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CAMPUS JOURNAL

Volume VIII

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MAKE THE WORLD LAUGH WITH YOU

Salve Javier

IT needs no sage to persuade us of the unique and disturbing nature of laughter. For the man who can regard his kind with detachment, the thing is self-evident. Man's other expressions of emotion are at least to some extent calculable. But laughter is, in the main, an accident. It is true that comedians and wits and other people who have dabbled in the subject can, and often do, deliberately call forth laughter from their fellows. But it is a ticklish and uncertain business in which the chances of success are more precarious than those in any other undertaking. For the most part, laughter comes upon a man un-awares. It will strike him when he least expects it, sometimes on the most inappropriate occasions.

When considered as a diversion, again its unique nature becomes apparent; for it is the only diversion that cannot be indulged in at will. If a man feels like walking, he has but to step outside his door. If he wishes to read, he takes up a book. Thinking and, to some extent, even dreaming can be performed when desired. He can say, "Let us eat, let us drink, let us smoke," and so saying he can proceed to do these things. But he cannot deliberately set himself to laugh. He does not write to a friend,

"Do come around and laugh for an hour or two this evening."

It is no wonder, then, that man has always been fascinated by laughter, that he has examined it, tasted it, analyzed it in all its multitudinous demonstrations, divided it into categories and tones like a musical scale, lovingly invented for it a marvelous variety of words, each akin to laughter in nature, each striving to reproduce the particular noise made by the particular variety of laughter for which it stands. That is why there is today a whole scale of words with which to describe laughter.

The snort, the snicker, the snigger, the titter, the giggle, the chuckle, the chortle, the guffaw—what a range there is! What variety, what development from the short dry interjection of the snort, hardly more than the stirring of a dead leaf, through the growing and more musical agitation of the titter, the giggle, the chuckle, to the superb and sonorous outburst of the guffaw. And we enroll other words in the service. We speak of a burst, a roar, a peal, a shriek, a paroxysm, a yell, an explosion of laughter.

The most irresistible variety of laughter is that which springs up suddenly and most inexplicably between two peo-

ple in the course of a conversation. Something is said, something unexpected and often trivial but fraught with an exquisite aptness, and suddenly the divine spark is struck, the train fired, and laughter explodes. Only those who have suffered this divine accident can sympathize with the ecstatic paroxysms of the victims. Those who have not been ignited by the spark feel, if they are present, impatient and a little ashamed. If not present but told of it afterwards, they reply that it does not seem to them particularly funny. And in nine cases out of ten they are right—it is not.

But to the fortunate victims the thing is exquisitely titillating. They become immersed in it as in an electric bath. Their whole beings are thrilled and shaken. It has "gotten them" as nothing ever got them before. They are possessed, body and soul, by the heavenly demon, and, rocking like dervishes, they give themselves up to unrestrained delight.

And then, as physical weariness sets in, as that ache of the shaking diaphragm becomes almost unendurable, they begin to take themselves in hand, to stare sternly, in a desperate search for seriousness, at the cold external world and the glowing brand that has fired them. Self-possessed and cool, they contemplate it once more. After all, what was there in it to cause that conflagration? It appears to them now cold and ashen gray.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the humor flows back into it, the brand begins to glow again, an inescapable titillation of the senses upsets the victims once more, once more the thing has become sublimely ludicrous, and another paroxysm of

laughter breaks out. So the process may continue till final exhaustion brings it to an end.

Even then it may break out again, hours afterwards, in the middle of the night to the terror of a sleeping household, or months and even years later when the victims meet again and recall the original accident.

What release, what invigoration comes from laughter such as this! For a while the laughter has enjoyed reconciliation with himself and with the whole of creation. His whole being has resounded in one rich chord. He has known complete liberty and complete activity. The beast in him and the angel in him have laid aside for a moment their lifelong enmity and caroused together.

For a few moments, under the spell of laughter, the whole man is completely and gloriously alive. Body, mind, and soul vibrate in unison and, as three wires of a piano, produce a single resonant tone. If the condition produced in a man by laughter could be permanently maintained, this earth would become the Kingdom of Heaven.

Laughter is a wide and fruitful field for the psychologist, and the more he can tell us on the subject, the nearer we shall approach to that self-knowledge recommended by the Greek philosophers.

But all that the psychologists and philosophers can tell us will never abate by one jot the rapture and refreshment of the act of laughing, nor will it furnish us with an infallible recipe for the production of laughter. And so laughter will doubtless remain—as long as mankind retains the priceless gift of laughing—an accident.

BLOSSOM ARISTOCRAT

Amanda Bautista

HAVE you ever been moved by the beauty revealed in an orchid? If you want to express something ultimate, say it with orchids. Offering orchids shows good taste, refinement, delicacy, and probably luxury. If you want to regain your love, orchids will do the trick. Orchids convey an unfathomable and an inexplicable fascination. It is because of this that orchid hunters have been lured to places sometimes unexplored for the sake of possessing the rare blossoms.

The Philippines is rich in its flora, both natural and introduced. Among the most revered of its flora are the orchids. One author has called them "Aristocrats of the Woodland." Although the Islands has an exuberant supply of the different species of orchids, the plants are often gathered at great risks in almost inaccessible mountain jungles.

Hundreds of Philippine orchids have been classified, and still there are others to be classified and named. Orchids are divided into two general groups according to their habitats: the terrestrial, which grow directly in the earth; and the epiphytical, which grow on trees.

Here are a few of the best known of the species:

VANDA SANDERIANA (waling-waling) is the most showy of Philippine orchids. It bears large clusters of lilac flowers marked with chocolate-colored spots. It blooms between May and August. This blossom comes from Mindanao.

P. SCHILLERIANA (tiger orchid) is among the most pleasing to the eyes. The flowers are borne on a stalk sometimes a meter long. It bears the most flowers during its blossoming season. A stalk may have 260 flowers on it. This variety originated in Cavite.

AERIDES LAWRENCIAE (Davao Aerides) is the smallest flowered orchid plant. The flowers exude fragrance. The petals are white and faintly washed at the center with sea-foam yellow. This is one of the most notable epiphytical or aerial orchids. It is usually found adhering to stems and branches of gigantic living trees. Like the waling-waling, it comes from Mindanao.

P. LEUCORRHODA has flowers which are white, with tinges of violet. The leaves of this species are as attractive as the flowers because they are sprinkled with leopard-like spots.

P. APHRODITE (White mariposa) is called the "Queen of Orchids." The flowers come out like white moths on each side of a long stalk. This plant is very popular among collectors and florists, as it meets most of their standards. It can be used for decorative purposes and for cut flowers. Unlike other orchids, this one blooms the whole year around. The people of Zamboanga grow this plant as much as we do our gumamelas.

RENANTHERA STOREI (Red Renanthera) has a brilliant brick-red color. This plant makes a picturesque sight with its flaming red flowers against a

dark green foliage background. In the jungles of Mindanao this plant grows ten feet high.

VANDA MERRILLI (Merrill's vanda) is the most fragrant orchid. A single stalk of the bright red flowers fills a whole yard with a heavy perfume. The scent lasts only during daytime. It begins at about seven o'clock in the morning, gains intensity toward noon and gradually fades toward afternoon. By sunset the stalk is entirely odorless. But do not lose hope, the next morning it gives its sweet scent again.

The rarest orchid in existence is the **AERIDES FARMERI** (white Aerides). The flowers, which are small and white, sprout from stalks that are beautifully white and a foot in length.

P. MARIAE (Marie's Butterfly Orchid) has shining dark green leaves. Its flowers are odorless and it bears only a few blooms. The blossoms are pure white except for the entire yellow labelum. This variety was originally collected from the hills of Bukidnon, Mindanao.

DENDROBIUM CERINUM has fairly large and odorless flowers springing from stems half as thick as one's little finger. The blossoms remain fresh for three or four days. Its petals are chalcidony yellow with straw-yellow sepals. Examples of the species were originally gathered by orchid peddlers from the mountains of Rizal.

