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PANORAMA is published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., Inverness St., Sta. Ana, Manila, Philippines
Editor: ALEJANDRINO G. HUFANA
Foreign contributing editor: *Leonard Casper*
Art director: NARCISO RODRIGUEZ
Business Manager: MRS. C. A. MARAMAG
Subscription rates: In the Philippines, one year P5.00; two years P9.00. Foreign subscription: one year \$4.00 U.S.; two years \$7.00 U.S. Single copy 50 centavos.

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COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
1986 Herran, Sta. Ana, Manila

Machine to Copy Brain's Methods

Investigators in neurology at University College London are building a massive automatic computer for the principal purpose of testing theories about the learning capacity of the brain.

The machine will "think"; that is, it will scan shapes such as the letters of the alphabet and simple words and after analyzing and absorbing this visual information it will "say" (through a loudspeaker) what it has seen at precisely the same rate as that of a fairly intelligent human subject.

This is being achieved by building into the computer an electronic network regulated by about 4,000 tubes, each one of which is an electro-mechanical equivalent of the nerve cells of the brain and body, known as neurons.

Part of the machine was on display in the anatomy department of University College this week when it was announced that the Nuffield Foundation had given a further \$100,000 toward the basic hardware. The computer should be in action by 1960.

The theory underlying the apparatus is that individual living nerve cells or neurons do not have a simple "on or off" or "yes or no" action; that is, they are capable of doing far more than merely stopping a message or sending it flying on toward other reception centers as do the tubes in a digital computer.

According to Dr. Wilfred W. Taylor, designer of the machine, nerve impulses (generated by neurons) change the message transmission power of the spark gaps (known as synapses) that link the fibers of one nerve cell to the next. This, in effect, is how the brain (or the new machine) "learns."

On the basis of this theory, he is building a net work of interconnected tubes into an analog or non-digital computer whose output efficiency depends on what has previously been fed into it. Its "memory," therefore, is not centralized but is distributed through billions of possible permutations in route-circuits and signal strengths.

For instance, the machine will almost certainly recognize and instantly spell out the letter O, but it may have some initial difficulty in distinguishing between an O and the addition of a tail in the letter Q. But by practice, that is by the repeated use of the extra circuits put into operation by the "sight of the tail of the Q (as seen through a battery of photoelectric eyes), it will eventually add Q to its repertoire of immediately recognizable shapes.

Electronic counters distributed throughout the apparatus will tell the investigators how long the machine takes to "make up its mind" and also the electronic strength of its spoken "convictions."

This mechanical representation of learning can be done best by what communication engineers call an analog computer or a machine that simulates the basic activity of another machine or a living process.

Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

Entered as second class mail matter at
the Manila Post Office on Dec. 7, 1955

FEBRUARY

1960

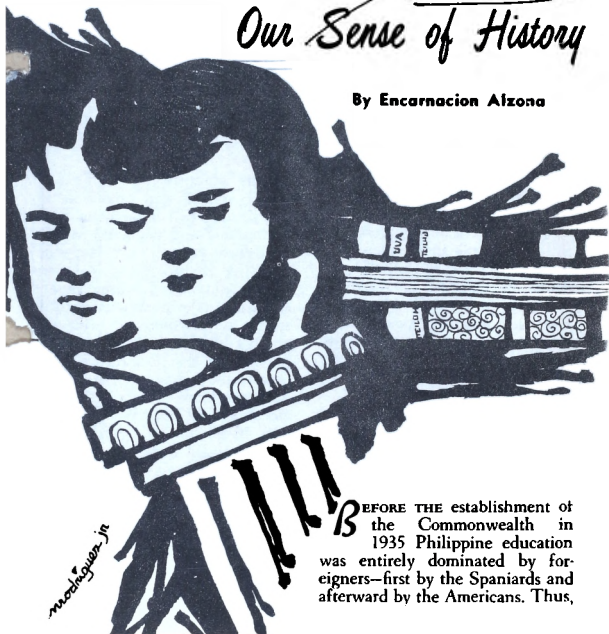
VOL. XII

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

No. 2

EXCELLENT!! *Our Sense of History*

By Encarnacion Alzona



BEFORE THE establishment of the Commonwealth in 1935 Philippine education was entirely dominated by foreigners—first by the Spaniards and afterward by the Americans. Thus,

for more than four centuries since the coming of Spain the Filipinos had no direct voice in the determination of the type of education that they should have on account of their status as a subject people. However, leading Filipinos, the thinking and patriotic Filipinos, had not been altogether inarticulate during that long colonial period. Even under Spain, when they did not enjoy freedom of speech, they voiced their sentiments in respectful petitions in which they pointed out to the authorities the great need in this country for primary schools as well as schools of agriculture, trades, and fine arts. Such schools, though they left much to be desired, were eventually established and remained in existence until the end of Spanish rule in 1898.

Under the American regime the Filipino nationalists manifested great concern about popular education. Their most eloquent and brilliant spokesman, Manuel L. Quezon, later to become the first president of the Commonwealth, on the occasion of the installation in 1915 of Ignacio Villamor as the first Filipino president of the University of the Philippines, the highest institution of learning supported by the State, said:

“ . . . We are spending every available cent of the public coffers (for education) not only because we want our children to learn what they need to know in order to face successfully the

national problems of life and to satisfy their intellectual wants, but also in order that they may become patriotic Filipino citizens.

“Note please, ladies and gentlemen, that I said ‘Filipino citizens’, and I mean it.

“We want our boys and girls to be taught that they are Filipinos, that the Philippines is their country and the only country that God has given them; that they must keep it for themselves and for their children; and that they must live for it, and die for it, if necessary. This is the thought that I want strongly to impress upon the President of the University of the Philippines . . .”

THIS STATEMENT has not lost its aptness and timeliness to this day. In fact it might as well be repeated and pondered in this thirteenth year of our Republic when we are striving to maintain the institutions of a free society and to build a nation sufficiently strong and vigorous to resist the assaults of a new and formidable imperialism that is threatening to destroy throughout the world human freedom and dignity—the freedom and dignity that free men have won at the cost of so many painful sacrifices, so much blood and sorrow, and which are still denied to millions of men in the benighted regions of the globe.

The adherence of the Filipinos to the free institutions of the West can easily be appreciated by glance

ing at their past. The establishment of a Spanish rule here in the 16th century inevitably exposed the inhabitants of these Islands to Western culture. Among other things Spain introduced the Roman alphabet. By the 18th century it had replaced the indigenous ones, its use having become general throughout the Archipelago. The adoption of this Western form of writing had far-reaching cultural implications. For one thing it brought the Filipinos intellectually closer to the Western nations than to their Eastern neighbors and for another, it facilitated and hastened their reception of Western ideas. It is noteworthy that one of the cultural trends of our times is the movement in the Oriental nations which had adhered to their indigenous alphabets to adopt the Roman alphabet realizing its usefulness and convenience in a world that is fast contracting, figuratively speaking, due to scientific advancement and the resulting revolution in the means of communication and transportation as well as in the methods of warfare. In this respect the Filipinos enjoy a cultural advantage for having adopted it centuries ago.

UNWITTINGLY Spanish rule intensified the innate passion for education of the Filipinos. The Spaniards found the inhabitants of these Islands in possession of written languages and according to the first Spanish chroniclers

themselves, every man and woman here could read and write in their own characters, adding that they were so fond of reading their writings that the missionaries had to destroy them, believing them to be the cause of their slow conversion into Christianity.

This highly commendable literacy, however, was to decline markedly during the Spanish regime due to the change in the system of writing and the government's neglect of public education, which was one of the principal grievances of the Filipinos against Spain. When finally Spain, heeding the clamor for popular education, promulgated the Educational Decrees of 1863 that provided for the establishment of primary schools for boys and girls in the towns, the people still complained that she did not establish as many and as good public schools as were needed. It was significant that as soon as the Filipinos were able to establish a government of their own—the short-lived Philippine Republic (1899-1901)—they forthwith provided for free compulsory education and even created a university at Malolos—La Universidad Literaria—while war was still going on and they were fighting for survival against great odds.

Although Spain neglected the education of the masses, on the other hand she provided for higher education, establishing colleges and universities, not of course for



the benefit of the Filipino originally, but of the Spanish children who could not be sent for one reason or another to the mother country for their education. In the course of time and through persistence, driven by their passion for learning, select Filipinos gained admission to these educational institutions and even under the most adverse circumstances acquired an education equal to that possessed by the educated Spaniards. Thus arose an elite of educated Filipino intellectuals; imbued with Western ideas, culturally the equal of the educated Spaniards and in truth of educated men of all countries at that time.

THE RISE of an intellectual elite among the Filipinos had tremendous implications for the future of the country. For it was this elite that became the ardent champion of their oppressed country that clamored for better educational opportunities for their people, that provided the essential leadership in the popular movement not only for social but also economic and political reforms, that denounced in vigorous accents the excesses and abuses of the Spanish officials in the Islands, that inspired the masses to rise finally in armed revolt against Spain. An articulate and patriotic elite, it became the object of persecution quite understandably by the Spanish colonial authorities. These Spaniards were not stupid. They knew that the educated Filipinos—the *ilustrados* as they called them—were a real menace to Spanish sovereignty over this colony, or *La provincia española de ultramar*, as Spaniards preferred to call it. Rizal's mother, Teodora Alonso, clear-sighted and highly intelligent woman, with an accent of sadness said to her husband when the two were discussing the education of their gifted son who at 16 already held a Bachelor of Arts degree from the Ateneo Municipal de Manila: "Don't send him any more to Manila; he already knows enough; if he gets to know more, he'll be beheaded." Her prophecy was tragically fulfilled. And not only her son but many other Fili-

pino intellectuals in the flower of manhood met the same tragic end, sacrificed on the altar of Spain's imperialist design. Indeed, during the Spanish period in the Philippines higher education was intimately associated with unhappiness, with tears and sorrow.

Soon after the Americans had succeeded to destroy the ill-fated Philippine Republic, they organized a civil government for our country, filling some responsible positions in it with Filipinos drawn from our intellectual elite. They named Cayetano Arellano, legal luminary, chief justice of the Supreme Court and five other noted Filipino lawyers were made associate Justices—Victorino Mapa, Manuel Araullo, Raymundo Melliza, Ambrosio Rianzares, Julio Llorente, and Gregorio Araneta. Florentino Torres was appointed attorney general. To the second Philippine Commission, the highest legislative body then, were appointed Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, Jose Luzurriaga, and Benito Legarda. Many other educated Filipinos—lawyers, physicians, engineers, surveyors, accountants, pharmacists, teachers, skilled penmen—all trained during the Spanish era, were drafted into the government service.

OTHER FILIPINO intellectuals, such as Rafael Palma, Jose Palma, Fernando Ma. Guerrero, Cecilio Apostol, Epifanio de los Santos, Rosa Sevilla, Florentina

Arellano, and Jose Abreu, were active in journalism, writing for the organ of the Filipino nationalists—*El Renacimiento*.

These Filipino intellectuals spoke and wrote in Spanish, so that for the first three decades at least of the 20th century, Spanish was the most used official and journalistic language in the Philippines. This being so, the official documents in our archives—the records of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government—pertaining to that period as well as the writings of many of the thinkers who then flourished were in the Spanish language. Hence, when the



learned Senator Claro M. Recto was asked at a public forum held under the auspices of the Order of the Knights of Rizal on May 15, 1959 by a university professor as to whether he was in favor of the teaching of Spanish, without the least hesitation he replied in the affirmative, citing the reason just stated. In truth the Spanish language has become part and parcel of our culture and a command of it is rightly regarded by the intellectuals as an essential part of the equipment of the educated Filipino. It is fortunate there are still Filipinos possessing a mastery of this Western language, for enlightened governments in the world today are encouraging the study of modern languages in response to the demands of world politics and international trade. They realize that the possession of as many modern languages as one can acquire gives many advantages not only to their possessor but also to the country to which he belongs. Filipinos in general have an aptitude for learning languages and two or three modern languages will certainly not be an intellectual burden to them. The Spanish-educated Filipinos at the arrival of the Americans in a short time acquired an admirable command of English.

WHAT FORTHWITH endeared the first Americans in the Philippines to our people was their zeal in opening public schools and in teaching the Filipinos the Eng-

lish language even before the pacification of the country. For this reason Filipinos lavish praises on those pioneer American teachers.

As a result of the introduction of the principle of freedom of education by the Americans, private schools have multiplied and flourished in this country. Today, as an evidence of their prosperity, they are housed in imposing edifices and they are constantly enlarging their plants despite the fact that they rely solely on tuition fees for their maintenance, a phenomenon that arouses the wonder of many a foreign observer. Their large number and prosperous condition clearly demonstrate the continuing passion for education of the Filipinos upon whom they depend for their support.

Higher education received an impetus in 1908 with the creation of the University of the Philippines, which is patterned after the American state university. The private educational institutions officially recognized as universities are now twenty, thirteen of them being established in Manila and its environs and seven are found in the Visayas, and this in a country with a population of only 23,000,000 or so. And more astounding is their enrollment. One private university at Manila boasts of a student body of 38,000 including its primary and secondary schools. In addition to these universities there are a number of institutions of collegiate rank.



THESE PRIVATE educational establishments have a peculiarity that has perturbed many a thinking Filipino. Some of them are controlled by foreign nationals. And the question is asked: Should we allow foreigners to educate future Filipino citizens? Did not Plato long ago sound the danger to the State of such a practice when he said:

"Youth is the time when the character is being molded and easily takes any impress one may wish to stamp on it. Shall we then simply allow our children to listen to any stories that anyone happens to make up and so receive into their minds ideas often the very opposite to those we shall think they ought to have when they are grown up?"

Concern about this singular educational condition was voiced recently in the very hall of our Senate by a brilliant member of that body who advocated that the heads of all educational institutions controlled by foreigners should be Filipinos to insure that the youth they were educating would turn out to be patriotic Filipinos.

Several years ago the government prescribed that such school subjects as the History of the Philippines and the social sciences were to be taught only by Filipinos. Apparently this is not a sufficient safeguard. It is not enough to require of the classroom teacher a sympathetic understanding of the history of the Filipino people and a sincere respect for

their aspirations. Most important of all in any educational organization are the capitalists who control its financing. It is their attitude that in the final analysis determines the quality of education in the school.

A FURTHER reason for concern about these private schools is that they are patronized by a large number of leading Filipino families, for there is a prevailing notion that they provide a higher standard of instruction than those under Filipino control and the public schools. Presumably their graduates will be the social and political leaders in our communities.

