed of getting.

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Amazed to have all this money, the junkman went home, hardly believing his good fortune.

For a time the priest sat admiring his beautiful teakettle. Then he filled it with water and put it on the fire to boil. Suddenly strange things began to happen.

The teakettle cried out, "It's hot! It's hot!" and with that out came a badger's hairy head. Four brown and hairy paws popped out next, and then a bushy tail! The badger-kettle hopped off the hearth and began to run round and round the room.

The priest was frightened. He did not intend to keep such a strange teakettle in his temple. He sent for the junkman and handed the kettle back to him.

Poor junkman! He had to carry the teakettle home, but he did not know what to do with it. At bedtime he placed it at the head of his bed.

At midnight a voice awakened him. He looked around, and finally discovered that it was coming from the teakettle.

"Dear old man," said the badger teakettle, "yesterday you saved my life, for I am that badger you so kindly set free. I turned myself into a fine teakettle, for I wanted to help you earn some money. Why don't you carry me around with you now, to perform—as a show? Together we could make a great many ryo."

The junkman decided to do just that. As he and the badger-kettle made their rounds of the villages, people flocked to see the dancing of the strange teakettle. To their delight, it could sing, and walk a tightrope, and dance.

After many performances, the junkman was no longer poor, but rich—so wealthy, indeed, that he and the teakettle decided that they could stop working and retire to a life of leisure.

So once more the junkman took his teakettle to the temple. He told his friend the priest how the badger he had set free had turned into this fine teakettle and helped him to make a fortune.

The priest was touched by the story of the faithful badger. This time he was delighted to accept the teakettle as a treasure to be cherished in the temple.

It is said today that the teakettle is still among the treasures of the Morinji Temple in the city of Tatebayashi.

From *Favorite Fairy Tales Told In Japan* by Virginia Haviland. Text copyright ©1967 by Virginia Haviland. By permission of Little, Brown and Company.

## Playtime

### Portrait Painting

Japanese children paint their portraits in ink with camel's hair brushes like those used for Japanese writing.

#### Materials:

thin cardboard  
scissors

pieces of yarn or string about 19 inches long  
felt-tipped markers or crayons

The players make their own 'canvases.' To make a canvas, cut a piece of cardboard bigger than your face, any shape you like. Poke a hole in each side and tie a

piece of string or yarn through each hole so you can tie it on your head.

Choose a leader. The leader picks a few children to be artists. The others sit down and watch the fun. The artists tie on their 'canvases'. Then each is given a felt-tipped marker or crayons. The leader says, "Paint your right eyebrow," or "Draw your left ear." The artists must do what the leader says. When the portraits are finished, the leader parades the artists around before they can see their work. Play goes on until all have had a chance to be artists.

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#### **Hanakago: The Flower Basket**

Players are seated in a circle with one player, who is "It," standing at center. Cushions or chairs are used for seats for each player except "It."

Each player is given the name of a flower—cherry blossom, aster, etc. "It" calls the names of any two flowers. The players representing those flowers must change seats. In the scramble, "It" tries to get a seat. The player left out becomes "It," and the game continues. If "It" calls "Hanakago!" all the players must change seats.

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## **Project Time**

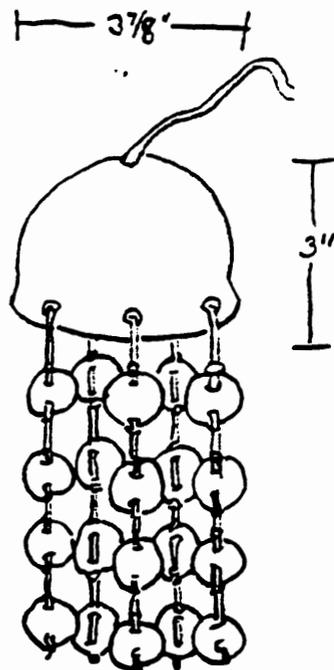
### **Japanese Wind Chimes**

Japanese gardens are landscapes in miniature. Each part is chosen and placed with care—rocks, individual trees, gravel, water, and green areas. Wind chimes are hung on a tree branch or from a porch or door beam, giving sound to the wind. Even the slightest breeze sets the chimes in motion, filling the air with low, gentle tones; strong winds blow the clay disks against each other with a banging, clashing noise.

#### **Materials and tools:**

3 1/2-pound box of oven-baked clay  
1 sheet of typewriter paper  
nylon fishing line, 60 inches in length  
heavy twine, 18 inches in length  
acrylic polymer gloss, medium  
compass  
oven-proof ramekin, 3 3/8 inches in diameter, 2 3/4 inches high  
clay-working tools  
thin 2-inch nail  
flat nylon brush, 3/4 inch wide  
toothpicks  
rolling pin  
blunt knife

Using the compass, draw two circles on the typewriter paper, one 8 1/2 inches in diameter, the other 1 inch in diameter. Cut out both circles with scissors. Roll out a 1/4-inch-thick slab of clay and use the paper pattern to cut out an 8 1/2-inch circle out of it. Turn the ramekin upside down. Moisten the sides, then drape the circle of clay over the ramekin. Gently smooth out any wrinkles or creases. Cut away extra clay around the open edge of the ramekin. Set aside to dry a little. Using the 1-



inch circle pattern on top of the clay slab, cut out 20 circles. Let the circles dry a bit.

When the clay on the ramekin mold is dry enough to stand alone, ease it off the mold. Turn the clay pot upright. With your fingers and a damp sponge, smooth and thin the edge; at the same time slightly curve 1/2 inch of the rim outward into a flared edge. With a thin nail, make five evenly spaced holes 1/2 inch in from the edge. Smooth the clay around the holes. Make a larger hole in the center of the top. Let dry resting on the top.

Smooth both surfaces and edges of all the circles, using the damp sponge. With the thin nail, put two holes through each circle, one above the other, each 1/4 inch in from the edge. After the pot and the circles are dry, bake them in the oven for 30 minutes at 150° with the door open, then, leaving the door open 2 inches, at 250° for about 30 minutes. When baked and cooled, cover all

surfaces with two coats of acrylic polymer gloss, allowing the first coat to dry before adding the second. Poke a toothpick through each hole to clear out any liquid. Cut the nylon fishing line into five 12-inch lengths. String four circles on one length of fishing line, tying knots at each hole to keep the circles in position. The circles should be 3/4 inch apart.

Repeat with all the circles, until all five lengths of fishing line are used up. Tie each strip to a hole in the edge of the pot. Adjust the line to the length you want. Make a large knot in the heavy twine. String it through the top hole in the pot, with the knot inside the pot. Hang the wind chimes where the breeze will blow gently through them, making the circles clash together.

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## The YMCA in Japan

Kimiko participates in several activities at the YMCA in Kyoto. She takes English classes in the evenings to help her stay ahead in English class in school. She also takes swimming lessons, and in summer she goes to a YMCA camp. Her mother takes Takeshi to a swimming class for babies. There are many YMCAs throughout Japan, and they operate many different kinds of schools—language schools, vocational schools, and schools for high-school-age students. There are also YMCA fitness centers and camps.

For more information on the YMCAs in Japan, contact:  
International Office for Asia  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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## Bringing the World Home

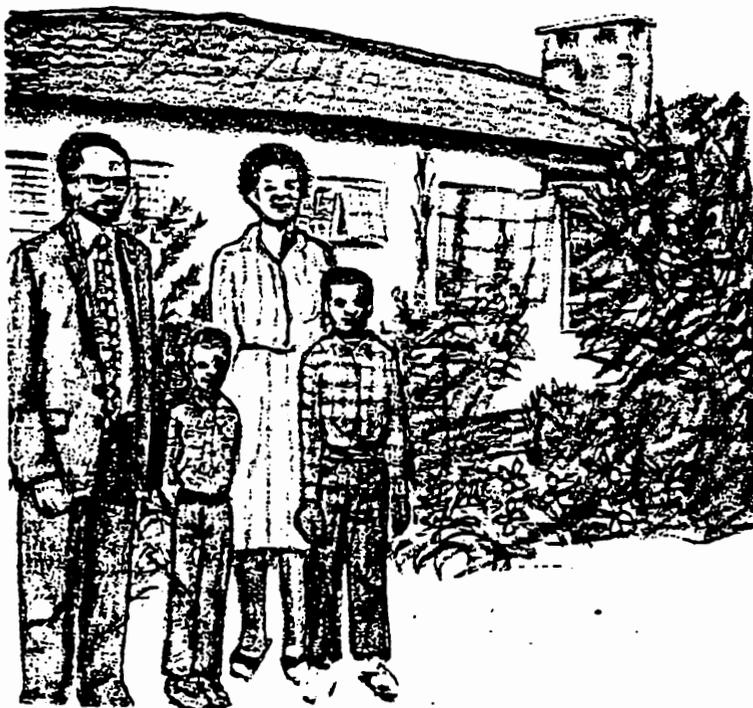
The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Timothy and Martin in Kenya

Timothy and Martin Kenyuki are Kikuyu boys who live with their parents in a suburb of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. They speak Kiswahili as well as English, and would like to say to you, "Hujambo, habari?" ("Greetings, how are you?")

Kenya lies along the equator in East Africa. It is about the size of the state of Texas. Because it is large and has different kinds of landscape, the weather varies from one part to another. The climate is usually cool in the highlands of the south (where Nairobi is located), but hot and dry in the north. Along the coast it is also hot, but very humid. March to June is the time of heavy rains.

There are more than 40 different ethnic groups in Kenya. The Kikuyu make up the largest group. Others are the Luo, Luhya, Kamba, Kisii, and Meru. Each different group has its own language. Kenya's national language is Kiswahili. English is the official language. Most of Kenya's people make their living by farming. The major crops are corn, coffee, tea, pineapple, sugarcane, and *sisal* (used to make rope). Some of Kenya's farms—especially the coffee, tea, and sugarcane plantations—are large, but most are small and are farmed by one family.



The Kenyukis live a city life. The boys' father is a Christian minister, and their mother works as a loan officer in a bank in Nairobi. They live in a modern-style house with electricity, a refrigerator, and a television. Timothy and Martin go to primary school near their home. Their school is called a *Harambee*, or self-help school. The children learn Kiswahili, English, math, and history, but also how to grow vegetables in a garden and how to take care of animals. Everyone in the neighborhood helps support the school.

Rev. Kenyuki stays busy helping and ministering to the members of his neighborhood church. Just over half the

people in Kenya are Christians, but there are also Muslims, Hindus, and many tribal religions.

Mrs. Kenyuki gives loans from the bank where she works to people who are interested in starting small businesses. Although Kenya is considered a poor country, there are many businesses, and it is the most prosperous country in East Africa.

Kenya is famous for its animals. The savanna—grassland—is home to many lions, elephants, leopards, cheetahs, giraffes, zebras, gazelles, and other wild

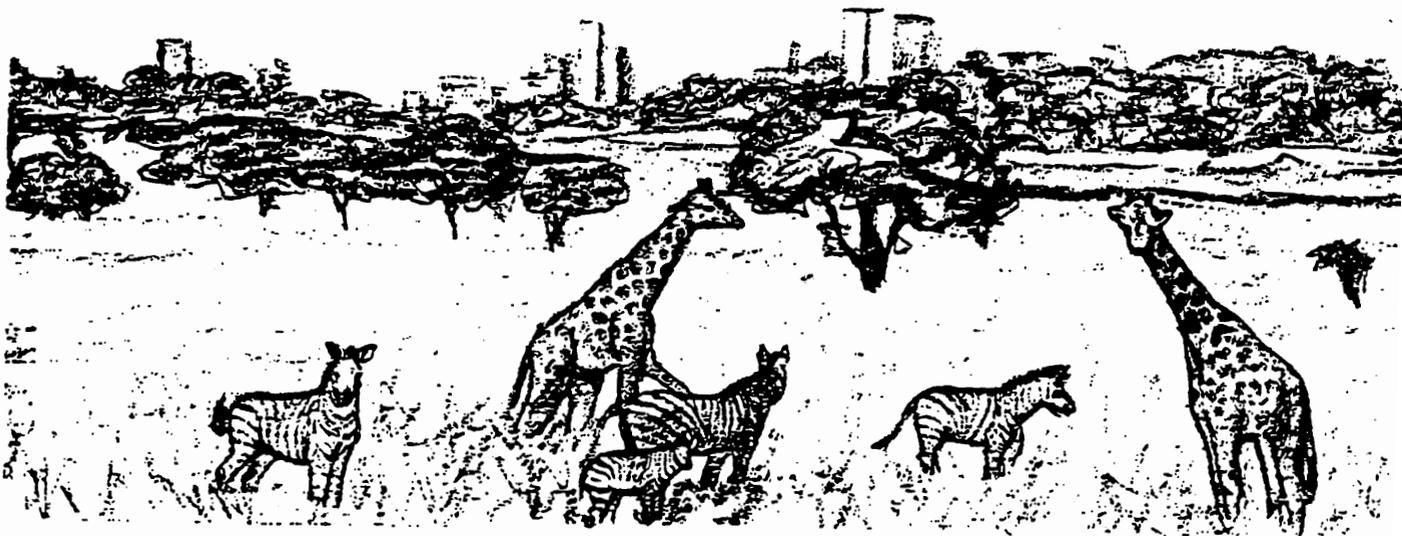
animals. People come from all over the world to go on safaris, or expeditions. They used to shoot the animals for sport, but now the animals are protected in game reserves, and the tourists take pictures of them instead. The animals can be dangerous, though, so no one should go on a safari without an experienced guide.

Timothy's and Martin's Uncle Joshua is a safari guide at a game park near Nairobi. He lives with their aunt and their cousins Elphas, Isaac, and Eunice in a building on the game reserve. He has learned several European languages and gets letters from all over the world from people who became his friends when he took them on long trips to see the animals.

Whenever Uncle Joshua and Rev. and Mrs. Kenyuki can get time off work, they go with their families to the Kikuyu village where the two men grew up. The bus

ride there from Nairobi takes several hours. On the way to the village, they sometimes pass Masai herdsmen tending their cattle. The Masai are fiercely independent people who have mostly rejected changes to modern ways. They continue their traditional nomadic way of life, moving around instead of staying in one place to live.

The Kikuyu village is made up of mud houses with grass roofs. The children's grandparents, other aunts and uncles, and many other cousins farm vegetables, raise cattle, and grow coffee to sell. The village children sometimes tease Timothy, Martin, Elphas, Isaac, and Eunice for their city ways. But they are thrilled with the visits. The city cousins love the village, with its ceremonies where men wear face paint and headdresses, and its diviner, who gives them herbal medicines and makes potions to protect them from evil spirits.



## Nutrition Time

### *Mabaragwe (Spiced Red Beans in Coconut Milk)*

- 1 cup dry red kidney beans
- 2 teaspoons turmeric
- 2 medium-sized yellow onions, chopped
- 3 chili peppers, ground into a paste,  
or 1 1/2 teaspoons cayenne pepper
- 1 to 2 tablespoons oil
- 2 to 3 tomatoes, chopped
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups coconut milk
- 4 cups cooked rice

Soak the beans in water according to directions on their package. In a large pot, cover them with water and simmer until they are just tender. Saute onions in oil until golden brown. Add them, with the remaining ingredients, to the pot full of beans, and simmer another several minutes until the beans are very tender and the tomatoes are cooked. Serve over rice.

## People Time

This story is from the Masai tribe that lives in the high country of Kenya.

### **The Fierce Creature**

A caterpillar came crawling along, looking for a place to rest. He entered the house of the hare. When the hare came home he noticed strange marks on the ground in front of his house. "Who is in my house?" he said aloud.

The caterpillar did not want to be eaten by the hare, so he answered in a fierce voice, "I am the terrible warrior, deadlier than the leopard. I crush the rhinoceros to earth and trample the mighty elephant."

The hare was most frightened. He didn't know what to do, so when the leopard came padding by, searching for meat, the hare stopped her and said, "There is a fierce creature in my house, Leopard."

"Who is in the hare's house?" cried out the leopard loudly.

Fiercely, Caterpillar replied, "I am the terrible warrior, deadlier than the leopard. I crush the rhinoceros to earth and trample the mighty elephant." At this, Leopard yelped in fear and hid behind Hare.

Soon a rhinoceros came charging by on his way to the water hole. "Can you help me, Rhinoceros?" pleaded Hare. "There is a fierce creature in my house." Rhinoceros snorted and charged ahead toward Hare's house. "Who is in the hare's house?" he demanded.

"I am the terrible warrior, deadlier than the leopard. I crush the rhinoceros to earth and trample the mighty elephant." Now Rhinoceros snorted in fear and hid behind Leopard.

---

Soon an elephant came lumbering by, looking for bananas. "Can you help us, Elephant?" asked Hare. "There is a fierce creature in my house. Elephant lumbered over toward the house and shouted, "Who is in the hare's house?"

Again, Caterpillar replied, "I am the terrible warrior, deadlier than the leopard. I crush the rhinoceros to earth, and trample the mighty elephant. Elephant trumpeted in fear and hid behind Rhinoceros.

Finally, a clever frog came hopping by on his way to catch bugs. "Frog, can you help me? There is a fierce creature in my house." Frog hopped up to the house.

"Who is in the hare's house?" said Frog.

"I am the terrible warrior, deadlier than the leopard. I crush the rhinoceros to earth and trample the mighty elephant."

And Frog shouted, "I, the hideous leaper, have come. I am slimy, green, and full of great big warts." At this, Caterpillar squeaked in fear and inched his way out of Hare's house. "Help! Help!" he cried, and he crawled away down the road as fast as he could, as the other animals roared with laughter.

"Kindly excuse me," said Frog, bowing. "I believe I just saw a fierce creature come crawling out of the hare's house. I, the terrible warrior, will pursue him, for my dinner is long past due!"

## Playtime

### Moto

One player, the leader, stands inside a double circle formed by the other players, who are in pairs and face the center of the circle. The inside circle players are the children and squat; the outside circle players are the mothers and place their hands on the heads of their children.

The leader calls out "Moto," which means "fire," and keeps repeating the word. The mothers run around the circle shouting, "Kilimani" ("on the mountain top"). As long as the leader says, "Moto, Moto, Moto," the mothers keep running. When the leader says, "Moto Kabisa" ("extremely hot fire"), he then runs quickly and stands behind one of the children; each mother stands still behind a child. The player left childless is the next leader. When the mothers are running about, the children pretend to be afraid of the fire.

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## Project Time

Kikuyu houses have very high, pointed roofs, and walls made of mud. To make a Kikuyu house, use a coffee can or a similar-sized can or a round box. Roll clay out about  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch thick. Wrap it around the can, but cut out a space for the door. When partially dry, put a rubber band around the top to hold the clay in place. Put on a base of thick cardboard and blend in clay around the bottom. Paint the door black.

For the roof, cut 12 straws 7 inches long; gather and tie them at one end. Staple the other ends to a cardboard circle cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch larger than the diameter of the can (Fig. 1). Loop and tie a string around about halfway between the cardboard and the peak. Cut strips of tan crepe paper about 8 inches long (Fig. 2). Tie at one end and place this at top peak. Tie in place. Spread out evenly and sew to the straw frame at midpoint (Fig. 2). For the top layer, add another bunch of crepe paper strips about 3 inches long (Fig. 3). Tie it to the top and trim the ends evenly. Wind a piece of crepe paper around top knob to hide ends, and glue to hold (Fig. 4). Glue the finished roof to the top of the house.

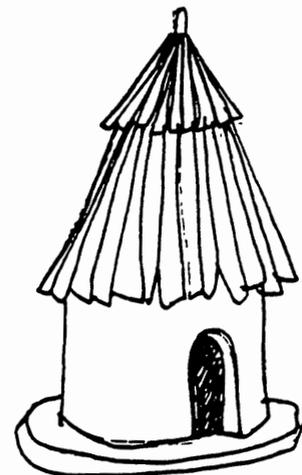
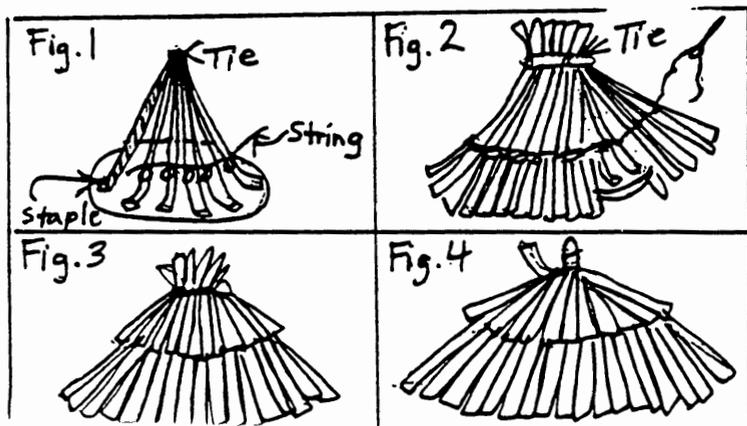
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## The YMCA in Kenya

Timothy and Martin go to the YMCA near their home to take swimming lessons and to play various sports. There is also a YMCA vocational training center near where they live, where people learn carpentry, pottery, sewing, and lots of other skills. There are many YMCAs in Kenya, and they are involved in many kinds of sporting, recreational, educational, and development activities.

For more information about the YMCAs in Kenya, contact:

International Office for Africa  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Boulevard of the Allies, 7th Floor  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Tel: 412/227-3815



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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Sarah Kwakusi of Liberia

Sarah Kwakusi lives in Liberia, a country on the coast of West Africa which has a history unlike that of any other country. It was the first independent country created in Africa and, unlike other African countries, it was never colonized by Europeans.

Sarah and her family belong to an ethnic group that has been in the same area for many hundreds of years. But the modern country of Liberia was created in 1847 by descendants of freed American slaves.

These people, who called themselves the elites, came to West Africa in the 1800s and established colonies with the help of the United States government and private American organizations. But before we learn more about them, and about Sarah, we should know something about Liberia itself.

Liberia is about the same size as the state of Ohio. It has a tropical climate, with two seasons—rainy (from April to November) and dry. About half the country is rain forest. These forests are so thick that no one can live in them. Most of the cities are on the coast. The areas along the coast and in the middle of the country contain most of the farmland. Further inland, there are mountain ranges and high plateaus. The mountains contain iron ore and other minerals which are mined and transported to the coast by train. Several rivers run from the interior of the country to the coast. They provide fresh water and fish for the people but aren't suitable for boats. Liberia has a lot of wildlife in its forests and grasslands. There are monkeys, leopards, deadly snakes, antelope, hippopotamuses, and many kinds of birds.

Most of the people in Liberia—about 98 percent—are native Africans, like Sarah and her family. They make their living farming crops like cassava, yams, plantains, and rice. There are many different groups of native Liberians, but the largest are the Kwa-speaking people, the Mande-speaking people, and the West Atlantic-speaking people. The Americo-Liberians make up only about one and a half percent of the population. Sarah's family



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belongs to the Kwa-speaking group, and they are called Kru.

Although many native Liberians were taken as slaves, the European traders seldom took the Kru because they would kill themselves before they would be captured. When the black American immigrants came to Liberia and tried to conquer the native Africans, the Kru fought them longer than any other group. But over the years, the Kru have become more integrated into Liberia's modern life.

The Kru are known for their skill on the water. They have played an important part in transporting goods from ships anchored off the coast. Since Liberia built a modern port for the ships, Kru people handle the freight in the port. This is how Sarah's father makes his living.

Another group of native Liberians, called the Vai, are famous for being the only African people with a written language. (Most Africans have traditionally communicated orally—by word of mouth—or with drums).

For many years after Liberia was created, the black American immigrants ruled the country. They maintained close ties to the United States. They named cities after U.S. cities and people: Monrovia, the capital, was named after President James Monroe. They dressed like Americans and celebrated U.S. holidays—Thanksgiving is still celebrated in Liberia today. They received money from the United States and international organizations, and they developed Liberia's mining and industry. Rubber, iron, and lumber are some of the important products exported from Liberia.