DENDROBIUM SUPERBUM is commonly called "sangumay". It is the most common of our native orchids. It grows anywhere under the most adverse conditions. It can stand the roughest kind of handling. Stick a plant on your stone

wall, or on a tree, or hang it over your eaves; then forget it. Let it drown in the August rains, and still it will thrive in the heat of the summer. When March comes, go and look and you will be surprised to find your neglected "sangumay" covered with gorgeous purple blossoms. Its petals range from a delicate orchid lavender to deep purple. When it is in bloom it fills the air with perfume. The plant was originally collected among the typical plants of the *Dendrobium anosmum*, from the mountains of Rizal province. Nowadays, it is found in many parts of the country in great abundance. During the blooming season of these plants, from January to April, you can buy a plant with blossoms from orchid peddlers on the streets for only a sum of twenty-five centavos. You can buy corsages of them for only forty centavos.

Peerless beauty is symbolized in Philippine orchids. They are glorious in their riot of color which they bring into the Philippine landscape. Every one of them is just the thing for the enthusiast and dreamer who likes to forget the hurry and bustle of the city about him. Tending and caring for orchids will envelop one in an atmosphere of mystery. There is no reason for these resplendent flowers not being found in our homes when, with a little sacrifice, they can be procured by orchid lovers almost for a song.

Redolent of the mystery and romance in them, some, like the butterfly orchid, are common sights to Manilans,—are as much a part of Manila as the leis are in Honolulu—yet not so common that they invite only a passing glance!

THE EYES HAVE IT

Adela Deen

"HERE comes an old maid" uttered a youth in a matter-of-fact way. "How do you know?" asked the girl beside him.

"How?" He answered as if amazed at the ignorance of his sister. "Can't you see and judge for yourself? Is she not wearing a pair of spectacles?"

Yes, indeed, the utility of glasses has come to be widely associated with spinsters and old-fashioned school teachers. It is no wonder, therefore, that girls, especially young girls in their "teens," evade wearing glasses even to the detriment of their own eyes. Spectacles generally take something agreeable from one's countenance and substitute an element of ugliness.

Though glass was invented by the Phoenicians over two thousand years ago, its optical utility is comparatively recent. Roger Bacon is believed to have made, in the thirteenth century, the first pair of British spectacles. Glasses in those days were large and gave more discomfort and inconvenience than corrective assistance. Thus, only the stoics and heroic persons took advantage of spectacles. But as the fashions and dress of men have changed, so also have eyeglasses assumed different forms and colors. They have varied from round to strange shapes and figures, have ranged from white to black, from the palest to the darkest in colors. Various hues to suit anyone's taste, fancy or choice can be secured. Red, yellow, green, pink, blue, tinted glasses are available in al-

most every store.

Glasses, in addition to their utility, are now worn for beauty and ornament. Goggles, for protection of the eyes against the glaring sunlight, are a common sight during summer.

The flower-shaped spectacles, which are the latest models are selling fast. The glass proper which shields the eye is of two contrasting colors. Its center, which is round, is of a dark color, preferably black. Surrounding this area is a yellow rim or any other color which harmonizes with the dark color. The rim is irregular and shaped like the outline of a petal so that, on the whole, the spectacles resemble a flower in full bloom.

The commonly termed "harlequin" glasses are as the name indicates, similar to the masks worn by harlequin dancers.

Another diversion from the original forms are the glasses which are conical in shape with a slit or opening in the center.

From the very large horn-rimmed spectacles which sat astride a lady's nose, we have evolved tiny saucer-shaped lenses which fit the eye and are placed under the lids. These glasses are known as contact lenses and over six thousand persons use them.

They are conveniently installed in place and are invisible when worn. Thus, they are particularly popular with fastidious, self-conscious people whose vision demands correction.

An actor who was to play the part of an Indian chief was discovered to possess blue eyes. Some substitute had to be found to save the show. Whoever heard of an Indian with deep blue eyes? Unwilling to risk his job, the actor appeared on the set two days later with dark brown eyes. The director, photographers, and other movie men may not have known it, but the Indian hero was wearing colored contact lenses.

Thus, actors, actresses, ministers and others who appear before the public are saved the embarrassment of wearing spectacles and still have the security of

normal vision.

Divers and swimmers use them because they do not come off when swimming in rough water.

Miners find them a great comfort, for no dust or moisture obstructs their vision when deep in the earth.

Drivers derive protection against bright lights by using contact lenses. Scamen, aviators, everyone, both young and old, may use these glasses to the greatest convenience, a new aid to poor sight without appearing conspicuous and ugly.

* * *

MEN AND THEIR COCKS

Teresa Ungson

FOUR hundred and eighty years before Christ's birth the Greeks marched against Xerxes of Persia. In a narrow mountain gorge the advance guard found their way barred by two fighting cocks. Themistocles, the Athenian general, stopped the march, called a halt, and pointed out to his troops that the birds fought "not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor glory, nor freedom, nor for their children; but for the sake of victory, and that one may not yield to the other."

"From this topic," we are told, "he inspired the Athenians, who beat the Persians, and a cockfight to celebrate the event was an annual and even religious fixture later in Athens." The Romans, who stole practically all their modes, manners and pastimes from the Greeks, made no exception of the noble sport of cockfighting, and thus, when the

Roman legionnaires conquered Britain they brought their gamecocks along. Since then cockfighting has remained a permanent, though not always a legitimate diversion on the island set in the silver sea.

The most striking thing about the cockfights of those days was the behavior of the spectators. In an age of extreme class separation the classes mixed liberally, and in a period of lawlessness the laws of the cockpits were obeyed implicitly; but the liberty was the liberty of the libertine, and the laws of the cockpit were the laws of the outlaw. An English gentleman of the time of Queen Anne, writing to a friend in Paris, implored him to come over to Merry Old England to see its two main sensations—a cockfight and a parliamentary election—"there is such a celestial spirit of anarchy in those two scenes that words cannot paint it."

The Philippines is no exception in regard to cockfighting. Out there in the outskirts of the city, where the mercury registers ninety in the shade and time hangs heavy on one's hands, people resort to the time-honored national pastime—the *tupada*. No other local pastime offers more thrills than the *tupada*. The fact that it is prohibited by law only makes it all the more desirable to people who relish playing hide and seek with the duly constituted authorities.

What is meant by *tupada*, anyway? It is simply a term applied to illegal cockfighting. Except for some minor details, it is the same in all respects as the regular *sabong* in ordinary cockpits.

Those who run the *tupada* are the *acentista*, the *casador*, and the proprietor of the open air arena where the game is held. The *acentista* is the most important figure. He acts as a *sentenciador* or judge when none is available from the *tupada* fans. The *casador*, or purseman, takes charge of the bets.

The *acentista*, the *casador*, and the proprietor of the open arena realize some money out of the *plaxada*, or the percentage in every *soltada*. The usual slash is twenty percent, divided three ways. However, the watchman, whose sole job is to watch out for the minions of the law, also gets something.

Cockfighting would be a real game of chance if its exponents did not resort to *siope*, foul matches. In a dishonest match of this sort, only a select few are "in the know." Being in on the deal, they are therefore in a position to select the sure winner.

There are various ways of putting on a *siope*. The most common is this. Two fighting cocks are matched. One, to

all appearances, is a cock that has never seen a real fight. It even appears emaciated. The other has all the earmarks of a real fighting cock and has been a *matador*, or a consistent winner, in past *tupadas*. Naturally the fans stake their all on the *matador*, not knowing that it is a fixed match. The upshot of it all is that the *matador* gets the licking of his life because its wings or spine has been conveniently dislocated before the *tupada*.

No more picturesque scene can one witness in the outskirts of the city and in the barrios than the *tupada*. Scores of people gather about the *tupadahan*, yelling for all they're worth as the cocks fight it out on the field of battle.

And what is the composition of these people that frequent the *tupadahan*? They are for the most part composed of men—usually unemployed—and a handful of women and children who make their living out of the *tupada*. If you think touts are present only at horse races, you're wrong. Most of the tipsters or *vistos* in this national pastime earn enough to support a family of five or six, and still have enough capital left for *pakito* at night.

And the *tenderas*—they too have something to be thankful for. The money they get out of the usually hungry *tupadores* is enough to tide them over far a day or two. Considering that the *tupadas* take place almost every day, the locale being made a permanent one unless the minions of the law get wind of the place—in which case the *tupadahan* is transferred to a safer locality—those dependent on the game for their living manage to make both ends meet.