Yearly our higher schools graduate thousands of young people. These holders of college and university degrees today constitute our treasure and our problem. Already some observers are expressing alarm at the increasing number of unemployed intellectuals and the possible consequences of this social phenomenon on peace and order in the country. It seems timely therefore that our educators pause and reexamine our educational concepts and practices. Are these degree-holders unemployed because the education they were given did not stress individual self-reliance, dignity, and industry, or are these virtues unfashionable? Are our educational institutions more concerned with quantity rather than quality? They might

as well ponder these and similar questions.

With regard to self-reliance, some instances come to our mind that seem to indicate that this virtue is on the decline. Noticeable is the widespread habit of many citizens of seeking the assistance of public officials, even of Malacañang, in the solution of their personal problems, cluttering up the government offices daily. There is the common impression that everything, even if it is contrary to law, can be obtained through proper connections, or perhaps through bribery. In Tagalog parlance the word for it is *pakiusap*, a failing that can be traced to the Spanish colonial administration when bribery was rampant in official transactions, perhaps the best explanation for the weakness and inefficiency of





that government. How many upright persons and honest government officials have lost cherished friends because of their refusal to go against the law, to honor the *pakiusap* system of administration?

THE PRACTICE of *pakiusap* has dire implications for our educational endeavors. Because of it and the popular belief in its efficacy, doubt is growing in certain quarters that training, ability, and intellectual excellence are necessary in securing jobs or attaining public distinction. The awareness that jobs and other things as well are obtainable through influence or proper connections certainly does not encourage the youth to cultivate their talents or to apply themselves seriously to their studies. Neither does it help create a favorable environment for edu-

cation or the pursuit of excellence. Armed with a diploma, even if it were a mere scrap of paper, a young man can get what he wants provided he cultivates the right persons. Moreover, do not they see around them men and women possessing no academic training, no intellectual ability, no virtue whatever, in high and distinguished public positions? Still fresh in the memory of many of us was the case of a man notorious for his uncultivated and undisciplined mind who attained political eminence and intoxicating popularity. After his remarkable achievement, he became the favorite topic of conversation and one often heard smart students saying that they would not study hard inasmuch as intellectual attainments were unnecessary in rising to the political summit. Indeed the task of the educator is rendered arduous in a society that chooses to bestow its favors on its undeserving and incompetent members.

Even some parents of students resort to *pakiusap* whenever their children receive due punishment from school officials for some misdemeanor or failure to meet the scholastic standard of the institution. There are mothers who shed tears in pleading for leniency for their erring children and if they fail to get the desired result, they withdraw them from that school. Thus, sometimes parents can be held responsible for the lowering

of academic standards and the undermining of school discipline.

THE BANEFUL practice leads also to the loss of personal dignity. Forgetting their dignity men and women holders of college and university degrees stoop to begging for positions and favors from those in power. Have our people lost their traditional sense of dignity? In our history we read that dignity was one of the outstanding virtues of our ancestors. To preserve their dignity they were willing to suffer poverty and woe to anyone who dared to hurt it. The revival and popularizing of this virtue would be a desirable educational aim for it is highly essential in winning the respect of our fellowmen here and abroad. Our government would be better respected if the men and women in it are imbued with a deep sense of dignity.

Have our schools failed to impress upon our youth the value of industry? In the history of our people industrious men and women were very much admired by their contemporaries. Even today in our communities the industrious man is extolled while his opposite is derided or taunted. In our folklore we have the story of *Juan Tamad* (Juan the Lazy), holding up in ridicule a lazy man.

GNACIO VILLAMOR has left us a little volume entitled *Industrious Filipinos* based upon a series of lectures he delivered early in

this century under the auspices of the *Sociedad de Conferenciantes Filipinos* headed by the cultured Judge Estanislao Yusay. Dedicated to the Filipino youth it consisted of short biographies in English of 40 Filipinos among whom were Rizal, Benedicto Luna, Pedro Cui, Mateo Cariño, Jose Ma. Basa, Luis R. Yangco, Roman Ongpin, Clemente Jose Zulueta, Isidro de la Rama, Enrique Mendiola, Gregorio Araneta, Datu Undaya Amai Kurut, Esteban Jalandoni, Valerio Malabanan, Aleja de la Cruz, Lorenzo Guerrero, Gregorio Crisostomo, and Manuel Artigas. They were men who, working in diverse fields of human endeavor under very trying conditions, contributed in large measure towards the building of our nation. After reading that book one cannot help but feel proud to belong to a nation that has produced such exemplary citizens who would be an asset and an honor to any people.



A young independent nation like ours undoubtedly has a pressing need for industrious men and women, if our Republic is to survive. As Ignacio Villamor and other Filipino thinkers had said, no people could progress unless they were industrious. It would dishearten them to behold so many idle men and women walking aimlessly or just standing at street corner frittering away valuable time, or the long queues of men and women before the ticket windows of the cinemas in the City of Manila morning and afternoon, during normal working hours.

Among other agencies our schools perhaps can help remedy this deplorable situation by introducing into the school program activities that are calculated to develop habits of industry among the students. And our educators might consider these questions: Is there too much play and too little work in the school? Are the stu-

dents devoting too much time to joining or holding elaborate parades, costly floats, queen or beauty contests, dances and the like?

NOW AND THEN a bold commencement speaker does not hesitate to say that many college graduates are unfit for their chosen callings. In plain language the quality of their training is so poor that they could not be employed. To what could this be attributed? To the indiscriminate promotion of students regardless of their grades, as in the public schools? To academic laxity? To huge classes, so huge that teachers have to use a microphone to be heard by those in the back seats? To incompetent teachers? To lack of proper guidance or counselling? Or to family pride and conceit which he has no aptitude whatsoever?

Criticisms of our public and private education made in good faith should stimulate our educators to scrutinize our educational system rather than to cast aspersions on the critics. Being a human institution there is always room for improvement in it.

Our school curricula can certainly profit from a periodic scrutiny. It is possible that there may have accumulated in our educational cupboard considerable trivia that ought to be thrown away. For example, is it advisable to spend the time of the senior high-school students who are between



fourteen and fifteen years old in the discussion of "dating, steady date, blind date, when to date, courtship, engagement, honeymoon, etc.?"* Obviously lifted from some foreign source, the terms alone being peculiarly American colloquialism; are they suitable for fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys and girls whether from the psychological or pedagogical point of view? These customs are alien to us Filipinos and are frowned upon by our elders. Such matters are decided within the family. By dignifying them as class material for discussion, they assume an undue importance in the minds of young boys and girls and turn their attention away from their academic work.

ALSO IN THE materials for study there may have crept in misleading if not altogether erroneous subject-matter. Take, for instance, the outline entitled *Philippine Problems* for secondary schools. Item No. VII in this outline is "Religious Problem". We have no religious problem in the Philippines. Our Constitution guarantees freedom of religion and here adherents of diverse religious sects live in peace, unmolested, free to worship according to their beliefs and to carry on their church activities without hindrance. They receive the equal protection of the

* Revised Teaching Guides for Secondary Schools Health Education, Division Bulletin No. 6, s. 1969, Division of City Schools, Manila, Bureau of Public Schools.

law. This is one of the freedoms of which our Republic can boast.

In addition there seems to be in the secondary schools an undue proliferation of courses in Philippine subjects; such as, Philippine History, Philippine Problems, and Community Problems. Some practicing teachers believe that there is much overlapping and repetition in the teaching of these subjects which, being so closely related, can very well be combined into a single course, leaving their detailed study to the higher schools. In the zeal of filling the minds of students with Philippine information, education runs the danger of becoming parochial. And at this time of rapidly expanding knowledge, the civilized man will soon cease to be civilized if he is left behind. The early introduction of students to the world of science has become imperative in order to stimulate as early as possible their interest in the undoubtedly important study of science which it is hoped will furnish the remedy for human ills.

The catalogues of our higher schools likewise contain numerous academic offerings which prompt us to ask these questions from the pedagogical standpoint: Do these institutions have a sufficient number of qualified professors to handle these courses? Do they have adequate library facilities and laboratories that such courses require? Unless they do, these courses will

be treated very superficially and students will derive little benefit from them.

ALTHOUGH at the start we implied that with the establishment of the Commonwealth education passed on to the control of Filipinos, nonetheless it has remained under American influence. This is inevitable in view of the following factors: (1) Our educational system is patterned after the American; (2) The language of instruction is American; (3) All the books used until lately are by American authors and even those by Filipinos are in the majority adaptations of the American-educated. It is also no secret that America has continued her active interest in Philippine education to this day, as it is clearly demonstrated by the existence here of such agencies as the U.S. Educational Foundation, ICA, and Philippine Center for Language Study, the presence of American consultants and exchange professors in our educational establishments, and the continuous award of scholarship, travel, and leadership grants to Filipino citizens not only by the American

government but also by private American foundations.

Of course America's cultural activities are not confined to the Philippines alone. Being a world power she maintains cultural establishments in many other countries as well. Because of her far-flung cultural interests her rival Soviet Russia accuses her of "cultural imperialism."

America has also many well-equipped and famous colleges and universities whose doors are open to the nations of foreign countries, including the Philippines. In general the Filipinos who had studied at these institutions are great admirers of America.

It is not therefore strange that the Philippines, though independent, should remain in the cultural orbit of America. No other power has done as much as she in preserving and promoting cultural ties with her former dependency.

Here then are a few implications for education of certain forces in our distant and recent past. Manifestly Philippine education of the present day is the product of historical circumstances.

* * *

"Hear about the elephant who got his trunk caught in his mouth and swallowed himself?"

When comes another?

GIANT APE: Clue to Human Evolution

A "MAGNIFICENT" photograph of a jaw of a giant ape that lived in China half a million years ago has been received from a Chinese scientist.

The giant apes roamed the forests when the cannibal called Peking Man was alive.

Whether these fearsome-looking ancient apes and ancient men preyed on each other is not known. But the existence of both at the same period of pre-history has been established beyond doubt by fossil relics.

The giant ape is called Gigantopithecus. It is estimated that it stood between twelve and thirteen feet in height.

This correspondent has now received a description and a photograph of the ape's jaw, the first to be seen outside China, from Dr. Pei Wen-chung of the Academia Sinica. Dr. Pei was the man who found the first skull of Peking Man in 1929.

Besides the jaw and fifty teeth of the giant ape, Dr. Pei says, "there are five more or less complete skulls of Peking Man, fourteen jaws and a hundred and fifty-two isolated teeth."

This is the first news heard about the famous relics since 1941, when a major of the United States Marines tried to bring them back to the United States in his personal baggage. He was interned by the Japanese and the baggage was lost.

DR. PEI stresses the fact that in appearance the new jaw is more like that of a man than any other ape alive or dead.

It was found recently in a high cliff cave at Liucheng in Kwangsi province, South China, by a peasant, Tan Hsiu-huai, who was digging for bone manure.

Thinking that the jaw was a "lung-ku" (dragon bone), used in certain Chinese medicines, he tried to sell it at the local marketing co-operative, where officials had been warned to look out for anything of scientific or cultural value.

Dr. Pei writes:

"My opinion concerning the giant ape of Kwangsi at the present time before finishing the excavation and studying the specimen in detail can be condensed as follows:

"The geological age of Gigantopithecus is Middle Pleistocene" (400,000 to 600,000 years ago by

Dr. Pei's reckoning, but 200,000 to 400,000 years ago on the more conservative European time-scale).

"It is fundamentally a giant ape, therefore I endorse Koenigswald's first idea." (The Dutch paleontologist Dr. G. H. R. von Koenigswald found and named the first teeth of the giant in Hong Kong and Canton drug stores in 1935 and 1939. He said they were the relics of a manlike ape. Others thought they were the teeth of an ape-like man.)

"Gigantopithecus possesses more

human characteristics than any other known fossil of recent age.

"It is contemporary with *Sinanthropus* (the scientific name of Peking Man). That means that during the Middle Pleistocene there lived a branch of human ancestor which developed gradually toward the stock of recent man while one line of anthropoid ape struggled with nature but, due to its gigantism of body and inferior skill in primitive labor or hunting animals for food, became extinct."

* * *

Antique Phonograph

WHAT is believed to be one of the oldest phonographs in the world was discovered among piles of junk at the National Science Museum in Tokyo, Japan.

Records showed that the machine, named the "sound reviving machine" was made in 1878, just one year after Thomas Edison invented the talking machine.

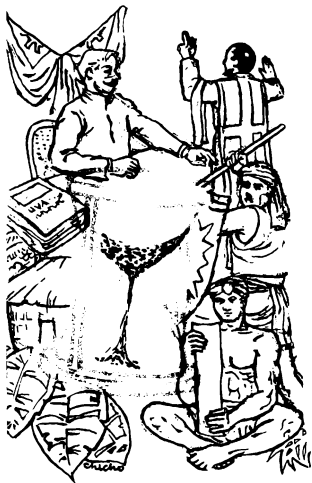
Creator of the machine is believed to have been a British physicist then visiting Japan at the invitation of Tokyo Physical Science University.

*

Beneath the pile

Rediscovering Our Past

By Horacio de la Costa, S.J.



THE SEVENTEENTH and eighteenth centuries are undoubtedly the most neglected period in Philippine history. There are several reasons for this. One is the barrier of language. The younger generation of historians have had a formal schooling which does not (normally) equip them with even a reading knowledge of Spanish. Thus, unless they take the trouble to acquire this necessary tool by themselves, the bulk of the source material for the period in question is inaccessible to them. They are obliged to make what they can out of the few documents translated into English—chiefly those in the well known collection of Blair and Robertson. We cannot, of course, be sufficiently grateful to these industrious compilers for making available what they did; the point is that this is practically all we have in English, an infinitesimal fraction of what they were unable or did not choose to translate. In effect: our knowledge and interpretation of two centuries of our history remain today substantially as they were fixed fifty years ago by two American scholars.

But there is more than the barrier of language between us and the documents. The vast bulk of them is physically inaccessible to the ordinary investigator. The historian of almost any other nation which originally formed part of the Spanish empire has at his disposal any number of published

collections of documents, more or less critically edited. They may vary in completeness or faithfulness to the original manuscripts, but they are at least usable in the sense that any student may expect to find them in the major public libraries. In the Philippines, collections of this kind can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. What indeed do we have? We have Retana's *Archivo del bibliofilo filipino*, five small octavo volumes; we have Pastells' edition of Colin's *Labor evangelica*, in which excerpts from the Philippine section of the Archives of the Indies are used to illustrate the text; and having mentioned these two, we are hard put to it to name a third. Not that no other documents have been published, but they have been published in obscure periodicals outside this country, or in limited editions long since out of print and now almost as rare as the manuscripts themselves.