For a long time the Americo-Liberians treated the native Africans like second-class citizens. But after World War II, a great president named William Tubman began to treat the native people more fairly. He granted them the right

to vote and built schools and health clinics. When he died, his vice-president took over, but in 1980, a native Liberian named Samuel Doe took power. He was the first native Liberian to rule the country. Now there is a war again between the different groups. We will have to wait and see what kind of government Liberia will have.

Life for Sarah and her family is much as it was for her ancestors. They live in a village near Monrovia. Her father works at the port, and her mother grows cassava, yams, and rice in the family fields. Sarah helps her mother in the field and with the cooking, and she goes to the market with her to sell her produce.

When she is old enough, Sarah will go to school like her older brother and sisters, but she probably won't stay in school many years. When she becomes a teenager, she will join the Sande society for women. She will be trained in cooking, washing, spinning, and tribal laws related to the duties of wives and mothers.

When her training is finished, she will be considered an adult and ready for marriage. Her husband will have to pay a dowry to her family to make up for their losing her. This will either be money, animals, or household furniture. Sarah's older brother Jonas recently entered the Poro, the society for men. When he and the other boys came out of their training as men, there was a big ceremony, with much dancing, singing, and drumming.

## Nutrition Time

### Plantain Gingerbread

- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 large plantains, sliced  
in rounds
- 2 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons ground ginger
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 cup dark molasses
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Use a tablespoon of the butter to grease a 9-inch square baking dish. Preheat oven to 350°. Combine sugar and vanilla in a heavy saucepan with half a cup of water. Add plantain slices and cook over moderate heat until plantains are tender. Drain. Then layer slices across the bottom of the baking dish. Set aside.

Combine flour, salt, baking soda, and spices in a bowl. In a clean saucepan, bring butter and molasses just to a boil. Begin adding the flour/spice mixture and the milk a bit at a time, alternating them. Beat vigorously. When all the remaining ingredients have been added to the pan and the mixture is smooth, pour it over the plantains in the baking dish. Bake 50 minutes to an hour, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

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## People Time

### Don't Shake Hands with Everybody

Frog had a large farm. When it was time to clear and plant he went to the village to get help, because it was more than he could handle alone. He asked the people of the village to come clear his land, for the villagers always helped one another with their crops.

All the men of the village came. When they had cleared the land, Frog fed them and thanked them for their help.

Then the great crowd of workers left his house. There were so many of them that they formed a line several miles long.

"I wonder what else I can do to express my appreciation for the goodness with which these people have treated me?" Frog said to himself. "I know, I'll shake hands with everyone who was here!"

He ran to the front of the long line of men and turned around to wait for them.

As the first man came to where he stood, Frog grabbed his hands enthusiastically and shouted:

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

He let go and grasped the hands of the second man, and shouted again:

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

He grabbed the hands of the third man and shouted:

"Thank you! Thank you!"

There were some strong men among the workers who, when they shook hands with Frog, squeezed very hard. There were so many of them that after a while Frog's hands became flattened out. After they had all gone, Frog's hands hurt him from so much shaking, so he went to God to make a complaint.

God listened to Frog. He looked at Frog's flattened hands. Finally, after Frog was all through telling about his complaint, God said:

"You were a little overenthusiastic. Hereafter, when you wish to thank a crowd, send a messenger to the village and he will announce your gratitude."

Frog went away. His hands were still flat.

Sometimes now, when he looks at them, he says:

"Don't shake hands with everybody."

From *The Cootail Switch and Other West African Stories* by Harold Courlander and George Herzog. Copyright 1947, ©1975 by Harold Courlander. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

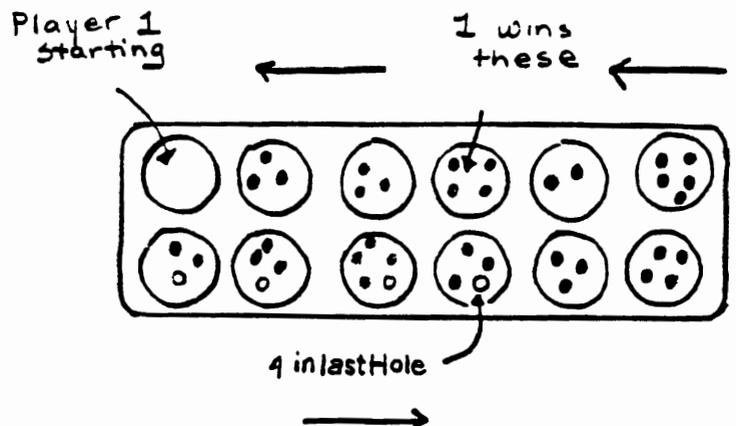
## Playtime

### Mankala

This game is believed to have originated in Asia Minor. Through hundreds of years it has been played all over Africa with many variations. Use the board created in Project Time, below.

You need about forty buttons, beads, or small marbles for *Hasa*, or playing pieces. Player 1 sets up the board, putting between two and five pieces in each hole, using all *Hasa*. Player 2, using *Hasa* from the bottom right hole, drops one *Hasa* at a time into each successive hole. If the last hole now contains two or four *Hasa*, this player takes all the *Hasa* in the hole on the opposite side of the game board.

Player 2 continues playing around the game board by returning to the last hole into which he originally dropped the last *Hasa*, taking the *Hasa* from this hole and continuing around the board, as before. Again he checks to see how many *Hasa* are in this last hole. If there are two or four, he wins the *Hasa* in the opposite hole. He continues playing in this way, until he drops his



last *Hasa* into an empty hole, which ends his turn. Player 1 starts from his starting hole (upper left corner) and plays the same way. If a starting hole is empty, begin at the first hole to the right that does contain *Hasa*. The game is finished when too few *Hasa* remain to be able to win any more. The player with the most *Hasa* wins.

## Project Time

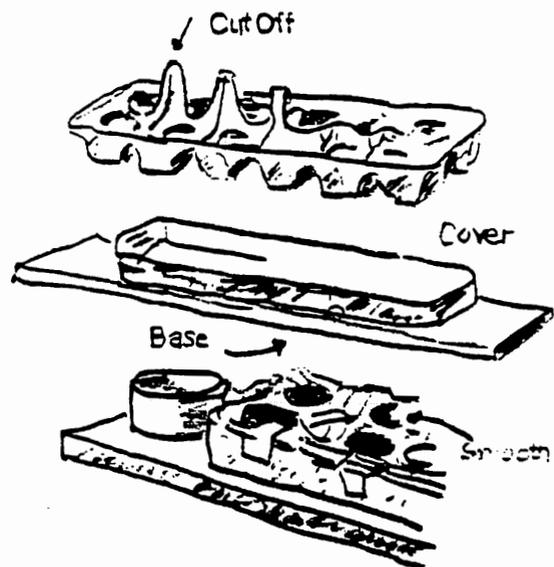
*Mankala* boards are often beautifully carved and decorated. A very simple version can be made using a 12" molded egg carton.

### Materials:

12 inch egg carton  
16-by-3-inch board  
glue  
2 paper cups  
paper mache  
thumbtacks  
scissors  
paint and brush

Cut off the top of the carton and the tips projecting between cups. For the base, use a board about 16 inches long, 3 inches wide, and 1/2 an inch thick. Thumbtack and glue the cover of the egg carton in the center of this board. Cut down two paper cups so they are 2 inches high, and tack and glue them to the board on both ends. Put the bottom half of the egg carton into the inverted cover on the base and tape together. Use paper mache to cover holes in the middle section and to cover sides and ends. When dry, paint.

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## The YMCA in Liberia

There is a YMCA in Liberia, but because of the war it has stopped its activities for the time being.

For more information about the YMCA in Liberia, contact:

International Office for Africa  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Boulevard of the Allies, 7th Floor  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Tel: 412/227-3815

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The van der Meyers in the Netherlands

Gerit van der Meyer is a Dutch boy who lives with his sisters Mariken and Martje and their parents in a city called Delft in the Netherlands. They would love to welcome you to their home, beside a canal, and invite you to come inside and have some famous dutch pastry. While you are eating, they will tell you about their country and their life.

You may have heard the Netherlands called Holland, but Holland is really only part of the country. So to be fair to all the people who live in the part that isn't Holland, we will always refer to it as the Netherlands. The Netherlands is about the size of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined, but it has many more people than those two states—about 14 and a half million. It is a crowded country.

Located in the northern part of Europe, it is surrounded by Belgium, West Germany, and the North Sea. A very interesting thing about the land is that half of it is lower than the level of the sea. The only reason the sea doesn't flood this land is because dikes have been built. They are like walls made of earth and separate the sea from the low land. Any water that gets over the dikes is pumped back out to sea. This used to be done with windmills. Today electric pumping stations are used, and you can hardly find any windmills in the Dutch countryside. In some places, the Dutch people have actually "made" their own land by filling lakes with earth and turning them into fields. As you can imagine, the Dutch are very strong and hardworking people.

The van der Meyers' house in Delft sits beside a canal on a street that looks very much like it would have looked 500 years ago. It has three bedrooms, a bathroom, a kitchen, a dining room, and a living room. In back is a tiny garden with many flowers, and there are flowerpots in the windows, too. The Dutch love flowers and are famous for the tulips they sell all over the world. They are also famous for the beautiful pottery that comes from Delft. In fact, Mrs. van der Meyer has a job painting pictures on the pottery at the factory where it is made.

Mr. van der Meyer is an engineer on the Dutch interrail system. He is proud to work on one of the world's best train systems. The Dutch have used electricity to power this modern and efficient transportation system. Mr. van der Meyer's work often takes him to nearby Rotterdam, which is one



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of the largest and busiest ports in the world. Huge ships come into the harbor, carrying their cargoes to and from the Netherlands and surrounding countries.

Whenever Mr. van der Meyer is not working, he stays home in Delft with his family. The Dutch are very family-oriented and prefer to spend their evenings at home or visiting close friends. They all have bicycles and often go riding together. In fact, the Netherlands has more bicycles per person than any other country in the world.

Sometimes Gerrit goes with his father to the port in Rotterdam. He loves to watch the biggest oil tankers, imagining that someday he could be a captain. Mariken and Martje prefer to visit the country's capital, The Hague, where the government meets and makes the laws. The Netherlands has a royal family, and every year there is a big parade in which Queen Beatrix drives in a golden coach to the Ridderzaal—the oldest building in the city—where she opens the parliament, or government, for the next year. Besides this ceremony, the girls love visits to Madurodam, a miniature, child-sized city. It even has its own mayor.

The family often visits Amsterdam, the largest city in the Netherlands. Mrs. van der Meyer has a sister who lives there with her daughter, Corina, on a houseboat. Many people in the Netherlands live in houseboats because housing is very difficult to find. Many people have to wait up to five years to get an apartment in the city. The children love to stay on the houseboat with their cousin. It sits on a canal in the central part of the city, and from there they can easily visit the city's most interesting sights—the Royal Palace (known as the Dam, where the Royal Family holds important state meetings and parties), the art museums, the workshops of the diamond cutters where you can see fabulous collections of gems, and the

girls' favorite—the street organs.

From Amsterdam, the family usually takes Corina with them and travels north to Alkmaar to visit the children's grandfather. Grandfather is retired now, but he is still involved in the cheese market where he used to work as a cheese seller. Every Friday morning between April and September he goes to the market to test the quality of the cheese that comes in from the farms—the flat, round gouda and the ball-shaped edam. The cheese market in Alkmaar is over 350 years old and is now a major tourist attraction.

## Nutrition Time

*Ont Bijt* means breakfast in Dutch, and they don't skimp on the day's first meal. It is easy to prepare a dutch-style breakfast.

Arrange cheeses and meats on a platter (especially edam and gouda, ham, roast beef, salami, bologna, liverwurst), along with jams, preserves, and chocolate sprinkles, and serve with your favorite breads and crackers.

Another dish that is served at almost every meal is *Hutspot*.

### *Hutspot* (Serves 2)

3 medium potatoes  
1 large carrot  
1 medium onion  
1 tablespoon butter  
salt and pepper to taste  
gravy (optional)

Peel the potatoes, onion, and carrot. Cut the vegetables into pieces. Cook in a covered saucepan in a small amount of boiling salted water about 30 minutes or until tender. Drain. Mash and mix well. Add the butter and salt and pepper to taste. Mix again. The mixture should be dry. Pile high on a plate and, if you have it, spoon gravy over the top.

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## People Time

### Sinterklaas

A typical national holiday in the Netherlands is the Celebration of Sinterklaas on December 5. It commemorates the death of Saint Nicolas, who was the Bishop of a little town in Myra in Asia Minor during the 4th century A.D. Traditionally this holiday is a Catholic one, although the holiday as such no longer has a religious importance of any kind. Sinterklaas, who was the patron saint of sailors and merchants, was especially well known for his generosity, especially toward children.

Sinterklaas is celebrated every December 5; however, three to four weeks before the actual event Sinterklaas arrives in the Netherlands by boat from Spain.

He and his servants are officially welcomed by a very important person: a TV actor or actress, a mayor, or anybody considered very important. His servant is called Zwarte Piet, Black Peter, who is of Moorish origin. Black Peter has his helpers, all called Zwarte Piet.

Soon after his official arrival, one may very often see Sinterklaas and Zwarte Piet in the streets, in big shopping centers, on TV, etc. Sinterklaas usually rides on a big white horse, and Zwarte Piet throws handfuls of candy to the crowds, especially to the children. These candies are very special ones called pepemoten, spicy sweets flavored with anise.

Around December 5, children are doing their very best to behave, because that night Sinterklaas may put a present in their shoes, which they have placed in front of the fireplace or in any special place in the house. They sing Sinterklaas songs and wait to have a glimpse of Sinterklaas himself or Zwarte Piet, imagining that they hear their voices or see the white horse on the rooftops.

Naughty children receive a spanking from Zwarte Piet with his bunch of twigs, and if they are very, very naughty they will even be put in a big bag and carried away, as a punishment, to Spain.

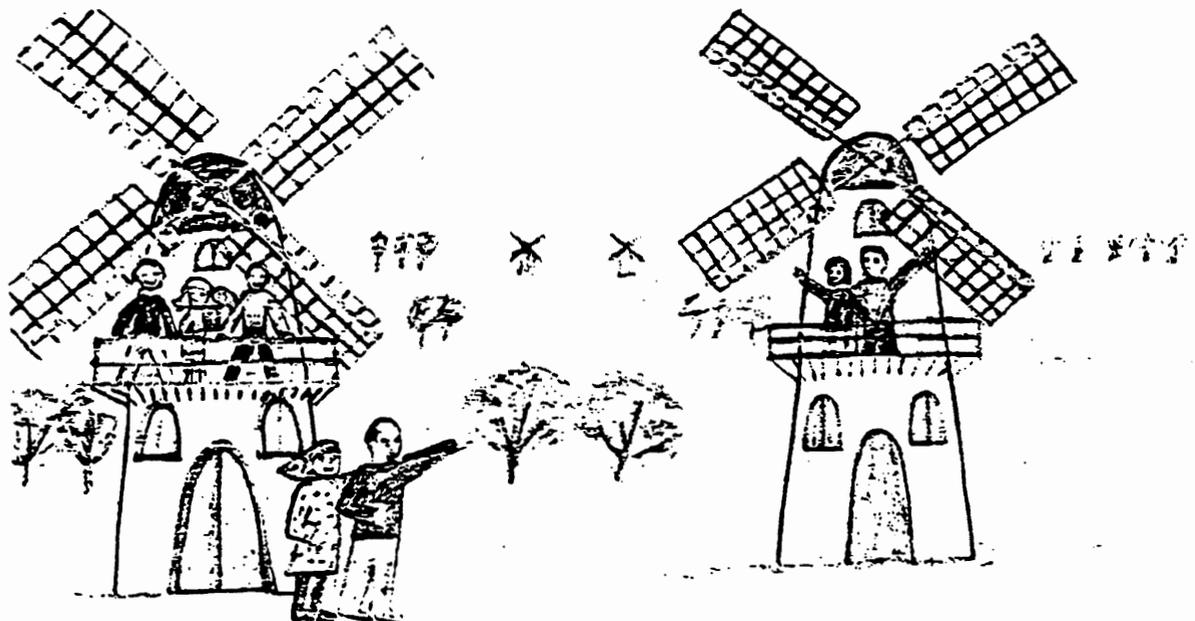
Nowadays, Sinterklaas has become very commercial. Shops have displays weeks ahead of time commemorating Sinterklaas and urging people, children and grownups, to buy their presents way in advance. But it is still the custom to keep the presents small surprises, as they are called in Dutch. The presents for grownups, especially, are wrapped in funny ways and have funny poems attached to them. Sinterklaas is still considered the most traditional of the all the official holidays of the Netherlands.

Story contributed by Ms. Jossy J.E. Keiluhu M.A., national general secretary, YMCA of the Netherlands.

## Playtime

### Windmill

This game is based on an old tale of early Dutch days. Two parallel lines are drawn 15 feet or more apart. The space between the lines is the neutral ground. At one end of the neutral space a square is drawn to represent a canal. One player is chosen to be the *berger* (shepherd). The others are divided into two sides and stand on the lines, facing the neutral ground. A leader, called a "stork," is chosen for each line, and he or she stands slightly in front of her or his line in the neutral ground. The stork starts the game by imitating the movements of a windmill or a stork. The players in each line do exactly what their stork leader does. The *berger* walks up anywhere between the lines and watches closely to see if each player is following his leader. As soon as he sees a player who is not following his "stork" leader, he runs and tags the player and calls, "Windmill."



The player runs immediately for the canal. The *berger* and the children all chase him. If the runner reaches the canal before he is caught, he is safe and returns to his place in line. If the *berger* tags the runner, the runner must go and stay in the canal. If one of the players in line tag him, the runner must join the line that tagged him. The game continues with the children in the lines trying to catch the runner before he is tagged by the *berger*. A player in the lines may rescue a prisoner from the canal whenever he can slip past the *berger* and tag the prisoner.

When all the players have been taken into one line or into the canal, the *berger* calls, "Windmill!" Then every player chases the *berger*. The player who catches him is the *berger* for the next game and may select the stork leaders for the two lines.

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## Project Time

### Paper Cup Windmill

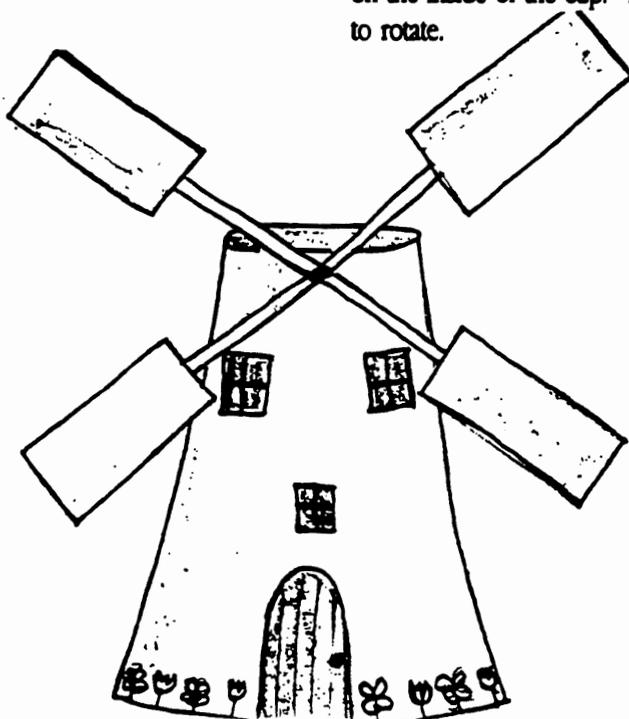
In the past, windmills were common in the Netherlands. Although they are more difficult to find today, they remain a symbol of Dutch culture.

It is easy to make a windmill out of a paper cup.

#### Materials:

a paper cup	several soda straws
paper	scissors
paints	glue
a pushpin	a cork or eraser

First paint the cup, adding windows and a door, flowers around the bottom, and any other decorations you wish. To make the sails of the windmill, cut two equal lengths of soda straw and four rectangular pieces of paper. Glue a paper rectangle to each end of each straw, as shown. Push the pin through the middle of each straw, then through the paper cup and into the cork or eraser on the inside of the cup. This will allow your windmill to rotate.



## The YMCA in the Netherlands

The children's grandfather serves on the National Board of Directors of the YMCA of the Netherlands. When the children go to visit him, he takes them to the small two-story YMCA building in Alkmaar, which sits on the edge of a canal. The top floor has a disco and programs for teenagers, but the younger children make arts and crafts or learn to use computers. In summer they go on camping trips for a week—sometimes to boating camp, sometimes to horseback-riding camp, sometimes to canoeing camp.

If you would like more information on the YMCA in the Netherlands, contact:

International Office for Europe  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Tel: 216/344-0095

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The Rodriguez Family in Panama

Guillermo Rodriguez lives with his little brother, Paulo; his two older sisters, Lucia and Maria; and his parents in an apartment building in a suburb of Panama City, Panama.

Guillermo usually speaks Spanish (because Panama was colonized by Spain). But he also speaks English, because many North Americans live in Panama. Since he knows you are from North America, he will just say "Hello," and "Welcome to Panama!" The reason there are so many North Americans in Panama is because the United States still governs the Panama Canal, which runs right through the middle of Panama.

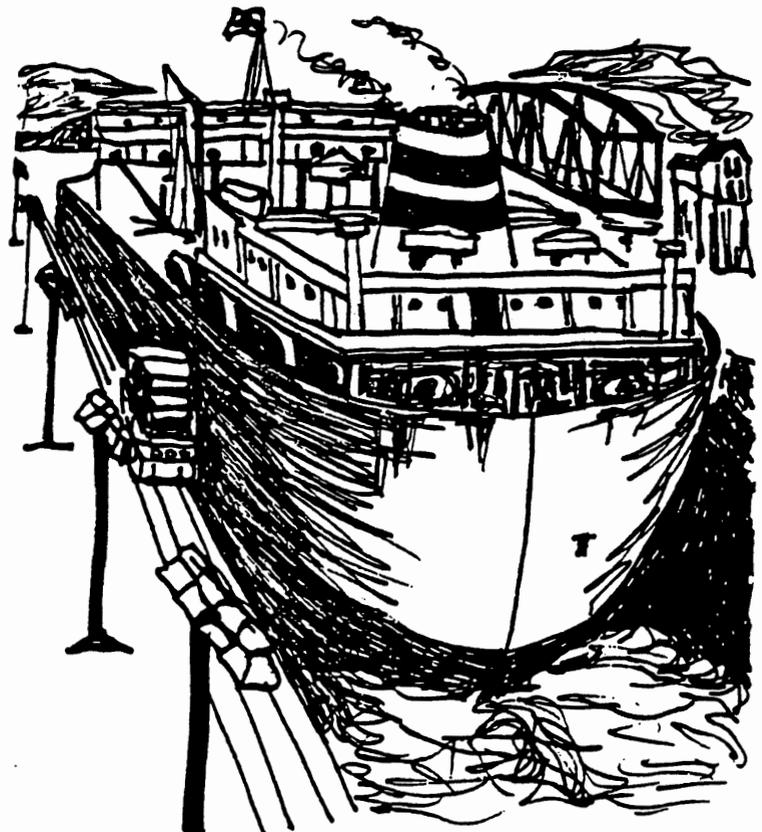
Panama is a small country, just a little smaller than the state of South Carolina. It is long and narrow and connects Central America with South America. It is so narrow, in fact, that many years ago people decided to cut a canal right through the country so that big ships could go through it from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean.

This saved the ships a lot of time, because before the canal was built they had to sail all the way around the southern tip of South America if they wanted to go from one ocean to the other. Today ships from all over the world—about 40 each day—pay a toll to go through the canal. This makes Panama a very important country, even though it's small.

Guillermo's father has a small company that sells food to the ships as they pass through the canal. It is easy to get food in Panama, because there is enough very fertile land to grow many crops. There are bananas, rice, coffee, corn, sugarcane, plantain (a kind of big banana that has to be cooked), and many tropical fruits such as papayas, guavas, oranges, lemons, pineapples, and mangoes. Fishing is one of Panama's most important industries, and there are also lots of chicken farms.