★ A refreshing few minutes with the Italian painter

THE LOCATELLIS AT HOME

Jovita Natividad

ONE day, in the picturesque village of Bergamo, Northern Italy, a lad in his early "teens" accompanied his father to the church where the latter worked as painter of frieze decorations. Endowed with a keen power of observation, the boy was alert to the things around him. Not far away, he saw a man with a grizzly, bushy mustache bristling beneath a big nose. The little observer did not like the nose—much less the mustache. He felt an urge to improve the man's unsightly face. His childish love for the beautiful rebelled against such ugliness. After a while, the innocent and unknowing object of scrutiny dozed. The boy, taking the opportunity, got a candle and without any hesitation kindled the mustache. With a start the man woke—grabbed and slapped the lad. But the slap did not matter. He was content in the thought that he had attempted to improve an ugly thing. This little incident took place many years ago and the little boy was—Romualdo Locatelli, recognized Italian painter and master of continental reputation.

We had a first look at Signor Locatelli in the 4th floor of the Syquia Apartments—on that side where all is quiet. It was a long walk and a tiresome one from the university library to 1131 M. H. del Pilar, but there was nothing tiresome about the hospitable smile and the warm greeting through the screened door of 41. It opened and there beyond was the mistress of the

household—Signora Erminia Locatelli. Lovely in a draped crepe gown of vermillion with linings of gold, she bade us enter. Beside her stood the painter. Tall, curly-haired, and good looking—he was a striking personality. Simple and unassuming in a light brown polo shirt, white linen trousers, and blue kid shoes, Signor Locatelli smiled a smile of welcome.

From the door could be seen wooden frameworks of various sizes. At one end of the room was the master's canvas covered with a purple mantel. We entered with the trepidations felt by those treading sacred grounds—but not for long.

The mistress, to whom the painter attributes a great deal of his success, is an engaging hostess. She not only is a wife to the painter but is also his manager. She deals with customers and takes charge of all orders and business transactions. He does the painting, she—the selling—a very enterprising couple. They have been happily married for 12 years.

A cigarette in one hand, with the other Signora Locatelli fingered an album and showed us a newspaper clipping of the first painting that her husband made of her. It was the facsimile of a young girl in a Madam Pompadour costume of the eighteenth century.

"And I had to cook eggs for him in this hoop skirt when I was his model," our hostess explained.

The master listened and watched with interest. He has a peculiar mannerism of twitching his eyelids quite often. When he smiled, his eyes danced in a winning way. Locatelli professes not to understand English, but occasionally when English is spoken concerning himself, his face lights with a gleam of utter comprehension. The painter hesitates when he talks.

A music lover, Locatelli loves to paint beside the radio. From music he finds inspiration and enjoyment—in fact he claims that he paints music on the canvas. He plays the piano—but that is not all. He also is a novelist and is at present working on a number of Italian novels which deal with the natives of Bali and their customs.

During their one-year sojourn in Bali, the Locatellis stayed in the village of Sapin—a rural district. Here, the paint-

er lived among natives. Far from being uppish, he helped the natives in their work in the rice fields, aided the poor, played with the children, and shared in their dances, celebrations, and festivities. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was looked upon with the same awe and respect that they attributed to their gods. In fact, to them he was a god. Every 15 days, the Balinese natives would bring gifts of bananas, chickens, and choice products to the painter, just as they sacrificed to their idols.

Locatelli, we learned, prefers to paint at sunset. Contrary to belief that his works are studies in brown, he denies having any favorite color. Each color to him is as indispensable as any other. When at work, Locatelli finds it comfortable to paint in plain underwear. Comfort and ease go in the making of a good painting.

* * *

HOST OF MANILA

Martha Galang

"SITUATED on reclaimed land of some three hectares with Burnham Green as a background, facing the historic Luneta on the south, gorgeous Manila Bay on the west, the old Spanish Walled City on the north, and modern Manila on the east—the Manila Hotel stands proud and majestic on a location which is incomparable; a setting hardly found in any other part of the world."

Just as Manila would be incomplete without its Post Office, Legislative Building, City Hall and Custom House, so would it not be Manila without the

Manila Hotel. Somehow or other, whenever one speaks of Manila to a tourist or even to a Filipino from the provinces, the Manila Hotel invariably comes into the conversation. There seems to be a feeling of ownership that we people of the City feel for it.

The Manila Hotel is the biggest and best hotel in the Philippines, if not in the Orient. In it the largest and most important social affairs of the Islands are held. In it are the most distinguished visitors of the Philippines housed. In it are found the best ballrooms in the country. In it also is found the best

orchestra in the archipelago. For a honeymoon after one's heart, there is the Bridal Suite. On hot summer days the modernistic swimming pool is a popular place. For an exclusive dinner and a little dancing, the Dau Room serves the purpose to perfection. Or should one clamor for cafe society, there is the Fiesta Pavilion. Society, however, seems to favor the Winter Garden, another magnificent dancing hall. Then too, after a round of golf or a strenuous day, one can find cool, tall drinks at the Oak Room, where smiling waiters stand ready to serve one's slightest whim.

When the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, came to the Philippines about a decade ago, he stayed at

the Manila Hotel and there (it is believed) first laid eyes on the woman he was going to give up a throne for. So the Manila Hotel has even played a part in one of the greatest romances in history. When Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., came here in the height of his fame he stayed there, too. So with Anna May Wong, said to be the most beautiful Chinese woman, and George O'Brien, and others. Royalty, millionaires, distinguished people, movie stars—all stay at the Manila Hotel whenever they come to the Philippines.

So stands the Manila Hotel in all its glory, fitting symbol of Filipino hospitality, and the Philippines' best—the Aristocrat of the Orient.

* * *

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Magdalena Bautista

PEOPLE are talking about... The simple, immaculate, white mansion of High Commissioner Francis B. Sayre on Dewey Boulevard... University of the Philippines at Diliman by 1942... The drabness of the waterfront with three grey belligerent ships in port...

People are talking about... *The Yearling*; *Native Son*; *My Son, My Son*... The well done debut of Vivien Leigh in *Gone with the Wind*... The premiere racket of certain theaters. But, if people are willing to pay the extra "premiere price" there is no correction... Big clocks to be installed in the down-town theaters... The Jai Alai Sports Stadium to be inaugurated October 1... The Casa Mañana Club... The "matoroco" —double-decked buses newly installed, for use on Chicago

Street and Dewey Boulevard... Ten cent coca colas...

People are talking about... The pockets women have at present, that look like baskets, flowers, hearts, and shelves... The various wooden shoes now in vogue—some like boats, others like Morovintas, still others like stilts... Nylon stockings... Plastics—glass furniture...

People are talking about... Romualdo Locatelli's paintings from Bali... The new dance craze, the "zamba". First came the "rhumba," then the "conga," and now it's the "zamba." Sooner or later we'll be invaded by the "can-can"... The excellent movie—*Rebecca*. The five o'clock crowd at Heacock's... The Yacht Club's new home.

DAME VANITY'S ODDITIES

Editha Garchitorena

ALL over the world, since time immemorial, strange and oftentimes ridiculous practices have arisen in the name of vanity.

Among the Indians of North America and the ancient Peruvians, head deformation was a common practice. At an early age, the child's head was bound between hard pieces of wood in order for it to assume the desired shape. An elongated head spelled success.

The Chinese practice of foot constriction, although embodying the same principle of body moulding, is precipitated more by the Orientals' jealous nature than by a desire to conform to any standards of body beauty. They believe that a woman's only place is the home and, to insure obedience to this rule, they seek to deprive her of her locomotive powers. Applying the law of degeneration, it has been voiced that if this practice continues, the time will come when the Chinese woman will have lost all power of locomotion.

Plastic surgery, body massage, and steam baths are the latest and most modern versions of this body formation or deformation, as the case may be.

A very important reason for clothing was to attract the opposite sex. Among the lower animals, the male species sports more attractive plumage than the female. This can very well be seen in the peacock, the roosters, and the humming bird. In the tribes of South America, Africa, and Australia, the men are always more ornately adorned than the

women. Nevertheless, there is an absence of spinsterhood. With us, the reverse is true. Men can dress themselves only in somber shades while women are arrayed in the gayest of colors and paint themselves in a conglomeration of red, white, and blue. Yet spinsterhood is on the increase.