For basic research in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, then, we must go to the manuscripts. Where are they? They are scattered in archives and libraries all over the world. However, the largest concentrations are in the Archives of the Indies in Seville and the National Archives in Manila. To go to the first is out of the question for all but a happy few Filipino historians. The second is here indeed; but who knows what it contains? It has

neither catalogue nor calendar, and lack of funds for maintenance and servicing has reduced it to a mere pile of rapidly disintegrating paper.

THUS, IT SEEMS impossible at the present time for the scholar who is not on a fairly generous research grant to undertake any study of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which will be solidly based on an adequate reading of the sources. This consideration is enough to send most students away in search of greener pastures; the period of the Revolution, for example, or contemporary social or economic history. Still, if one is persistent and willing to settle for limited objectives, he has an option. The period is covered by a number of narrative histories and annals written by the official chroniclers of the religious orders in the Philippines. Some of these are fairly extensive and detailed, such as that of the Augustinian Fray Gaspar de San Agustin and his continuator Fray Casimiro Diaz. Others run into several folio volumes, such as the Dominican histories begun by Fray Diego de Aduarte. All of them deal not only with the history of their particular Orders but with general ecclesiastical and secular history as well. In fact, at least one of them, that of the Recollect Fray Juan de la Concepcion, is professedly a general history. Its fourteen volumes form

the basis of the one-volume survey published in the nineteenth century by Joaquín Martínez de Zuñiga, through which, by the way, Concepción's version of many of the events and institutions of his period has passed, wittingly or unwittingly, into our modern textbooks.

These are definitely secondary sources, save for those events occurring within their authors' lifetimes which fell under their direct observation. They were written from a point of view and under the impulse of preoccupations which are not those of the modern secular historian. Still, an astonishing amount of information can be derived from them, if one only had the patience to read them through and the broad understanding to transpose the essential fact from their antique idiom to ours. But it is precisely this patience and understanding which we lack, and this is the third reason why so large a portion of our history has been so singularly neglected. For many of us, these "monkish" chronicles are almost entirely worthless, being written by men who were either naively credulous or thoroughly bigoted and very often both. This was the position taken by the originators of our nationalist movement, for reasons understandable enough in the circumstances in which they found themselves. Unfortunately, by making the perpetuation of this outdated anticler-

icalism an act of patriotic piety, we deliberately cut ourselves off from a significant section of our national past, and render our reconstructions of it open to the identical charges of naivete and bigotry.

AT ANY RATE, I see no valid reason for assuming *a priori* that a seventeenth-century Spanish cleric is congenitally unable to perceive a historical fact, and having perceived it, to express it in suitable language. Incidentally, we may as well clear up a minor point before we proceed. The clerics in question, be they Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans or Jesuits, did not write "monkish" chronicles, for the simple reason that they were not monks. True, Marcelo del Pilar wrote with bitter eloquence about "monkish despotism"—*la soberanía monacal en Filipinas*—but does the fact that Del Pilar was a patriot justify our perpetuating his inaccuracies? Any handbook of Catholic information will explain the difference between a monk and a friar; yet how many otherwise reputable scholars who undertake to write on Spanish or Spanish colonial history bother to look it up? Admittedly a minor detail, from which no argument can be derived against the essential reliability of their narratives. But then, why are we suddenly so much more exacting when there is a question of a "monkish" chronicler? Because Pedro Murillo Velar-

de believed that a hair of the Blessed Virgin Mary's head was in his day preserved in the church of San Pedro Makati, does it follow that his splendid account of the Moro wars does not deserve examination? Because Archbishop Pardo of Manila spelled Wyclif "Ubi cleff", are we to conclude that he was an ignorant persecutor of Protestants? And while we may rightfully take issue with Gaspar de San Agustin's delineation of the Filipino character, are we obliged to throw his evidence out of court even on those points where his *idee fixe* is not involved?

By all means let us read these histories critically; but let us read them. Only by doing so can we reestablish contact with those vital roots of our own culture from which the Revolution and the

subsequent American regime tended to cut us off. It is sometimes alleged that we Filipinos have no culture of our own. This is demonstrably false. A more accurate statement would be that by and large we have no very deep or sharply defined consciousness of how tremendously rich and varied our culture is, and this because we have been accidentally—and, it is to be hoped, temporarily—severed from the historic origins of that culture. We must rediscover our past; and one good way of going about it is to renew our interest in the two hundred-odd years between the *conquista* and the opening of the Suez Canal when the Philippines ceased to be merely an archipelago and became a nation.—*Philippines International*.

* * *

Who's Boss?

"Tell me—who is the real boss in your home?"

"Well, my wife bosses the servants—and the children boss the dog and cat—and...."

"And you?"

"Well, I can say anything I like to the geraniums."

*

Salt Extraction in Israel

ISRAEL WILL SOON make public an invention designed to transform the oceans into limitless cheap reservoirs of water fit for human consumption and agriculture.

The Government is completing a pilot plant that utilizes a new process—freezing sea water and then melting it—that was invented in Leningrad and perfected in Tel Aviv by a refugee engineer from the Soviet Union.

It is based on the fact that ice formed by freezing sea water is free of minerals.

Actually, the process is older than the 63-year-old inventor, Alexander Zarchin. On the Siberian coast, the Russians have long been cutting blocks of ice from the frozen Sea of Japan and carting them to a reservoir on a mountain top. In the summer, the molten ice has been flowing down to the city of Vladivostok to supply the populace and the ships in the harbor with clear water.

Mr. Zarchin's invention is designed to achieve artificially on the semi-tropical shores of the Mediterranean what nature has

been doing on the frigid coast of the Sea of Japan. By conventional means, it requires thirty-five kilowatt-hours of energy to freeze one ton of water.

Mr. Zarchin says that the desalination of a ton of water by his method will require only three or three and a half kilowatt-hours of energy. However, even if it takes as many as six kilowatt-hours it will still be worthwhile for a country like Israel, which pays heavily for her water supply.

The inventor hit upon his idea in 1933 when he was assigned by the Red Army to study the problem of water supply for troops in the Turkmenistan area, where the water is brackish. He designed machines in which water was frozen by evaporation and then melted. His Israeli invention is a great improvement, for it provides for a continuous process of freezing and melting.

As explained by the inventor, it works in this manner:

WATER is pumped from the sea and sprayed at almost no pressure into a vacuum tank. Be-

cause there is no air pressure in the tank to hold the water's molecules together, the water begins to evaporate. This causes the temperature to drop below the freezing point, and part of the water freezes as it drops.

Thus the sea water spraying into the tank is divided partly into vapor, which floats to the top, and into ice crystals and brine, which fall to the bottom.

The mixture of ice and brine is pumped from the tank to a conveyor belt. The brine, in which all the salt is concentrated, seeps through the belt and is drained back into the sea. The ice crystals are conveyed by the belt to another vessel.

Meanwhile, the vapor at the top of the tank is constantly siphoned out to maintain the state of vacuum. It is piped to the second vessel, where it meets the ice crystals again. The vapor restores the latent heat to the ice and causes it to melt.

Mr. Zarchin is unable to recall how he happened to think of the freezing method in the first place. He assumes that the thought grew out of widespread discussions about polar exploration in 1933, when the Red Army gave him the problem. Newspapers reported at that time that explorers would supply themselves with clear water by melting polar ice.

Mr. Zarchin had been a research assistant at the Leningrad

Technical Institute. He was assigned to examine an Austrian machine for the distillation of water by electro-osmosis and to report on the practicability of adopting it for desalting brackish water. He reported that the method was too expensive, and he recommended freezing.

AFTER A YEAR'S work he developed a machine, which was mounted on a truck and put into operation as a mobile desalinator. The Soviet Government awarded a prize to the inventor. Shortly afterward, he was arrested for "Zionism," which is a criminal offense in the Soviet Union. He was sentenced to the asphalt mines west of the Ural Mountains for five years.

In prison, he invented a method for the extraction of lacquer from bitumin.

After his release in 1939, he lived in Moscow illegally because the terms of his release barred him from forty-eight cities. When the Soviet Union entered the war against Germany in 1941, he served in a labor battalion near Leningrad.

He became ill and was evacuated to Tashkent. There he bought the passport of a dead Polish refugee. With that document he left the Soviet Union after World War II and reached the displaced-persons camps in Germany. He arrived in Israel in 1947.

* * *

Our Cultural Heritage So-Called

By Armando F. Bonifacio

MANY DISCUSSIONS about nationalism involve, either implicitly or explicitly, references to our so-called *cultural heritage*. Statements have been made to the effect that among the means that would help in the formation of nationalism is to focus our people's attention on the value of our own distinct Filipino culture.

There is no apparent agreement, however, as to whether the recognition of the value of our distinct Filipino culture is antecedent to nationalism or consequent to it. Some even believe that it is, in itself, what we mean by nationalism.

And yet, without having to deal with the verbal controversy at this level, we seem to experience a great deal of embarrassment

When in doubt as to whether we have a Filipino culture that we can call truly our own, just consult actual manifestations around us of what at the start had been foreign. Can we even face this fact?

whenever we are asked to point to the so-called Filipino culture. Is there a distinct Filipino culture? The perennial exhortation seems to be that, assuming there is the Filipino culture, our main task is its preservation.

We think then of our *papag* system in the barrios, the barber-shop "filosopos", the *bakya* institution, our strong and almost congenital familial loyalty, the unsanitary hand-kissing as a form of respect for our elders, our carabaos and the plow and other primitive means of agriculture, and a host of other traditional cus-

toms and institutions which are admittedly anachronisms in the modern world. We are embarrassed because we cannot seem to accept that these are the things we should preserve and perpetuate, without at the same time being bothered by the thought that this might be an expression of something like a downright cultural regression.

There are indeed beautiful things which we could preserve, among them the Tagalog *Kundimans* which are reflective of the sensitive and sentimental character of our people. There is also the myth about our Filipino womanhood and her classic shyness and tenderness. There is also something about the traditional Filipino gentleman, known for his gallantry, for his devotion and his hardworking character. These things are indeed beautiful, and stories about them seem to sound more like fairy tales than real-life stories.

What then are we to preserve and perpetuate? Most certainly not our plows, our *papag* institution, our so-called strong family ties.

With respect to our family ties alone, one writer (Thomas R. McHale: "The Philippine Cultural Matrix and Economic Development," *Comment*, Number 2, First Quarter, 1957) pointed out that this particular institution does more harm than good to our present economy. Our business enter-

prises are family organizations. Top executives of a business organization are there not so much because of their competence, but because of blood-relationship with the owner-president. Thus business decisions cannot be done without having to regard sentimentalities involved in family relationships. He wrote:

"A family business enterprise . . . engenders constant conflict between business and household obligations and needs. It can buy, sell, sue, invest and spend only in relationship to family conditions. The corporation can measure its actions with the yardstick of efficiency, marginal-productivity and profitability. The family enterprise invariably subordinates such criteria to those of family rather than market values."

If what we are to perpetuate include these ridiculous and worn-out institutions, then nationalism, whatever that may be, would contribute more to the retardation than to progress of this country.

THERE is something uncomfortably fictitious about our so-called culture. ~~There seems to be a presumption, based on false belief, that we do have a distinct culture, something really our own.~~ And this presumption is more revealing of our growing dislike for things foreign than anything else. It seems that in the minds of our people there is a growing rebellion against our pernicious colon-

ial attitude. Our people are beginning to realize perhaps out of sheer envy or jealousy for other more advanced Asian countries, that the so-called colonial mentality is inimical to the progress of our nation. And undoubtedly, this realization is more pronounced in the minds of the leaders of the Filipino nationalist movement.

Indian nationalistic movement seems to be in a much better state because when the leaders of this movement started to rebel against the same colonial mentality of the Indian people and urged them to regard and value what is characteristically Indian there was something unique and tangible they could preserve, something still practical even in the modern setting. The vast Indian population and land, in spite of the ruthless British exploitation, did not suffer much transformation. Much of what is uniquely Indian remained, as the Indian character seems to be less pliable.

Our cultural history, however, is quite different. There was in the first place behind us three burdensome centuries of Spanish subjugation and tyranny. The Spaniards, not caring so much for the plight of the Filipino "natives", saw that it was better to keep our people in the state of ignorance and primitivism than enlightenment. Educational opportunity was limited to the wealthy class. The Educational Decree of 1863 was a royal order

that contemplated the establishment in the Islands of a thorough public school system, but for one reason or another, this royal order was never put into effect. It is no wonder that our national leaders came from the ranks of the elite and educated class who had the chance to go out of the country to see for themselves by comparison the facts about their people. But when our national leaders agitated for reforms, such reforms were not granted and it had to take a bloody revolution to boot out the Spanish colonial power which kept a large segment of our people in complete ignorance.

Throughout the three centuries of Spanish occupation, the culture to which our people was exposed was the Catholic religion and the vulgarities of the friars and the *guardias civiles*. Majority of our people, because they were kept in ignorance and no systematic education was introduced, were not prepared to accept a new culture. If they assimilated features of the new culture, it was out of blind imitation and not out of deliberate and intelligent choice.

THUS, THERE WAS the old and primitive Filipino culture and the alien and strange Spanish culture. Three centuries did not make "Spaniards" out of Filipinos, but at least throughout this long period of cultural intercourse a peculiar cultural synthesis resulted. Our languages became a mixture

of the local and the Spanish language which is now the petpeeve of our *linguists*. The Visayan language contains a lot of Spanish impurities. Many of our ways of living and thinking are characteristically Spanish. This also goes for many of our superstitions and beliefs.

This cultural anomaly was even made worse with the coming of the Americans. The Americans came to this country, not with the object of saving our people from eternal damnation, but *supposedly* to bring enlightenment and democracy to our people. The famous Benevolent Assimilation Proclamation of President McKinley laid down the basic premise of American occupation, to wit:

“. . . it should be the earnest wish and paramount aim of the military administration to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the inhabitants of the Philippines by assuring them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the heritage of free peoples . . .”

This proclamation is of course only half of the truth for the other half is basically economic.

“. . . hunger for markets and for opportunities to invest capital profitably . . . entered into the shaping of the Far Eastern policy of the United States.” (Kenneth Scott Latourette: *The American Record in the Far East, 1945-1951*, Macmillan Company,

New York, 1952, p. 12)

The good intentions back of the American conquest were revealed by the fact that together with the occupation troops came the educators and legislators. The Bill of 1902 was supposed to train our national leaders in the difficult art of self-government. Indeed the Americans were quite effective in making our people believe that they had an unselfish regard for the inhabitants, that they came as “friends” and not as tyrannical and vulgar conquerors. The effect of this trust on the Filipino psychology cannot be gainsaid. Another new culture was thus introduced to the country and the dynamics of cultural assimilation began to work in a rapid pace. In so short a time as half a century we find that many of our people are more “American” than Filipino.