Since Panama is near the equator, the weather is warm all year long—usually about 80°. From January through April it is often hotter than that, and the air is dry. But from May through December, it rains almost every day for two or three hours, and then the sun comes out again.

Panama has lots of jungle, filled with lizards



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and beautiful parrots, and also with poisonous snakes, crocodiles, pumas, and jaguars. There are also mountains, where some people prefer to live, away from the heat and the crowded cities.

Guillermo's grandparents live in a village in western Panama. It's fun to go there to visit and to help Grandfather with his fruit trees. The Guaymi Indians also live in this part of the country, and Guillermo is fascinated by their traditional costumes, their *chaquiras* (bead necklaces), and the blue dye they use to paint their faces. They say it keeps mosquitoes from biting them. There are other Indians in Panama, too—the Choco in the east, and the Cuna, who live on islands off the Caribbean coast.

Guillermo's mother and father were both divorced before they married each other. Lucia and Maria are much older than Guillermo, and they have a different father—their mother's first husband. Guillermo also has an older half-brother who lives with his mother (Guillermo's father's first wife) in a different part of Panama City. Guillermo likes having older sisters and an older brother because he learns many things from them.

Sometimes his older brother, whose name is Felipe, comes to get Guillermo, and they take the *chibas* (a small bus) to their father's company near the Panama Canal (Paulo is only two years old—too small to go on these trips). They love to watch the big ships on the canal, and sometimes they talk to the passengers, especially when they speak English. After work, their father might take them to see a rooster fight, to the horseraces, or maybe to a boxing match.

Guillermo goes to a public primary school, but his sisters go to a private, Catholic school. The Rodriguez family, like most Panamanian families, is Catholic. In fact, the main festivals in Panama every year are religious ones. The biggest one is carnival time, held just before Lent (like in Brazil). Everything stops in Panama City, and there is dancing in the streets for 24 hours a day. Holy Week (at Christmastime) is another big celebration, and there are many other festivals and saints' days. Lucia and Maria especially love the festivals, because they are allowed to dress up in their *polleras*—wide, swirling skirts that are part of Panama's national costume.



## Nutrition Time

Panamanians eat lots of meals with rice and maize (a grain, like commeal), plantains, and kidney beans. The national dish is sancocho, a thick stew made with chicken, pork, and beans. Guillermo's favorite food, however, is lentejas.

### *Lentejas (Lentils)*

- 1/2 pound of lentils
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 medium onions, finely chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- 2 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped
- pinch of sugar
- 1 teaspoon chopped fresh cilantro
- salt, ground pepper

Put the lentils in a large saucepan, cover them with about an inch of water, and cook until they are almost tender, about an hour. The quick-cooking variety (noted on package) will be done in about 25 minutes. Drain and set aside. In a skillet, heat the oil and saute the onions and garlic until the onions are softened. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper, sugar, and cilantro, and simmer gently until the mixture is thick, about 10 minutes. Stir the sauce into the lentils and cook over very low heat for 10 minutes longer to blend the flavors. Serves 6.

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## People Time

Just before nightfall, Brer Rabbit did a favor for Brer Man.

Brer Man was bringing home balls of cheese he had not sold at the market. The balls were always wrapped in green banana leaves, but by sunset the leaves were all dried out.

Brer Rabbit offered to help Brer Man. He said, "Wait here 'til I bring you more green leaves. They'll keep your cheese fresh." This was no sooner said than done.

Brer Man told his helper, "Here are two balls of cheese. It's my way of saying thanks."

With the cheese in his pocket, Brer Rabbit went to a distant river. By then the moon was high in the sky. It was a fine, full moon which reflected clearly in the still river.

"Oh, it's so pretty, and there's light enough for me to do some night fishing," Brer Rabbit said to himself, and he began to hum.

Brer rabbit took out his fishing pole and threw in his line. He was too busy catching fish to be aware of Brer Tiger sneaking behind him. The big beast clutched the rabbit's ribs. He warned, "I'm going to dig my teeth into you, Brer Rabbit, ears and all!"

"Relax, relax," Brer Rabbit told him. The rabbit pretended not to worry, while he tasted one ball of cheese. "Before you eat me, have my other cheese ball. It's the best I've ever had!" Brer Rabbit gushed as he presented his gift.

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Brer Tiger bit into the tasty cheese. "This is great!" he shouted. "Where did you get it? I want more."

"These two balls came from the bottom of the river. It's full of cheese down there," the rabbit said with a straight face. He pointed to the reflection of the full moon in the river. Innocently he asked, "Can't you see that creamy round ball shining in the middle of the water?"

Since Brer Tiger knew the animals feared him, he thought they would not have the nerve to lie to him. He believed everything he was told. "That golden circle of cheese on the water is close," the tiger said. "I can almost reach it from the bank."

"That's where you're wrong," Brer Rabbit replied. "It looks close but it's not. It's at the very bottom of the river."

"Too bad, too bad!" Brer Tiger moaned. "I can never sink to the bottom. Tell me how you did it. You're so much lighter than I am." Just then, Brer Tiger looked at the rocks on the river bank. "If I could only get you to tie these rocks to my feet!" he said. "What could we use to hold them?"

Brer Rabbit pulled vines from a nearby tree. Brer Tiger cried, "Of course, vines are what we need. Listen, I don't think these stones on the river bank are big enough. Help me push two heavy rocks to the water's edge."

Brer Rabbit threw down his fishing pole so he could help. Together they pushed the rocks. Still panting, Brer Rabbit tied the rocks to the tiger's feet with five tight layers of vines.

When all was ready, Brer Tiger shouted, "Push me into

the water!" As he sank gently, he reached for the reflection of the moon that he thought was cheese. It disappeared. He hit the rocky bottom with not one sign—not even a speck—of cheese in sight.

The water current was so strong, it carried Brer Tiger to a shallow spot. The tiger gasped for breath. He sputtered, "You lied to me. No one dares do that! I'm not even sure you were really fishing. What kind of fish could you catch this late at night?"

Brer Rabbit raced up the riverbank, shouting "Sucker fish!"

## Playtime

Marbles are played by children all around the world, and they are very popular with children in Panama as well. Guillermo and Felipe both play. Felipe, being older, plays more sophisticated games with his friends. When he and Guillermo play, they play a game that is easy for younger children.

Each player should have several marbles. Make a circle of about a foot in diameter on the ground, and each player places two or three marbles together in one big group in the center of the circle. Then they take turns holding one marble outstretched at eye level so that it is directly above the pile of marbles. Each player takes turns dropping one of their marble to hit the pile. Any marbles that are knocked out of the circle become the property of the one who drops them. The marble which is dropped is also also retrieved by the player who dropped it. The game ends when the circle is empty.

## Project Time

The Cuna Indians, who live on the San Blas islands off the eastern coast of Panama, have retained their traditional culture. They are part of Panama, but they own their land and have their own language, laws, and customs. They prefer to wear colorful, traditional costumes rather than modern clothes. Their *molas* are gaily patterned blouses made of several layers of cloth of various colors. The designs are of birds and animals. This is an example of a bird design. Can you design your own Cuna motif?

### Materials:

Colored construction paper  
scissors  
pencils  
glue

Draw a picture of a bird, animal, or other object of interest on colored paper. Cut it out, then trace around it on a different color paper. Cut out the second form, making it slightly bigger than the first. Trace the second color onto a third and cut again, so that you have three forms, of three different sizes. Glue the forms onto each other, making a border in two different colors. These designs can be as simple or as elaborate as you want, using one or several borders, or changing border colors in different parts of the design.



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## The YMCA in Panama

The YMCA in Panama is the youngest YMCA in Latin America, but it is very active. Lucia and Maria participate in the youth civic development project, which teaches them about government. Felipe takes English classes at the YMCA, and he and Guillermo have both gone to YMCA camps. The YMCA also sponsors other training programs for young people, and they have projects with Indian communities in the south of Panama.

For more information about the YMCA in Panama, contact:

International Office for Latin America  
Greater St. Louis YMCA  
1528 Locust Street  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Tel: 314/436-1177

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Ahmadou in Senegal

Ahmadou is a Wolof boy who lives in a village near Kaolack in Senegal. The Wolof people have lived in and around Kaolack for hundreds of years. You could say Ahmadou's village is his family, because nearly everyone in the village is related. But before we learn more about Ahmadou's extended family, let's find out something about his country.

Senegal is found on the coast of West Africa. It is about as big as the state of Nebraska. It has a tropical climate, which means that it is warm all year long. Rain comes to Senegal between June and October. The rest of the year it is dry. A dry wind called the *harmattan* often blows through the country from the Sahara Desert. The Senegal River runs along the northern border of the country, and several smaller rivers run through it. The Saloum River connects Kaolack with Dakar, Senegal's capital on the coast.

There are many different ethnic groups in Senegal, each with its own language. The Wolof are the largest group—over 40 percent of the people are Wolof. Other main groups are the Fulbe, Tukolor, Serer, and Malinke. There are also French and Middle Eastern people in the big cities.

Europeans first went to Senegal before Columbus went to America, and they developed gold mining and slave trading. Many people from Senegal were put in ships and sent to America to work as slaves. Many of the ancestors of today's African Americans came from Senegal.

Ahmadou's ancestors fought the French slavetraders for many years, but the French finally gained control with their superior weapons. Senegal became a colony of France and remained one until gaining its independence in 1960. Senegal still has strong ties with France, and French is its official language, although most people speak only African languages.

Today Senegal is mostly agricultural. Peanuts are the main crop grown to sell to the rest of the world. Ahmadou's father works on a peanut farm. Other crops are corn, millet, sorghum, and sugarcane, beans, and rice. Vegetables



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and tropical fruits such as oranges, mangoes, and bananas are also grown.

Senegal is a mixture of the ancient and modern worlds, and both worlds touch Ahmadou's life. In the village where he lives, things are, in some ways, the same as they were for his Wolof ancestors. Most of the people in Senegal are Muslim, but they also follow ancient African traditions.

Since African languages were not written, the history and customs of the people were passed down orally by men called *griots* (storytellers). The griot in Ahmadou's village entertains the children with his stories, telling them about the lives of their ancestors, going back hundreds of years.

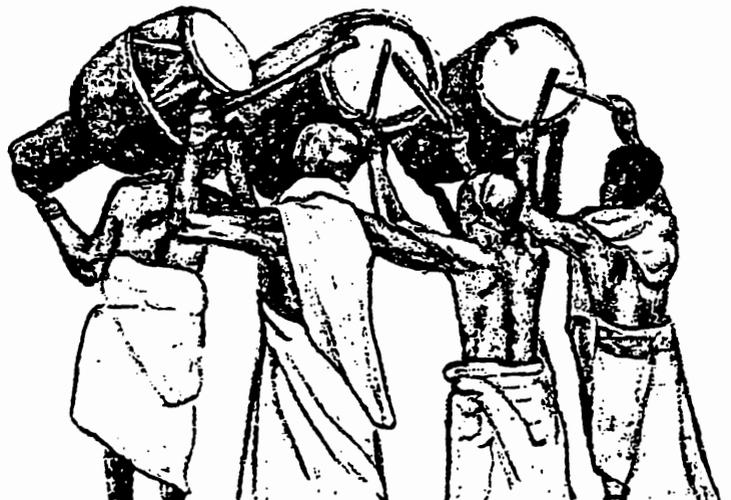
There are special ceremonies in the village for the feast at the end of Ramadan, the month of fasting, and for the feast of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac. There are also ceremonies with food and dancing whenever someone dies, to celebrate the person's passing into the spirit world. The talking drums beat out messages to the surrounding countryside, telling everyone of the event.

In ancient times, the drums were the main means of communication between villages. Today there are taxis or trains for transport, and almost every village has at least one telephone in the post office, but the drums are still very much a part of Senegalese life.

Ahmadou has older cousins who live in the modern city of Dakar now, working for companies or the government. But they always come back to the village when there is a feast or a funeral ceremony.

Ahmadou's father has two wives. The first wife had a daughter (Ahmadou's half-sister, Aminah), and then couldn't have any more children. Senegalese love many children, and Ahmadou's father wanted more, so he married again, this time to Ahmadou's mother. She had two boys and a girl—Sekou, Abdoulaye, Mariamma—and then Ahmadou.

But this is not the end of the family. Ahmadou's Uncle Wahab, his mother's brother, shares the responsibility for raising Ahmadou and his brothers and sisters. So they live next to Uncle Wahab and his family. Then there are other uncles and aunts, grandparents and great-grandparents, and dozens and dozens of cousins.



Most of the men in the village work on the peanut plantation nearby. The women, including Ahmadou's mother and stepmother, grow vegetables and cassava for their families. When there is a large crop, they also sell some in the market, along with handicrafts they make. They live in houses made of mud brick with thatched roofs. Only half of the children in Senegal go to school, because there aren't many schools in the rural areas. But Ahmadou's brothers and sisters all go to school in the village, and he will too when he gets older.

## Nutrition Time

### *Vegetable Mafe*

2 large onions, finely chopped  
4 tablespoons peanut oil  
2 cups pumpkin, winter squash,  
or sweet potatoes, peeled and chopped in chunks  
4 turnips  
4 medium potatoes, quartered  
2 large carrots, chopped in chunks  
1/2 of a small cabbage, chopped  
2 large tomatoes, quartered  
1 bunch fresh spinach or 1 package frozen spinach  
2 chili peppers, or 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper  
2 cups tomato sauce  
3/4 cup peanut butter  
cooked rice

Brown the onions in moderately hot oil in a large, heavy skillet or stew pot. Add the vegetables, one at a time, sauteing each for a minute or so before adding another. Stir in the tomato sauce and about a cup of water, reduce heat, and simmer until all the vegetables are tender. Spoon out about half a cup of the hot broth and mix it with the peanut butter to make a smooth paste. Add to the pot and simmer for another 10 to 15 minutes. Serve over rice.

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## People Time

### The Discontented Fish

This story is from the Fulani tribe of Senegal.

Once upon a time there was a colony of little fish who lived together in a small pool, isolated from the rest of the fish in the river. It was a still, gray pool, surrounded by thorn bushes and a few palm trees. Most of these fish were happy and friendly. But there was one fish, much bigger and stronger than all the others, who kept himself aloof and haughty whenever the others came near him.

"My good fellow," he would say, opening his eyes as wide as he could and balancing himself erect on his handsome tail, "do stop making such a commotion in the water beside me. Can't you see I am having my afternoon siesta? Go away!" And he would sweep one glistening fin towards a shoal of cheerful small fish.

One day, one of the older fish said sarcastically, "I wonder why you don't leave this tiny pool and go off to the big river. A fish as large and important as you should surely mix with others of his own size and excellent breeding."

"My friend is quite right," he said to himself. "I should be happier if I lived among fish of my own size. How tired I am of these stupid little creatures! Soon the time will be here when the big river overflows its banks, and the flood-water will come up into our pool. When it arrives, I'll let myself be swept down into the big river, and get away from all this."

He told his companions what he had in mind. The older fish were solemn, but the younger ones were delighted at the thought of being free from the big fish's criticisms,

and they swam backwards and forwards, talking about it among themselves.

Soon the floods arrived. They covered the little pool, and the big fish rose to the top of the water and was swept downstream to the river.

Suddenly four or five fish, much bigger than he, passed over his head. One of them looked down and exclaimed harshly, "Out of our way, little fish! Don't you know this is our hunting ground?" Then the others turned on him, too, and drove him away.

The poor fish hid beneath a large clump of weeds and peered out anxiously from time to time. Presently two large black and white fish came rushing towards him, with fearsome jaws wide open. He quickly managed to wedge himself in a crevice in the bank, just out of their reach.

Frightened, he stayed in his hiding-place all day long, but when night came he slipped out and began swimming freely in the black water, looking for some supper. Suddenly he felt a sharp nip in his tail, and turning swiftly he saw the bewhiskered face of a large tigerfish. He was just about to give himself up for lost when a huge dark object passed overhead.

It was a canoe, and it disturbed the water so much that he was able to get away from the tigerfish and hide in the mud. "Alas!" he said to himself. "Why did I come to this terrible place? If only I could get back to my own little pool, I would never grumble again."

He wiggled slowly along the muddy bottom of the river until he recognized the spot where he had first arrived. How he struggled as he tried to force his way against the swirling water, until at last, when his strength was almost

gone, he found himself back in the pool again.

There he lay panting on the bottom, too tired to move, and as he turned his eyes this way and that and saw the old familiar landmarks, he said to himself, "If I had only known what the river was really like, I would never have left the safety of our pool."

After that the tiny fish played undisturbed wherever they pleased, and never again did the big fish say he was too grand to live among them. And so we see that every man should be contented with what he has.

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## Playtime

### Lion And Deer Tag

Play just like tag, except that "It" is the lion and the rest of the players are deer.

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## Project Time

### Pretzel Dough Snakes

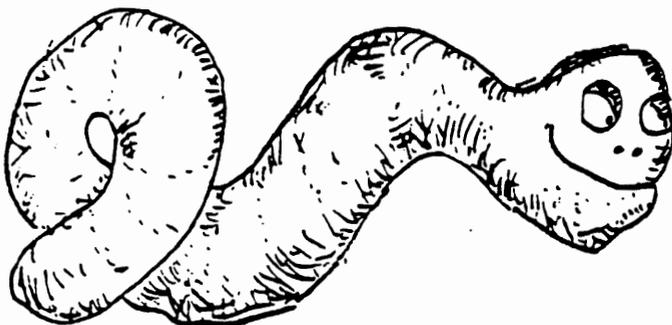
Many snakes are found in Senegal, like pythons and cobras.

#### Materials:

1 cup warm water	1 package dry yeast
1 teaspoon sugar	1 teaspoon salt
3 1/2 cups flour	1 egg
coarse (kosher) salt	vegetable oil
caraway or poppy seeds	large mixing bowl
electric beater	damp dish towel
pastry brush	greased cookie sheets
fork and bowl for beating egg	

Put the water, yeast, sugar, salt, and 1 cup of flour in a large bowl. Beat slowly at first, then at high speed until smooth. Make a mound of 2 1/2 cups of flour on a clean work surface. Push in the top of the mound to make a shape like a volcano. Pour the flour-water mixture into the center of the mound. Carefully blend the flour into the liquid, using your fingers to draw in the flour.

When all the flour has been blended, knead the dough for 10 minutes. To knead, fold the dough toward you, then push down with the heel of your hand. Turn the



dough one quarter-turn and repeat the motion. Flour the work surface and your hands if the mixture is too sticky at the start. As you knead, the dough will become less and less sticky. When you have finished it should be smooth and elastic.

Put the dough in a large, oiled bowl and cover it with a damp dish towel. Put the bowl in a warm place for the dough to rise until double in size—at least one hour. Preheat the oven to 475°. Punch the dough down.

It is now ready to be modeled into snakes. Use caraway or poppy seeds for eyes. Place finished sculptures well apart on a greased cookie sheet. Brush on egg that has been beaten with about a tablespoon of water, and sprinkle with coarse salt. Let rise until almost double in size before baking. Bake about 15 minutes until golden brown.

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### The YMCA in Senegal

The YMCA operates a development program in Ahmadou's village. There is a vegetable garden, tree planting, and a nutrition program. There are also other YMCAs in Senegal that offer these services as well as preschools and programs for children.

For more information on the YMCA in Senegal, contact:  
International Office for Africa  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Boulevard of the Allies  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Tel: 412/227-3815

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Martin Luther in South Africa

Martin Luther Ndweka has three homes in South Africa. Most of the week he stays with his mother in her *kia*: a room in the back of the house where she works as a maid in Johannesburg. Once a week, on his mother's day off, Martin Luther goes with her to the "matchbox" house where they live in Soweto with his father, brothers, sisters, and aunt. But the Ndweka family's official home is far away from Johannesburg, in the province of Natal, in Kwazulu, the Zulu homeland. As we will see, South Africa has a government which makes life very complicated and difficult for the majority of its people.

South Africa is one of the largest countries in Africa. It's about the size of the state of Alaska. Most of the land forms a high, dry, treeless plateau, which is not good for growing crops but is perfect for sheep to graze on. South Africa is one of the world's leading producers of wool. On the land that is good for crops (about 10 percent), farmers grow corn, wheat, barley, oats, tobacco, sugarcane, tea, and fruits such as apples, grapes, and citrus fruits. The plateau, called the *veld*, has very little rain, but the southern part of the country has warm, rainy winters from June to August.

South Africa gets much of its wealth from minerals, especially gold and diamonds. It mines well over half of the world's diamonds. There is also a lot of industry, which produces machines, cars, food products, and cigarettes.

There are many different kinds of people in South Africa. Most of the people are black Africans. They come from several different ethnic groups—Zulu (the Ndwekas belong to this group), Mashona, Matabele, Swazi, Bechuana, Basuto, Xosa, Fingo, Bushmen, and Hottentots. Each group has its own language.

Several hundred years ago, white people came to South Africa from Holland and England. The Dutch (from Holland) formed the largest group of white people; today their descendants are called Afrikaners. The Afrikaners and the English fought with each other for many years, and they both fought with the blacks. The English finally won all the wars because they had more money and weapons than anyone else.



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For a while South Africa was a colony of England. When it gained independence and formed its own government, the white people—English and Afrikaners—kept the power and kept all the black people out of the government. The whites, who make up about one-fifth of the population, control 85 percent of the land. They made laws that say blacks have to live in “homelands,” on the poor land where there are no big farms or mines. That is why Martin Luther’s official home is in Kwazulu.

But the whites need blacks to help them operate the farms, mines, and industries. So the blacks go to where the jobs are, and they have temporary homes in townships outside the cities, like Soweto, where Martin Luther’s family has their small house. The townships are kept poor and have very few services so that the blacks will think of them as temporary homes, because they are on the “white people’s land.” The whites say the blacks can have their own government in the homelands, but since whites control the whole system, the blacks don’t have the freedom to control their own lives.

This system of government is called apartheid, which means separateness. It is condemned by most of the other countries of the world. Many other nations are trying to pressure South Africa to change this system.

Martin Luther’s mother, Catherine, named him after Martin Luther King, Jr., the civil rights leader in the United States. She admired King for leading the struggle for equal rights for blacks in America, and she hopes her children will someday have the same rights. Some of the white people in South Africa want blacks to have equal rights, too.

The family Catherine works for, the Wilsons, do not believe in apartheid. They are trying to change the system. It is very difficult, though, because the whites who support apartheid are strong. They feel that the majority of blacks would hurt the whites if they had equal power in the government. Catherine and the Wilsons do not believe this would happen, but most whites are afraid it would.

Catherine and Martin Luther spend their days with the Wilson children, Elizabeth and Geoffrey. The three children play together while Catherine cooks and takes care of the house, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson go to work in Johannesburg. The house is large and comfortable, with electricity, modern conveniences, and a separate room for everyone.

On Sundays, Catherine and Martin Luther go back to Soweto, to their two-room matchbox house, with no electricity and a latrine outside the house. Here they join Martin Luther’s brothers and sisters (Kevin, Caleb, Rebecca, and Amanda), their aunt Caroline, and their father, Joshua. Caroline takes care of the other children and goes to school in Soweto. The rest of the family—grandparents, aunts, and cousins—live in Kwazulu.

Joshua works during the week as a driver at one of the gold mines near Johannesburg. He sleeps in a special dormitory at the mine. The Ndwekas consider themselves lucky. Most men who work at the mines have to leave their families in the homelands and only see them once or twice a year.

## Nutrition Time

### *Roobeet Slaai: Red Beet Salad*

- 4 medium-sized beets, cooked and diced
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1-2 tablespoons vinegar

Combine beets and onions. Dissolve sugar and salt in vinegar. Pour over beets and mix well. Serve cold.

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## People Time

### **The Two Brothers**

One morning two brothers left their village to hunt. Each carried a bow and arrows and a big leather bag. They trudged into the wild bush, and as they walked a snake would sometimes slither into the long grass, or a bush-fowl would rise into the air, squawking with fear.