The strongest argument so far advanced for the wearing of clothes is modesty. But what is modesty, anyhow? Webster defines it as "proper delicacy or purity of thought and manner." Different practices which are ascribed to modesty do not seem to conform to this definition. With the Moslems, to show modesty, it is enough for a woman to cover her face. While in China, it is considered indelicate to exhibit a woman's artificially shrunk feet or even to talk about them. Among the people of Sumatra and Celebes, exposure of the knee was formerly looked upon as immodest while in Asia to show the fingertips was the height of indecency. The Tahitians may forego their clothing and go about the streets minus the girdle, provided the body is tattooed. An Alaskan woman deems it a disgrace to be seen about without her lip-ring. Similarly, a woman of today, a product of our civilization, is permitted to expose her neck and shoulders and arms in a ballroom but not on the street. She parades on the beach in a brief bathing suit without the least offense, but would certainly be reproved with the same suit in a town.

PLEASURE PLUS PROFIT

Mario Chanco

SUCCESS stories, no matter how poorly written, never fail to inspire the reader. While I do not pretend to be a booming success like Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller, I have been fortunate enough in making a little money in diverse ways to set even me wondering as to how I possibly have done such things.

Seven years ago the stamp bug bit me and started me on the way to my first business. You can well imagine how interests fare with a boy of eleven; one day I'd be raving about gaudy theater programs and the next I'd be all wrapped up in a dime novel. But with stamps it was different. I began to envy the stamp dealers along the Escolta with their impressive window displays and enormous stocks. I began asking myself what the dealers had that I didn't have. Mr. Chanco, the stamp dealer, was born.

Together with three friends I bought a large assortment of stamps and some sheets on which to mount them. My friends soon lost interest and I bought them out promptly. I started peddling stamps to classmates at school and found, to my immense delight, I was actually making money. For three solid weeks the stamp business flourished and expanded, my pockets started to bulge with coins, and I thought I was well on the road toward becoming an international stamp dealer, when along came my lawyer uncle and put a crimp in my plans by telling me I would land

in jail if I did not secure a license. The government, I discovered to my sorrow, was not particularly enthusiastic about issuing licenses to children, and so I had to close shop just when things were beginning to look rosy. Three weeks of incessant harrasing had netted me a little over six pesos, which amount I promptly invested in a pair of roller skates and a box of ivory dominoes.

Correspondence later replaced the stamp fever and I began branching out. Letters for me in the mailbox became a common occurrence. Papa, who is a doctor, soon found that I was becoming popular as far as mail was concerned. Then one day the postman dropped a magazine inside our mailbox entitled *Hobby News*. The publication was the official organ of an exchange and correspondence club in New Zealand. I was impressed. You know what happened next. I simply had to start a correspondence club of my own. Advertisement of the club was an easy matter; I made agreements with similar organizations to print my club notices and in return I offered to do the same for them. Membership in my club cost one peso and for this amount the subscribers could have their names and wants published in a quarterly "magazine" (the quotations are mine) for a whole year. I was able to put out two issues, but after that I gave up. The cost was tremendous, the club was soon to be in the red, so I did what other businessmen would do under the same

circumstances... I declared a state of bankruptcy. The members I had gathered within a period of six months were turned over to another club in the United States, and everybody was satisfied. There were no complaints. When the smoke of battle had cleared, my accounts showed a net profit of twelve pesos in currency and three more in unused postage stamps. I declared a dividend, and a sporting goods store received the entire amount in exchange for a basketball which lasted me a month.

I learned to typewrite in my senior year at high school and lost no time in commercializing my newly acquired talent. My brother, who was then studying medicine, gave me five centavos for every page of notes I typed. He and I soon came to the parting of the ways; I made too many mistakes, he claimed. Then too, I was beginning to talk fluently in Latin in my sleep; naturally I had to cease operations. Anyway it was hard work and paid very little. Away I went for new worlds to conquer, and may Richard Halliburton rest in peace!

My class at school went in for a bit of dramatics, and I decided next I must be a Frank Capra or else I wouldn't be able to rest. With the aid of some friends I produced a two act murder-mystery which was outstanding in its amateurishness. After paying all expenses and treating my actors to refreshments, I found out, to my intense grief, that the whole thing had made me a net profit of sixty-five centavos. At ten centavos a head... hmm, at least I was lucky it wasn't a loss I was underwriting. Goodbye, dramatics.

My knowledge of the stamp game

stood me in good stead. In 1938, feeling the pinch of the depression, I sat myself before a rejuvenated typewriter and pounded out an eight page dissertation on stamp "rackets." The editor of a local magazine... may his tribe increase!... thought the article was interesting and mailed me a check for seven pesos. Writing began to appeal to me. All you had to do was to take a few sheets of blank paper, make a few impressions, and presto! along came money. Consequently, I started plying the editors of several magazines with articles on stamps. Three more were published within a period of two years, but not without the usual quota of pink slips. Sometimes I had to send a manuscript to three or more different publications before it was accepted. I did not mind it very much, though, since the postage and paper I wasted did not amount to a sizable sum. For a quick turnover with the least expenses I heartily recommend writing... and if you are as lazy as I, you will find it quite interesting too.

About eight months ago a local magazine wrote to me in connection with an article I had recently had published, asking me for something along the same line. I did not receive anything in payment for the article which I sent him. The editor remarked that it was not a very influential publication he was running; I agreed with him wholeheartedly. Later he offered me a position as "ad" solicitor with a commission of twenty-five percent. I jumped at the offer and commenced beating a track to all the stores downtown, trying to get them to advertise. The results were not exactly encouraging. In some firms I got as far as the secretary. When I

was lucky (and that was a rare occurrence) I managed to see the president, but aside from a few empty promises I got nowhere. Needless to say I soon quit.

My latest and most profitable venture covered a period of three months, and I can very safely say that it was the easiest job I ever had. Ever since childhood I have played the harmonica with a fair degree of proficiency, and when I felt financial needs pressing as they usually did, I decided to cash in. I competed in the Listerine Amateur Hour contest and then forgot about the whole thing until I received a letter five days later informing me I had won ten pesos in the weekly broadcast. I was elated at this sudden stroke of fortune. The finals came two and a half months later and I emerged second prize winner... with twenty more shekels to reinforce my dilapidated pocketbook. For the first

time in my life I deposited money in a bank—under pressure from my parents, who insisted that I put away some little portion for the rainy day. Three days later the rains came and my bankbook showed an exact balance of one peso... just enough to keep the account open.

And that concludes my financial life thus far... not very imposing but just a bit different. In practically all cases, I am embarrassed to say, the money I earned never lasted more than a week. With so many robberies nowadays it doesn't seem safe to be carrying around so much money. The next best thing to do is to spend it and say goodbye to worry.

Now I am beginning to crowd my little brother, who receives almost three pesos a week for shining shoes at home. After all, there's a lot of truth in the saying, "Necessity knows no law."

* * *

CHILDREN OF THE SEA

Orencia Enriquez

SEA gypsies, although common in days of antiquity, have in modern times almost vanished from the earth. The Philippines can boast of one of the last remaining races of people whose homes are afloat—the Bajaos of the Sulu Sea.

Sitanki, the southernmost island of the Sulu Archipelago, is the central rendezvous of the Sea Gypsies. The Bajao Sea Gypsies are a loosely organized group of primitive sea-rovers whose origin has never been satisfactorily explained. They are the strangest of the many strange peoples of the Philippines. Their his-

tory is a forgotten link in the chain of Pacific migrations.

The Bajaos have reduced life to its simple terms. Born in canoes hewn from the trunks of trees, they spend their entire lives afloat. Their childhood, middle life, and old age is spent aboard their boats, and when they die, they are buried in coffins made from the wood of these same boats. A family of eight or more persons not only manage to obtain their food, to prepare it for use, to store it away against times of future need, but also to carry on all the various activities of family life within the cramped space

of an ordinary fishing canoe, or *vinta*.

The old people say that to step ashore makes them dizzy; yet, strangely enough, the Bajaos are the poorest sailors on the Sulu Sea. The slightest squall sends them scudding for shelter, and in rough water they become hopelessly seasick. They get their food from the sea; yet they are notably poor fishermen. They spend so much of their time in water that they might properly be called amphibians; yet at the first drop of rain they wrap their "sarongs" about their bodies and take shelter under the thatched coverings of their boats.