AFTER HALF a century of cultural exposure, our culture was no longer a synthesis of the so-called purely Filipino and the Spanish, but a synthesis of three forces, including now the American. Our spoken language testifies to the Spanish and American influences.

At this point the leaders of the Filipino nationalist movement are at a loss as to which culture they are speaking of—the Filipino culture before the Spaniards, or the Filipino-Spanish culture, or the Filipino-Spanish-American cul-

ture? We could perhaps include, if we have to go further back, the Muslim and the Chinese influences. The Chinese influence certainly cannot be ignored in an exhaustive analysis of the so-called Filipino culture.

If we should be speaking of the purely Filipino culture, we must be thinking of the time of Lapu-Lapu or even earlier, but we cannot do so because we do not have much historical facts about this era. Our relative closeness to the Chinese and Japanese mainland suffices us to believe that even before recorded history Chinese and Japanese cultures had registered effects on the Filipino way of life.

If we have to speak of the Filipino-Spanish culture which was relatively more advanced than the previous era, this undoubtedly is not distinctly Filipino either. In fact, if we have to be very strict with our view of culture, no culture is distinctively one people's. Somehow or other, external influences must come in, unless we are thinking of a mythical or completely isolated community of men.

Considering the foregoing, advocates of a return to our cultural heritage must therefore think twice, and determine just where we are supposed to go and which are we supposed to value. At least what is certain is that those who revere our cultural heritage are not simply interested in building a huge museum to house the primitive implements that sustained the life of our people. We are not simply interested in preserving the features of our old culture as curiosity pieces to amaze the tourists.

The whole issue perhaps goes back to simple semantic distinction. Our culture now is not American nor Spanish nor Chinese. It is a synthesis or the product of various interacting cultural forces. And if we are looking for a distinct Filipino culture, we do not have to turn to the past, misty-eyed and sentimental. A look at ourselves before an honest mirror will give us the picture of ourselves, unflattering perhaps, but nevertheless of ourselves. It would perhaps take a lot of courage and integrity for us to say: "Well, this is our own. Let's face it."—*Inquiry*.

* * *

*"What does your husband work at?
"Intervals."*

*

Ancients on Time

IT TAKES a shockproof, water-proof anti-magnetic watch to keep the wheels of modern civilization going. Time was when a knotted rope did just as well.

Certain primitive tribes, who never split a second, carried the practice of dividing time by knots into the twentieth century, the National Geographic Society says. On planning a party, a Guiana Indian chief sent identical strands to the coterie. Each guest untied one knot every morning. And when he worked past the last one, it was time to honor the invitation.

Debtors and creditors used the same twist. Should the day of reckoning come too fast, the debtor might wheedle a new cord or get leave to retie a few knots in the old one.

Since the dawn of society, every civilization has been preoccupied with finding a better way to tell time.

Cave man no doubt watched the movements of sun, moon, and stars. He gauged short spans of time by the shadows of trees and cliffs. It occurred to him one day that he could cause a neater, sharper shadow by setting up a pole in a clearing, with a stone or stones to measure the march of the image. Ipso facto, the first crude sundial.

The sundial's shortcomings are apparent, especially on dark days. Nonetheless, it has served man long and well. The science of dialing was taught in British schools as late as the seventeenth century. It is possible to buy a modern sundial with a swiveling base, adjustable to daylight or standard time.

MANY THOUSANDS of years ago, an early hydraulics expert figured out a means of calculating time without sunlight. Of unknown nationality, perhaps Chinese, the genius came up with the water clock or *clepsydra*—"thief of water." In its simplest form the *clepsydra* is a bottlenecked vessel

that gradually loses water through a tiny hole in the bottom.

The water clock reached its peak of usefulness in the golden age of Greek and Roman oratory. Some speakers were suspected of putting muddy, sluggish water into their clepsydras to steal a bit more time.

In time clever mechanics added wheels, dials, and ingenious gadgets to the clepsydra. One of the most famous was given to Charlemagne by the Shah of Persia. This gold-inlaid water clock featured twelve doors that opened in sequence and remained ajar to mark the hours visually. At 12 o'clock, miniature horsemen popped out to close all the doors.

Throughout its long service, the clepsydra had distinct disadvantages. Water freezes and evaporates. The clock was expensive and bulky.

Sand was the answer. Origin of the handy, portable, non-freez-

ing sandglass is lost in time, but it may have been used in Alexandria at least two-and-a-half centuries before the Christian Era. The hourglass inspired a mode of dress in later years, and became a symbol in Father Time's hand.

Fire has always been a convenient timekeeper. Chinese and Japanese burned knotted ropes. Alfred the Great regulated his activities with banded, time-keeping candles. In recent times Dutch and German farmers used lamp clocks with calibrated-glass oil vessels.

Invention of the truly mechanical clock is generally credited to the tenth-century monk Gerbert. Nowadays people everywhere depend more and more on it, and less on the old devices or natural phenomena.

"It is past the time of the cock crow" may be a delightfully poetic phrase, but it hardly helps the harassed commuter catch the 7:02.

* * *

Centrifugal Force

Much has been learned about the nature of gravitation through its resemblance to another phenomenon, inertia, especially in the form known as centrifugal force. Centrifugal force is independent of material, is not a function of temperature, and cannot be cut off by any form of screen. In fact, centrifugal force, like gravitation, seems to be a function only of the mass involved and the space and time coordinates of the system.

—S. Aroneta

*

DELICADEZA

By Rene Sinco

IN MY grandmother's Antillan house with the big red roof and the *azotea* with the potted palms in Negros, there used to hang in the *sala* a framed piece of cloth on which were embroidered in red thread of silk the names of virtues, such as Patience, Constancy, Charity, and nine or ten others, but the one that puzzled me was the word *Delicadeza*. That one was embroidered in white and done in an exquisitely florid hand. "That," Grandmama used to instruct us, "is an important virtue. Put that into your heads. The virtue that distinguishes the true *hidalgo* (gentleman) from somebody without manners, a barbarian; the mark of a true lady." It was one of those grand words so hard to define, that smack of an age of ritual and

good graces. It could mean a soft-mannered way of speaking, graceful movements, prudence, tact, or a subtle way of putting things. Sometimes it meant all these at the same time. My grandmother, disciplinarian that she was, demanded we observe all of them, most specially when we had visitors. *Delicadeza*—hallmark of a Genteel Tradition, of an age of laces and horse buggies.

But it is still a part of our national character, though we no longer consider ourselves living in a Genteel Age.

One remembers the episode in Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere* where the hero, Crisostomo Ibarra, finding himself momentarily friendless in a party, accosts a group of ladies. "'Allow me,' he said, 'to overstep the rules of strict eti-

quette. It has been seven years since I have been in my own country and upon returning to it I cannot suppress my admiration and refrain from paying my respects to its most precious ornaments, the ladies." His boldness, of course, was met by a stony silence by the ladies in question, although Ibarra's manner of approach is described by the author as "simple and natural." But he was not working according to protocol, which required a middle man to do the introduction. This silent refusal to begin an acquaintanceship on the part of the ladies is a good example of lady-like *delicadeza*, which has, in the tradition of Maria Clara, a touch of maidenly coyness that was supposed to be attractive to the males.

Nowadays, such is no longer the case, party-going-wise. But *delicadeza* expresses itself in a dozen or so ways in our relationship with others. Take, for instance, the disconcerting habit of many Filipinos to conceal the truth which Carmen Guerrero-Nakpil mentioned in an article in *Philippines International*. When an employee wants to leave a job for another with better pay, does he approach the boss and tell him that he is quitting for that reason? Oh no. He invents a subterfuge: he has to leave for the province because of a sick or dying relative, or he has to take a vacation in Baguio because of failing health. Behind the subterfuge lies

something that is ingrained in the Filipino psyche, and it is this simply: his inability to offend the other person's feelings. Which is one way of saying that the boss is sure to feel offended if he is told the reason why his employee is leaving. *Delicadeza*—one has to be careful about hurting the other person's feelings. Hence, a spade is not called a spade, and both parties engage all too happily in a grand illusion of sorts.

Many foreigners notice that Filipinos take offense all too easily. Which makes criticism, no matter how legitimate, a difficult thing to do in these parts. One music critic of a metropolitan daily once criticized the faulty performance of an up-and-coming pianist in the most matter-of-fact, unbiased manner possible. In no time, the relatives of this hapless pianist started calling up by phone the critic to ask him if he had anything personal against the pianist in question! One can never be certain whether one has lost the friendship of a writer simply because his books were roundly panned. *Delicadeza—amor proprio*: they go together. It is tough to draw the line between the objective and the subjective, the rational and the emotional, the impersonal and the personal. To criticize a person's wrong is considered by many as an assault on his very person, and so the accepted method to employ is to

handle the situation with kid gloves, as much as possible.

IN HIS BOOK *The Life and Deeds of Admiral Dewey* (1898), Joseph L. Stickney, Dewey's aide, describes this dominating flaw in the Filipino character as follows: "The moral obligation to tell the truth does not weigh heavily upon the Filipino. The civilized natives often like to conceal the most trivial shortcoming, or even without any excuse whatsoever, and the detection of a falsehood brings no regret except chagrin that the practice has not been more dexterously carried out."

A careful study of Philippine history will provide an explanation for Stickney's comment: colonialism is, at least partially, to blame. Centuries of Spanish domination has brought about injustices that caused all kinds of psychological torment on the *Indios*. Somehow the Filipino, as a defense mechanism of sorts, has devised a way of covering up shortcoming in order not to incur the superciliousness of his white mas-

ters and also as a means of "saving face." It is all emotional, certainly, and colonialism is in a way responsible for the emotionalism of the Filipinos, who, for decades and decades, have not been oriented in rationalizing things coolly, detachedly. Suddenly, freedom burst wildly in the horizon and, with the American regime, mass education enabled the Filipino to partake of matter-of-fact attitudes and practicality, a sense of objectivity and impartiality. The Filipino soul began to break away from the cocoon of complacency, timidity, and moral isolation, to assert its own moral integrity. In governing the state, *delicadeza* is definitely a drawback; emotionalism and hypersensitivity to criticism have characterized many government administrations and often the results have been loud politicking, character-assassination, noisy internal squabbles (*delicadeza* clouding the real issues), rather than quiet deliberation, dispassionate discussion, and prompt action.—*Philippines International*.

* * *

Drop tear for the poor lady who reduced 65 pounds and then found out that it was her face people disliked.

*

WHO MAY BE BURIED AT ARLINGTON?

TECHNICALLY, Arlington National Cemetery, in Virginia, is on exactly the same footing as the 96 other federally supported cemeteries in the United States and its possessions. All are reserved for men and women who have been on active duty with the armed forces of the United States or of a wartime ally, their wives or husbands, and their dependent children, and all operate under the same rules. There are no geographical restrictions; a qualified person may be buried in *any* national cemetery.

But Arlington, for a number of reasons, has become an unofficial national shrine. It's located directly across the Potomac from the nation's capital. The three Unknown Soldiers, of World War I and of World War II and of Korea, are buried there. So are General John J. Pershing, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, and thousands of other servicemen from every war since the Revolution. It is also the largest of the na-

tional cemeteries (408 acres) and one of the most beautiful.

It's not possible to make an application for Arlington in advance. When a serviceman or veteran for whom burial there is desired dies, a member of the family or the funeral director wires the superintendent of the cemetery, requesting burial for the deceased and giving details of his military record. (His last service must have terminated honorably, and he must have been a U.S. citizen at the time.) The superintendent makes all arrangements, a process that usually takes up to two working days.

THE WIDOW of a man buried at Arlington may also be buried there, provided she has not remarried. So may a dependent child—one who was under 18 and unmarried at the time of death or who, though over 18, was unmarried and incapable of self-support.

A wife or child who precedes

a service member in death may also be buried at Arlington, if the husband or father signs a statement that he eventually intends to be buried in the same or an adjoining grave.

No family may have more than two grave sites. Children are buried in the same grave with either parent. (The first casket is lowered; subsequent ones are placed on top of it.) A site adjoining her husband's may be reserved, at the time of his death, by his widow; she must renew her request every two years. But even if she fails to do this, she may still be buried in an adjoining site, if it's available, or in the grave with her husband.

As at other national cemeteries, burial at Arlington is free. There is no charge for the plot or for the simple, uniform headstone placed on the grave. The family, however, pays funeral expenses up to the time the casket reaches the cemetery.

Servicemen and veterans are buried with military honors. The funeral cortege is escorted from the gates of the cemetery to the

grave site, where it is met by a military guard of honor, who act as pallbearers. During the brief committal service, conducted by a chaplain of the dead person's faith, the pallbearers hold an American flag over the casket; at the close, they fold it and give it to the chaplain, who presents it to the next of kin. A rifle squad then fires a farewell salute, and a bugler plays Taps. Officers of high rank or officers or men who have performed especially meritorious service are often awarded further honors, such as a caisson, drawn by matched horses, to bear the casket to the grave, a band with muffled drums, and an 11- to 17-gun salute, depending on rank.

NOT EVERYONE entitled to burial at Arlington exercises his privilege—fortunately, or the cemetery would soon be overcrowded. Many prefer private burial. Others prefer a national cemetery nearer home, where the grave can be visited frequently. The expense of providing transportation to Arlington is another factor that keeps burials within bounds.—*Good Housekeeping*.

* * *

Drag Him In

"Does Sullivan live here?" they asked.

"Sure and he do," she replied. "Just carry him in."

*

Have you heard?

FOLK WISDOM

**Translated by
Hilario Francia, Jr.**

1. Proverbs

We entreat the coconut
Not to reach so high
If a beetle should burrow
The whole pith will rot.
(*Magdalita ang niyog
Huwag magpapakatayog
Kung ang uwang ang umok-ok
Mauubos pati ubod.*)

When there was no gold to guard
He stood haughty and proud
When it came his way
He stooped to obey.
(*Ng walang biring ginto
Doon nagpapalalo
Ng magkaginto-ginto
Doon na nga sumuko.*)

He who accepts the wound
Will not suffer the pain
But to him who does not
A mere scratch will canker.
(*Ang sugat ay kung tinatanggap
Di daramdamin ang antak
Ang aayaw at di payag
Galos lamang magnanaknak.*)

Be steady, Bar,
Before the coming tide
I'm just a little creeper
And around you I'll cling.
(*Katitibay ka tulos
Sakaling datnan ng agos
Ako'y mumunting lumot
Sa iyo'y pupulupot.*)

Dinghy, adrift on the sea,
Blown back by the northwesterly
Tossed forward by the southerly.
(*Lunday, kung aanod-anod,
Pinihaw ng balaklaot
Kaya lamang napanulot
Ng umihip yaring timog.*)

There are robust men
Who are noble when in the saddle
And like aetas in battle.
(*May lalaking masigla
Ginoo kung tumugpa
Aeta kung sumalunga.*)

When the plate is clean
And the flagon empty
Love is gone.
(*Kung ang kilawin ay masaid
At ang toyttoy ay matiti
Tapus ang pagkakaibig.*)

There are big things light and
soft

And small things you can't
hold aloft.