Suddenly, they came across a row of cooking-pots standing upside down. The younger son started toward them, but the older son begged him to leave the pots alone, protesting that there was magic about. But the younger son bent and turned over the first few pots. There seemed no magic about any of them. But as he turned over the last pot he gave a shout of surprise, for out popped a little old woman.

She shouted at the older boy, "Follow me and I will show you something." But the boy was terrified and would not go. She turned to the younger boy and commanded him to go with her. She stopped in front of a big tree and, handing him an axe, told him to cut it down. At the first stroke of the axe, a bullock stepped out of the tree-trunk, and each time the boy chopped at the tree, a cow, a bullock, a goat, or a sheep came out, until at last he was surrounded by flocks and herds.

Driving all the animals before him, he came back to the place where he had left his elder brother. Together they started back towards their village. The grass was brown, for it was the middle of the dry season, and the boys were very thirsty, while the animals cried loudly from time to time as they nosed unsuccessfully for food on the parched ground.

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Further on, they saw a steep precipice. Peering over the edge, they saw a small stream among the trees. The older brother tied a rope around himself, and the younger one lowered him down so that he could drink. Soon the older one came up from the stream again, refreshed. Then the older boy let out the rope so that his brother could quench his thirst, too.

Suddenly an evil thought came to the older boy. He knew that there was no way to climb up from the valley and he threw the rope over the edge and drove the animals home, leaving his brother to perish.

When the older boy arrived and was greeted by his parents, he lied to them, saying that an old woman gave the animals to him, and that his younger brother had grown tired of the journey home. The parents thought he had changed his mind and gone hunting in another direction.

Early the next morning, the women of the village heard the song of a honey-bird. People had discovered that if they followed a singing honey-bird, it led them to a bees' nest with honey. So several men, including the father of the boy who was still missing, ran to follow the bird and get some honey. Through the bush they ran, through the thick undergrowth until the men scarcely knew where they were. The bird sang and chirped louder than before, and fluttered its wings so violently that the men were puzzled.

They went on until at last they came to a precipice, and from far down below a faint voice reached them, calling for help. The bird swooped into the valley and landed at the feet of the boy. The father leaned over the edge to see where the bird had gone.

Seeing his son, he and the other men quickly made a rope and hauled the boy up the precipice. He told them

the whole story of his adventures. His father wept at realizing that his other son was so wicked. The other men all agreed that the greedy brother should be punished.

But news of the younger son's rescue must have reached home before the men did, since the older brother had already disappeared when they returned, and he never came back to the village again. But the younger boy prospered as his flocks and herds increased, and his parents wanted for nothing.

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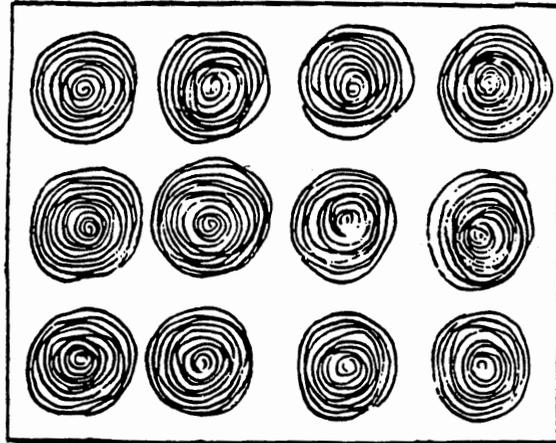
## Playtime

### Handball

A playground ball is needed for this athletic game, which can be played in a gymnasium or outside. Children in the United States play this game, calling it "Keep Away," without the rhythmic hand clapping and foot stomping.

The players are divided into two sides. The ball is given to one player, and he throws it to another player on his side. Each teammate who has the ball wishes to keep it passing from one of his side to another while the other side tries to gain possession by intercepting the ball. Each of the players, with the exception of the one who holds the ball, claps his hands together once, and sometimes stamps his feet, every time the ball is caught.

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## Project Time

### Zulu Wall Hanging

The inside walls of Zulu huts were often decorated with small wall hangings made from unbleached or dyed cotton cloth. The cloth was decorated with sewn-on circles of hemp cord or other fiber cord, colored with vegetable dyes. Sometimes the circles were sewn together, then sewn to each other without a cotton cloth base. Listed below are the materials required for each wall hanging. This project may work best as a class project which could be hung somewhere in the Y.

#### Materials:

bright blue burlap—20x25 inches  
 matching blue sewing thread  
 1 sheet of typewriter paper  
 newspaper, masking tape  
 2 balls of 7-ply jute cord (198 feet each)—  
 sun-gold and rust  
 white household glue  
 ruler, compass, pencil, scissors, pins, needle  
 round watercolor brush—#3, chalk, long-shank  
 clear-top thumbtacks  
 wooden dowel—30 inches long, 1/2 inch in diameter  
 (optional)  
 cord for hanging dowel—1 yard (optional)

Before class, make a 1-inch hem around all edges of the burlap, leaving the two ends of the hem open on one long side for the top of the wall hanging. Draw a 4-inch-diameter circle using the compass on the typewriter paper. Cut out the circle. This is the pattern for the jute cord circles. Slightly enlarge the hole in the center of the circle made by the compass point. The decoration for the burlap is formed of three rows of four circles. With the ruler and chalk, measure the center of each circle. Lay the pattern circle in position, placing the center hole over the chalk mark. Draw around the edge of the pattern circles with the chalk.

Start the first jute cord circle. Start in the upper lefthand corner with a rust circle. Paste down the free end of the cord at the center chalk mark. Bring the cord around the center in a tight circle, adding glue to the bottom of the cord, pressing the cord down against the burlap. Add a little glue between the cords to hold them together. When you get to the chalk circle outline, cut off the cord. Tuck the end under the last circle of cord, and glue it down. Put a book on top of the cord circle to hold it flat. Continue adding circles, alternating colors on top line; start with gold circle on second line, rust circle on third line, alternating colors on each line. Use long cord to hang, with or without wooden dowel.

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### The YMCA in South Africa

Martin Luther goes to the YMCA in Soweto for recreation. The Y also has a child care program and tutoring for students. There are many Ys in South Africa for people there of all races. The Y also has schools, libraries, and clubs for college students.

For more information on the YMCAs in South Africa, contact:

International Office for Africa  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Boulevard of the Allies, 7th Floor  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Tel: 412/227-3815

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The Chungs of South Korea

Yong Tu Chung and his baby sister Ok Cha live in Seoul, South Korea. "Yoboseyo," they will greet you, bowing slightly to show respect. When we visit them in their home, we take a basket of fruit, and remove our shoes before entering. Proper manners are very important to Koreans, and children are taught to be courteous and modest at an early age.

South Korea is a country about the size of

Indiana, bordered by North Korea and then China to the north, and by Japan to the east across the Sea of Japan. North and South Korea used to be one country, but when World War II ended, the United States and the Soviet Union divided the country. Five years later, the North Koreans invaded the south. The United Nations and the United States sent troops. The fighting ended after

three years, but troops still guard the border between the two countries, called the demilitarized zone. Today the communist government in the north says its system is better because the government can tell the people to work together. The democratic government in the south says its way is better because the people have more freedom. But in spite of these divisions, most Koreans hope that someday their country will be reunited.

The climate of South Korea is very humid, which makes the summers seem hotter and the winters colder. Monsoon rains come in the summer, and spring and fall are mild, like in most of the United States. Most of the

land is covered by forests. Only about one-fourth of it is suitable for farming. Still, most of the people used to be farmers. But in the past 30 years, South Korea has done everything possible to develop its industry, and now less than one-sixth of the people are farmers.

This one-sixth includes Yong Tu's and Ok Cha's grandfather. In fact, the Chung family has been farming the same land for many generations. Haraboji (Grandfather) and Halmoni (Grandmother), along with the children's uncle and his family, live in the old L-shaped farmhouse, and grow rice, barley, cabbage, white radish, and other vegetables. Yong Tu and Ok Cha go with their parents several times a year to visit the family farm. They always go for national holidays—for Buddha's birthday and Christmas, New Year's Day, and *Chusok*, the autumn festival when Koreans remember their ancestors.

The Chung's *chup* (home) in Seoul is in a building that has 16 stories. Their three-room apartment is small, but they don't need much space because they don't have much furniture. Beautiful painted screens divide the rooms. Everything is kept in antique trunks. Bedding is rolled out at night and stored during the day. Although some Koreans have western-style tables and chairs to eat on, Aboji (Father) prefers the traditional low Korean tables, with cushions to sit on. The floor is warm because heat comes from hot-water pipes running underneath it.



When guests come, the Chungs will do everything possible to make them happy. Much food will be served—rice with different kinds of vegetable, soybean, and meat dishes. And, of course, *kimch'i*. *Kimch'i* is made from cabbage, turnips, radishes, cucumbers, red peppers, and garlic soaked in salt water and stored in large pottery jars. It is hot and spicy. Omoni (Mother) has "*kimch'i* days" every fall, when the markets are filled with the vegetables she needs. She buys dozens and dozens of cabbages, chops them for days, and stores the *kimch'i* in jars on the balcony to eat throughout the year.

Aboji is a manager in the office of a shipbuilding company. The ships are built at the harbor in nearby Inchon, but the company has its headquarters in Seoul, the capital city. Aboji left the family farm to study engineering at one of the many universities in Seoul, and then married and settled down in the city. He works very hard, from 8:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m., and often on Saturdays as well. This is expected of young executives who want to rise in their companies. He is very proud of the rapid progress his country has made in manufacturing. Today South Korea exports clothing and textiles, food, chemicals, steel, electronic equipment, cars, and ships all over the world.

Aboji is also proud of the great job his country did in hosting the 1988 Olympics. His company assisted in the effort, along with almost every other business and organization in South Korea. Long ago, Koreans were very isolated from the world, and suspicious of foreigners. So they were especially proud to host the Olympics, and have the games televised around the world.

Yong Tu will start school next year, and he is very excited about it. His father always tells him education brings wealth and success. Yong Tu already hopes to do well in school so he will be able to go to university like Aboji. Omoni went to elementary school only. Although more women are going to university now, and some work, they usually stay at home after marriage.

## Nutrition Time

### *Kong Namul: Bean Sprout Salad*

#### Ingredients:

- 1 pound fresh bean sprouts
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 tablespoon sesame oil
- 2 spring onions, chopped
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 teaspoon honey or sugar
- 1 tablespoon toasted sesame seeds
- dash of chili powder or cayenne pepper
- 3 tablespoons light soy sauce
- cayenne pepper

Wash bean sprouts. Bring a pan of lightly salted water to a boil, drop in the bean sprouts, and return to boil. Boil for 1 minute or a little longer. The sprouts should be just tender, not overcooked. Drain at once and cool under cold water. Drain well. Combine all other ingredients for the dressing and toss with bean sprouts. Chill before serving.

From *The Complete Asian Cookbook* by Charmaine Solomon, Toppan Printing Co. Ltd., copyright ©1985, by permission of Weldon Publishing.

## People Time

### A Country of Bears and Tigers

Korea is a country with many legends. One famous legend tells about the beginning of Korea's culture and history. Thousands of years ago, people and animals lived together in peace. The people and animals were friends and followed God's rules.

Some of the animals envied the people, and they wanted to become people. One day, the bear and the tiger asked God for a favor. They asked God to make them into people.

God told them changes take time. It would take 100 days to change from an animal into a person. God told the bear and the tiger to stay in a cave for 100 days. The bear and the tiger could sleep and talk all they wanted, but they could only eat garlic and an ancient herb called wormwood. The garlic, wormwood, and drinking water cleansed the bear and the tiger. There was no sunlight in the cave, and the darkness cleansed the bear and the tiger, too.

After a few days, the bear decided to take a long nap. Bears like sleeping in caves, so God gave the bear an easy test. The tiger was not happy staying in the cave for 100 days. It was a hard test for the tiger.

Tigers like to roam, and tigers like to sleep in the sun. After a few days, the tiger ran away from the cave. God was not angry with the tiger. God understood the tiger's decision.

The bear slept and waited patiently for 100 days. Little by little, the bear changed. The bear lost its fur and became a beautiful woman. On the 100th day, the bear woman left the cave. The bear woman was thoughtful and happy, but she was lonely. She asked God for a second favor: a life partner. God listened to the bear woman and rewarded her for being patient. God

married the bear woman, and she had a baby. The baby's name was Tangun.

Tangun founded the country of Korea. Tangun called the country Choson. This name means Land of Morning Calm because the bear woman left the cave on the morning of the 100th day, and it was a calm and fresh morning.

Today, Tangun is remembered by Korean people in many ways. Korea's ancient birthday is called Foundation Day. October 3 is Foundation Day, and it is a national holiday. People relax and celebrate the legend of the bear, the tiger, and Tangun.

There is another way to remember the legend of Tangun. Tangun's mother was a patient bear. The bear was able to wait in the cave for 100 days. The tiger was not patient because she left the cave early to explore the mountain peaks.

In Korea, a patient person is called a "bear person." An impatient person is called a "tiger person."

Sometimes it's good to be a bear person. A bear person knows when to wait for the right time. A bear person is patient with other people.

And sometimes it's good to be a tiger person. A tiger person is eager to try new things. A tiger person is active and busy.

Tangun is a symbol of a bear person and a tiger person. How can that be? Tangun's mother was a bear, but Tangun was busy—like the tiger—forming a new country.

Which person are you? Are you a bear person or a tiger person today?

Story based on Korean folktales and written by Christina Sebelius and Lee Sang-Oh from the Korean National Tourism Corporation, Los Angeles Office.

## Playtime

### Yoot

This game is a great favorite in Korea, particularly at New Year's time. Adults play it, too. See Project Time for making Yoot playing board and playing pieces.

Four people play on each diagram. A player starts the game by tossing the four sticks up in the air. When they land on the table or floor, their meaning is as follows:

One flat side up, called "pig," move one spot.

Two flat sides up, called "dog," move two spots.

Three flat sides up, called "kuel," move three spots.

Four flat sides up, called "yoot," move five spots and get an extra throw.

No flat sides up, called "mo," move four spots and get an extra throw.

Players toss in turn and move a disc to the spot indicated. The object of the game is to get around the board and back to the starting point. If a player lands a disc exactly on an intersection, he may move down that intersection, making it unnecessary to travel all the way around the board. If a player lands on a spot occupied by an opponent, he captures that opponent and sends him back home. Each player has four discs to move around. The one who does this first is the winner.

From *Games of Many Nations* by E. O. Harbin. Copyright renewal ©1982 Mary Elizabeth Harbin Standish and Thomas Harbin. Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Abingdon Press.

## Project Time

### Yoot Board And Playing Pieces

#### Materials:

cardboard—8 x 8 inches

paint—red, green, blue, yellow

compass

ink

a bottle cork

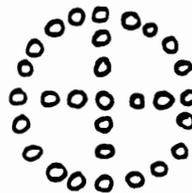
an old broomstick, cut into inch lengths, and split down the middle

heavy cardboard

sandpaper

Draw a circle on the cardboard about 12 inches in diameter. Make 20 spots around the circle, using the cork dipped in ink. Make a cross of nine spots, dividing the circle into four equal segments.

For each player, cut four cardboard discs 3/4 inch across. Each player should have a set of four of a particular color. The yoot sticks are made from the broomstick pieces. Sand them smooth, and paint or varnish. Twigs could also be used.



### The YMCA in South Korea

Mr. Chung belongs to the Chongno (Downtown) branch of the YMCA, where he goes to use the pool and gym. Mrs. Chung goes to the Koduk Center in the Northeast where they live. She takes classes in flower arrangement, and brings Yong Tu and Ok Cha to the Koala program, where they can all participate in classes. The family has gone together on YMCA ski trips and to YMCA family camp. There are 38 YMCAs in South Korea, and they offer a wide variety of other programs as well—from classes for children on Korean culture to camps, swimming, rice banks, mediation of landlord-tenant disputes, and a hotel.

For more information on the YMCA in South Korea, contact:

International Office for Asia  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Lucia in Spain

Lucia (Lou-chee-ya) Garcia de Rivera is a little girl with long black hair and dark eyes. She says "Buenos Dias!" ("Good day!") to you. "Bienvenido a mi pais, Espagne!" ("Welcome to my country, Spain!") "Yo soy contento de contar a ustedes algo de mi vida y mi familia." ("I am happy to tell you about my life and my family.")

To begin, we should learn a bit about Lucia's country. Spain is located in the south of Europe, on what is called the Iberian Peninsula. A peninsula is like an island, since it is almost totally surrounded by water—but it is still connected to land. Spain is surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, and bordered to the north by France. It takes up most of the peninsula, but a small part to the east is occupied by another country, Portugal. Spain is slightly smaller than the states of Utah and Nevada combined. Most of the country is a high plateau and high mountains. The climate in these parts is dry, with hot summers and cold winters. The southern coasts have hot, dry summers and mild winters, and the northern coasts have a moderate climate, with rain all year long.

Lucia lives on the northeast coast, in Spain's second largest city, Barcelona. The largest city is Madrid, the capital, located in the middle of the country on the high plateau. Spanish is the main language spoken in Spain, but there are three other languages spoken by minorities in the north—Catalan, Galician, and Basque. Many of the people in Barcelona are Catalan, so this language is spoken as well as Spanish. Lucia's family speaks both languages, and her father speaks English and French, too.

Lucia has a younger brother and sister, Juan Miguel and Isabella, who are twins. The children live with their father, Geraldo, and their mother, Anna Maria, in an apartment in Barcelona. Their mother's parents live in the apartment next door. Their father owns and operates a small restaurant in Barcelona with his parents, Lucia's other grandparents, who live in an apartment above the restaurant. Spanish people like to eat out, so the restaurant is always busy. There are also lots of tourists, especially from France, England, and the



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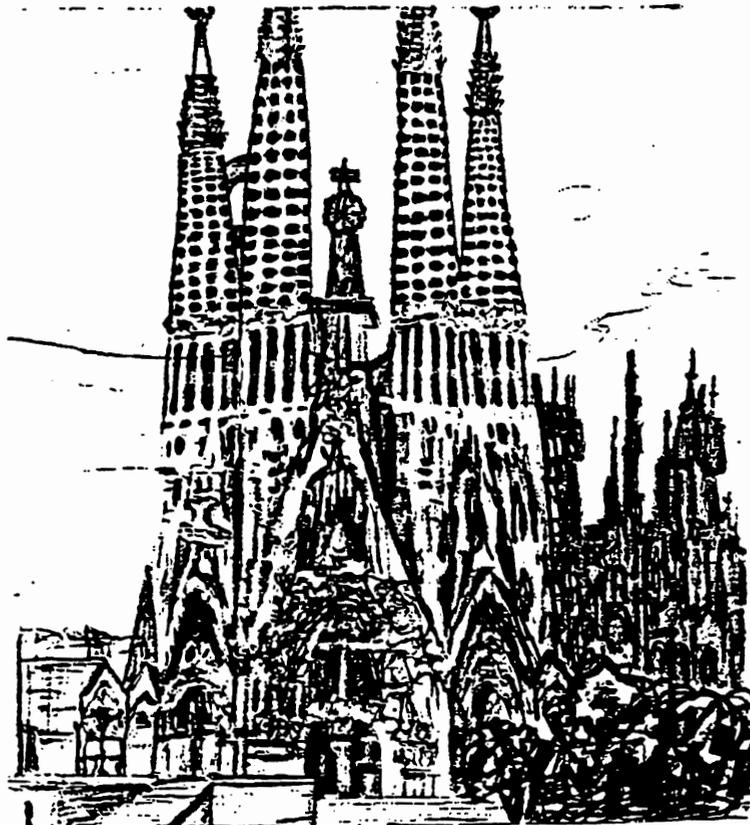
United States, who eat there when they visit Barcelona. Geraldo uses his French and English quite a bit. The restaurant opens in the afternoon for *comida* (dinner), which is the main meal of the day in Spain.

Most people eat this meal around 2:00 p.m. They will usually have a bowl of soup, followed by some kind of fish, then a meat and vegetable course, and finally, dessert. Since this is a heavy meal, many people will take a nap before going back to work. In the late afternoon, people will join friends for a *chateo*, a tour of several restaurants. They will go from one to the next, sampling the different *tapas*, which are appetizers served with drinks. Geraldo is very proud of his *tapas*, which include pieces of egg, meat, vegetables, and fish. The last meal of the day is *cena* (supper), eaten around 10:00

p.m. It is a light meal, often an omelet and salad, or soup and fruit. The restaurant closes late, at about 2:00 in the morning!

Lucia goes to a Catholic primary school near her apartment. This is a private school, run by the Catholic church. Almost everyone in Spain is Catholic. But half of Spain's children go to public schools, run by the government. Children's parents must pay for them to go to private schools, but the public schools are free. Juan Miguel and Isabella are still too young for school. There are not many day care programs in Spain, and mothers or grandparents usually stay home with young children.

Lucia gets up at 7:00 in the morning and has a breakfast of thick hot chocolate and bread or *churro* (a long, thin,



fried doughnut). She puts on her uniform, a striped, apron-like pinafore with her name embroidered on it, and walks to school with her mother or one of her grandparents. Because she lives so close, she comes home for dinner at noon, then takes a nap and goes back to school from 3:00 to 5:30 p.m. She also goes to school on Saturday morning.

On Sunday, the restaurant is closed, and Geraldo takes the whole family for a *paseo* (a long walk). Of course the twins go along in their double stroller. Sometimes the family walks along the Ramblas, Barcelona's main street, with its shops, flower stalls, and interesting people. Sometimes they go to visit the Sagrada Familia, one of the strangest-looking churches in Europe. Lucia thinks it looks like a giant cave turned inside out. Montjuic park, rising above the city, is Anna Maria's favorite, with its splashing fountains, gardens, and museums. The children like riding in the *funicular* (cable car) to get to the top. In the park, there is also the Poble Espanyol, a Spanish village which was built to represent all the kinds of houses found in different regions of Spain.

But Lucia's favorite is to take another *funicular* to Tibidabo mountain. *Tibi dabo* means "I give this to you." According to a Spanish legend, this is what the devil said to Jesus when they were standing on top of this mountain. He was offering Jesus all the riches in sight in exchange for his soul. The view of Barcelona from Tibidabo mountain is indeed beautiful. But Lucia, being a typical child, is much more interested in the amusement park than the view. She loves the ferris wheels!

## Nutrition Time

Although the food in Geraldo's restaurant is often very fancy and takes a long time to prepare, the family's favorite dish is the simple *tortilla espanola*—an omelet of potatoes and eggs. Served with thick Spanish hot chocolate, it makes a great meal.

### *Tortilla Espanola*

1 medium-sized potato  
3 eggs  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
Olive oil

Peel the potato and cut it into cubes about one-half inch on a side. Break the eggs in a bowl, sprinkle with salt, and beat until scrambled. Cover the bottom of a small frying pan with olive oil. Heat the oil for a minute, then cook the potato cubes until they are soft. Pour the eggs into the pan and cook until the bottom sets. Lift the edges to let the liquid egg run off the top to the bottom. When the bottom is lightly browned, slide the tortilla onto a plate and cover it with another plate. Turn the plates upside down and slide the tortilla back into the pan. Cook until the other side is firm and lightly browned. The tortilla can be cut into wedges like a pie and served hot or cold. You can also put a piece inside a small roll to make a *bocadillo* (little sandwich).

### Spanish Hot Chocolate

1/2 cup unsweetened powdered cocoa  
1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon cornstarch  
1/4 cup water  
1 quart milk

Blend the sugar and the cocoa together thoroughly. In a medium-sized saucepan, dissolve the cornstarch in the water. Add the cocoa and sugar and stir until a smooth paste is made. Over medium heat, stir this mixture; then add the milk little by little, stirring frequently, for about 10 minutes. Serve hot.

*"Tortilla Espanola"* and "Spanish Hot Chocolate" are reproduced by permission of the publisher, Dillon Press, Inc., from the book *Spain, A Shining New Democracy*, by Geraldine Woods.