The Bajaos speak a language differing radically from that of any of their neighbors, and seemingly it is of Polynesian origin. Yet they file and blacken their teeth as the Moros do, dress like Malays, and in general conduct themselves as Malays. At first glance they are Malays, but when one looks more closely, he sees that their features are Caucasian, that their eyes are usually straight instead of slant, and that their noses are seldom squat, are sometimes even hawklike.

The Bajaos are so primitive that they apparently have no word in their language connoting gods or a creator. They are a people to whom the sea is the world, beyond which there is nothing, yet they are so modern that they make daily use of matches, diving goggles, and even alarm clocks. It is probable that if deprived of matches, not a man among them could make a fire. They have lost the old arts which their environment had forced them to develop. Their few contacts with modern civilization have shocked them out of their primitive culture.

No Bajao children have ever been

sent to school. That does not mean however, that they are free from proselytizing influences. Their Mohammedan neighbors, the Moros, are doing their fanatical best to make Moslems of the Bajaos—not because they are anxious to accept them as brothers, for to the Moros the Bajaos are beneath contempt, but, one suspects, because the Moro Imans and Hadjis are not averse to making whatever money they can from bestowing the benefits of Islam upon their neighbors.

The Bajaos do not care much about titles. Their tribal organization is so loosely bound together that rank or position means but little. The important thing in the Bajao mind is to be a good fisherman—to be able to make a living. If one can do that, his religion or his titles are not of prime importance.

While the sea gypsies are superficially Mohammedans, they are pagans at heart. They do not understand Mohammedanism, and they have no interest in it. But being an inoffensive people, accustomed to doing what they are told to do, they perform the ceremony of Mag-Islam (circumcision) and give the Moro dignitaries the money they demand. Then they return to their boats, glad again to be about their business of fishing.

Their language and physical characteristics justify the supposition that they probably are of Indonesian origin. If this is true, a probable route to the Philippines would have been by way of Johore. Recent archeological discoveries made in Luzon by Dr. H. Otley Beyer indicate that Polynesian people did migrate through the Philippines long ago.

HYPOCRISY

Alberta Bautista

CONTEMPTUOUS lips that scarcely know what they are saying often spit the word "hypocrite" at any misunderstood but well-meaning individual. Few have taken the trouble of finding out what the word really means. If they have, they would know that hypocrisy is "the act or practice of feigning what one is not and of saying what one does not feel." A hypocrite, then, is one who practices hypocrisy. If one will consider for a moment and take the true meaning of the word, one can rightly conclude that to be a hypocrite is not so bad after all.

Civilization produced hypocrisy. It had its birth from the slow awakening of man—that one must not always show what one feels. Man realized that for the benefit of others as well as himself, instinctive reactions should sometimes be suppressed. To be unhappy and to make others also unhappy by showing them what he is begets a very complicated and useless waste of time and emotion. Thus, began the word we call "hypocrisy."

In China, to feign knowledge of Confucius and to scorn individualism is to be a good and honorable citizen. In Greece, to be indifferent to pain and pleasure was to be the ideal Greek. In Japan, to be able to successfully suppress all emotions is to be perfect.

I once heard a Japanese lecture on their habits and customs. A Japanese girl, said the lecturer, is scolded and later punished if she so much as hints that she is hurt, mentally or physically, or even frowns at any unseemingly

of her elders or a visitor. She must always show that she is happy, responsible, and learned if she is to get a husband at all. This was said nonchalantly by the lecturer, but the groans of pity that came from the audience showed how un-hypocritical we are when it comes to display of emotions. Imagine not crying when one feels that he has to or die!

Man-made laws and conventions have also made hypocrisy a necessity. Man has set certain standards by which all must live. If one does not live up to these standards, society looks down in contempt upon him. One of these laws of man is that he must be a good loser. Thus, if one has to swallow the bitter pill of defeat, one must still smile, congratulate the victor, and show that one is light-hearted. Can we call one "hypocritical" for all these acts? We reply in the negative, yet he has certainly feigned gay-heartedness; and the world says that he is right in showing nothing but what he has shown.

Then, too, hypocrisy figures in the law of the survival of the fittest. For in our artificial and superficial world, one must be fit and show that he is fit. One must be alert, ready at a word of command. In spite of mental and physical unfitness, one must go on working and feel gay about it or else lose one's job. And that, to many a poor and spiritless man, is the end of everything.

In life, it is always "the show must go on." Tragedy may be lurking behind, but one has to pretend that every-

thing is in its usual state. Society scorns the shaded life, but society also laughs at the bare, ingenuous life—and man made all these misdemeanors to be the rules and not the exceptions.

Hypocrisy is the sign of the courageous heart. No man is so brave as one who, having already drunk of life to the dregs, having met many disappointments and sorrows, can still face society as a person who takes life with a smile, and as one who comforts those who are hopeless. The man who looks life "straight in the eye," although he may have found cause to believe that he has been cheated by fate, is the man to whom we should take off our hats.

In all walks of life, hypocrisy leads the way. A very discreet but well-liked author was once popular for her vehement writings on love affairs. Later, however, she was reported to have tried to commit suicide because she was jilted by her lover. After that, people would not believe her contrary utterings on such things as love.

We remember the clown, of course,

as the gay, light-hearted fellow who makes us laugh. Sometimes, in moments of comparison, we envy the ever-cheerful fellow, never dreaming that his life is one of pretensions. Yet the world which misuses the word "hypocrisy" sings praises to him—because of his hypocrisies. Whether he likes it or not, the gay actor must laugh and perform his antics, if only to support a wife and perhaps an ailing child. This situation is enough to make him the sad, lonely, miserable man that he may be.

We applaud the great men, who, despite the private tragedies in their lives, are still able to attain their missions in life. We never consider what heavy hearts they must have carried beneath their cheerful exteriors in their pursuit of life, happiness, and success.

These people are hypocrites. Yet should we speak ill of them? Should we spit the word in their faces? NO. Hypocrisy is a virtue if taken in its right and good meaning. It is the surrender of one's will to the laws and conventions of a superficial and artificial world.

* * *

★ The lowly oyster's contribution to man

GEM—TEARS

Ester Tanchuco

PEARLS—priceless gems that have delighted mankind throughout the ages, are merely tiny oyster cancers which men culture, value, and even risk their lives in obtaining.

Oysters yield the best pearls at about four years of age. A pearl is similar in structure to an onion. Leaf after leaf

may be pulled off until the best lustre is finally exposed. Pearls are not fragile. True pearls are formed within the fleshy folds of the oyster. The size of a pearl is not alone a measure of its value. Shape, lustre, translucency, color, nuance, and purity are also the determining factors in its evaluation. No matter how

perfect its shape, if it be of black lustre it is of little account. If shape, lustre, and color are good, but it is marred by minute blemishes, its value is decreased greatly. The most prized shades are roséé, white roséé, cream and white. Jet black is undesirable. Blue, blue black or green, however, are favorite colors.

Very fine pearls are obtained from the Sulu Archipelago, to the north-east of Borneo. Tawi-tawi island yields the most valuable gems. Pearl fishing generally starts in the second week of March, lasting for about six weeks. Fishing boats are usually grouped in fleets which start at midnight. On the average the divers remain under water for eighty seconds. They descend naked, wearing only a girdle to support the basket of pearl oysters. They carry spikes of iron to arm themselves against attacks of sharks. As a rule divers are short lived. But, oh! for a single calcareous concretion of peculiar lustre they risk their all.

Good pearls of late years have been found in Sharks Bay on the coast of West Australia between the 15 degrees and 25 degrees south latitude. Along the coast of Queensland in Jones Strait is an important fishing bed. Water there is from four to six fathoms deep and divers are usually Malays, Australians, or Papuans. The Pacific abounds with pearl fisheries in the clear water of lagoons and atolls. Polynesian women dive for these pearls. The western coast of Central America has fishing grounds with forty feet deep water. Parties of divers may obtain around three thousand shells daily but only one in a thousand may contain a pearl. The Basin of White Elster and the district of Watawa are

pearl fisheries in England. These fisheries are regulated by inspectors, especially during spring. They determine places for fishing. After a tract has been fished it is left to rest for ten or fifteen years.