(*May malaking halaghag
May munting di mabuhat.*)

You may be famous as a
millionaire

But to yourself a pauper.
(*Mayaman ka man sa sabi
Dukha ka rin sa sarili.*)

Spend your blessings now,
Tomorrow you are gaping.
(*Ubos-ubos biyaya
Bukas nakatunganga.*)

The sampaguita turned red
And the gumamela white!
(*Nula ang sampaga
Nuti ang gumamela!*)

The tender sore
And the ripening herb.
(*Nagnumurang tibatib
Nagmamatang kulit.*)

How lovable when absent
How loathesome when present.
(*Sinisinta kung wala
Ng makita'y isinumpa.*)

2. Riddles

Fair lady, so close
To the lilac.
Toasted Rice

(*Maputing dalaga
Nagtatalik sa lila.*)
(*Binusang Bigas*)

I am black, I am ebony,
The gentleman loves me.
Quality

(*Itim ako, itim ako,
Mahal ako ng ginoo.*)
(*Uri*)

Whether left or dexter
The tail will take care.
Rudder

(*Pakana't pakaliwa
Ang buntot ang bahala.*)
(*Timon*)

A bamboo receptacle
Can become a bell.
Umbrella

(*Maging bongbong isimpan
Saka maging mongmongan.*)
(*Payong*)

When there was no gold to guard
He stood haughty and proud
When it came his way
He stooped to obey.
Straw

(*Ng walang biring ginto
Doon nagpapalalo
Ng magkaginto-ginto
Doon na nga sumuko.*)
(*Dayami*)

Electronic Lung

Following extensive research and close cooperation between the medical profession and precision engineers, an electronic lung which can replace iron lungs, has been perfected.

Called the Barnet Ventilator, the lung has been a joint venture by several British electronic companies, each of which contributed specialized knowledge and technical facilities.

In the past patients have had to be put in an iron lung, which is essentially an airtight box in which pressure is varied, by means of pumps, between positive and negative values, each cycle causing the lungs to inflate and deflate within correct physiological limits.

The iron lung is an effective machine for sustaining life, but, since only the head of the patient is outside the lung, dependence upon nursing staff is complete. The patient has no liberty whatsoever.

Treatment of such cases by means of the Barnet ventilator gives the patient considerable freedom. Instead of being encased in a box, the patient is linked to the ventilator by two plastic tubes. Breathing is sustained by the alternation of positive and negative pressure, air being pumped into the lungs during the positive phase and extracted during the negative.

The number of respirations per minute, the ratio of inspiratory to expiratory time and the volume of air entering and leaving the lungs are matters of very great importance. By using the Barnet ventilator any or all of these facilities can be instantly and precisely adjusted within physiological limits.

The iron lung is large and heavy, and when it is necessary to move a patient, transport problems arise. The Barnet ventilator, on the other hand, is very portable and weighs only 56 pounds. It has built-in batteries from which its transistorized circuit will run for up to 20 hours without recharging.

In addition to its use in polio, the ventilator is of the utmost value in every case of respiratory insufficiency arising from any cause.

So they have!

Folk Literature

By E. Arsenio Manuel

THE CULTURE, experiences and sentiments of a people usually find expression in their literature—whether oral or written. In a preliterate society this expression attains ideal soil for growth in its myths and legends, folk tales, rituals, poetry, and songs. Advanced or civilized peoples still make folk literature, but this is not so rich nor so imaginative; they are, however, the makers of written literature in which they excel. Each period and epoch in the cultural history of a people therefore produces the corresponding type-mirror for the ample reflection of their culture. For instance, Tagalog is comparatively poor in its folk literature but rich in its written literature. Some mountain peoples of Northern Luzon, on the other hand, have a wealth of folk literature that cannot be matched by the combined richness of that of Luzon lowlanders, although they do not have any developed written literature.

This may be explained by the fact that the mountain peoples were really never vanquished by the Spanish *conquistadores*. They were thus able to preserve their primitive culture. The lowlanders, on the other hand, easily submitted, not bloodlessly to be sure, to the might of the conquerors, or to the more softening influence of the cross. Their culture, therefore, became adulterated; and although on the whole it got enriched, some of its ancient manifestations were totally wiped out. Sometimes, though, a people shows a strong disinclination to give up what is native in the face of disorganizing foreign forces, and when this happens, the event serves as an index of the virility of the group.

The unwritten literature of the Filipinos is the result of the effort of the masses at oral expression, whether conscious or unconscious. It is traditional and for that reason has age; it is rooted in antiquity. Behind it are thousands of years of development. Customs

and superstitions gave it impetus; it developed into myths and legends, folk tales and stories; then into folk songs and ballads, later flowering into narrative poems and epics.

In a mythological period the people felt veritable truths in their myths. With retelling, these myths gained audience as society grew and lent permanence to this folk type until they became a part of the culture of the people. The creation of the earth and sky, of the first man and woman, of fire and water and of other mysterious forces of nature—these were easily the subjects of fear and veneration and consequently of popular thought and belief.

AMONG THE ancient Bisayans of Negros Island it was believed that the land was caused by Manaul, the king-bird of the air, who, to put a stop to the war between the sea and the sky, lifted rocks up in the air and cast them down to become the first lands. This fabulous bird was the same one who pecked at the bamboo that yielded the first man and woman. Iloko farmers appear to have preserved a trace of the same folk-motif of the first man and woman coming out of a bamboo cast into the sea by Angngalo, a cyclopean giant to whom is ascribed creative acts of supernatural character. He juggled with mountains—at times lifting them bodily to other places. He dug



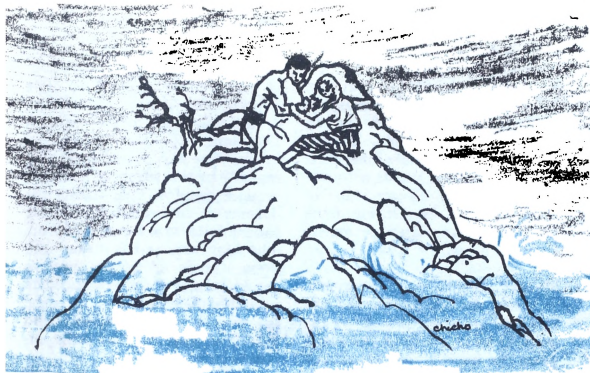
holes with his fingers to make great valleys, urinating into them afterwards to convert them into bodies of water. Angngalo's g-string could dry the waters of the sea and his principle could be held firm across the Abra river gap for people to use as a bridge. This legendary figure finds its counterpart in the Ibaloy myth of a giant who used to extend his arms across the swollen rivers. More significant still is the Atayal tale from Formosa of a man sixty fathoms tall "whose phallus was of a size large enough (on which) to cross a river." The Iloko version ties up with the Formosan Atayal.

Among the Manobos of Mindanao, the creation of the world is attributed to the first great Manobo, Makalidung, who set it on posts. Close to the central pillar he had his abode in company with a python; he shook the posts whenever he was angered, thereby causing earthquakes. This giant has his counterpart in Talia-kud, the Tagbanwa chief deity of a seven-floor underworld, and in an Ifugao Atlas of the underworld known as Tinukud.

The belief in an Atlas, or god who supports the earth world, seems to be widespread in the Philippines, and the name applied to this supernatural deity is nearly always derived from the same stem *tukud* (*tukud*, *tokod*—meaning post or support) which is common in many Philippine languages.

Folk imagination finds an interesting expression in the story of how the sky came to be. The Bagobo version attributes the sky's present position to a woman pounding rice. She accidentally hit it with her pestle, thus raising it where it is now. This tale is widespread in Mindanao—the Tiruray modifying it a little. Here the pounder is on top of a mound. The Moro version has it that once upon a time an average person would bump his head against the sky if he stood erect. The same is found among the Subanons and the Bilaans, except that in this last, the rice-pounder suspends her grandchild in a *patadyong* against the low sky. A Hiligaynon variant is more picturesque, for here a war-dancer hit the sky with his spear. A similarly interesting version is the Iloko story. Here, a tired and hungry husband comes from work and finds his wife pounding rice. Taking hold of another pestle he starts helping his wife pounding rice and in his haste he hits not only the sky but also the comb, earrings, and necklace which his wife had stuck there. The comb became the moon, the precious stones, the stars.

A FLOOD MYTH that is common among the mountain peoples of Northern Luzon center around the story of a brother and a sister who, after the flood, were the only ones who survived. They became the ancestors of the Igorots. This



is somewhat enlarged in the Bon-tok version where the sons of Lumawig, the God-hero, inundated the world to raise mountains to enable them to catch pigs and deer. In the Ifugao story, which is greatly expanded, Wigan's son and daughter marry to give birth to children who populated the Ifugao world. It is among the Ifugaos that myth recitation has reached a high point of development, becoming indeed part of every Ifugao ritual.

Among the Tirurays of Mindanao, the first man was created by Sualla who touched into life one of the eight *Khnemontao* wood-carvings in the place of the sun, and from one of his ribs was created the first woman. His first child died, but out of him came immeasurable benefits: from the

teeth of Mentalalan, the child, sprouted the first corn, from his navel grew the first rice, and from his hands the first banana plants. But Sualla's sister was a devilish sort—Satan's female counterpart—and, envious of her brother's creations, she threw down her comb which became the first pig which destroyed the banana plants; she spat her buyo from her high abode in Bonggo to turn it into infesting rats to eat the rice and corn.

Myths in their genuine form are prose narrations. But the Ifugao myths used in their rituals are metrical—which perhaps indicates a more developed form. Ballad recitations became a medium of emotional expression of the daily life and experience of the people, and as they already prob-

ably had developed rhythms in their rituals, it was now an easy matter to contain their stories in ballads. There is little reason to suppose that the growth was so, nevertheless this might be surmised if one took into consideration the idea that rituals are probably as old as subjects of folk literature came in answer to the needs of a more sophisticated society.

THAT PRELITERATE societies could develop the ballad form into folk art seems to point to the possibilities of crowd expression if given the impetus and the chance for growth under auspicious conditions. Consider, for instance, this excerpt from a Bontok ballad both from the elemental feeling it arouses and the pagan energy achieved through simplicity of narration:

there are, they say, two
cousins;
let us fetch wood;
then, they say, they go to
fetch wood,
then, that younger brother
goes, they say,
then the girls make much
noise weaving;
why! I shall sit down here,
as here I have found girls,
says the younger brother,
they say;
* * *

I shall masticate for the child;
the older brother says:
I won't allow you to masticate
for my child;

then the younger brother
weeps,
then he says:
alas! my wife,
she will be married to another
one.

The above is a representative example of the advanced development of this folk type among our mountain peoples. Most Tagalog ballads have degenerated into comic and tragico-comic beats and themes. Such pre-Spanish songs as the household *diona* and *talindao* have been entirely lost. So have the wayside songs *indulanin* and *dulayinin*, and the boat songs *suliranin* and *manigpasin*.

Filipino folk literature finds its highest point of development in its epics. While other ethnic groups in the plains and along the coasts do not possess sustained narratives of epical character, it is not a sure indication that they did not have them once upon a time. Their simple literature gave in to the more sophisticated outside influences which relentlessly gained inroads as time passed. On the other hand where there were all the favorable conditions the literary historian could ask for in Ifugao environment that assured the flowering of folk literature in that mountain region. Here, shut off by mountain fastness from without, with a wonderful rice-terrace civilization that furnished a steady supply of victuals for the body, the Ifugao had all the time and leisure to develop a rich folk literature.

In no other instance has folklore become so neatly and beautifully intertwined with a people's customs and beliefs as among the Ifugaos. Every phase of the life cycle is studded with countless ceremonies to gain the favor of the gods; or with sorceries and religious rites designed to overcome an enemy in battle. The Ifugaos have more than a thousand and five hundred deities whom they believe have to be propitiated. From rituals it is but an easy step to folk literature.

Let us pick up the threads of customs and lore brocaded into the rich tapestry of the folk literature of the first social class of the Ifugao society, the *kadangyan* class. Particularly let us see this group in its marriage celebration to observe the workings of the myth, epic, and song. Courtship is initiated by an emissary of the boy with an oral recitation of the family history, including heroic exploits, of his ancestors. This usually includes an enumeration of the assets and properties of the boy's family to the satisfaction of the girl's party. If no hitch develops, the boy starts working for the girl's parents until he comes of age. Preparations for the marriage are then made.

The marriage ceremony is elaborate with the rites taking almost the whole day, for the gods must be propitiated with prayers and the recitations of the deeds of legendary heroes—the idea being to

insure, by analogy or sympathetic magic, the happiness and prosperity of the couple. Neither are bad omens left alone, for there follows a series of appeasements and sacrifices. Certain religious ceremonies, the *uyauy* for instance, must be carried out before the wedding festival is finally performed.

EVERY NIGHT for fifteen to thirty days, the whole neighborhood celebrates in music, dance and song, the last five days being the climax of the *uyauy*. On the first night of the last five days which is called the *holyat*, a select group sings the *Alim*, one of the epics of the Ifugao-people. It is the story of a marriage that failed due to the ignorance of the man. Meanwhile ricewine flows freely. The singing of this epic may take two days, after which the priests continue it with the *Baltong* and then the *Guway* which is sung under the house. This ends the *uyauy*. But not the singing. Usually two men, hand in hand, stand on the threshold of the new home and sing the *Danew* which is a blessing song. In other parts of the house and in the yard, the old men join the young in dancing, stopping only to tell more legendary stories of *gopas*.

The groom is finally crowned with the bird *kalaw*'s head, complete with accessories and trappings. The bride, in turn, is given her gifts of jewelry and beads. The couple then begins a series



of visits—to relatives in other villages, where singing and dancing likewise take place. In the morning a priest recites the *hangal*, an apology to the gods of animals. It is a sort of poem recited before animals are butchered. Another day of feasting follows and finally the couple is blessed by the priest in a ritual called *haligonup*. This terminates the *uyauy* festival.

But not the various other rituals which must be observed! Following the harvest season next to the marriage celebration, the villagers from the man's place go to the girl's farm to harvest the crop, and vice versa. This is the height of thanksgiving. Here the *Hudhud* is sung. It is another epic, closer to the people than the *Alim*. In the granary where the harvest is brought, the old folks sing the *bonbonwe*, a question and answer type of song on kindred subjects. The younger men and women exchange love songs called *liwliwa*, a prelude to courtship. Now, at last, the couple are ready to re-

ceive the final blessing and benediction—the *hongga*—and after almost a year of colorful festival and merrymaking, the ritual, the dance, and the song are over.