## People Time

### The Carlanco

Once in Spain there was a goat who was a very good mother and housekeeper. She had three well-behaved little kids. One day when the mother was up on the mountain gathering wood, she saw a wasp that was near to drowning in a stream. Quickly, she held out a branch. The wasp managed to get hold of it, and the goat pulled her to land. "Heaven will reward you!" said the wasp. "You have done me an act of great mercy. If ever you have any need of me, you must go to that old wall, where I live as Abbess of our convent of wasps. Inquire for the Abbess, and I will come at once to help you. "Adios—Farewell." On saying this, the wasp flew away, singing her morning prayers.

A few days later, the goat said to her little ones: "I am going to the mountain for a bundle of wood. You must shut yourselves in and bar up the door. Be very careful not to open to anyone, because that wicked ogre, the Carlanco, is roving about. Do not open the door until I say to you: "Open the door, my children three, I am your mother, so open for me!"

The goat went away, and the little kids, who were very dutiful, did exactly what she had told them to do. Soon they heard someone calling at the door in a great rough voice: "Open the door, the Carlanco is here!" The little kids had barred the door heavily, so they shouted from within: "Open it yourself, strong one!" The Carlanco tried to push the door open, but he could not. Finally he went away in a rage, promising the kids that he would get them yet. Later the mother goat returned with her load of wood and called to her three little kids: "Open the door, my children three. I am your mother, so open for me!"

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The next day the Carlanco hid nearby. When the mother goat returned, he listened to what she said to the little kids. The following morning the Carlanco hid again. When the mother departed and he thought she had gone far enough away, he went to the door and, imitating her voice, said: "Open the door, my children three, I am your mother, so open for me!" The little kids this time believed that it was their mother calling to them. They went to the door and opened it. Now they saw that it was the horrible Carlanco himself!

Off they scampered with all their might up the ladder, which they pulled up after them. Thus they got onto the roof where the Carlanco could not reach them. The monster was in a passion at this. He could see them, but he could not reach them. Finally, he closed the door and began raging about the house, snorting so fiercely that the poor little kids shivered with fright.

Presently their mother came home with her load of wood. She called to her kids to open the door, but they cried down to her from the roof that the Carlanco was in the house. When the goat heard this she flung down her wood and, with the speed of lightning, flew to the convent of wasps and knocked at their door. "Who is it?" inquired the doorkeeper. "Mother, I am a little goat, at your service. Call the Abbess to come quickly."

The doorkeeper hastened to call the Abbess. To the Abbess, the goat told the dreadful thing that had happened. "Be of good heart, Mother Goat," she said. "I will help you and your kids. Let us hasten to your house." When they arrived, the wasp crept into the

house through the keyhole. She began to sting the Carlanco, now in the eyes, now on the nose, so that he was quite bewildered. He finally opened the door and ran off.

From *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Spain*, retold by Virginia Haviland with illustrations by Barbara Cooney. Text copyright ©1963 by Virginia Haviland. By permission of Little, Brown and Company.

## Playtime

### Moon and Morning Stars

One player is the moon (*la luna*) and must stay within a large shadow. The other players are the morning stars (*las estrellas*) and stay in the sunshine. The stars may go in the shadow, but if the moon tags them, they become the moon, and the moon becomes a morning star. While the moon is in the shadow, she is saying: "Oh moon and morning stars! Oh moon and morning stars! Within your shadow, who dares to tread, oh!"

Produced by permission of Oak Tree Publications, copyright ©1964 from *Games and Sports Around the World* by Sarah Etheridge Hunt.

## Project Time

Children are named in Spain in a very special way. They take the last names of their father and their mother. For example, Lucia's name is Lucia Garcia de Rivera. Garcia is from her father, and de Rivera is from her mother. The father's last name always comes first, then the mother's. When the short form of the name is used, the mother's last name is dropped, so Lucia's short name would be Lucia Garcia. When women marry, they do not change their names. So, Lucia's mother is called Anna Maria de Rivera Sanchez, because her father's name was de Rivera, and her mother's name was Sanchez. Lucia's father is named Geraldo Garcia Espanoza, because his father was Garcia, and his mother Espanoza. This is how the names would look on a family tree.

Now make your own family tree, and name everyone as they would be named in Spain. For example, your first last name would be your father's, and your second last name would be your mother's maiden name. Name your parents and grandparents (if you can) the same way. You may have to ask your parents for help with the names.



## The YMCA in Spain

Lucia's cousin Fernando lives in Madrid, in the Barrio Leganes. He belongs to the YMCA there, and he takes Lucia with him when she visits. It is a small, one-room YMCA, filled with books, crayons, paints, and arts and crafts. Children go there after school to play or learn English.

For more information on the YMCA in Spain, contact:  
International Office for Europe  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Tel: 216/344-0095

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Eric and Kristina in Sweden

When we go to Sweden to visit the Hokansson family, we will find Eric and Kristina and their parents greeting us from their apartment in Stockholm, the capital. Their faces glow from exercise in Sweden's brisk weather. It is a country just larger than the state of California, located in Scandinavia, in the north of Europe. The upper third of the country lies north of the arctic circle, so its climate is cold most of the year.

Sweden is called "the land of the midnight sun," because in summer, when the north pole of the earth is tipped toward the sun, night never comes to Sweden. In midsummer, the sun never sets. But in midwinter the sun never rises—it is dark all the time. More than half of Sweden is covered by forests, so lumbering is a big industry, and many products are made from wood. In the north, there are mountains and glaciers, and further south there are rolling plains and many lakes.

The Hokanssons feel lucky to have an apartment in Stockholm. It is not large, but it is very bright, clean, and warm. Many Swedes live in houses, but they are older, and not as well insulated against the harsh Swedish winters. The furniture is simple but stylish, made from Swedish wood. The floors are wood, too, with brightly colored Swedish *rya* rugs.

Eric and Kristina start their day with breakfast, which is a light meal with rolls or *knakkebrod* (hard bread) and cheese, or porridge, and *filmjolk* (like yogurt, served with fruit or cinammon and sugar). After breakfast, everyone is off to work and school. Eric goes to *grundskola* (elementary school), and Kristina goes to day care. Mr. Hokansson is a teacher in a *grundskola*. Education is considered very important in Sweden, and teachers there are highly respected. Mrs. Hokansson works in a shop that sells world famous Swedish glassware.



The family will return home again in the late afternoon for *middag*, the main meal of the day. They almost always have fish of some kind. On Sundays they sometimes have a smorgasbord, a table loaded with as many as 40 different kinds of food. "Var so god," Mother says: "Help yourself." When the meal is over, everyone says, "Tack for maten": "Thank you for the food."

On weekends, unless the weather is really bad, the family goes to the country to do some bicycling or to camp in the woods. In winter they go cross-country skiing across fields and through woods. Even little Kristina has her own pair of skis. They also love ice skating, and swimming at their local YMCA. Only in mid-summer can they swim outdoors, and even then the water in the lakes and oceans is freezing. But Swedes are used to cold water.

Sometimes Eric and Kristina and their cousin Sven spend a weekend in Stockholm with Edda—Grandmother. She has a 500-year-old apartment in Old Town, which is located on one of Stockholm's 12 islands. Like all old

buildings, Edda's has its very own *spoken* (spook). The children aren't afraid, though, because Edda also has a *tomte* (good luck spirit) living with her. She makes sure to keep the place very clean, and plays music to keep her *tomte* happy.

Edda has other wonderful stories, too, about trolls and dwarves and mermaids, and the lives of the Vikings, who lived in Sweden hundreds of years ago and were great seafaring warriors. She also takes Eric, Kristina, and Sven to visit the parks, palaces, and museums of Stockholm. Kristina loves the Royal Palace, home of the king and queen. The boys prefer the Viking warships from ancient times. The children are lucky to live in Sweden today. Their government is famous for providing necessities for all Swedes. Taxes are high, but everyone is assured a home, health care, and the basic necessities of life.



## Nutrition Time

Although Swedes eat a lot of fish, one of their most famous dishes is *Kottbullar* (Swedish meatballs). It is always included in the Hokanssons' smorgasbord because it is a favorite of the children.

### *Kottbullar*

(Serves 6)

- 1/2 cup breadcrumbs (or stuffing mix)
- 1 cup canned milk
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg or allspice
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 2 teaspoons flour
- 1 cup hot water

Soak the breadcrumbs in 1/2 cup of canned milk. Mix the ground beef, onion, egg, nutmeg (or allspice), salt, and pepper into the crumbs. Shape this mixture into small balls no larger than a walnut. Fry the balls in butter until they are browned on all sides. Take them out of the pan, and stir the flour into the juice that remains. Add the other 1/2 cup of canned milk and the cup of hot water. Heat this mixture until it is a thick sauce. Put the meatballs and sauce into a baking dish, cover, and bake at 350° for 15 minutes.

## People Time

The Lapps are a people who live in the north of Sweden. They have made their living hunting reindeer for hundreds of years, living in tents made of reindeer hide and moving with the deer from one place to another. Today the Lapps are more integrated into the modern world, but many of them still migrate with the deer. This story comes from Lapland.

### **The Fox, the Fish, and the Bear**

Far away in the north of Lapland, there once lived a fox who had been looking for food for days but had found none. "What shall I do?" he asked himself as he lay on the hard packed snow. "If I cannot find food I shall die."

Then he heard the sound of dogs barking in the distance and he guessed that some sleighs were coming toward him. Most of the Laplanders in this part of the country were fishermen, and this fox loved eating fish. So he stretched himself out on the snow in such a way that the sleigh-driver would think he was dead. Sure enough, after a few moments a string of sleighs stopped right beside the fox.



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"What luck," said a man's voice. "A dead fox! Now I can sell its fur." The man slung its body onto the front sleigh and continued on his way. Cautiously the fox opened his eyes. He saw that the dogs were dragging four sleighs, and they were all empty except for the last one, which was piled high with fish. As the sleighs rode over some bumpy ground, the fox fell off onto the snow, taking care to make a loud plop.

The man reined in the dogs and slung the fox up on the second sleigh. Then he continued on his journey. After a few more miles the fox again fell off the sleigh, taking care to make an even louder plop as he dropped. Once again the man stopped, and he slung the fox onto the third sleigh. From here the fox could smell the fish so strongly that his stomach ached with hunger.

In no time he had dropped off the third sleigh, and the man stopped again and picked him up. "What a nuisance you are!" said the Laplander, throwing him on top of all the fish on the fourth sleigh. "If you fall off here, I shan't bother to stop again. I shall never get home at this rate." Then, climbing back into the front sleigh, the man whipped up the dogs and hurried off.

Now the fox opened his eyes and began to get busy. The cunning animal gnawed the thin ropes which tied the fourth sleigh to the third, until at last he separated the sleighs. The man drove on, never realizing that he now had only three empty sleighs, while the fox dragged the sleigh toward a big snowdrift where he could hide. Fish after fish went down the fox's throat, until he began to think he could eat no more. Just then the snapping of a nearby twig made him turn his head. In horror, he saw a huge, long-tailed bear approaching through the trees.

"Where did you get all that fish?" growled the bear. "I caught it myself," lied the fox. "It's all mine, and you are not to touch it."

"What did you catch it with?" asked the bear. "I will show you if you like," said the fox. "Come down to the river and you will soon have a pile of fish even bigger than mine."

The river was covered with ice, so, taking a sharp stone, the fox knocked a hole through the ice until they could see the sluggish water flowing below. "Now," said the fox, "you have to sit on the bank with your back to the river and your tail hanging down through the hole in the water."

The stupid bear did as he was told and, sitting down, he gently eased his long tail into the hole in the ice. "How shall I know when I have caught a fish?" he asked. "Oh, that's easy," replied the fox. "You will feel a slight nip as the fish bites, and then you must gently ease your tail up through the hole, eat the fish, and begin again."

Then the fox dashed off to his sleigh, and, seizing the rope in his mouth, he dragged it as far away from the river as he could. But the bear sat on and on, waiting for the slight nip which would tell him he had caught a fish. It got colder and colder as night came on, and presently the bear realized that the fox had tricked him. "Wait till I catch him!" he growled, trying to turn away from the river in the direction the fox had taken. But the ice had frozen tight around his long tail, and he could not move. He tugged and pulled for a long time in vain, until at last his great strength triumphed and he found that he had freed himself from the ice. But on looking behind, he also found that he had left most of his big, bushy tail in the frozen river, and all that remained was a little furry stump. And that is the reason, say the Laplanders, why even today all bears have such short, stumpy tails.

From *Animal Folk Tales Around the World* by Kathleen Arnett, copyright ©1970, Henry Z. Walck, Inc.

## Playtime

Every year in midsummer in Sweden, when the sun stays in the sky all day and all night, a midsummer festival is held. This is one of the games children play at the festival.

### **Lend, Lend, Fire**

All the players except one sit on chairs in a circle. The one who is standing in the center of the circle walks up to one of the players in the circle, taps on the ground with a cane, and says, "Lana, lana, eld!" ("Lend, lend, fire!") The player replies, "Ga till mastra gannen" ("Go to the next neighbor"), and then the one standing passes to the next player. The game continues in this manner, and at the same time, the players are exchanging chairs with one another. The questioner must be on the alert to get into a vacant chair. The player deprived of the chair must then take the cane and go in search of fire.

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## Project Time

The Vikings were the warlords of the sea in ancient Sweden. In fact, some Vikings are said to have come to America before Christopher Columbus. Make your own Viking ships and pretend you are sailing the seas in your bathtub.

### Materials:

Floating soap (Ivory)  
Sipper straws  
Thin paper  
Paints or crayons  
A blunt knife  
Scissors

Mark off one end of a large cake of soap with a crayon for the bow. Cut away the marked-off section with a knife. Polish and rub it smooth. Cut or tear pieces of paper into different shapes for flags and sails. Decorate them with paints. Punch holes at the top and bottom of each. Run a sipper straw through the sails and flags for a flagpole. Press the flagpole into the bow end of the ship. Press a small flagpole and flag into the stern, or back of the ship. Float the ships in the bathtub.

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## The YMCA in Sweden

There is a YMCA near where Eric and Kristina live in Stockholm called the Cold Storage YMCA. It used to be used for cold storage, but now the lockers have been turned into practice rooms for rock bands. Their walls are very thick, so the sound doesn't go through them. There is also a giant wall at the Y that is used for wall climbing—kids learn to climb up the wall and back down using ropes. Eric's favorite place is the "Airhouse," a building made from a big plastic bubble. It has a skateboard ramp, and he goes there to practice skateboarding with his friends. Kristina goes to the YMCA to practice gymnastics. There's also basketball and soccer.

If you want more information on the YMCA in Sweden, contact:

International Office for Europe  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Tel: 216/344-0095

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Monique in Switzerland

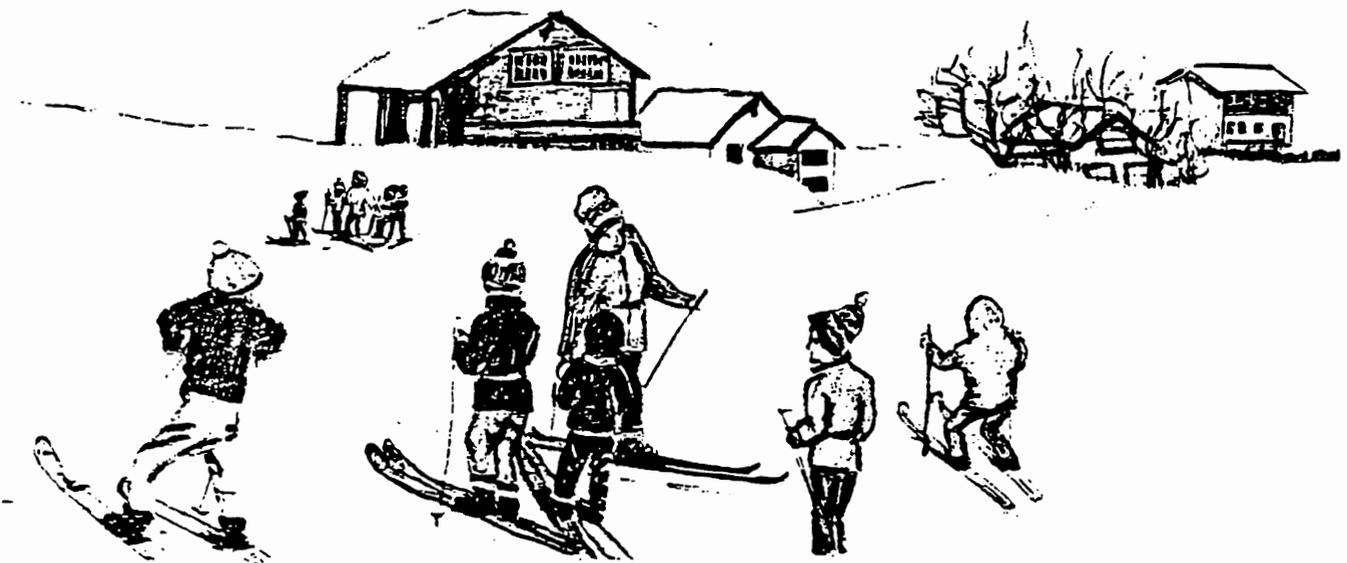
Monique Giradeau lives with her parents in Geneva, in the French-speaking part of Switzerland. She says "Bonjour" ("Hello") to greet you. "Bienvenu en Suisse!" ("Welcome to Switzerland!") Monique speaks French, but other Swiss children speak German, Italian, or a language called Romans, depending on where they live in the country.

Even though it has four languages, Switzerland is a small country—about the size of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut combined. It is very mountainous; in fact, it is well known for its highest mountains, the Alps. From November to April, the snow-covered Alps are a favorite vacation spot for people from all over Europe who like to ski. There is also a great valley, where many kinds of crops are grown.

Monique's parents operate a small *confiserie* (bakery) in Geneva. In addition to delicate pastries and croissants, they sell delicious chocolates, for which the Swiss are famous. They get up very early in the morning to make

the pastries fresh each day. By the time people are going to work, before 7:00 a.m., the pastries are ready. Monique gets up early, too, so she can be at school by 8:00 a.m. Her parents always stress the importance of neatness, so she makes her bed and straightens up her room before she has breakfast.

After a meal of hot chocolate and thick bread with butter and jam, she walks to school with her friend Anne-Marie, who lives next door. It takes the girls about 15 minutes to walk to school. When the weather is warm, they ride their bicycles. At noon they go back home for two and a half hours, for lunch and a nap. Then they go back to school until 5:00 p.m. They go to school Saturday morning, too, but they have Wednesday afternoon off. In the winter, they often go skiing in the Alps, on trips organized through the school. Children learn to ski at a very young age in Switzerland. Although Monique is in the first grade, she is already learning both French and German in school. Later, she will probably learn Italian or English as well.



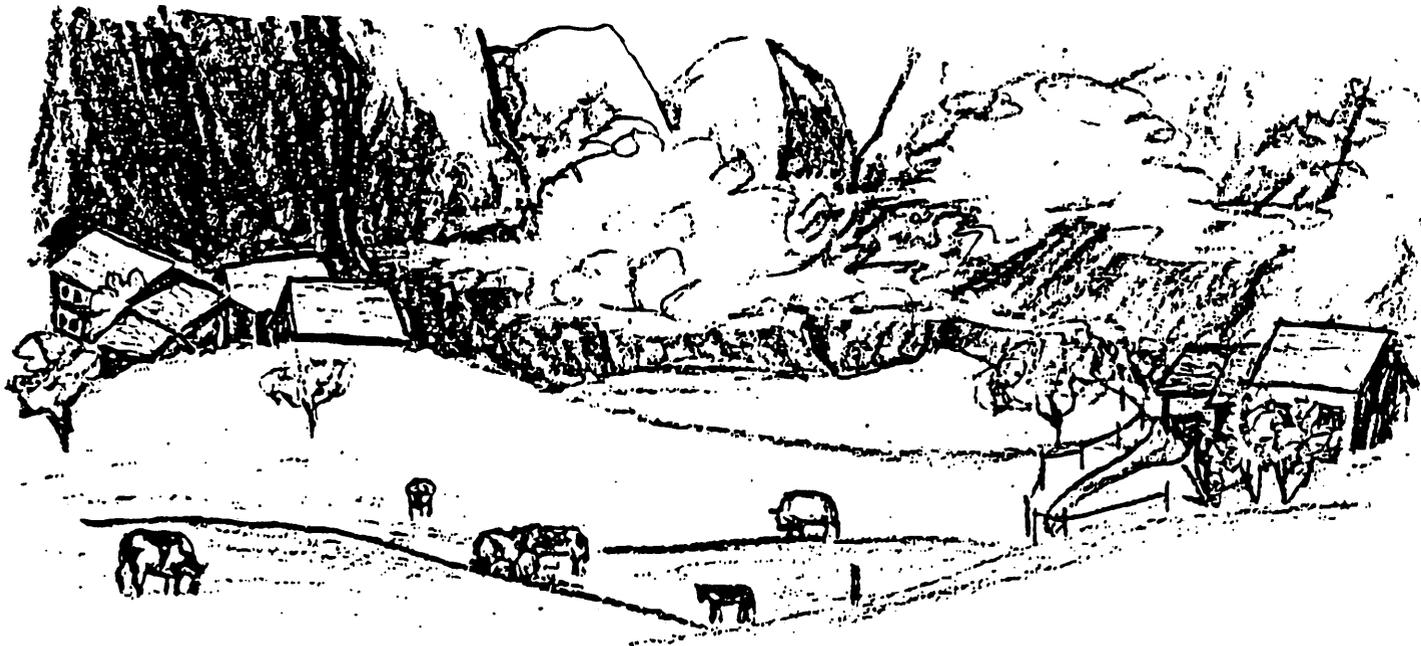
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The Swiss are generally very athletic and love outdoor sports. Besides skiing, Monique goes ice skating in winter. In summer, she goes sailing with her father on Lake Geneva, which is a large lake that borders the city. The family also goes climbing and camping in the mountains in summer and often takes bicycle trips. Because the scenery is so beautiful, this is one of their favorite pastimes.

Switzerland has many trains that go through the beautiful mountains. The Giradeau family often takes the train to visit a village near the Alps in German-speaking Switzerland, where Monique's aunt and uncle have a dairy farm. In the winter, the cows stay in stalls in a barn which is attached to the farmhouse. Every year when winter ends, there is a festival to send the cows off to their pastures in the mountains for the summer. Monique's cousins, Fritz and Bruno, spend much of their summer in the pastures, helping their father and the hired workers milk the cows. The milk is sent down the mountain in

pipes to the dairy, where it is made into cheese. Switzerland is famous for its cheese, especially gruyere and emmental, which you probably know as "Swiss cheese."

Sometimes Fritz and Bruno come back to Geneva with Monique. Since they live in a village, it is exciting for them to visit a big city, especially one like Geneva. There are many shops selling all the products made by the hard-working Swiss—not only pastries, chocolate, and cheese, but machines, watches and clocks, lace and fine woven cloth, carved wooden objects, and medicines. There are also many banks, although the banking capital of the world is in Zurich, another Swiss city. Geneva is the international headquarters for many organizations, including the International Red Cross and the United Nations. Many peace talks have been held there. Even the international headquarters of the YMCA, called the World Alliance of YMCAs, is in Geneva.



## Nutrition Time

Many people think of quiche as a French dish, but the Swiss also claim it. This version is made with Swiss gruyere cheese.

### Swiss Quiche

Unbaked pie-crust shell  
6 eggs  
2 cups half-and-half  
1/2 lb. grated gruyere (or swiss cheese)  
1 teaspoon salt  
4 ounces butter  
2 large onions  
1/4 lb. bacon, fried crisp  
2 leeks, sliced very thin (optional)  
1 teaspoon chopped chives  
1 teaspoon marjoram  
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Saute onions, bacon, chives, marjoram, and parsley in butter or margarine until golden brown. Beat eggs with half-and-half, add cheese and salt, and combine with egg mixture. Pour mixture in unbaked pie crust shell and bake at 375° to 400° until golden brown on top, about half an hour.