Pearl culture is generally classified into three types: the matrice culture, the river pearl culture, and the natural or native culture. The matrice culture is carried to the greatest perfection in China. This artificial formation of pearls is still practiced in Teh-ting and gives employment to about five thousand people. May and June are months for mussel collection. The valves of each are opened gently with a spatula to allow the introduction of foreign bodies—matrices. These are usually made of pieces of bone, brass, or wood. Then the unfortunate mollusk, though reluctant, is turned over and the operation is repeated on the other side. It is placed in shallow water, nourished from time to time by tubs of night soil. After two or three years the matrices are cut from the shells and the mollusks serve as food. Millions are sold in Soochow. Most curious of these pearls are those tiny seated images of Buddha found in the British Museum. These images are stamped in tin and lead and inserted as before. They are of a light creamy hue and are known as "Buddha Pearls."

In the Philippines it was recently reported to the Bureau of Commerce that a pearl as big as a pigeon's egg had been found in Tawi-tawi. It is of white roséé tint, very lustrous, and shapely. In 1882 a pearl of 75 carats was found in La Paz, California. But a much earlier discovery in 159, is the famous pearl, "Philip of Spain," weighing approximately 250 carats.

CURTAIN AT 8:30

Ramon C. Portugal

TWILIGHT falls and the shadows lengthen. A cavalcade of humanity flows and rushes through the streets, music rends the air and mingles with the din of the tooting horns, multi-colored neon lights flash, and cosmopolitan Manila enters its nocturnal life.

Night carries with it refuge, rest and work, frolic and sorrow, chance and despair to the heterogeneous population of this city of a thousand and one happinesses and a million and one miseries. To the young in heart, the approach of evening heralds a time of joy and brings a feeling of sweet anticipation. They find Manila a place for romance, transient and fleeting though it may be. From the *El Rancherito* in Pasay to the *Gondolier* at Balintawak, these young frivolity-seekers flock to enjoy the proverbial wine, women, and song. In the dimness of the air-conditioned theatres, they live for a while in a world of dreams, leaving the world of stark realities to itself. In these rendezvous of worldly joys gather also the worried, the sick at heart, and the weary men of the work-a-day world in search of refuge from their sorrow, despair, and pain.

But not all the young creatures of God spend the night thus. To some, the attraction of books and studies is stronger than that of the seductiveness of dance music, of the brightness of the cabarets, or of the sweet dimness of the showhouses. They enjoy more staying indoors for the evening, burying their

noses in books and burning the midnight oil for the morrow.

Evening bells are a call to the old for rest, for peace of mind, body and soul. They look at night as a soothing balsam that will banish the cares of the day. They yearn for a quiet evening with their families. Life to them is on its ebb, and they desire to pass the remaining years in this world in a calm, passive resignation. A cozy bed and a happy home are enough to give them solace and comfort for the night.

For the wealthy ones of the city the advent of night carries a different significance. The passing of day ushers in for Manila's "selecta" the busiest part of their daily routine. They have to "keep up with the Joneses" and so they find it hard to stay indoors for the night. They have to be present at parties in the expensive hotels or at the social functions in Malacañang if they are lucky enough to be invited. There is perhaps a cruising party on Manila Bay or a debut of the daughter of a wealthy friend which they must attend or else they will be conspicuous by their absence. They cannot afford to let the better movies go without their seeing them. If there is a premiere of a film, so much the better because they will find their pictures in the morning papers the next day. There is a fashion revue where the latest Parisian cuts are displayed, and this they must attend. Yes, to these Manilans who live in abundance and plenty, life is not worth living

if they cannot spend the night in public.

But woe to the poor of Manila! Night brings even more darkness to their already dark shacks and pig-pens which they call their houses. In the dark alleys and slums of Tondo, Sampaloc, San Nicolas and Paco, with their filth and stench, gather these lowly ones with ghastly fear in their faces as if night carries forebodings of tragedy for them. In these dingy, sty-like abodes sit haggard, emaciated wives rocking their young to sleep. Outside, children in rags mingle with alley cats at the garbage cans for left-overs which may check a bit the pangs of hunger gnawing their vitals. Laborers arrive from their work, too tired to heed the cries of their babies for milk, too tired to notice the tears on their wives' cheeks, too tired even to touch their supper. Gloom, utter gloom and misery pervades all. For these unfortunate beings, night is the harbinger of sorrow, misery and despair.

For those who live upon others, night is the best friend, and why not? Does it not afford them ample opportunity to

perpetrate their clandestine and outlawed deeds? Thus the men of the underworld find the time from early evening to the wee hours of dawn just the right occasion for entering private homes and forcing open steel safes and lockers. Darkness conceals them as they stand on some corner waiting for passers-by and holding them up for their money. No trace of Robin Hood blood runs in their veins. Nobody, not even women and children, are spared by these parasitic hoodlums as long as they can fill their pockets. And as the underworld kingdom stays awake throughout the night, the peace officers remain awake too, to keep vigil over the city, to thwart the lawbreakers in their lawless activities and to lodge them in the nearest police station.

Together with the underworld and the police, other Manilans let night come and go without a wink of sleep. Night workers, among them the cab drivers, the bodega watchmen, the night-shift laborers, and the waiters, and orchestras of the different night clubs, look at the coming of evening as the beginning of their "day's" work.

* * *

XYZ GENIUSES

Ester Perez

THE dynamic cognomen, "mathematical wizard", generally brings to mind a picture of an absent-minded creature forever delving into the intricacies of seemingly abstract parallelograms, arcs, and symbols; it reminds us of a thoughtful genius forgetful of himself but strict and exact in his ways. We remember Newton, one of the greatest mathematicians of all times, who,

leading a horse up a hill, found himself holding a horseless rein. We recall Gauss, the prince of mathematicians, who, greatly absorbed in a mathematical investigation, told his servant, "Ask her to wait" in response to an announcement that his wife was dying.

A little reading of the biographies of these men of mathematics will reveal the fact that mathematicians are something

more than figures in endless reveries, indifferent to all their surroundings. They are as human as you and I; they like to play, they fall in love, they enjoy life, they make mistakes. But there is something more interesting in this gifted group of men. Most of them are versatile, erudite; they are interested in a wide range of subjects outside of the abstract confines of mathematics. Euler was versatile in physics, astronomy, chemistry, medicine, botany, languages, history, *belles-lettres*, and theology. Endowed with a prodigious memory, he could recite the entire *Aeneid*. Leonardo da Vinci, besides being a mathematician, was a famous painter, sculptor, engineer, architect, physicist, and goldsmith. His portraits, *Mona Lisa* and *The Last Supper*, are living proof that a mathematician's sense of aesthetic beauty may go beyond empty squares and circles. The modern world owes to Leonardo da Vinci the invention of the parachute, a theory of optics, and a detailed study of the flight of birds.

A number of mathematicians served their respective governments as efficient politicians and diplomats. Leibniz, one of the discoverers of the calculus, was a lawyer, a diplomat, and a librarian to the Duke of Hanover. Laplace, the famous originator of the theory of probability and the author of *Mécanique Céleste*, was Minister of Interior under Napoleon and later a senator. Newton was twice elected to the Parliament; he was Master of the Mint for a good many years. Monge, the father of descriptive geometry, served on the general staff in Egypt under Napoleon.

In the province of literature two names of mathematicians are outstanding: Omar Khayam and Lewis Caroll.

The Persian philosopher and author of the widely read *Rubaiyat* was also an astronomer and a contributor to the theory of cubic equations; he was a member of the Sultan's commission which reformed the calendar successfully. Lewis Caroll, the famous author of *Alice in Wonderland*, was a prolific writer of theses on higher mathematics, to the great amazement of Queen Victoria.

One of the "best-sellers" of all ages is Euclid's *Elements of Geometry* which has undergone 2,000 editions in the last 2,000 years. Like the Bible, it has been translated into many different languages. Mathematics has also a D'Arctagnan and a Jascha Heifetz combined in the person of John Bolyai. This man, who was acquainted with calculus at the age of fourteen, was a violinist, a skillful fencer, and a captain of cavalry in the Austrian army. Once he accepted the challenges of thirteen officers for duels to take place on a single day. His one condition was that he be allowed to play his violin at the end of each duel, before proceeding to the next opponent. He emerged victorious at the end of the day.

What is it that has made such great geniuses devote so much of their lives to mathematics when they could have produced great wonders in other branches of learning and human endeavor? To quote Bertrand Russell, it is perhaps that, "mathematics . . . possesses not only truth but supreme beauty—a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, without the gorgeous trappings of painting or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of stern perfection such as only the greatest art can produce."