THE COLOR and wealth of these festivals can hardly be duplicated anywhere, except perhaps in Mindanao among the Maranao Moros. The long narrative poems of this people are just as rooted in the tradition of the people as those of the tribes of Northern Luzon. The *darangans*, as these narrative poems are called in Maranao, are epic both in conception and structure. Of these, however, only one seems to have been fully recorded. This is the *Bantugan*, a fragmentary translation of which exists in English. This piece requires three nights of singing to finish. It has been described as possessing such sustained beauty and pathos that women have been known to weep hearing it sung.

Among the Sulu Moros, an epic of lyrical quality, the *Parang Sabir*, is well known. This epic, however, has never been written down completely, and only a fragment in an inadequate English translation is available. The Tagbanwas of Palawan also possess a rich though untapped popular literature, and among their long narrative poems which they call *dagoy* and *sudsud*, there are pieces of epic range.

Every ethnic group in the Philippines is the possessor of a rich

lore and so long as these groups do not become absorbed by stronger peoples, their folk creations are likely to be retold and recited and sung for all time. The Manobos of Southern Mindanao, for instance, had been pushed time and again by migrating peoples from without until they became bottled up far in the hinterland where they have lived and preserved their lore to a surprising degree. One long poem of epic breath, the *Tatuaang*, is reported from this area.

On the other hand, the Bikols used to have an epic which has been partially lost. Among the Ibaloy people bearing the brunt of outside contact, one or two old native priests still remember their great folk traditions, among which two related epics—the *Kabuniyan* and the *Bendian*—still survive. It is feared that unless these are actually written down, these folk stories will be lost to us. The Iloko narrative poem, *Lam-ang*, has certain epic qualities and pre-Spanish elements which would date it among the earliest narratives of length in existence.

It seems unbelievable that the metrical romances of Europe, which started to fall out of public favor after the Spanish Cervantes had ridiculed and parodied them in his *Don Quixote*, would find fertile ground in the Philippines where the institution of knight-errantry was as totally strange as snowfall. But the seed was somehow disseminated; it sprouted and

grew, and finally flowered in Francisco Baltazar's *Florante at Laura* towards the second third of the nineteenth century.

METRICAL romances of Medieval Europe were the product of folk creation and legitimately belong to folk literature. In Tagalog a considerable number of *awits* and *corridos* were anonymous, though some authors were audacious enough to put their names on the title pages. The metrical romances became very widely popular and very soon every class had its share of the delightful literary fare. Even the farmer, home from his labor, found rest reading this cheap literary repast. Indeed everybody found in the metrical romances endless entertainment, drawing from them quotations to prove a point, reciting them, singing them, and even dancing to their musical rendition.

In Tagalog alone there used to be about two hundred *awits* and *corridos*. In Iloko, Pampangan,



and in other Philippine languages, the count is probably a little less. But the Iloko has preserved a native piece which shows very little traces of Spanish influence. This is the *Lam-ang*. Compared with other metrical romances in the Philippines the *Lam-ang* has no definite meter or stanzaic pattern—a fact which certainly points out to its more native origin. It is a thousand-line epic in *monorima*. This may indicate further that the native versifiers did not show much concern for the meter or regular syllabic counting, and yet their folk literature was no less richer for the lack.

There is a very interesting folk development of the *awit* closely associated with the song, and this is the dance. This element appears to be the contribution of the southern Tagalog to the development of the *awit*. In Quezon province, the dance is an inseparable feature of the *awit*. The *awit* celebration may indeed start without a dance, but it eventually leads to the dance. In a *tapatan*, for instance, the performers start in front of the house of the celebrant reciting verses. The moment they succeed in ascending the stairs, the interest begins to center on the clever maneuvering of the incoming participants to make those already in the house sway to the rhythm of the song. As soon as they have succeeded in doing this, they are welcomed into the sala and the affair becomes one

continuous singing and dancing.

The whole metrical romance may be sung and danced in this way for hours on end. The participants, having committed whole romances to memory, pit their talents one against the other. One dancer sings a stanza or two and another takes it up and, alternately picking the narrative, finishes the song. A more trying way was for one to pick out one stanza at random from any text and the other continue with the next following stanza. A variation was for one to recite any enigmatic passage for the other contestant to answer or continue. There was always a fresh supply of dancers and participants to replenish those whose voices became hoarse. Thus the *awitan* became a vociferous display and contest of folk dance, song, poetry, humor, and much wit.

IT IS DIFFICULT to ascertain how folk poetry came to be. It could have originated from some deep emotional feeling in man. Such a stimulation might be in the form of grief over the loss of a beloved. Thus, the Iloko *dung-aw* is not merely a lament similar to the Tagalog *taghoy* or *panambitan*, but it is emotionally charged with poetry in the truest sense of the word. The *dung-aw* is a stylized lamentation which recites the story of the deceased, his personal history, his achievements, and sometimes an apology for his

failures and misconduct. Any attempt to record the dung-aw is beset with difficulties. An intruder will invariably produce self-consciousness on the part of the highly-aroused poet, a disturbance such as this often affecting the spontaneity of the sentiment and the flow of ideas of the grief-stricken mourner. For this reason we are not aware of any really good text in Iloko taken down freshly and directly from the fullness of the poet's grief.

Among the Igorots of eastern Benguet, the same custom exists. One such lamentation was recorded and translated into English. According to the account written for us by Father Alphonse Claerhoudt, as soon as the man had breathed his last, the women began pounding rice below the house, picking up the rhythm of his life with the sound of pounding pestles. Meanwhile near the body of the dead man lay the wife. She did not look at her husband's face nor at his body. She sobbed and gave way to her sorrow and let flow all the tears in the heart.

Oh pity me, oh you my brother!

Oh pity me, oh you my husband!

You died, alas, oh you my brother!

You died, alas, oh you my husband!

What's left to me, and what remains there?

To me, a poor and useless creature?

They all, yes all, they will forget me

Who was to you just like a baby!

No never can I stop my weeping

Forever would I cry, forever, forever,

If crying made me not ashamed!

And when I think now and remember

That nothing, nothing to console ye

I can present to you my husband,

No, never can I stop my weeping

Forever would I cry, forever. It is true, our work was

always heavy, And 'twas perhaps our sorry fate

In poverty to work and live! We did our best and slaved

together

To raise some pigs and feed some cattle.

But we had none of ours, you know it,

No we had none to us belonging!

Oh brother, patience, oh weep not, brother,

Because your sister gives you nothing

Of all we work'd for once together.

I turn'd the kettle on the ashes,

As signal, yes, a sorry signal,
Of poverty we always lived in!
Alas, our hope is gone forever,
With me remains not e'en
the slightest!

No, never can I stop my
weeping,
Forever, would I cry, forever
If crying made me not
ashamed!

ATENTION might be called to several things in this connection: the elementary passion aroused in the bosom of a bereaved one; the innate response manifested in the natural flow of feeling, the outburst coming from the lips of an individual without training; and the outward manifestation resulting in poetry and song at the same time. The student of the beginnings of literature will find no better example of spontaneous poetry as in this exceptional instance where grief bleeds the heart and the heart bursts into genuine poetry.

Some authors believe that in folk sayings may be found the early beginnings of folk poetry. Folk sayings are short but they carry the load of a thought. Consider for instance the Tagalog saying which runs like this:

*Ang pakikisindi
Daan ng pakikibangi.*

In prosaic terms this simply means that acquaintance might breed close friendship—and the Filipino husband or wife does not like this. The rendition is too naive and

does not carry the rich imagery implied in the original.

The folks have other outlets for dressing up their ideas in figurative speech. This may be seen in their riddles. Whereas a Bikol would disguise the mushroom like this:

*Harong co sa buclod sarò
an tokod,*

My house on the hill has
but a single post—

his Tagalog brother would more fully describe it thus by juxtaposition—

*May binti, walang hita;
May tuktok, walang mukha.*
He has a calf but no thigh;
He has a head but no face.

Another example might be given to show the simplicity of folk description. Whereas the Igorot would regard the three heads of stone as "houses facing each other that cannot be burned," the Bikol would prefer to represent them as "three brothers who have but one name," and the Tagalog would say it in this wise—

*Tatlong magkakapatid,
Sing-iitim and dibdib.*
Three brothers (or sisters)
With equally black breasts.

A naughty boy or girl would just change the "breasts" to "anus" and you have a hot contest in riddles. Children would recall every riddle and pit their memory one against the other in a precocious display of wit and banter. Many never get the correct answers, but in time they learn some

of them, and thus unknowingly they become the effective carriers of folk humor.

The riddle contest may proceed smoothly and the sources may seem inexhaustible until some rogue would pop up with a riddle having a double meaning, such as the following in Tagalog—

Malayo pa ang sibat

Nakanganga na ang sugat.

The spear has hardly been aimed,

But the wound gaps wide open.

Of course this would at once arouse a cry of objection from the virgins, and while they may not actually recoil, this may be the signal for the end of the game. *Bugtungan* or riddle-contests are held during wakes, or even during baptismal parties and other social gatherings.

THERE ARE many other manifestations of folk poetry as the *talinhaga* and *palaisipan* which are forms of the riddle; the *dalit*, *bibit*, and *karagatan* which are ritualistic or religious in nature; and the *duplo* and *sabalan* for popular poets who have mastered the poetic art as only provincial poets can—adhering to classical forms, rigid beats, romantic or commonplace themes, and florid style. These poets are well versed in the

contents of the *corridos* and the *Pasion*, and in the lives of the saints, and are adept in the manipulation of words, in the use of the rejoinder and the repartee. These folk types had their heyday in Tagalog oral literature, but only the *duplo* found acceptance in the popular literature of contemporary Philippines. As now practiced, the *duplo* has developed into the *Balagtasan*—a literary type as remarkable for its exuberance as its ancestor was for its exorcism, a poetical contest between two parties which may have one or more poets each defending a side of some urbane or absurd subject. For this reason it will decline for want of a better muse.

Folk literature is the fruition of the creative mind of the mass of the people in a preliterate society. The people are familiar, as a rule, with their floating literature. This is so because they have a part in its making, in its transmission and preservation. The lore of the group is the property of all; it is a part of the primitive man's culture. Indeed the so-called "uncivilized" man may often be more cultured than his modern brothers, for he is really steeped in the literature of his people and is more familiar with his own native lore.

DANCER FROM THE DANCE

*What happened was: the man was mad with style,
Though built for it in mind the flesh was not,
His thoughts danced, true, but his feeling was an exile
That traced an ego that desired the unbegot.*

*The dance was fiery, it consumed the dancer,
He would have lasted it had he left fire
Alone to style . . .*

*The man was fast, the madness faster:
The country was in trouble but could not retire,
The dance was mad and madder he who danced,
The conscience of the tribe one with the man,
And very soon the world – according to his plan.*

— by A. G. HUFANA

MOTHER'S RING

by Teresita Z. Dixon

EVEN THE SKY was cloudless: I would have a nice trip to Manila the next day. While packing my things eagerly that afternoon, deciding which clothes to bring with me or to leave so as to lessen my baggage, I heard father say, "Don't take the seven o'clock bus, Dina. It'll be too early."

He probably noticed that my disappointment was great for I glanced furtively at him and kept silent. Stopping once in a while with my packing, I would place my arms akimbo and try to figure out why he had to postpone my trip so. "Nardo and Tito need you to teach them in their lessons," he continued.

Even towards evening, at supper, the trip was still in my mind. I could not help staring at father. He sat at the head of the table, chewing quietly, his mouth half-filled. Once in a while he glanced

at me, trying, it seemed, to find something on my face.

I noticed the extraordinary silence. Usually there would be incessant remarks and loud chuckling over Nardo's foolishness until supper would be over. The spoons of the two boys clattered on their plates. Then I would look at their innocent faces. If possible I did not want to leave them. Yet I was wishing all the while that they would be intelligent enough to finish their lessons earlier so I could leave the next day at my pleasure.

MY EYES travelled across the table. I saw mother. She was silent. I dared not look at her face. I might find tears. Judging by her sad face, which I could only picture for my eyes were cast down, she resented my departure. I noticed her gold ring which glistened under the light. It look-

ed like a band of light itself wound around the slim ring finger of her right hand. Since I was sixteen I had admired that ring. It was an old-fashioned one, with no stone at all. On its flattened surface was delicately inscribed a crown. It was old but always shiny. My grandmother gave it to her, she once told me. That was when she was married to my father, she said. "I will give this to you someday," she assured me.

In that silence my mind seemed to whirl. It circled about the ring.

The afternoon before a letter had announced the approval of my application for a job with the Surety Insurance Company. The manager was expecting me for an interview the next day. I hurried to my friend Alu and told her. Alu had just graduated from the Manila Central College. I considered her lucky for during her third year in college she had met her fiance.

"I can imagine the joy of having a monthly salary," I said to her. "Maybe I will be able to buy all the things I have been dreaming of. Even a bungalow someday, who knows?"

"You silly dreamer. But I don't blame you, you are still young." Alu was older than me by one year. How dared she regard me still young at nineteen. Her face was flushed, and I knew by then she was thankful for me.

"Come, let us celebrate the

event. Let's go outing," she suggested.

"That is a nice idea. But, you know, I have to be home before six. Mother needs me to cook supper."

"Oh, we will be back even before sundown. Don't worry, dear," she said.

ALU DID NOT have to worry about coming home early. Purita, her eldest sister, would take care of everything.

We sauntered along the stony road. Hand in hand we walked along. At first I did not notice the roughness of our path.

By the roadside were stray weeds with red and yellow flowers. Brilliant ones.

"Alu, these are beautiful," I exclaimed pointing to a cluster of red ones.

"Yes, they are, but they are only weeds. Let's look for roses over this way," she said, dragging my right hand along.

We searched for roses but we could not find any. We saw only the bright-colored blossoms of the weeds.

"We can get some real roses over there," she said, pointing towards a clump of bushes.

The way was rough and we jumped from one stone to another like acrobats.

"I am tired," I said with a moan. "Look at those spines. Do you think we can go over that muddy creek down there? I tell

you, it is impossible to get those roses."

At my insistence we turned back.

A plate on the table was empty. No more rice for serving. I took the plate and filled it up in the kitchen. Three scoops of the ladle was enough.

"Please pass it over," father said. Then I placed two spoonfuls on each plate of the two boys and gave the half-filled plate to mother. She scraped some on her plate and handed it back to me. I laid it gently on the table. I enjoyed seeing the process.