## People Time

### The Lost Cows

A farmer named Oswald herded seven magnificent cows on the Itramen Alp in the Grindelwald Valley. One evening, he went wearily to bed, without saying his evening prayer, out of humor with himself and with the world, discontented and sick at heart. Suddenly a little man with a white beard stepped out of a wall of rock on the mountainside. He was wearing a shepherd's tunic that trailed on the ground. A small bag of salt was dangling from his belt—Swiss herdsmen carry salt about with them and give a few grains to the cows they meet—and in his little hand was a switch as tall as himself that swayed as he walked. He yodeled to Oswald's cows as herdsmen do, drove them gently up to the wall of rock, and disappeared into it.

The mooing and lowing of his cattle woke the herdsman, and he soon discovered the loss of his precious herd. He wandered through the woods and fields of the surrounding country; he searched for the cows all over the solitary pasture-ground, but in vain. Nevertheless, he continued to visit the stable every day, raked the hay, and was busy from early morning till late at night. In the evening he went through all the motions of milking the cows, one after the other, calling them by their names, whistling and humming his special song. He did this because he had liked his cows so much and hoped to get them back one day. He knew that the gnomes who live in the mountains are mischievous beings, and that they like to tease the herdsmen. They lie in wait to punish coarse and bad words.

Once as he was walking up the mountain, the herdsman stumbled over a stone and uttered a curse. But he did not forget the gnomes, and worked throughout the winter as hard as he could.

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When spring came, he climbed up to the Alp, opened his stable as if to let his cattle out onto the green pasture, and his heart grew heavy within him as he saw the wonderfully rich growth of grass, with no cows and no frolicsome calves on it.

When Oswald came out of the stable, calling "Hi!" as if he were driving his cattle out, he saw all his cows on the steep slope, looking fatter than they had ever looked before. The animals were in marvelous condition. They ran up to him, each cow with a little calf at her side. Behind the cattle the dwarf came striding along, with his salt-bag and long switch. The little man was smiling.

Oswald looked at the cattle, and at their large full udders, in amazement and delight. The little man walked up to him and pointed silently to the udder of the front cow. After that he put his hand to his mouth, then raised it towards Heaven with the first finger lifted, and pointed again to the same cow.

A tremor passed over Oswald. Looking more closely at the cow and its udder, he saw that one of its four teats was missing. Then he understood the little man's gesture. He remembered the curse that had escaped him when he stumbled over the stone, and realized that the maimed udder was the punishment for that curse.

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## Playtime

Traditionally, shepherds have kept watch over herds of goats in the high pastures of the Swiss Alps. Sometimes an eagle would attack a goat, as in this children's game.

### Eagle and Goats

One player is chosen to be an eagle, and the rest are goats. The goats pretend to be grazing in the pasture when the eagle appears, swooping along with outspread arms, as if to catch one of them in his claws. The goats have to guess quickly which one the eagle plans to attack and quickly hide him in a circle. If they guess right, the eagle flies away, and they pretend to graze again. If they guess wrong, the eagle calls aloud the name of the one he seeks. Unless that one is quickly circled, the eagle catches him and drags him off. The game continues until all the goats but one have been caught. The one who is left becomes the eagle for the next game.

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## Project Time

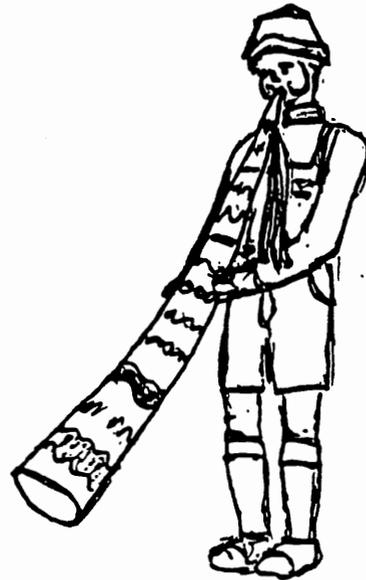
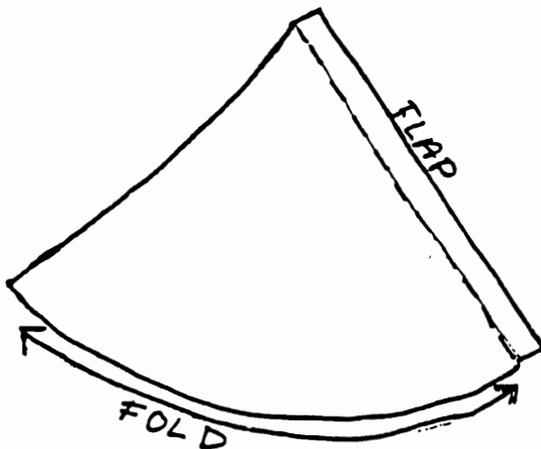
### Swiss Alpine Horns

Before the age of telephones, it was very difficult to communicate in the Alps of Switzerland. The people used to signal to each other across the mountains by blowing on huge, long horns. You can still find some people in the country who know how to blow them, although they aren't used so much anymore. You can have some fun making and blowing on your own alpine horns, even though they won't be as long as the real ones!

### Materials:

a large piece of posterboard, cut into a cone shape  
strong glue  
paints or crayons  
long ribbons

First, paint or crayon a design onto your cone-shaped piece of posterboard. Make the cone and glue it. Tie ribbons on the small end of the cone for decoration. Now blow into your horn to make a deep, low sound.



## The YMCA in Switzerland

Monique belongs to a youth club that is run by the YMCA in Geneva. They meet in the YMCA building, which has meeting rooms and also a hotel, restaurant, and theatre. The club plans many projects throughout the year, and in summer it goes on a camping trip, either to the Alps or to southern France or Italy.

The world headquarters of the YMCA, the World Alliance of YMCAs, is also located in Geneva, but in a different building. The World Alliance is supported by YMCAs from all around the world. It provides many services, such as relief to refugees, conferences, and information about the worldwide YMCA movement.

For more information on the YMCA in Geneva or on the World Alliance of YMCAs, write to:  
International Office for Europe  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Tel: 216/344-0095

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Farehau and her family in Tahiti

If you go to visit our friend Farehau on the island of Tahiti, you will find her in a small village between a lagoon and a mountain, living in a house made of palm wood with a palm leaf roof. Farehau lives with Taro, her father; Maeva, her mother; Tihoti, her younger brother; and Toti, her baby sister, who was adopted from a cousin. Maeva's mother, Namui, also lives with them, as well as Marama, a male cousin who came to them one day from another island. Maeva has two other children, who were adopted by other cousins on the island. It is very common in Tahiti to adopt your relatives' children. Children in Tahiti are adored, and everyone takes care of them—their own and each other's.

Tahiti is an island in French Polynesia, which is located in the Pacific Ocean south of Hawaii. It is part of a group of islands called the Society Islands, which were colonized by the French over 100 years ago. All of these islands put together are only about as big as the state of Rhode Island, so you can see that Tahiti is not very big. You could easily drive around the whole island in one day. The island is surrounded by white sandy beaches, and it has tropical forests and mountains in the middle.

The weather is warm all year long. In fact there are only two seasons—November to February when it rains a lot, and March to October when it rains not quite as much.

When you arrive in Tahiti, you will be given a wreath of flowers to put on your head, and you will be warmly welcomed. In fact, tourism is the island's main source of income. There are many hotels, and people come from all over the world to enjoy the beautiful tropical island, the weather, and the warm and friendly people. Papeete is the capital of the island, and the only large city. This is where most of the people live. The village of Farehau's family is not far from Papeete. The family goes to the city often, to go to the market, or buy material from one of the Chinese stores, or watch the yachts in the harbor. Maeva sometimes works at one of the hotels, giving demonstrations of Tahitian song and dance to the tourists. Usually, though, the family is happy to stay in the village, close to their friends, and the rest of their large extended family. Like most of the people of Tahiti, Farehau and her family are Polynesian. Their ancestors were on the island 200 years ago when the first Europeans arrived. Now there are also a lot of Chinese people who live in Tahiti, and almost as many

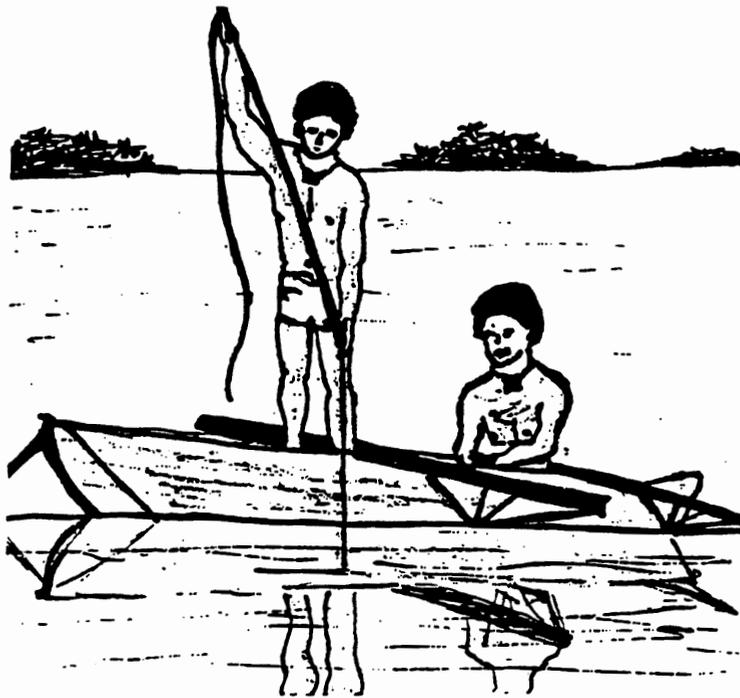


French people. The Polynesians, Chinese, and French have married each other through the years, so many Tahitians are a combination of two or three groups. Almost everyone speaks two languages—their own Tahitian language and French. Many are also able to speak a third language, usually English. How many languages can you speak?

Life in the village is a combination, too—of old ways and modern ways. There is a school for the children to go to, and a Protestant church that was built by Taro and his friends. There is also a store run by a Chinese family (the Chinese run almost all the stores on the island). Taro usually gets up early in the morning—well before sunrise—to

catch fish in the lagoon. He goes in his *pirogue* (canoe) with Marama. They catch just the number of fish they will need for the family that day. Since they don't have a refrigerator, any more than that would spoil. They bring the fish home to Maeva, who cooks them in a Tahitian oven. This oven is made by digging a hole in the ground, then putting volcanic rocks in it that have been heated until they are red. Food is put on top of the rocks—sometimes a small pig, fish, bananas, bread, fruit, sweet potatoes, and sweets made from coconuts, for example. On top of the food Maeva puts woven palm leaves, to keep in the heat. The food cooks like that for

three to four hours, until the family is ready to eat, and Maeva takes the food out and puts it on the table, and calls *Haere mai tamaa!* (Come eat!) Their house has two smaller houses beside it—one, called the *fare tutu*, is the kitchen; the other, called the *fare tamaa*, is the dining room. (There is also a separate outhouse since there is no plumbing.)



After the family eats their main meal in the middle of the day, they all take a nap on mats which are spread out in the main house. In the afternoon, the children play around the house or with their friends in the village. Taro will go on his motorbike to the Chinese store to buy anything they need—sugar, bread, a new wick for their petrol lamp (their house has no electricity). Sometimes he collects

coconuts or catches fish to sell at the Chinese store for money. At night, he will visit his friends, or maybe go hunting in the mountains for wild pig. Farehau, Maeva, and Namui do their sewing at night, or iron clothes with a heavy charcoal iron, which has a place in the bottom to put hot coals to heat it. They are very careful about washing and ironing their clothes, as they are about washing themselves. They always like to be clean and neat. On Saturday, Taro will spend the whole day fishing, hunting, and getting vegetables from the mountains for Maeva to cook, because Sunday no one does anything. That is the day to rest.

## Nutrition Time

Tahitians love special occasions, and whenever there is a special occasion, they have a *tamaaraa*—a feast. *Poe Meia* is one of the most common sweets served at a *tamaaraa*.

### *Poe Meia*

12 bananas, arrowroot (or corn) starch, coconut milk, brown sugar

Smash the bananas either by hand or with a mixer until they are smooth. Add arrowroot starch until you get a thick batter about the consistency of thick pancake batter. Place the dough on a large sheet of waxed paper (the Tahitians use a banana leaf), cover with coconut milk, and make a package by folding the waxed paper around the dough. Bake for 30 minutes at 350° degrees. (If you really want to "go Tahitian," you can make a Tahitian oven to cook in.) When the dough is cooked, cut it into cubes, sprinkle with brown sugar, and serve in bowls with coconut milk.



## People Time

Most of the people in Tahiti now are Christian (Protestant or Catholic), or Buddhist (in the case of the Chinese). The old traditional Polynesian gods still have a strong influence on the island culture, however. Maui, the great hero, who mediates between the gods and men, comes from Hawaii, but he is known throughout Polynesia. He often plays tricks on people, but other times he defends what is right and punishes wrongdoers. This is one of Maui's well-known deeds.

### The Theft of Fire

Long ago, when there was no way for people to cook their taro, sweet potatoes, yams, ti roots and other things, Maui asked his mother, Hina, "What can we use to cook our food?" She told him that fire is the only thing that can be used for cooking.

"Who has the fire?" Maui asked. Hina answered again, "The mudhens are the only ones who have fire, but you must be very strong and swift in order to get it."

"I shall go and fetch the fire," Maui declared. Hina told him what to do: "If you are going to fetch fire, you must go to the smallest of the mudhens."

Maui went to Waianae, where the mudhens lived. Their fire was lighted when he arrived, but only the large mudhens were there. When they saw Maui, they said, "Say, the redheaded mudhen's food is gone, for here is Hina's swift son." They knew how fast Maui was. They picked up everything, fire, bananas, ashes, wood and all and flew away. Maui was disappointed.

This happened again and again, until he found the smallest mudhen starting a fire and laying bananas on it. Maui grabbed the bananas, wood, and the bird, and held

them fast. He bent down to the strange bird because he was angry with it for withholding the fire. The bird said, "Don't kill me or you will not obtain the fire." He asked, "Then give me some." The bird replied, "Go and rub a taro stalk; there you will obtain it."

Maui rubbed and rubbed the stalk, but not a spark was found. Thus did the taro stalk become furrowed to this day. Maui begged again, "Give me some fire. If you do not, I shall kill you. You will find no escape." The bird answered again, "Go fetch a ti leaf." Maui fetched a ti leaf and rubbed it, but it did not light. The furrow made by Maui's rubbing remains to this day.

Maui went back to kill the bird, and it replied as it did before. It told Maui to rub water (*wai*). This was a riddle and did not refer to real water but to the tree called *waimea*. He went to rub the water but obtained no fire. He returned and gave the bird a beating. Then it said, "Go fetch the wood of that tree standing there, the *waimea*. Maui rubbed it and the fire was lighted. Then he burned the forehead of the bird with it, and that is why the foreheads of the mudhens we see are red. Thus fire was gotten for us to this day.

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## Playtime

Since coconuts are one of the main crops of Tahiti, they are used in a game you might enjoy. You will need eight players, or more, and each player should have a coconut. (If you can't get coconuts, substitute balls and pretend they are coconuts.)

Get into teams of four or more. Each team sits in a circle on the ground. The team counts off like this: 1,2,3, up to the last player. Player #1 of each team has one coconut for each player on the team.

One player calls out "Go!" Player #1 of each team passes the coconuts around the circle to the left. The coconuts must be passed one at a time. Each player passes the coconuts to the player on his left. When the coconuts reach the player on #1's right, that player keeps the coconuts. When that player has all of the coconuts, he starts passing them to his left, until they all reach the player on his right. When that player has them all, he passes them to his left, and so on. The game goes on until all the coconuts have come back to player #1. When player #1 has all the coconuts back, he calls out, "Coconut!"

The team that gets all of its coconuts back to player #1 first is the winner.

From *International Games* by Valjean McLenighan, by permission of Raintree Publishers: Milwaukee, ©1978.

## Project Time

If you ever go to visit Tahiti, you will be greeted with a necklace of flowers, or a wreath of flowers for your hair. Make flower wreaths and necklaces to greet each other Tahitian style!

Materials: Colored tissue paper, scissors, string.

Make flowers by folding tissue paper squares in half, then quarters, then triangles. Cut the wide end of the triangle to make flower shapes. Snip off the pointed end of the triangle, thus creating a hole in the center of the flower. Unfold the tissue paper and fluff it out into a flower. String the flowers together, using short strings for the wreaths, and long strings for the necklaces.



## The YMCA in Tahiti

Sometimes Farehau and her family go to one of the YMCA community centers or gymnasiums. There are some sports activities, but mostly they go to learn more about Christianity and to participate in prayer meetings.

For more information on the YMCAs in Tahiti, contact:  
International Support Unit for the Pacific  
YMCA of Honolulu  
1441 Pali Highway  
Honolulu, HI 96813  
Tel: 808/531-3558

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The Prisitkuls in Thailand

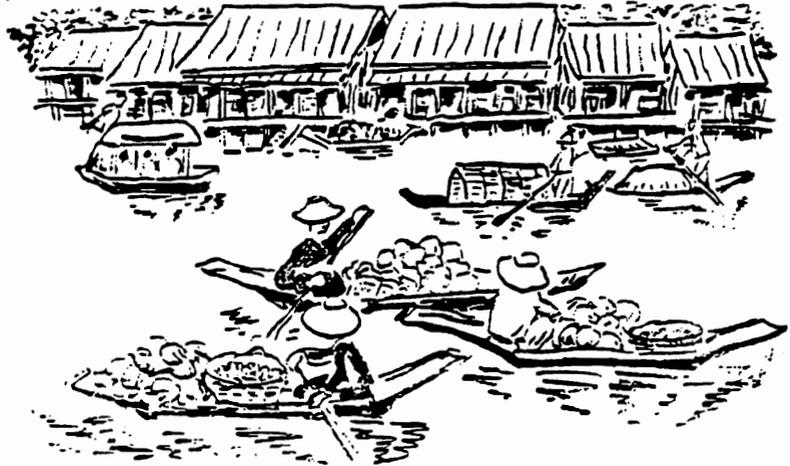
The Prisitkul family is about the average size for a Thai family. Along with father and mother, there are four children and two grandparents. Prem, Pibul, and Sarit are the three boys, and their little sister is named Acharee, but everyone calls her Noy. It is common for people in Thailand to have a short nickname.

The family lives in Chiangmai, which is the second largest city in the country, and the largest in the north.

To greet you, the boys say *Sauva'dee-klap*, and Noy says *Sauva'dee-kaa*, because boys and girls must use different word endings in the Thai language. With the greeting, they all use the *wai*—placing their hands in a prayer position in front of their chests and bowing slightly. It is used to say “hello,” “goodbye,” “thank you,” and “I’m sorry.”

Thailand is a country in Southeast Asia that is a bit larger than the state of Texas. It is south of China, between Laos and Burma.

In Thai, the name for Thailand is Muang Thai, which means “land of the free,” because Thailand was never colonized by Western countries. In fact, the Thai people are very proud of their independence and their royal family, which has ruled the country for hundreds of years. One of the Thai kings even invented a special alphabet for the Thai language, which the people still use today.



Thailand is a very fertile country. It is always warm. Even in the “cool” season from November to February, the temperature is 75°. The hot, dry season is from March to May; and the hot, rainy season is from June to October.

Because of this warm, rainy weather, many kinds of plants grow in Thailand, and there is plenty of food. Three-fourths of the people are farmers. They grow mostly rice and rubber trees, sugarcane, corn, and manioc. There are also many, many kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables, some of which you have probably never heard of, like lychees, rambutans, tamarinds, palm fruits, pomelos, and durian. Others, like bananas, coconuts, oranges, strawberries, and pineapples, you know well. There are also hundreds of kinds of flowers, and you can see and smell them everywhere. In fact, when someone gives you a drink of water, you might see a jasmine blossom floating in it, which gives a delicious fragrance.

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The Prisitkul house in Chiang Mai is really three wooden houses connected together with a courtyard, all surrounded by a wooden fence. The grandparents live in one house; mother, father and the children live in the large, two-story house; and the third house contains the kitchen and dining room.

As you enter one of the houses, you will be expected to remove your shoes. The first thing you will notice as you enter the compound is a small, brightly painted "doll house" on a pole. It usually has garlands of lotus blossoms around it, and sometimes incense burning, and fruit in front of it. This is the family's *san phra phum*, or spirit house.

It is for the spirits that Thais believe live everywhere. They must have their own house to keep them happy so that they will protect the main house and not get mischievous or destructive.



The Prisitkuls make their living as craftspeople—a common type of work in Chiang Mai. Mr. Prisitkul carves Thai teak wood into furniture, and Mrs. Prisitkul weaves silk cloth that is used to make the sarongs (long, wraparound skirts) the women wear.

The children all go to school, from 3-year-old Noy, who is in kindergarten, to 10-year-old Prem, who is finishing elementary school. They are fortunate to live in Chiang Mai, where there are enough schools. Many children in remote villages do not have schools, although the Thai government is trying to build more.

Grandmother and Grandfather watch the children when they are home and encourage them to do their chores. Older people are highly respected for their wisdom.

Most Thai people are Buddhist, and they are generally very religious. Buddhist monks are everywhere, with their saffron-colored robes and shaved heads, especially in the early mornings when they go from house to house collecting food. Mrs. Prisitkul always gives, because giving food to the monks brings special blessings. Boys are expected to be monks and live in the *wats* (temples) for three or four months when they become young men.



The day the Prisitkuls' cousin Preeyah became a monk was a happy one. There was a big feast, and the women all tied a string around Preeyah's finger to guard a place for themselves in heaven. They all walked behind Preeyah and the other inductees around the *wat* and into it for a special ceremony in front of the statue of Buddha.

There are many *wats* in Thailand. People go in often to light a *joss* (incense) stick, and say a prayer to the Lord Buddha, who is a symbol of enlightenment, or closeness to God.

## People Time

In Thailand there are many parables passed down from generation to generation which help to instruct people in how to live. Read the parables, discuss the images presented, and help explain the concepts. Ask the children to describe how the parable has meaning in their own lives.

"Nam khun hai nip tak." Collect water while the tide is high.

This parable teaches you to enjoy what you have when you have it. Lucky streaks don't happen every day. But when one does occur, you might as well enjoy it while it lasts. Do you appreciate the gifts you've been given? What do you enjoy the most?

"Lop mak lap hai." Excessive greed, lost windfall.

A windfall is a lucky streak or a surprising and wonderful gift. This parable might be the Thai equivalent of the English proverb, "To kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." It teaches you that if you are too greedy, your luck will run out and you might lose a great and wonderful gift. This parable helps you to see that it is better not to try to keep everything for yourself but rather to share your gifts with others. What is the difference between holding things for yourself and sharing what you have with others? Do you share? How do you feel when someone shares with you?

"Khi chang chap tak-ka-taem." To ride an elephant to catch a grasshopper.

Can you imagine riding a huge elephant to catch such a tiny insect as a grasshopper? This parable warns that you shouldn't waste too much time and energy on

## Nutrition Time

### *Kanomblally*: Thai Coconut Dessert

1 cup flour  
 1 cup shredded coconut (plus a bit for the top)  
 3/4 cups sugar  
 1 cup water  
 1 cup sliced bananas

Sift the flour into a deep bowl. Combine with the coconut, sugar, and water. Mix well. Fold in the bananas, mix well again. Butter a round baking dish and pour in the mixture. Bake in a 400 ° oven for 45 minutes. Remove from the oven, sprinkle the top with additional shredded coconut, and bake 15 minutes to toast the coconut topping. Allow to cool. Cut into wedges.

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something which doesn't really matter. It makes fun of the strange things people do to get a job done, odd things which often don't help reach the goal. The parable almost warns you to stop and plan ahead before diving into doing something without thinking. Have you ever acted without thinking first if it was the best way to get what you wanted? What happened? Have you ever wasted your energy trying to get something? What would have been a better way to reach your goal?

Thai parables shared by Patcharin Aviphan, Chaingmai YMCA, from "On Thai Proverbs and Sayings" by Duangtip Somnapan Surintatip.