PASS THE SUGAR, PLEASE!

Mary Ellen Kemp

"Men commonly think according to their inclination, speak according to their learning and imbibed opinion, but generally act according to custom."

—BACON.

WESTERN civilization has been introduced in the Philippines during past centuries, but ancient traditions and customs still prevail, blending with the new and making the present day usages as romantic and colorful as any of the early ages. Among the most interesting customs are those relative to weddings, funerals, and greetings.

MARRIAGE:

Marriage is one of the oldest and most sacred of human institutions. It has developed from polygamy to monogamy, from a solemn religious ordinance or civil contract to one of distinctly religious character, from marriage through force and capture to marriage through contract or purchase, and, finally, to marriage through mutual love.

Some of the marriage customs of today are borrowed from the ancient Hebrews or are survivals of ancient civilizations. A few of these customs are: the pure white bridal dress, the ritual and ceremony, the marriage vows, the bridal escort, the customs of decorating the church with flowers and of carrying flowers, the casting of the shoe, the throwing of rice, the marriage feast, and the wearing of:

*"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue."*

Among many peoples marriage con-

tracts still resemble acts of barter and of force. In China, even though a bride may approve of her husband and of the marriage, she must pretend that she does not, out of modesty. In Russia, the father used to strike his daughter gently with a new whip, and then give the whip to her husband, signifying the transfer of dominance. In Japan, the marriage procession is a colorful and picturesque spectacle, with two men running in front, waving a red cloth intended to ward off evil influences. In New Guinea, the bridegroom elopes with the bride or carries her off by force, and later pays a compensation price to the parents. But in whatever country, there is a custom which has survived with astonishing obviousness, and this is the common taboo between a man and his mother-in-law.

Among the Filipinos today, marriage customs are based upon those of the most civilized countries. But in some of the remote corners of the islands is still practiced the old Malay marriage, in which the bridegroom serves in the house of his future parents-in-law for a period of from two to five years, during which he is treated like a servant and after which the parents of the girl decide whether he is acceptable or not. If they approve of him, he is permitted to remove with his wife to a house of his own. It is only then that he is considered actually married.

FUNERALS:

In the very early days, man did not

bury his dead. It was fear of the dead body that made man later dispose of it, either by burning or by burying. Burials during the early days were more ceremonious, more elaborate and more impressive than those of today: the anointing, embalming, and mummifying of the Egyptians, the ship burial of the Vikings, the cremation of the Greeks, the catacomb burials of the Romans.

At present the most common way of disposing of the dead is by burial. The natives of Dutch New Guinea place upon the grave a spade instead of a tombstone, so if the corpse comes back to life, it can dig itself out. Among the savage tribes, a widow kills herself shortly after her husband's death. Among the Chinese, a coffin is regarded as an appropriate gift to an aged or ailing relative. They bury their dead with many gifts and with a "Ling-tao-tze"—sort of a passport or identification card.

The Filipinos observe the funeral customs of the western world, mixed with some ancient traditions. The Church follows the custom of burying the dead facing east, since there is where a person faces when in attitude of prayer. In the provinces and, in rare cases, in the city, the custom is to keep the dead in the house for one or two days and nights during which there is gayety and merry-making. The following is a typical scene of mourning in the provinces: a large room with the dead in a coffin in the center surrounded by candles and three or four "watchers"; gambling tables scattered here and there for the older people; singing and dancing in another part of the house for the youths; games for the children—food and general merriment all around. After the burial begins a nine-night prayer, and after the

nine nights, another celebration. The immediate relatives of the deceased wear deep mourning (black) for one year, then semi-mourning for six months, and white for the next six months. Every anniversary is celebrated by a nine-night prayer and by feasting.

GREETINGS:

Our custom of shaking hands as a form of greeting has passed through many stages. In primitive life, it was a sign of good-will to extend the right hand, for it symbolized strength and power—it was the hand which killed animals, made weapons, and subdued enemies. Today the handshake is an instinctive, impulsive, greeting. Our custom of raising the hat has also passed through many stages, originating in the stripping of captives in early days to prove their entire subjugation.

The North American Indians meet in silence and generally smoke before speaking. They have very few conventional forms of salutation. In New Ireland, after a greeting of "I am glad to see you" the person pats his friend on the head. Inhabitants of Carmée break a vein and present the blood to the friend or acquaintance as a beverage. Refusing this beverage is a great insult. Among the Eskimos and Laplanders the favorite form of greeting is rubbing noses. On the Sandwich Islands, complete prostration is the sign of respect and politeness. The Ethiopian takes the corner of a stranger's robe and ties it about himself, leaving the other almost naked. The natives of the Straits of the Sound raise the left foot of the person greeted, pass it gently over the right leg, and then over the face. Rather awkward!

Natural conditions affect the manners

and customs of the people. In Cairo, where a dry skin is an indication of a destructive fever, the salutation is, "How do you sweat?" In Holland, where people are great eaters, the salutation is, "May you eat a hearty dinner." The French, frivolous by nature, greet one with, "How do you carry yourself?" The Spaniards, haughty and proud, ask, "How do you stand?" The Arabs, in leave-taking, say, "May your day be white." The Papuans smear themselves with mud and wail piteously, with seem-

ing sincerity, but as soon as the stranger is out of sight, they wash off the mud and sing and laugh joyously.

In the Philippines, before the greetings of the western world were introduced, the natives greeted each other by bending very low, raising the foot in the air with the knee bent, and placing their hands on their cheeks. This form of salutation has been replaced by the handshake and hat raising of the Americans and the Spaniards.

* * *

TAAL, THE GIANT

Luz Katigbak

THE Taal Lake region, with its lakes, rivers, caves and mountains, is a scene of beauty. In Lake Bombon, commonly known as Taal Lake, is Taal Volcano. This volcano erupted on January 11, 1911, bringing much destruction to the surrounding country. By no means its first outbreak in history, this last eruption caused the death of 1,400 human beings. Within a ten mile radius every breathing thing was destroyed.

As to the origin of Taal Lake, legends have it that in one of the forests of Batangas province there once lived a fairy. She used to take walks, and during one of her rambles she met a giant demon named Taal. Entranced by her beauty, Taal fell madly in love with her. He asked her to marry him. The fairy was afraid of Taal's ugliness so she told him that she had vowed to remain single. Afraid to face him much longer, she ran away. The giant pursued her. She came to a cave where she hid herself. She called upon the gods to protect her.

The gods heard her prayers. Because Taal failed to get her, he was very angry and determined to have vengeance. He dug a path leading to the cave where the fairy was hiding. Water rushed in from every side, creating Taal Lake.

The origin of the name of the volcano is a continuation of the same story. The fairy remained in her hiding place because she was not sure of her safety. Soon she discovered that she was surrounded by water. She prayed and prayed for aid from the gods. Her strong faith was at last rewarded. One of the goddesses transformed herself into a banca and asked the fairy to embark. This she did and reached the shore, but was seen by the giant. The fairy was again able to escape with the aid of the goddess. Taal became more angry and desperate. He burned the hill to which the fairy was carried by the goddess, hoping to end the life of the girl he had loved. This was the cause of the first eruption of Taal Volcano.

WATCH THE BIRDIE!

Jose Abad Santos, Jr.

WHY the awful hurry? Why the sportive appearance? You're not, by any chance, going in for sports, are you?" I asked a friend of mine who seemed to be all excited over something.

"I am going to indulge in a game of badminton," he retorted.

"Badminton? Where have I heard that word before? Now, let me—oh yes—that sissy game! Well, I'll be—Oh deah! Please do be careful, Johnny, lest you get your hair all mushed up. Your mamma may be worried," I answered teasingly, with all the necessary gesticulations.

"You think it's a sissy's game, eh?" he blurted out ferociously. "I'll prove to you you are wrong. How about a game or two? No, just a game will do. I'm afraid you won't be able to take one after the other."

"Not able to take it! Ha, that's a laugh!"

It was a laugh all right! I found out the mistake of my judgment and had to admit it—badminton is no sissy's game!