"Eat some more," mother said. "You have to prepare yourself for tomorrow's journey." Her voice refreshed me. I drew a deep breath.

A FEW HOURS AGO Tito had been playing "Remember Me" on the piano while Nardo stood in front of the mirror squaring his shoulders, trying to balance them with great effort. Just two weeks ago he had arrived home with a sprained shoulder. He had been playing ball with some of the kids in the neighborhood.

The living room was bright for the lights were all on. At the center, father and mother sat conversing. Tito spotted me at the door. He called out to me to play "La Boheme." Everybody was attentive. My fingers glided among the keys smoothly, for I knew they were listening.

After supper mother started washing the dishes. All the while the trip the next day and the ring seemed to haunt me. I felt uneasy. I looked at her directly. She was still young. Her tightly pursed lips made her more beautiful. Maybe she wanted to cry but my presence held. I groped for a topic of conversation but could not find any. One by one the plates came out clean and shiny. Their pure white appearance thrilled me. I wiped them as she handed them to me.

"Dina," she said at last, while she continued scrubbing the plate. She rinsed it and handed it to me, fixing her eyes on mine. "Tomorrow you will go. Keep in mind that in Manila you will meet different kinds of people. Be good to all of them and everything will go well."

"I won't fail you, mother."

I noticed her transfer her glance from me to the plate I was holding. This made me move my fingers with more precision and care. I feasted my eyes on the whiteness of the chinaware which glistened the more after I had wiped it dry with the cloth.

"Do as your father tells you. It would be better to help your brothers first before you go. Your father needs rest, you know that."

"Yes, mother, I will."

I cleared my throat. There was a lump in it. It was painful. I tried to swallow hard to keep back my tears.

But the ring. How I wished

she would give it to me now. Tomorrow I will go, I said to myself.

"Keep those dishes now. Be careful with them," she said as she entered the *sala*.

OUTSIDE, the street was thronged with people. It was still early. I watched them scurry away as I sat near the window. My chin rested on my arms which in turn rested, coiled, on the window sill. Then I heard a thousand voices. I knew them to come from nowhere. Streaks of mist passed my eyes. They glided one by one with ironic ease. I did not move.

Under the trees not far from where I was were two young people. They were lovers. At first I tried to avoid them. I found my eyes fixed upon the moon. It was round and bright. But farther north were little masses of clouds, dark ones, which seemed to threaten its brightness. A slight fear crept over me. I tried to conceal my annoyance. Again I found the two lovers. The mist passed by me, floated to them, covering their faces once in a while. I recognized her face at last as the moonlight penetrated itself through the trellised pattern of the leaves. She was young, about eighteen. Her yellow dress with black buttons running across from her collar to the lower portion of her skirt clung to her slender body.

It seemed I heard the boy say, "When I will go home I will bring you some fruits of the trees my

father and I planted near our house. Oh no, I will just reach them out to your hands because you will be there with me."

The girl smiled. She seemed to understand.

"By the way, here take the handkerchief in exchange for the one you gave me yesterday," the boy continued. He handed her a maroon and white one.

"This is a nice hanky!" she exclaimed.

"You know I took that from my mother's store. That is the best of the lot.

He grasped her hand tightly. He tried to kiss it.

"Don't," she said, as she tried to shake off his hand.

"Why?" he asked. "Lovers usually hold hands," he continued, as he tried to catch her hand once more.

He began to hum a song.

"That is 'You,' my favorite," she said, her smiling eyes fixed upon his.

"Yes, I'll sing it to you to remember me always," he answered.

I KNEW THAT FACE, a handsome one. He had a muffler around his neck. His cream-colored shirt was pale white in the moonlight.

Now he was singing the song softly. The thousand voices grew softer. The hush of the leaves as the cold wind passed through the branches of the trees provided the accompaniment. She raised her face. Her eyes were closed. "If this is but a dream I hope I will

never wake up," I heard her utter.

The little masses of clouds were moving towards the moon. "Too near. Too near," I murmured.

Now the voices drew near me. The mist flowed back and forth. The song ended. She opened her eyes. She looked around.

"Where are you?" she queried. He had disappeared.

"Where is he?" I asked myself as I peered through the darkness. The handkerchief was there. She held it firmly, looked at it blankly and cried.

At last I felt the flow of blood in my veins. The wind had swept away the mist. It was dark all around. The cloud had touched the moon. I noticed that I was crying. I felt weak, stood up and walked, stumbling in the darkness. Finally, I reached the room. Mother was there waiting.

"Where have you been?"

"I didn't know you were waiting for me. I was just at the window."

I dared not look up. She might see my tear-stained face. I was ashamed of it.

"Dina, here is the ring. Take good care of it."

I stared at it. The two . . . the two lovers. I was hurt.

"Mother, please keep it for me. I will ask for it some other day. I have decided not to take it just yet."

THE NEXT DAY I took the trip to Manila. Neon lights greet-

ed my squinting eyes as the bus arrived along the boulevard. I held my grip tightly as the machine dodged here and there from the other running machines. It tooted its horn, pushed itself through the crowd who stopped to make a way for it. We passed by the window displays. Bunches of roses caught my attention. Up on a signboard was boldly inscribed: Artificial Flowers For Sale. I twisted my lips wryly. "Artificial, everything!"

The house of Tita Binay, mother's twin sister, was in Rizal. I stayed there. Everyday I took a ride to the office to be once again with the typewriters and adding machines. I befriended them reluctantly.

The letters from home, kissed by the tender lips of my loved ones, were comforting. I did not forget them.

The hall was fastidiously decorated. It was the firm's anniversary. The clink of thin glasses gave an air of monotony in the room. Days before, lavish preparation had been made. The speculation among the employees was great.

"Looks as if the whole month of December's salary would not cover your gown," I heard one exclaim. Only a mild feminine chuckle followed. A faint smile covered my face. Home, the family was in my mind that instant.

From a table where Lourdes, a co-employee, and I were sitting, we saw two men approaching. They were conversing. One of

them, Augusto, an old acquaintance, introduced his companion to us. We danced.

An old song made me shrug my shoulders. I felt hot, irritated. Yes, I remember that night, I said to myself. I bit my lips hard.

"Are you angry with me?" he asked.

"No."

The music forced me to picture a dancing dummy with a mechanical heart pounding incessantly. Unconsciously I drew back.

He clutched my hand, twisted my fingers gently. I stared at him. I remembered somebody, somebody whom I have met before in my dream or somewhere.

THE VERY next day I met him at the corridor of the building. "This is for you," he said. He gave me a white rose. I kept the rose in a vase near the typewriter on my table.

Every morning at the office a white rose awaited my arrival. Well at least I don't have to look for roses here in Manila, I said to myself. They just come.

His curly hair shaven on both sides of his head reminded me often of the boy in the garden. His lips were always parted by a smile. "I love the shape of those lips," Lourdes once said as we paused and took our time out from the piles of desk assignments in the office.

After supper we would converse together. "It's getting late. You better go," I used to say.

He would hold out his hand to me. "Hold my hand please. Press it hard," he would say.

Many months passed away. It was late in the afternoon, I arrived at Tita Binay's house, tired. I wanted to be alone. Walking past the porch, down the lawn, I found myself standing under the trees. There I was alone. I unconsciously inclined my head upwards and sighed. I suddenly remembered. Everything was similar. Those trees, the girl, alone. Afraid and frightened I was about to run away. But, there from the distance I saw him coming.

I looked up at the moon. No clouds. I smiled. He also smiled. As though he knew.

"Yes, I know I would find you here, Dina."

When he leaned forward to brush off an insect that had alighted on my shoulder, his ring arrested my attention. I remembered mother's ring. His ring was different from mother's, though. It had fine little white stones on it. He pulled it off from his finger and said, "Keep it for me, Dina. Will you be the mother of my children?"

"They still need me," I answered as I shook my head slightly.

Soon it was June, three years after that afternoon in the garden I started for home. There was still the winding stony road, the huge acacia trees. Farther in the distance was the house. As I approached the wide-open door,

everything was quiet.

"What happened to him? Why didn't you tell me?"

My questions were left unanswered. I knelt near the bed. Father was pale. He recognized me. A sad smile covered his face. He tried to raise his hand. It fell with a heavy thud. Mother took my hand and led me to the adjoining room. She motioned me to sit down.

WHY DIDN'T you tell me you were coming?"

"I wanted to surprise you."

I looked uneasily at her finger. She noticed and smiled.

"You have come for this perhaps. After all those years I know you would come to ask for it."

"Yes, Mother, we will have some visitors tomorrow—his mother, his father and himself."

"You mean the man you introduced to us a year ago?"

I did not answer. She knew the answer for I saw her nod her head.

"What time are they coming?"

"About eleven in the morning."

"Father is sick. I won't take the ring yet. We can wait."

"Are you sure of . . ."

"I am," I interrupted. "Tell them please. I won't leave you in such a condition. I love him, yes but you also." I buried my face in her bosom tenderly. "I won't take the ring yet." I had no tears then, although in the distance as if in a dream I could hear someone whistling the song, "You."

* * *

Gallant Robot

A towering six-foot man of tin is the friend and creation of Sherwood Fuehrer, a fourteen-year-old inventor from Cranston, Rhode Island. The robot's name is Gismo, and Sherwood made him from a one-half horsepower electric motor, pieces of scrap metal, an old oil burner, a mortar fuse, camera and telephone parts. In spite of his varied anatomy, he has many accomplishments: he can speak, blink his eyes, shake hands, throw a ball, lift a ten-pound weight — and offer candy to a lady!

*

THE CAVE *

By Leonard Casper
Boston College

PART I:

IN THE MIDST of italicized ironies at the conclusion of *World Enough and Time*, Warren's commentary modulates long enough to contrast modern commercial distractions with the reverence of Indians once afoot in "The Hollow Land," place of great caves, Kentucky. Here the tribes fought and hunted but never dared dwell because "It was a holy land, it was a land of mystery . . . the gods lived here." Before the officious disregard of European settlers, self-instructed in justice, "The gods fled, either into the upper air or deeper into the dark earth."

Any mythic reference here is too fleeting even to be enigmatic. But the reader who *does* bother to wonder, on the run, can scarcely accommodate those sacred caves to earlier womb-tomb imagery in the novel. There is a uterine remoteness about both Gran Boz' hideaway, his canebrake settlement; and Beaumont's dungeon prison where, while awaiting execution, he recalls those impulses to hide forever which came to him as a boy secure in secret underground passages. Like recurring submarine images in Warren's canon, these are symbols of a characteristic desire to be unborn, to be among the uncommitted dead, to be relieved of both time and eternity; and as such they are contrary to any concept of caves as a place of sanctified encounter. In *World Enough and Time* Warren was unprepared to explore fully the still-buried meaning of his many-chambered symbol. The reference is a memorandum only, a mapping of coordinates for some long day's later search.

Warren, a Vanderbilt student at the time of Floyd Collins' entrapment at Sant Cave, Kentucky in 1925, refused to take part in the heroic exploitations that followed. Nevertheless, the inci-

* Robert Penn Warren, *The Cave* (New York: Random House, 1959).

dent was too revealing of the dark side of man's good intentions to be forgotten. During the last stages of *World Enough and Time* Warren felt those commotions—the collision, interpolation, peremptory fusion, projection—which mark the burdening of simply chronicled character with eventfulness. Four more works were to intervene before, in late summer 1957, the actual writing of this communal attendance on disaster could begin. However, the minotaur and clutch-doll imagery, respectively, in *Brother to Dragons* and *Band of Angels* were preparations for the work in progress.

SUCH PROGRESS of historic accident through a labyrinth of associations towards personal configuration in fiction is the writer's equivalent, practicing his craft, of his own life-web philosophy, the inevitability of revealed interconnections. An initial insight has grown, appropriately, into a system of correspondences massively engaged, in *The Cave*. No previous work of Warren's has been structured so completely according to apparently discrete but thoroughly parallel multiple points-of-view. Here, theme is influential in form almost totally. Yet only to the reader is the interpenetration of dreams, both evil and hopeful, visible; and self-admission is withheld from just enough characters, who like Mrs. Bingham resist introspection or take refuge in fabrication, to prevent the over-perfection of a *tour de force*.

While the essential problem of each—reconciliation of man's many identities—has been a commonplace with Warren ever since "Brother, My Brother" appeared in the June, 1925 issue of *Fugitive* magazine, never has it found such epitome and focal occasion as in the enigma of Jasper Harrick's motives. Jasper is no Floyd Collins in disguise (Ike Sumpter's reference to the original establishes it fictively as a much earlier analogue and even as an incentive to his own exploitation); but rather an image only in the moving minds of others. He is opportunity—and his own ambiguity is well-commemorated in their uneasy grappling with choice and consequence. Although he is the immediate cause for the whole moiling activity around the cave, the disclosure of his death functions as neither climax nor conclusion because in the interim the novel, through its characters, recognizes that his fate is only accessory to their own conflict with first and final causes.

Greater than the temptation to make Jasper a fractional counterpart of Collins, and thereby to burden history with sole responsibility for inferences drawn from its casual facts, must have been the attractiveness of familiar romantic mythology associated with the land. Jasper's half-Indian heritage, together with those affini-

ties already remarked in *World Enough and Time*, suggest an appropriateness to the character's end, his being sealed up forever enshrined in an earth-chamber, his sacred source. Nevertheless, Warren's intimate connection with the New Agrarian philosophy in the 1930's did not leave him susceptible to the sentimental, however engagingly elevated. His repeated indictment of the Western Dream—that change of place alone can restore innocence, in full fresh righteousness—reached a climax in *Brother to Dragons* with his accusations against Jefferson, visionary of human perfectibility and, to some disciples, the very prophet of Agrarian life. Jasper is not the spirit of the wilderness, returning to its kind. Nor is he presented as the “buried god” of fertility rites sacrificial death will redeem the countryside—although his father and Nick Papadoulous wish for their own sake that he were. His deliberate removal from visible action and the equivocal nature of his own reasons for cave-crawling prevent assignment of any single, simple, or positive meaning to Jasper: this is as the theme requires.

DID JASPER BECOME a caver, in casual “dark-dreaming” completion of himself “with the whole earth tucked in around him,” as Monty enviously says; or to escape having to live up to his father's spitting image, as Celia charges? When Jasper prefers the seasonless underground because “a lot of things don't matter down there,” is this a death-wish subtly stated, womb-longing, the trap of timelessness-as-despairing-disengagement, a new Great Sleep? Or is it some superior stage in the act of transcendence, relinquishment of the “boot”-body which liberates his spirit for enjoyment of the immutable, timelessness-as-eternity? If his inward journeying earns him the name of new frontiersman, is his search for easement (as it was with Western Dreamers) or for steadfast truth, midpoint unmoving? To such riddles there are almost as many answers as there are images of Jasper; for he is no more knowable than the need of others—which expresses him—permits. Does Truth change, as Jack Harrick and Mac Sumpter agree; does God? Or only the image of these in the sickly human eye? The heart of each man's mystery lies with Jasper in that weightless center of the world “where all bargains are debated, and all transactions are made.” But who is there unafraid to go, confront himself in loneliness? On different occasions Jack and Nick complain that no man can trace how he came to be himself (partially because there is a natural resistance to certain admissions). How, then, can one expect to pass judgment on another? Yet—Warren argues the dilemma—others are necessary context and cause for self-knowledge.