## Playtime

### The Tiger Eats the Ox

One player is chosen to be the tiger and another to be the ox. Both players are blindfolded and stand within a circle formed by the rest of the players. The ox beats two sticks together to call the tiger, who tries to catch the ox. After the catch is made, two other players are chosen to continue in a like manner.

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## Project Time

### Thai Festival of Lights Candle

In Thailand and other Southeast Asian areas, the Festival of Lights is an offering to the water gods at the end of the rainy season when the rice has been planted. Small boats (called *Kratong*) in the shape of lotus flowers, carrying candles, are set adrift on the rivers and canals.

In the light of a full moon, they float on the dark waters, the small candle lights sparkling in the night. The boats are made from folded banana leaves wrapped around a disk cut from a banana stalk. Ours will be made from aluminum foil, so they will not catch fire as they float in a wide bowl of water on a table.

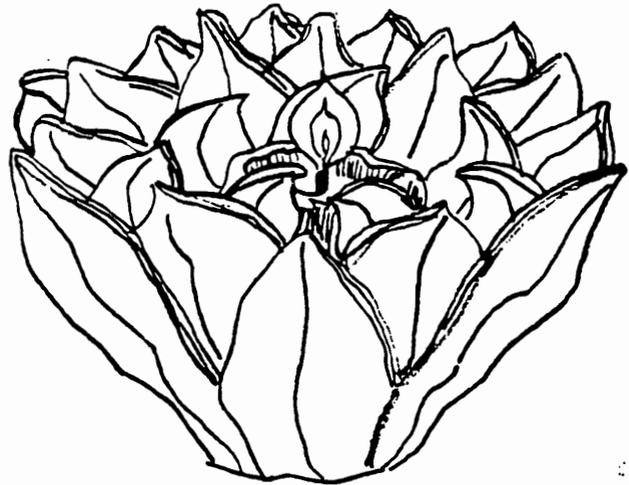
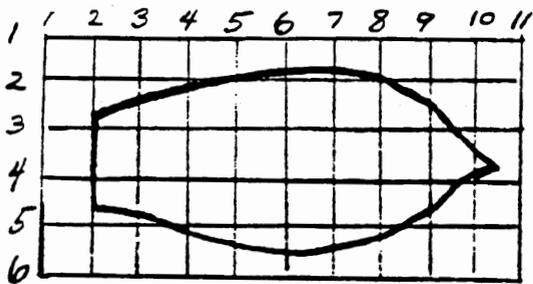
#### Materials:

12-by-52 1/2-inch sheet of aluminum foil  
2 1/2-by-5-inch sheet of aluminum foil  
1 aluminum foil cupcake pan, 3 3/8 inches across  
1 sheet typewriter paper

narrow jar, 5 inches tall and 2 inches across  
1 tube of acrylic latex contact cement  
votive candle, 1 inch high, 1 1/2 inches across  
ruler, pencil, scissors, compass

You will need 24 aluminum foil petals for this project. Each petal is 4 3/8 inches long and 1 3/4 inches wide and is made from foil strips folded over three times so that each petal is made of three thicknesses of foil. For this you will need six strips of foil, 17 1/2 inches long and 5 1/4 inches wide. Spread a thin layer of contact cement all over one side of each strip. Fold each strip over on itself lengthwise (adding cement to each exposed surface) so that each strip measures 1 3/4 inches wide and 17 1/2 inches long. Let cement dry. Enlarge the petal pattern shown to 1/2-inch squares.

Cut out the petals using the pattern. Repeat until you have cut four 3-layered petals from the strip. Repeat with the other five strips so that you have 24 petals in all. With the compass, mark two 2-inch circles on the small piece of aluminum foil. Cut out the two circles with the scissors. Pull the flat edge of the aluminum foil cupcake pan into an upright position. Turn the pan over and place it on top of the jar.



Now add a row of six petals around the outside of the pan, slightly overlapping the petals so that they curve up over the sides of the pan. Glue them in place. When dry, cover the bottom section with one of the 2-inch circles of aluminum foil. Glue in place and let dry. Now turn the pan over and place six petals inside around the sides of the pan and covering the bottom of the pan. The petal points should be placed between the points of the outside row of petals.

Cover the bottom and inside wall of the pan with glue, as well as the bottom of petals, and place in position. When dry, add a second row of petals, points between the points of the first inside row. When dry, add a third row. These last two rows are glued only halfway up the wall, to allow them to be curved forward a bit. Cover the bottom of the petals with the second circle of

aluminum foil, gluing it into position. Let dry thoroughly. When dry, curve the two inside rows of petals inward.

With thumb and forefinger, press a slight lengthwise crease in each petal. Melt the bottom of the candle briefly, and while it is still soft, press it into the inside of the petaled pan. Hold in place until the wax cools and hardens and holds the candle steady. Set the petaled candle holder in a wide dish of water so that it floats. Then light the candle.

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## The YMCA in Thailand

The two older Prisitkul boys, Prem and Pibul, go to the YMCA English school in Chiangmai twice a week. The building also houses a hotel, and the boys often see visitors from other countries. The Chiangmai Y is actively involved in many villages in the north, helping to train village leaders to develop self-help programs. There is another YMCA in Thailand's capital city, Bangkok. It has a hotel, swimming pool, child care, and camps for computer learning, and for handicapped children.

For more information on the YMCAs in Thailand, contact:

International Office for Asia  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Tel: 206/382-5008

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Matthew in Trinidad and Tobago

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Matthew Murray lives with his baby sister Rebecca, mother, and father in Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad and Tobago. These two islands make up one country, and they are located just off the coast of Venezuela, in the West Indies. They are similar to other Caribbean islands in many ways, but there are things that make Trinidad and Tobago unlike any other place in the world, as the story of Matthew's life will show you.

Trinidad is the larger of the two islands, and this is where the capital, Port of Spain, is located. The Spanish started coming to the islands when Columbus encountered them in the late 1400s. They ruled for 300 hundred years, until the British came. French people also came. Added to the population were slaves from Africa and plantation workers from India. So today the islands are a mix of people from Europe, Africa, and Asia. English is the main language, but Spanish, French, and Hindi are also spoken.

The northern part of Trinidad is covered with mountains. Many interesting animals live there, including monkeys, jaguars, armadillos, and birds such as hummingbirds and parrots. There is also good farmland, where rice, sugar, cocoa, coconuts, bananas, and citrus fruit are grown. There are some oil fields, so Trinidad exports petroleum. There is also asphalt—the blacktop on your schoolyard could well have come from Trinidad.

Tobago is largely an agricultural island, growing the same crops as its neighbor. Tobago is famous for its beautiful beaches, and people from Trinidad, including Matthew and his family, go there on holiday. The Tobagians claim that theirs is the island where Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked and had so many adventures.

Matthew's father is of British descent, and his mother is of African descent. Marriage is common between the



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different groups of people in the Caribbean. Matthew's father is a manager of a company that sells asphalt to the rest of the world, especially to the United States. The asphalt is found in a very unusual lake called La Brea (Pitch Lake), which is filled with pitch, or asphalt. For hundreds of years asphalt has been taken from the lake, but it hasn't run out. You can walk on the lake or even drive on it, but if you stop and stand still you will begin to sink in. The asphalt is dug out either with a pick or by using a truck with a big scoop. The hole that is left is filled up within a few days.

Before she got married, Matthew's mother worked as a stewardess for British West Indies Airline, better known as Bee-Wee airlines. She traveled all over the Caribbean and to New York, London, and Toronto. She is very proud of her country's airline, and may go back to work for it when Rebecca is older.

The Murrays live in a small, neat house on the outskirts of Port of Spain. The house has modern appliances, indoor plumbing, and electricity. People who live in the rural villages and farms live in houses that usually do not have running water, and many don't have electric lights. The Murrays also have a car, but most families in Trinidad do not.

Matthew goes to school near his house. The schools are set up the same way as the schools in England, and children study most of the same things as children in England. This is because the school system in the islands was set up by the British.

When Matthew is not in school, his favorite pastime is to play the steel drums with his two best friends. Trinidad is famous for its calypso music, which is played on drums made from old oil cans. The lids of the cans are pounded into different sections, each section having a different tone. The sound is very musical, and unique to Trinidad.



## Nutrition Time

*Rotis* are a popular snack food eaten at Carnival time, which is celebrated as a preparation for Lent. This recipe does not call for a filling, but one (ground meat, for instance) can be added if desired.

### *Rotis*

1 3/4 cups flour  
3 3/4 teaspoons baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
water  
vegetable oil

Sift the dry ingredients together. Add water and mix to make a stiff dough. Knead the dough thoroughly and shape into 5 or 6 balls. Cover with a cloth and allow to rise. Roll out the balls on a floured board into circles of dough. Heat a griddle or a heavy frying pan. Lightly oil the griddle or frying pan and place the *rotis* on it one at a time. Brush them with oil and turn. Wrap them in a cloth to keep them warm before serving.

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## People Time

### The Legend of Pitch Lake

Many centuries ago, a great battle took place between two Indian tribes. The victorious tribe built a village where Pitch Lake is now located, and held a big victory celebration. They killed hundreds of beautiful hummingbirds, ate the flesh of the birds for their victory feast, and used the feathers to decorate their clothing.

The Great Spirit was very angered that the beautiful little birds had been killed. As punishment, he caused the entire Indian village to sink into the earth. The hole where the village lies buried has been filled with asphalt ever since!

## Playtime

### Trinidadian Jacks

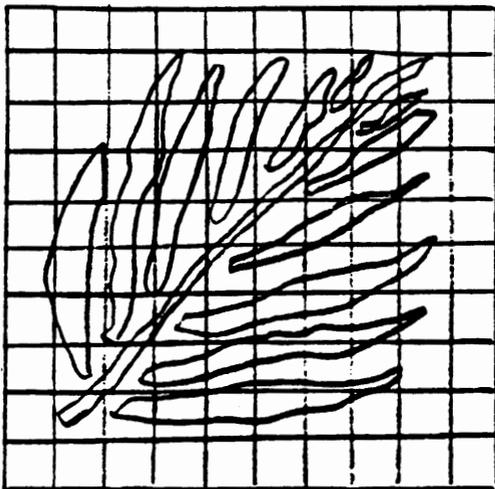
This game is played like American jacks, except that small stones or beans are used instead of jacks. Use a small ball with the stones. First throw the ball in the air (or bounce it) and try to grab one stone and then the ball before it hits the ground. Then throw the ball in the air and try to grab two stones before the ball hits the ground. Keep trying to grab one more stone each time. If the ball hits the ground or you don't catch it, it's the next person's turn to play.

## Project Time

### Caribbean Scarf

People who live in the Caribbean islands often wear scarves to protect themselves from the sun or sudden showers. On some islands, the various ways the scarves are tied have special meanings; they may indicate that the wearer is unmarried, married, or widowed. The scarves' colors and patterns are based on local plants and flowers.

The design for this scarf is a coconut palm tree leaf.



The following materials are needed for each scarf:

1/2 yard of thin cotton fabric—white, pale blue, or light yellow  
acrylic paint—bright green  
pencil  
1 sheet of cardboard—20x20 inches  
black felt-tip pen  
knife to cut stencil  
stencil brush

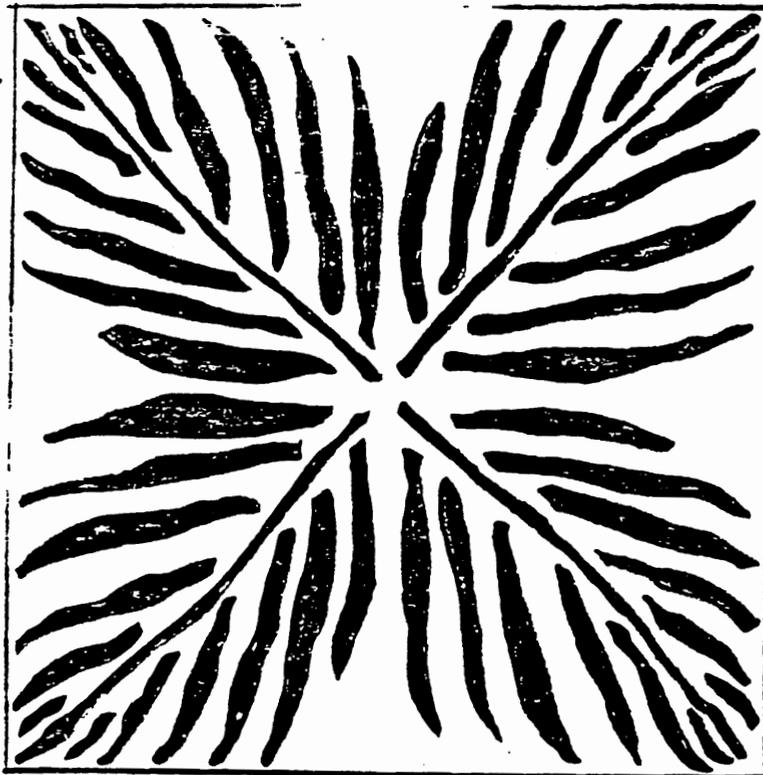
1 sheet of typewriter paper  
1 sheet of stencil paper  
scissors  
masking tape  
ruler

The first three steps of this project should be completed by the teacher, perhaps before class. Hem each piece of fabric, using 1/2 inch of fabric on all four sides. When hemmed, the fabric should measure 16x16 inches. Enlarge the pattern shown on the typewriter paper to one inch squares, using ruler and pencil.

Trace over the pencil lines with the felt-tip pen. Tape the drawing to the cardboard with masking tape. Cut the stencil paper to a size a little larger than the drawing outlines. Place it over the design, taping the edges with masking tape. Hold the knife like a pencil, bringing it toward you as you cut into the stencil paper, following the outlines of the design beneath it.

Now everything is ready for class. Tape the stencil to the upper left corner of the fabric. Apply the paint through the cutout areas with the stencil brush. Repeat the palm pattern three more times, as shown in the drawing. Let the paint dry between stenciling. When the design has been completed, remove the tape and lift the stencil paper straight up—quickly, so as not to smear the edges of the design. Let the paint dry thoroughly before moving the fabric.

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### The YMCA in Trinidad and Tobago

Every summer Matthew goes to day camp at the YMCA in Port of Spain. They have many activities such as basketball, games, hikes in the hills around the city, and other field trips. During the year, the YMCA offers other educational and recreational activities for children like Matthew.

For more information on the YMCA of Trinidad and Tobago, write:

International Support Unit for the Caribbean  
Butler Street YMCA  
22 Butler Street, N.E.  
Atlanta, GA 30335  
Tel: 404/659-8085

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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# Daudi Mukasa in Uganda

Daudi Mukasa lives in a rural village in Uganda. He and his brothers and sisters, stepbrothers and stepsisters, mother, stepmother, father, uncles, aunts, and grandparents belong to a group of people called the Baganda.

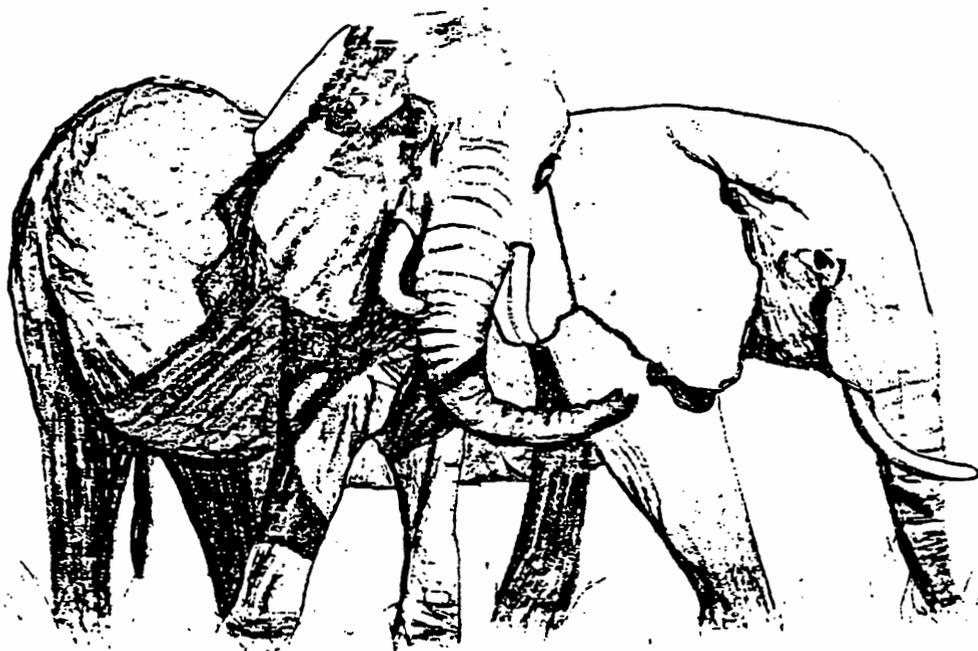
In the past, the Baganda had one of the most advanced Bantu kingdoms in Africa. There were also three other well organized Bantu kingdoms—Toro, Bunyoro-Kitara, and Ankole in Western Uganda. In other parts of the country there were different ethnic groups of Nilotic people from the lower Nile River.

The different ethnic and tribal groups in Uganda have tried to form one nation. Problems with government have sometimes made life very hard for the country.

Uganda is about the size of the state of Oregon. The longest river in the world, the Nile, starts in Uganda, from a lake called Lake Victoria. In fact, Uganda is sometimes called the cradle of the Nile. The entire country is inland, with no borders on the ocean.

The equator runs through Uganda, but since the land is high up, the temperature is cooler than in coastal areas. There are two rainy seasons and two dry seasons each year in most parts of the country. The southern parts get longer rainy seasons and heavier rainfall. The northeastern part, known as the Karamoja region, gets very little rain, and the land is covered only with very short grasses and desert shrubs.

Most of the country is covered with tall grass and scattered forests—this is called the tropical savanna. Many wild



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animals used to roam the savannas, such as giraffes, elephants, antelopes, lions, cheetahs, and leopards. But the animals are disappearing because the land is being cleared for people to settle and farm on, and also because of poaching—hunting animals illegally. There are a few national parks where wildlife is preserved. Hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses live along the rivers and lakes, and many kinds of monkeys and birds live in the forests.

The country also has two high mountains, Elgon in the east and Rwenzori in the west. There are several smaller rivers in the country, where many crops grow in the fertile soil. Tea, cotton, coffee, and tobacco are grown for selling. Food crops are plantains, cassava, peas, potatoes, peanuts, and beans. Beautiful tropical flowers and tropical fruits like oranges, mangoes, bananas, and pineapples are also common.

Daudi's extended family has a large farm that everyone works on together. Many years ago, when the British were in East Africa, and before Uganda became an independent country, they grew coffee and tea to sell for export.

In those days, the Baganda were lucky. They got along well with the British and profited from trade with them. When Uganda became independent and the British left, Uganda suffered for a while under the rule of oppressive dictators.

Many thousands of people were killed during these terrible years. The country became very poor, because people couldn't grow crops or work to develop the country. Daudi's family used their land to grow enough to feed themselves and no more. They stayed in their village and avoided politics to keep alive. Others were not so lucky and were killed by the dictators' armies.

In 1986, a new man named Yoweri Museveni took control of the government. He has stopped the violence, and is trying to rebuild the country. Daudi's family has begun to think about producing crops for sale once again.



Daudi goes to school in his village. It is not free. It costs about \$7 a year, but Daudi's uncle, who works in a factory in the capital city of Kampala, pays the fee for Daudi and his older sister. If they do well in school, they will move to Kampala to live with their uncle and go to secondary school there. That will cost a lot more, but the family feels education is very important and will send the children there if possible.

If not, Daudi will stay in the village and work on the farm. There are many people in Daudi's family, and it takes every available hand to grow enough food for everyone. His father has two wives, and together they have nine children. Daudi's father must also take care of his own younger brothers and sisters and his aging parents. Daudi's mother and stepmother live in separate houses with their children, but they get along well together, sharing all the tasks that go along with such a large household.

## Nutrition Time

### *Chickennat*

- 1 2/3 lb. chicken, cut into pieces
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup onions, chopped
- 1 pint chicken stock
- 3/4 cup smooth peanut butter
- 1-2 egg yolks
- several sprigs of parsley, chopped
- cooked rice

Rub the chicken pieces with salt and pepper. Melt butter in a large, heavy skillet or stew pot, and add the chicken and onions. Cover and simmer over lowest heat, periodically adding stock until you have used it all. (If you don't have stock, add plain water or bouillon). After 15 minutes, remove half a cup of the cooking liquid to thin the peanut butter. Add to the pot and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and then whisk some of the hot stew liquid into the egg yolks. Add to the pot and stir to incorporate the egg mixture into the stew. Simmer gently until chicken is done. Be careful not to heat the stew above a simmer from this point. Garnish with parsley leaves, serve with rice.

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## People Time

### The Blacksmith's Dilemma

This story is from the Buganda tribe of Uganda.

Walukaga was a blacksmith who was very skilled at all kinds of metalwork. Every day his friends would gather at his smithy and watch him at work making hoes for the farmers, knives and spears for the hunters, and armlets and bracelets to decorate the young men and women.

Early one morning a messenger from the king's court arrived, commanding him to go and see the king immediately. Walukaga was delighted and, hastily putting on his best white robes, he hurried off to the palace, wondering what the king wanted him to do.

He reached the palace and was taken to the king, who sat on a stool carved from a single piece of tree trunk. The blacksmith bowed to the ground, and when he rose, several servants appeared with their arms full of odd-shaped pieces of iron, which they placed at the king's feet.

The king said: "I want you to take this metal and change it into a living man." Walukaga was flabbergasted. He searched the king's face to see whether this was a joke, but the king's dark, serious eyes showed that he was in earnest.

"Yes, Your Majesty," he replied, bowing low once more, and the interview was over.

Later in the day Walukaga's friends came to see him, and when he told them what the king had commanded, they too fell silent. Everyone in the country knew that if anyone failed to carry the king's order, he would be punished.

Poor Walukaga! He became ill and thin and began roaming the bush, speaking his thoughts aloud, trying to come up with a plan. One evening, as he walked through a deserted stretch of bush, he discovered a boyhood friend of his who had now, alas, become mad and lived alone in the wild country outside the town.

"Greetings, Walukaga," called the madman. "How kind of you to visit me. Come, sit down and share my supper." Walukaga sat on a rock beside him. They ate ripe berries and honey while the madman listened to Walukaga's story of the king's demand.

Immediately he had the answer. "Go to the king and tell him that you can grant his wish only if you have special kinds of charcoal and water. Ask him to make all the people shave their heads to make a thousand loads of charcoal out of their burnt hair. Then say you must have a hundred pots of water made up from the tears of the people."

The blacksmith thanked him for the advice and hurried off to the king's palace. He bowed low before the king and explained what he needed.

The king sent messages to all his subjects the next morning, commanding them to shave their heads for charcoal and to weep into their waterpots. The people did their best, not daring to disobey their powerful king, but try as they would, it was impossible to collect more than two pots of tears or even one load of charcoal. When the results were brought to the king, he sighed. "Alas! I see that we shall never be able to collect all the charcoal and water that Walukaga needs. Send for him to come here at once."

With shaking legs Walukaga approached the king, and

as he looked up was relieved to see a smile on his face. The king said, "You have asked something impossible. My people can never grow enough hair to produce a thousand loads of charcoal, nor weep enough tears to fill a hundred waterpots. I therefore exempt you from your task."

"Your Majesty," replied Walukaga. "I am indeed grateful to you, for you, too, asked something impossible of me. I could never have made a living man from iron, try as I would."

And the blacksmith never forgot that it was his friend's advice which had saved him, and saw that the madman never went hungry or thirsty to the end of his life.

From *African Myths and Legends* by Kathleen Arnott, copyright ©1963, Henry Z. Walck, Inc.

## Playtime

### Uganda Tug-Of-War

This game developed from the traditional premarital custom of the Banyankole tribe of Uganda. The two families actually have a tug-of-war before the ceremony. The bride pretends to weep; the groom's family always wins the mock war; and the bride's family always gives them a fake chase to recover the bride.