Badminton, the old sport of battledore and shuttlecock can be something to marvel at when you take it seriously and read all the benefits derived from playing it, or when you see experts play it. It is not a flimsy game. Though it does not require well developed muscles to play, it is still far from being a girlish pastime. Just observe a fast game of men's singles and you'll wonder how

they are able to stand the pace. It is a game that requires fast thinking and quick response, alertness, perfect timing, and coordination of wrist and feet movement, and accuracy of aim. Once the game is started, the players just smash the feathered ball back and forth, running from one end to the other with lightning speed to return a shot, then dash forward to meet a return shot—ever ready to meet a new situation. It is a fast game all right, with barely time to breathe. The only time the players suspend this "blitzkrieg" is when the shuttlecock touches the floor, goes out of bounds, or is caught in the net.

The old sport of battledore and shuttlecock has been played in the Orient for at least 2000 years. Badminton developed from "poona," a battledore and shuttlecock game which was invented by British officers in India. It is said that one time, after a champagne party, the guests took the corks, stuck feathers in them, and started smashing them back and forth across the table with the empty bottles. This "poona" was carried to England and in 1873 it was demonstrated before the guests of the Duke of Beaufort at his estate, Badminton, House, in Gloucestershire. That is how it derived the name. Some Americans saw this game and in 1878, they formed the Badminton club of the City of New York. During its early stages, Badminton was considered as a pastime for the aristocrats. Men used to play in top hats, Prince Albert coats and

chokers, while the women wore long trains and colorful hats. Attempts to popularize this sport in the United States proved fruitless. After the World War, its popularity began to grow little by little, until it reached its present stage.

The Badminton court measures 44 feet by 20 feet over all, with an alley for doubles. The net is five feet at the center and five feet and one inch at the poles. The scoring is like that of ping-pong. The feathered ball shuttlecock, weighs from 73 to 85 grains. The formal and sophisticated name of shuttlecock today is being disregarded. In its stead, the informal appellation of "bird" is used. No harm in that, is there? The racket (which is of no specified size, shape or weight) is strong fine gut and

weighs, as a rule, between 5 and 6 ounces.

A strong, husky man will hesitate to smash the "bird" with all his brute force before he knows it, the "bird just swoop" force, for fear he will destroy both the shuttlecock and the racket. This is one reason why a beginner finds the game a difficult one. He hits the "bird" lightly, thinking that it'll do, but before he knows it, the birds just swoop down almost perpendicularly before the net! He tries again with the same result. The feathers in the "bird" act as brakes. He finds out in the course of his experience that Badminton is not only a sport but also a test for one's temperament. It is likewise a way of proving the efficacy of that encouraging motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!"

* * *

THE SIMPLE—COMPLEX LANGUAGE

Helen Yu

IN learning Chinese one need not be bothered by such intricate rules of syllabication as exist in other languages, for every Chinese word has but one single syllable. Either you read a word correctly or not at all. Moreover, the number of syllables—sounds—that the Chinese people can pronounce is very small, perhaps six or seven hundred in all. Consequently, there are so many words which, though represented by different symbols, are pronounced the same way. For instance, the single word-sound "chi" may mean: to weep; steam; to forsake; step stone; to settle; until; angry; to repose; and a score of other things.

For this reason the Chinese need to recognize meaning by context. They

have also a system of tones (four in the North, nine in Cantonese), used for differentiating meanings by the tone of the speaker's voice.

However, the words can be differentiated in writing. Every "chi" has a different written character; it presents an entirely dissimilar picture. And, instead of the different letters which make up an English word, each picture is a combination of a variety of strokes. There are words that contain as much as thirty strokes. To be able to write them correctly and artistically requires time and practice.

There are about 40,000 different words in Chinese, and mastering them is really no easy job. A Chinese school child learns about 2000 characters by

the age of ten, while an average newspaper uses probably around 7000 characters every day.

Even though the pronunciation of Chinese differs widely throughout China, the people possess a common means of communication in their written language. This is because the pictorial symbols are identical everywhere. This uniformity of written language has played a very important role in binding the Chinese people together.

Word symbols are created in a fascinating manner. For instance, "poor" is a symbol portraying a body crouched inside a cave. "Dust" is the earth under deer's feet. The word "sin" is particularly meaningful. It is made up of "four" and "not" and is interpreted to mean the four "nots" in Chinese dealing with the rules of conduct and manner. Other examples:

Prisoner a man enclosed by four walls.

Blessing clothing plus roof plus mouth plus farm.

Night the sun removed.

Shame ear plus heart.

Guess heart and thought.

Forest two logs.

Anger slave and heart.

Burn woods and fire.

Marry woman and home.

There are certain words which have their origins in the social practices and conventions of the people. *Open* is portrayed as a well within a door. It is traceable to an ancient style in Chinese architecture. In olden China it was customary to so construct a house that its front door opened directly into a yard or "sky-well", as the Chinese call it, hence the use of door and well (instead of sky-well) to symbolize open.

There are two words which often serve as an interesting subject of dispute. They are "short" and "discharge". According to some commentators, the two should be interchanged, and they have ample reason for their claim. The word symbolizing short is a character which portrays an arrow and the act of letting go, while the symbol representing discharge is made up of "body" and "inch". How these words came to assume their present meanings is something unknown, but there is every reason to believe in the logic and advantages of interchanging the meanings of the two.

The Chinese language has been affected greatly by the introduction of Western ideas to the country. New concepts are represented by combining symbols for old ones. For instance:

Telescope gaze—far—mirror

Balloon air—ball

Bicycle foot—step—vehicle

Fireworks smoke—fire

Telegram lightning—news

Militarism army — nation — principle

Election lift—hand—for—choice

The more one delves into the Chinese language, the more he will be amazed and delighted at the conciseness and wisdom embodied in this transfer of concepts to language. What could more frankly and cleverly express the idea of "Democracy" than "People-as-Host-Country"? If all the political or economic leaders of the world would say "Together-Peace" instead of "Republicanism" or "Labor-Price" instead of "Wages", they might possibly be able to assuage the confusion that is overruling the world and succeed better in their efforts.

COMPOSERS OF KUNDIMANS

Bessie Thaddieous

MUSIC is universal. It is not the sole possession of an exclusive group; it is the affinity of every people.

While other nations have produced eminent composers, the Philippines has had only two aggressive, capable ones of whom she may well-afford to be proud. These men, because of the degree of their productivity, are considered as the hope of Filipino music.

Francisco Santiago has made advanced studies in the best music schools of the United States. He first caught the public eye when he emerged as a noted pianist and composer of melodious *Kundimans*, particularly one called "*Santiago's Kundiman*." This simple, almost native piece of work excited the popular fancy and has done more than all his previous work put together to popularize him, to carve for him a name, and to give him a right to be classed among the first great Filipino composers. What "*La Paloma*" was once to the Cubans or "*La Golondrina*" to the Mexicans, "*Santiago's Kundiman*" is today to the Filipinos.

In the United States, Dr. Santiago won recognition as a versatile pianist and a composer of note. The Chicago and Philadelphia press applauded this virtuoso-composer when he gave the music lovers of these two cities a taste of his art and his native compositions in various recitals held in their most exclusive halls. These musical successes, in their brilliant presentation of Filipino music among foreigners, earned for him a name as the only Filipino composer known abroad.

Dr. Santiago's dash and vigor, coupled with his melancholic tempo of a native Filipino, are capably blended together to produce a work vibrant, colorful, and appealing not only to Filipino hearts, but to foreigners as well.

The late Nicanor Abelardo, Santiago's contemporary, was also a brilliant composer. He was proficient in both the violin and the cello. Soon after his graduation from the Conservatory of Music, he began to compose. His *kundimans* are very well liked by music lovers of Manila as well as of the provinces. "*Nasaan Ka Irog*," a composition more sophisticated and complicated than Santiago's *kundiman*, gave him such renown that as a *Kundiman* expert he is classed with Santiago.

The incidental music which Abelardo composed for the mammoth historical pageant given by the University of the Philippines during the Manila carnival of 1922 is a commendable work.

Abelardo's prize-winning composition entitled "*Wedding March*," is another of his notable works. To many connoisseurs, this piece of work stands the most rigid test and is pronounced a perfect piece of musical composition.

These men will always be remembered for having laid the sure foundation upon which is based our music of today. Their having produced typical Filipino airs through the blending of foreign and native elements is a sure indication of their creative genius. Thus, the Philippines has made a rapid stride of advancement and has evolved a music of its own.



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