Select one player to be the bride. Divide players into two teams: one is the bride's family, the other is the groom's family. Have each team stand in single file behind a chosen leader. Mark the space between the two leaders. Have the leaders of the teams and all players on each team grasp a long rope and get ready for action.

When you give the signal, the two families start the tug-of-war. The bride immediately begins weeping, pretend-

ing that she is reluctant to leave her family. The secret of the game is that the groom's family is always allowed to win. When this takes place, the winners quickly grab the bride and carry her to the home of the groom. The bride's family chases them, pretending to want her back.

To provide the fun of winning to both groups, the families may change roles after a few plays.

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## Project Time

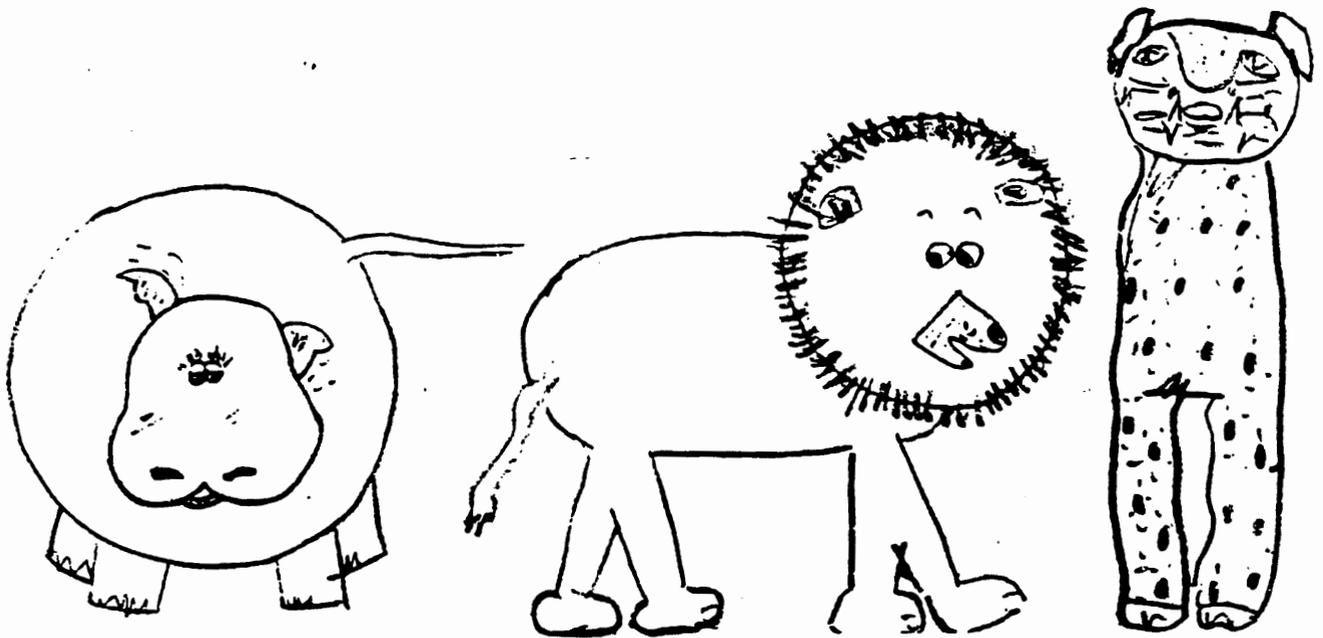
### Animal Cookie Picture

Use raw cookie dough as the canvas for a class painting of animals from Uganda. Include leopards, zebras, and lions.

#### Materials:

sugar cookie dough  
2 eggs  
paring knife  
food coloring  
small bowl  
cookie sheet  
new paintbrushes  
scissors  
spatula  
paper cups  
waxed paper  
rolling pin  
chocolate syrup (optional)  
corn syrup (optional)

Preheat oven to 375°. On waxed paper, roll about three tablespoons, or one-third of a package, of well-chilled dough into a cookie 1/4 inch thick. Trim with a knife



into a square 4 by 4 inches, or make it a free-form shape.

Trim the paper near the cookie and transfer the whole thing to a cookie sheet (greased if the cookie recipe calls for it) by flipping it upside down and peeling off the paper.

Chill the cookie while you mix the 'paint.' Separate the egg whites from the yolks. Put the egg yolks into a paper cup, removing the membrane. Divide the egg yolks into four paper cups, and make each cup a different color by adding a few drops of food coloring. Mix well, and paint the animals on the dough. Bake it until the edges turn slightly brown—about 15 minutes. Let it cool slightly before you try to remove it from the cookie sheet with a spatula.

From *Arts And Crafts You Can Eat*, copyright ©1974 by Vicki Cobb. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

#### The YMCA in Uganda

The YMCA in Uganda is now actively involved in programs to help the country recover from years of war. It sponsors values education classes and community development programs.

For more information about the YMCA in Uganda, contact:

International Office for Africa  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Boulevard of the Allies, 7th Floor  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Tel: 412/227-3815

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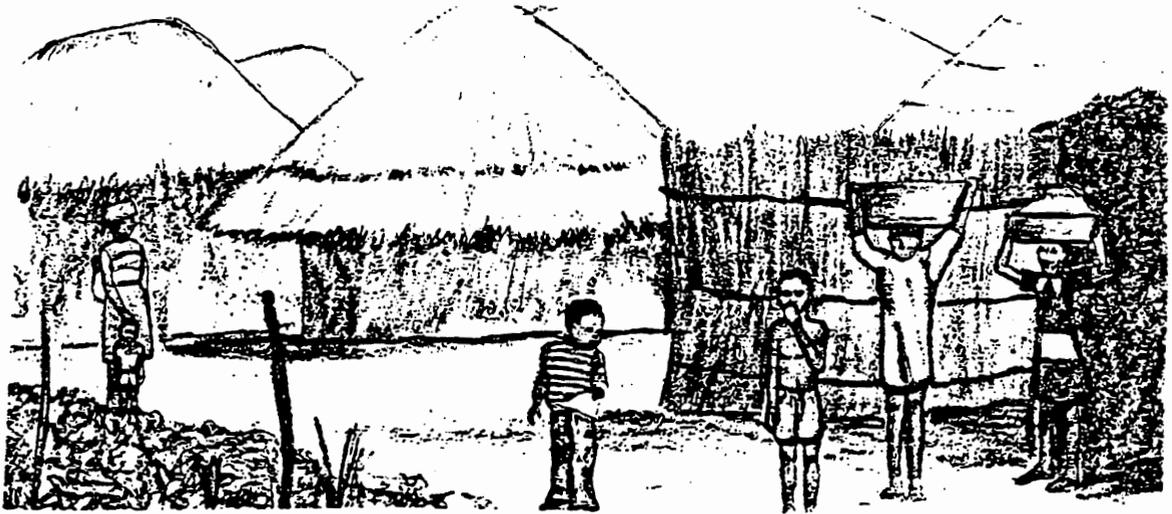
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## Bringing the World Home

The YMCA's International Guide for School-age Children

# The Manugwe Family in Zimbabwe



There are six children in the Manugwe family: Victoria, Mary, Stanley, Charles, Jeremiah, and Joshua. They live with their mother, Sarah, and their father, Mark, on a small farm in a village near Harare, the capital of Zimbabwe.

Zimbabwe is a country about the size of Ohio, located in the southern part of Africa. It has no borders on any ocean, but is surrounded by other countries—Mozambique, Zambia, Botswana, and South Africa. There is, however, a very large river called the Zambezi, a very large lake called Lake Kariba, and one of the largest waterfalls in the world, called Mosuatumya (Victoria) Falls. There are also smaller rivers and lakes.

Zimbabwe is in the tropics, but it has a high altitude, and this makes the weather cooler than it would be near sea level. The winter (from May to August) is sunny and cool, and the summer (from September to April) is hot but not unbearable.

The high grasslands are perfect for growing many crops, such as maize, sugar, wheat, cotton, tobacco, peanuts, and different kinds of cereal grains. Various minerals are mined, especially gold. The people use all these natural

resources to manufacture many products: Zimbabwe's factories produce canned food, cloth and clothing, shoes, furniture, paper, chemical and metal products, and even cars. In fact, Zimbabwe provides manufactured goods to all the countries around it.

The Manugwes are Shona, as are most of the people in Zimbabwe. The Shona are the largest ethnic group there. The second largest ethnic group is the Ndebele. There is also a minority of white Zimbabweans and a few Greeks and Asians.

The Shona have been in Zimbabwe for 2,000 years. In fact, part of Great Zimbabwe, their ancient capital, still exists today in ruins. It was once a great walled city. The walls were made of stone, and built so carefully that they didn't need any mortar to hold them; many still stand.

About 100 years ago, British people came to Zimbabwe and began to take land from the Shona. The Shona fought them, but the British had much better weapons. The British took over and named the country Rhodesia. Rhodesia was ruled by a white minority until a civil war started, and the black majority finally proclaimed

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Zimbabwe an independent country in 1980. Many whites left the country, but most stayed and continue to run farms and factories.

The father of our family, Mark Manugwe, was educated on one of those white-owned farms. His father worked on the farm, and the owner provided a farm school for the children of all the workers. The only other schools for black children at that time were the missionaries' schools. There were many Christian missionaries in Rhodesia, and some still remain in Zimbabwe today.

Today the government of Zimbabwe is trying to build enough schools to provide an education for all the children, white and black. They have made much progress—the Manugwe children all go to government schools—but there still aren't enough schools in the rural parts of the country. The Manugwes live in a mud house which has a thatched roof. There is no electricity or running water. They have some land, which Sarah farms, with the help of the children when they aren't in school. Mark takes a bus into the city every day to work in a paper factory.

Sarah and Mark Manugwe were both raised as Christians, since the missionaries had converted their families to Christianity. But they also practiced their native religion, and now they are teaching their children about their traditional way of worship.

The Shona call God Mwari. He is the supreme God and does not have a life on earth. When people die, their spirits remain involved with those who are living, until they are reborn again in the form of a new baby. Spirit doctors act as go-betweens for the living and their dead ancestors. It is very important to keep the spirits happy, because they are believed to cause all the unhappiness on earth, and any premature death is said to be their doing. Spirit doctors use a variety of herbs, potions, and rituals, both to heal sick people and to keep the spirits happy.

There are many festivals in the village, and they always include music and dancing. The *mamvavi* (spirit of expression and excitement) sets the pace and tone. The words tell about everyday events. The most important instrument is the drum, but marimbas are also popular; they are like xylophones.



## Nutrition Time

### *Dov:* Peanut Stew

1 chicken, cut up  
2 green peppers, cut up  
1 large onion  
1/3 cup smooth peanut butter  
butter or oil  
salt and pepper to taste  
2 cloves garlic  
dash cayenne pepper  
1/4 cup tomato paste

First brown onions and garlic in oil or butter. Add green peppers and chicken. Cook until chicken is browned on both sides of each piece. Remove chicken and add tomato paste, with about 2 cups of water. Simmer for 5 to 10 minutes, then add peanut butter, first thinning it with a small amount of broth from the chicken. Return chicken to pan and cook over low heat until meat is thoroughly cooked. Serve with rice and spinach.

## People Time

### **Kalulu Makes Money**

Kalulu the Hare is a well-known creature to the Bantu tribes who live around and south of the equator. Kalulu is rather like our Road Runner cartoon character—he is always getting into mischief.

Once upon a time in Bantuland, a village chief asked the different animals who lived around his village to grow crops during the coming growing season. Each animal was to be responsible for a different crop. The monkeys should grow yams, the elephants should grow maize, the warthogs should grow corn, etc. But before the chief could assign a crop to the hares, Kalulu piped up and said, "Chief, the hares will grow cowrie shells."

Now the Bantu people used cowrie shells for money, so the chief was very surprised to hear that Kalulu was planning to grow money. He was doubtful, but he decided to trust Kalulu. He gave him the money to buy the cowrie shell "seeds."

Kalulu went out and bought a new set of clothes, furniture, food, and a new necklace for Mrs. Hare. At the end of the growing season, he told the chief that cowrie shells take a long time to grow, and that maybe there would be some the next growing season. This went on for three years, until finally the chief had had enough. He sent his most trusted and courageous advisor, the Lion, to Kalulu. Lion demanded to see Kalulu's fields.

Of course, Kalulu had no fields, but he took Lion on a merry chase. Halfway to the imaginary "field," Kalulu said, "Oh, I've forgotten my hoe, I must go back and get it."

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So Lion settled down in the tall grass and took a nap until Kalulu's return. Now Kalulu went home and got his loudest antler horn, came back to Lion, and blew the horn in Lion's ear as loud as he could. Lion jumped up in fright and ran all the way back to the village.

The chief was getting very impatient with Kalulu by now. This time he sent Turtle to find Kalulu and visit the cownie shell field. Turtle took his time walking to the field, which made Kalulu very anxious. When he said to Turtle, "I must go back and get my hoe," Turtle pulled a hoe out of his shell and gave it to Kalulu. Next Kalulu said he had to fetch his shovel. Turtle had a shovel also. Now Kalulu was scared. What would the Chief do to him when he found out there was no cownie shell field?

Kalulu ran home to his wife. Now Kalulu's wife was very wise, much more wise than her husband. She had a plan. "Pull all your hair out so that you look like a newborn baby hare," she said. When he had done this, she wrapped him on her back, like all Bantu women do with their babies.

The Chief's warriors came to fetch Kalulu, but she said, "Kalulu is not here, only me and my baby." So the warriors took the baby as a hostage until Kalulu returned.

Now the Chief allowed Mrs. Hare to visit her baby in the prison so that she could feed it. "Pretend you are dead," she told Kalulu when she saw him. Then she began to wail a mournful cry. The chief took pity on her, gave her some money for a funeral, and sent her home with her "dead" baby.

But this is not the end of the story. Kalulu had learned his lesson. Never again did he try to lie and deceive

people. And as soon as his hair had grown back in, he took all the money back to the Chief.

## Playtime

### Xoxo

Xoxo, meaning frog, is pronounced "xo" as the clicking of the tongue in saying "gaddap" to a horse and with an "o." The children of the Matebele tribe play Xoxo in several forms.

The players squat on the ground with their hands flat on the ground and between their knees, thus forming four legs. Then by hopping on all fours, they race to a point. They often have a relay, or play follow the leader.

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## Project Time

Children in Zimbabwe make their own toys of wire. Especially popular to craft are trucks, cars, bicycles and animals. You can make your own toys out of pipe cleaners or soft wires.

### The YMCA in Zimbabwe

The YMCA operates a commercial school in Harare that teaches office management and computer skills. Victoria Manugwe hopes to go there when she is old enough so that she can get an office job. The Y also has training programs in reading, writing, and math for high school students, and recreation programs for children in Harare.

For more information on the YMCA in Zimbabwe, contact:

International Office for Africa  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Boulevard of the Allies, 7th Floor  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Tel: 412/227-3815

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Winchester-Gould, Guy, *Let's Visit Zimbabwe*. London: Burke Publishing Company Limited, 1970.



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**Appendix 1**  
**Resources to help you internationalize**  
**your YMCA**

**Books/Curriculum Resources**

***Hello World: A Handbook of Activity Ideas and Hello World: More Activity Ideas***

*Hello World: A Handbook of Activity Ideas* is a compilation of activities that address four topics: global awareness, hunger, the environment, and peace/conflict resolution. It is suitable for young people in kindergarten through sixth grade. *Hello World: More Activity Ideas* provides ideas for crafts, songs, recipes, and games from other countries and is particularly useful when planning a celebration of specific countries.

**Price:** \$5.00 each, or both books for \$10.00 (Plus 10% for shipping and handling). Send orders and remittance to:

YMCA of Metropolitan Minneapolis  
International Division  
30 South Ninth Street  
Minneapolis, MN 55402  
Telephone: 612-371-8700

***Make a World of Difference: Creative Activities for Global Learning* (ISBN #0377-00211-9)**

*Make a World of Difference* is a valuable resource filled with factual information and creative activities that can be adapted to almost any age. This handbook is crammed with an extensive set of creative learning activities to teach about global interdependence and international development.

**Price:** \$16.95 (plus 10% shipping and handling). Send orders and remittance to:

Friendship Press  
Distribution Office  
P.O. Box 37844  
Cincinnati, OH 45222-0844  
Telephone: 513-948-8733

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***Teachable Moments***

*Teachable Moments* is a collection of brief, thought-provoking activities that address global themes. It is a joint project of the Stanley Foundation, 216 Sycamore Street, Suite 500, Muscatine, IA 52761, and Las Palomas de Taos, Box 3400, Taos, NM 87571. Written by Jan Drum and George Otero; production, Kathy Christensen.

Two issues of *Teachable Moments* are mailed to subscribers once a month during the school year for a total of 18 issues per year.

Subscriptions: \$6.97 (one year),  
\$12.97 (two years).

Send payment with mailing information to:

Stanley Foundation  
Payment Processing Center  
P.O. Box 2091  
Cedar Rapids, IA 52406-9882  
(Please allow four weeks for delivery)

***YMCA World Service Centennial Program Packet***

This booklet contains loads of ideas on ways to internationalize traditional YMCA programs such as camping, youth programs, child care, health and fitness, aquatics, etc. To receive a free copy, send your name and address to:

YMCA of the USA  
International Division  
101 North Wacker Drive  
Chicago, Illinois 60606  
Telephone: 1-800-USA-YMCA

***YMCA Global Education Workbook: A Resource for YMCA School-Age Child Care and Camping Programs***

The *YMCA Global Education Workbook* is an assortment of 26 group activities to entertain and enlighten 6- to 10-year-olds. Activities include global art murals and a blind obstacle course. Whether you're involved with school-age child care, camping, Y-Indian Guides, or other youth programs, you'll find this a good resource.

Price: \$15. Send orders to:

YMCA Program Store  
Box 5077  
Champaign, IL 61820  
Telephone: 217-351-5077

***UNICEF'S Games of the World***

*UNICEF'S Games of the World* is a beautifully designed, lavishly illustrated book of games from around the world, from Chinese chess to soap-box racing. It presents the history of each game, plus directions on how to make and play it. Each game is referenced by preparation and play time, indoor/outdoor use, group size needed, and whether it is a mind, body, or luck game. A great tool for any program.

Price: \$16. Send orders to:

U.S. Committee for UNICEF  
475 Oberline Avenue  
South CN 2110  
Lakewood, NJ 08701-1200

For more information on international curriculum resources, technical assistance, international program ideas, speakers, videos, youth exchange opportunities, and partnerships, contact the YMCA of the USA's International Division at 1-800-USA-YMCA.

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### **Audiovisual Resources**

These audiovisual resources are available on loan from the International Division at no cost. To borrow any of them, call us at 1-800-USA-YMCA or write us at 101 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, IL 60606. Please allow two (2) weeks to receive your materials, as limited copies are available. Please return materials the day after use, as we receive many requests.

**Child of the Universe** VCR (4 min.) A photographic portrait of the oneness and diversity of the human family. Lively song-text, "Desiderata." Upbeat, moving, meditative. Perfect for a devotion at a camp, youth club, staff or board meeting, or special presentation about valuing diversity.

**YMCA of the USA: Fund for the African Crisis** VCR (8 min.) An overview of the social and economic realities in Africa, with descriptions of the projects supported by the African Crisis Fund. Educational messages and photos that will motivate international involvement in YMCAs. A good tool to explain how the YMCA has responded to the crisis in Africa to board and staff members, youth groups, or seniors.

**Signs of Hopes** VCR (20 min.) A view of life through the eyes of eight people from countries including Peru, the Gambia, and Lebanon. Each person shares how his or her life has been affected by the YMCA. This can be used in whole or part with various groups such as seniors, board members, staff, and new Y members.

**Hope! In Practical Terms** VCR (9 min.) This provides a brief look into the early work and philosophy of the international work of the YMCA. Y staff members from Guatemala, India, Kenya, and the West Bank share their Ys' philosophy of international and community work and how they are carrying out their mission. Use this for new-member orientations, international committee meetings, and staff meetings.

**No More Separate Futures** Slide/Cassette (9 min.) An exploration of the nature of global education and of issues that demand a global perspective: peace, militarism, the farm crisis, global hunger, women's issues, water, population. Factual data presented through thought-provoking questions. A great way to start discussions at youth groups, workshops, and retreats.

**World Service 1990** Synch Slide/Cassette (10 min.) An overview of our interdependent world and how the Y responds to its family abroad through World Service. A motivating presentation to help you raise contributions for World Service.

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## Appendix 2

### Countries where YMCAs are at work

For information about the work of these YMCAs and how you can expand your international programs through a variety of international activities including a linkage or partnership with a YMCA in another country, contact the YMCA of the USA's International Division (800-872-9622) or any of the YMCA International Offices listed in Appendix 3.

Angola	Ecuador	Japan	Rwanda
Antigua	Egypt (Arab Rep. of)	Jordan	Sao Tome e Principe
Argentina	El Salvador	Kenya	Scotland
Aruba	England	Korea (Rep. of)	Senegal
Australia	Estonia	Latvia	Sierra Leone
Austria	Fiji	Lebanon	Singapore
Bahamas	Finland	Liberia	South Africa
Bangladesh	France	Madagascar	Spain
Barbados	French Polynesia (Tahiti)	Malaysia	Sri Lanka
Belgium	Gabon	Malta	St. Maarten
Belize	Gambia	Mauritius	Sudan
Benin	Gaza	Mexico	Surinam
Bolivia	Germany	Myanmar (Burma)	Sweden
Brazil	Ghana	Netherlands	Switzerland
Bulgaria	Greece	New Zealand	Tanzania
Cameroon	Guatemala	Nicaragua	Thailand
Canada	Guyana	Nigeria	Togo
Chile	Honduras	Norway	Trinidad and Tobago
China (People's Rep. of)	Hong Kong	Pakistan	Uganda
China (Republic of)	Hungary	Panama	United States of America
Colombia	Iceland	Papua New Guinea	Uruguay
Costa Rica	India	Paraguay	Venezuela
Cuba	Indonesia	Peru	Wales
Curacao	Ireland	Philippines	Western Samoa
Czechoslovakia	Israel	Poland	Zaire
Denmark	Italy	Portugal	Zambia
Dominican Republic	Jamaica	Romania	Zimbabwe

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## Appendix 3

### National Headquarters

YMCA of the USA  
International Division  
101 North Wacker Drive  
Chicago, IL 60606  
Phone: 800-872-9622  
Fax: 312-977-9063

### International Offices

#### Africa

Desta Girima  
Pittsburgh Metropolitan YMCA  
330 Blvd. of the Allies, 7th Fl.  
Pittsburgh, PA 15222  
Phone: 412-227-3815  
Fax: 412-471-6539

#### Asia

William Sieverling  
YMCA of Greater Seattle  
909 Fourth Avenue  
Seattle, WA 98104  
Phone: 206-382-5008  
Fax: 206-382-7283

#### Europe

Bruce Knox  
Cleveland Metropolitan YMCA  
2200 Prospect Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44115  
Phone: 216-344-0095  
Fax: 216-344-3949

#### Latin America

Jerry Prado-Shaw  
Greater St. Louis YMCA  
1528 Locust Street  
St. Louis, MO 63103  
Phone: 314-436-1177  
Fax: 314-436-1901

### Program Support Units

#### Caribbean

DeWitt Martin  
Butler Street YMCA  
22 Butler Street, NE  
Atlanta, GA 30335  
Phone: 404-659-8085

#### Middle East

Pendy Eliou  
South Family Branch YMCA  
150 East Thompson Ave.  
West St. Paul, MN 55118  
Phone: 612-457-0048  
Fax: 612-457-0339

#### Pacific

Hisao Nakamura  
Honolulu Metro YMCA  
1441 Pali Highway  
Honolulu, HI 96813  
Phone: 808-531-3558  
Fax: 808-533-1286

### International Program Services

Alice (Bonnie) Mairs  
International Program Services  
356 West 34th Street, 3rd Fl.  
New York, NY 10001  
Phone: 212-563-4595  
Fax: 212-563-3783