In earlier novels the affected search for identity often was, in fact, a search for impossible innocence. It proceeded vicariously, and therefore vainly, through submission to, then vengeful disavowal of another's role as projected prototype. Senator Tolliver is Perse Munn's proxy father—and scapegoat; Murdock is Jerry Calhoun's; Fort is Jeremiah Beaumont's; Bond and Rau-Ru are Manty's; more deviously, Willie Stark is Jack Burden's. In their frustration a few discover confirmation of that ideal process prescribed by Cass Mastern: "It is human defect—to try to know oneself by the self of another. One can only know oneself in God and in His great eye." Struggling towards this ideal, man's passionate appetite for exaltation may find expression in religious travesties such as those orgies inspired by evangelist Corinthian McClardy in *World Enough and Time*. The confusion of desires, the violent insistence on self-discovery through exploration of another's body is a motif current throughout the novels but perhaps epitomized in the tortuous history of Sue Murdock's failure to find fulfillment with any of three lovers; or condemned Beaumont's division of his dungeon hours between minute recordings of his motives and lustful use of his wife—both mechanisms for justification.

In *The Cave* selfhood is asserted not through night-riding violence or meat-axe vengeance, but through sexual outrage and quasi-violation. With an impulse largely unconscious (described independently by two characters as the fierce "clawing out" of some inner animal) human need gropes through lust for love, through desire for a reality beyond desire. Rachel's protest—"I'm just not going to let you use me for some kind of Grade-A masturbation"—is descriptive of both Ike's self-glutting and those substitutes for higher satisfactions generally acceptable to society. During intimacies with his wife, Nick Papadoupalous keeps his eyes closed, to assist the illusion that platinum-blond Jean Harlow is the partner in this love-act and, consequently, that it is purified. For the same reason—self-assurance: no one even gets Nick's name right—when his wife is sick, he uses Dorothy Cutlick, a near-albino, in the dark of her rented room. Similarly, Isaac, sensing that his father's marriage was prompted by envy of his wife's first lover, feels that he was conceived in the dark, as a kind of accidental by-product of Mac Sumpter's self-gratification. Even Rachel acts most pleased with her lover because "You give me, me, Ikev." She kisses him, eyes closed, remote, withheld. Old Jack Harrick, in a fit of confession, recalls the unnumbered girls, many unnamed as well, "wanting something from him, always a different something, but something, and always something he didn't care whether in their

emptiness, they ever got or not." His enumeration of the ignored and ignorant is counterpart to the orgies, appropriately in the dark, committed when word of Jasper's death panics spectators into proof of their own brute vigor and their will to survive.

THE PATTERN of sexualism as violation or indifference, as an act of self-assertion only, is most prominent in the first third of the novel. Only gradually, in a kind of inverted Freudianism, does it become clear that far from all acts and objects symbolizing sexual drives, these drives themselves are kinetic accessories or expressions—shadows in a Platonic cave—of even more intangible metaphysical needs. Realization comes at a pace suited to the unsteady struggle of those few for whom the sex act purges physical desire without satisfying some deeper raging claim. In the midst of his resentment of Jo-Lea's cold sufficiency, and with intentions of another sort altogether, Monty finds himself pleading his love, for once, from his very "innards." The same blinding compulsion had once driven his father to his knees, during a night walk among the dogwood with Celia. Their bodies were dreaming the same dream, in joy; when suddenly he felt the terror of not knowing who he was, and only her hand sustained him; so that he croaked out, "Marry me . . ." Years later Nick Papadoupalous as suddenly senses the decency in his overfed, bed-ridden wife, an ex-stripteaser, as she refuses to earn blackmail for them by performing an abortion. Holding her cupped hand in his, he examines its emptiness and recognizes his own. A single touch—instinctive, not violent—silences the loneliness of people even in the act of expressing it.

(To be concluded)

* * *

Mother Complex

Father: Your young man approached me and asked for your hand, and I consented.

Daughter: But I don't wish to leave mother.

Father: Such feeling displayed by a child is admirable. Take your mother with you.

* * *

The Case of Erle Stanley Gardner

THE LATE John Foster Dulles used to be a Perry Mason fan; Einstein died with a Gardner book on his bedside table . . . Evelyn Waugh may have been wrong when, in 1949, he called Erle Stanley Gardner the "best American writer," but he was certainly referring to one of the richest and widely read writers of all time.

It is no coincidence that heads of several law schools are devoted Perry Mason readers. Born in Massachusetts, Gardner was admitted to the California bar in 1911 and practiced law for twenty years in California. Always he championed the underdogs, those of whom others despaired. In the meantime, since his fees were charitably small, he tried to write for a living. With the creation of Perry Mason, the brilliant courtroom lawyer who (currently on television) has yet to lose a case, not only because he reads the statutes well but because he knows how, dramatically, to expose the guilty witness at the bar of justice.

Gardner has published his hundredth novel, and others are on the way. "I never get tired of writing them," he says, although he is now over seventy and could afford to rest. "I have very little social life, and sometimes I start work at 4 a.m. I love work. I used to write longhand, but then I bought a typewriter; next an electric typewriter, and finally I began to dictate my novels."

He travels widely, so that there is little danger of his source of adventurous material running dry. Even more unusual is the fact that, as he says, "I've never forgotten what I've written." If the law has a million loopholes, Gardner can write forever about them without repeating himself.

Most of his titles begin with "The Case of"—followed by alliterative, or at least suggestive, punchlines: the Negligent Nymph, Careless Kitten, Lame Canary, or Singing Skirt. His most recent is *The Case of the Waylaid Wolf* (a reverse Little Red Riding Hood); it is expected to sell enough to make his total sales, since 1933 and in America alone, over 110 million copies! At his ranch in California, he dictates his works—occasionally several at a time—

* Exclusive Panorama Feature.

to shifts of seven secretaries on a six-day week (their salaries alone run over \$5000 each month). His record is a book completed in three and one-half days. Reporters say, "He has been known to excuse himself from a house guest for an hour and say he had to write a chapter. Within an hour he would be back, the chapter finished." Besides his publishers and television, he writes for radio and the movies. Forty-nine of his books have sold over a million copies apiece, in all editions; 11 have exceeded two million. *The Case of the Lucky Legs* (1934) has sold over three million: and these figures do not count translations into 13 languages! To "relax" from Perry Mason, he also writes about Bertha Cool, a female "private eye," but under the pseudonym, A. A. Fair. He is one of his greatest competitors.

Critics—some of them jealous—complain that he constantly follows formulas; that he works fast because most of each novel is sheer dialogue, in or out of the courtroom; that no symbolic implication is apparent in his work, no maturing vision, as for example in the equally prolific work of George Simenon, French detective writer. Yet more than second-rate minds enjoy him. Is it because he still is on the side of the underdog? He has organized the Court of Last Resort, lawyers and trained technicians who reconsider evidence of "hopeless" cases where it is suspected that justice has gone astray. Many an innocent man owes his freedom to Erle Stanley Gardner, who has never forgotten why, years ago, he decided to defend poor people of minority groups, the helpless, the victims.

* * *

Pun On Can

*A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner, can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"*

*

Porpoise 'Pings' in on Target

THE PORPOISE apparently locates fish and objects in the water in much the same manner that a destroyer "pings" in on an enemy submarine.

The porpoise's sight-by-sound process is based on the same principle used by Navy sonar or marine fathometers for locating underwater objects, by sending out a series of noises and then picking up the reflected echoes.

For "auditory glances" the porpoise sends out a series of sound pulses. The experiments proved that the porpoise has a supersensitive auditory mechanism for picking up any reflected noises.

So sensitive is the porpoise's auditory system that it can hear a single BB shot dropped into the water or a half teaspoonful of water dropped from a height of five or six feet, Dr. Kellogg reports. The experiments showed that the porpoise is capable of reacting to sound vibrations in water at least as high in frequency as eighty kilocycles a second—or two full octaves above the hearing threshold for man.

IN THE EXPERIMENTS, an object, such as a fish, was dropped into the water. The noise of the splash provoked "a torrent of sputtering sound pulses" as the porpoise dashed toward the target.

When the object was lowered quietly into the water, there might be a delay of ten or fifteen minutes before the porpoise spotted it with random "auditory glances." The experiments also established that the porpoise uses its echoranging system for avoiding collisions with underwater objects.

By a series of experiments, the scientists ruled out the possibilities that the porpoises were assisted in their underwater detection by sight, smell, temperature or touch.

The experiments, for instance, were conducted in murky water or in the dark of night, but still the porpoise was able to swim through a maze of underwater objects to home in on targets. It also proved capable of avoiding solid but invisible objects such as a glass door.

The experiments, supported in

part by grants from the National Science Foundation, were conducted with two shallow-water porpoises, or bottlenose dolphins, donated by the Marine Studios of Marineland Florida. The porpoise is one of the smaller of the toothed whales, and thus is related to the giant sperm whale.

The porpoises, known for their playfulness and intelligence, proved to be reluctant subjects. The

young male dolphin "appeared to be quite dependent upon the more mature female dolphin and swam immediately to her side in times of stress or excitement," the report said.

The female dolphin, in turn, "displayed a certain reserve or sophistication by withdrawing, of her own choice, from participation" in two of the major experiments.

* * *

To Thy Kingdom Come

"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower: plane out of gas; am one thousand feet and thirty miles over the ocean, what will I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me—Our father who art in heaven . . ."

* * *

It's in the Drawer!

"Fasten your seat belt, please," said the stewardess, as they were about to take off.

"Oh, dear!" cried the woman. "I didn't even bring one!"

* * *

What's in a Name?

"Why did Friday wake up at dawn every morning?"

"Because Robinson crew so."

*

Customs and Traditions in Indonesia

By **R. Soemarno Soerohardjono**

IF TWO PEOPLES come from the same land of origin, they are likely to show common traits in customs and traditions, even though the one may have settled down much later than the other. Investigations in the field of archaeology, anthropology, biology and philology have led to the hypothesis that the present inhabitants of the Indonesian Archipelago are not the original inhabitants. According to a theory of Prof. Kern, they must have originated from areas in Further India, from where they migrated to the Indonesian Archipelago in several batches, with intervals of hundreds of years between one batch and the next. The original inhabitants they encountered, either fled into the inaccessible forests and mountains or were exterminated. What has especially strengthened scientists in their be-

lief that the peoples of Indonesia must have come from a common land of origin, is similarities in the languages of these people and in their domestic tools.

It is natural that geographic conditions greatly influence a people's customs and traditions. People living on the seaside wall naturally have different customs from people in the mountains. It is similarly easy to understand that people living in a cold climate must have different customs from people in the tropics. A nomad life of continual going, leaving and traveling, typical for poor and barren areas, will not likely be found in rich and fertile countries. In the light of these considerations, it is hardly surprising that, widespread though the Indonesian people may live, over an extensive archipelago, they nevertheless show similarities in cus-

toms and manners, as a result of the same geographic and climatological conditions.

Contacts with other people with different cultures have a great influence upon the customs and traditions of a people. This is especially apparent when we consider to what extent the western culture has brought about changes in the ways of living of the Indonesians. As a matter of fact, the educated part of the Indonesians have to a very large extent discarded traditional customs and manners, and adopted the Western way of life.

As a general rule, people with a higher degree of civilization will influence people with a lower standard of culture.

The closer the contact, the more intensive the influences will be. A glance on the map will make it quite clear that the various parts of the extensive Indonesian Archipelago are not equally favorably situated for contacts with foreigners.

The coastal areas of West Sumatra, situated on the important navigation route between China and India in the old days, were most favorably situated. On the other hand, large parts of the interior of Borneo are entirely inaccessible for foreigners.

This explains the great differences in civilization between, for instance, the inhabitants of Java and Sumatra and those of Central Borneo and Irian.

Considering the three most important factors that determine the nature of customs and traditions in certain areas—country of origin, geographical conditions, foreign contacts—we arrive at the conclusion that customs and traditions in Indonesia are bound to show not only great diversity, but also traits of conformity. There is great diversity due to the nature and the extent of influences from outside, but at the same time there is unity on account of the common land of origin and equal geographic and climatological conditions.

There is a close connection between religion and customs.

The most important religion in Indonesia is the Mohammedan religion. Of late years, Christianity has made many adherents among the Indonesians, especially in the Minahassa (in Northern Celebes), and in Ambon. There is, however, the remarkable fact in Indonesia that not every person who calls himself a Mohammedan is indeed one.

This is, for instance, the case in Central Java, where part of the population is poor and uneducated. Though these people call themselves Mohammedans, they often know very little of the Mohammedan doctrines. Most of them still have a strong belief in evil spirits which must be propitiated in order to ward off bad luck and disasters. A great many still believe in magicians and mira-

cle workers, witches and wizards, and are very often an easy victim for unscrupulous impostors who call themselves magicians.

This explains why, in a Mohammedan country like Java, customs and traditions very often show fundamental features of primitive animistic beliefs.

The principal events in a man's life being birth, marriage and death, it is understandable that the most remarkable customs and traditions of a people center around these three milestones.

Birth Ceremonials

WHEN A WOMAN is expecting a child she has to observe all kinds of rules and prohibitions:

1. She has to keep herself clean, wash her hair, cut her nails, etc. The basic idea underlying this custom is that a woman in this position is regarded as physically unclean. Since the rate of death caused by childbirth is naturally very high among uneducated people, the fear of death is very strong in the minds of mothers expecting a baby. In the event of death by childbirth the mother should therefore return to her Creator in a condition of physical cleanliness.

An expectant mother is, however, not allowed to wear ornaments, jewels or flowers, since this is believed to cause miscarriage or, at least, a difficult childbirth.

2. The expectant mother must keep a strict diet.

3. Offers should be brought to ward off evil influences and special formulas and prayers said at fixed times.

At the seventh month a special ceremony, called "tingkeban", should be held, consisting in the bathing of the expecting mother by a "dukun". The water used for this purpose is kept in a bowl and strewn with flowers. Special formulas are said. After the bathing, the expecting mother puts on, and immediately takes off, again seven sets of clothes in quick succession. Each time an older person, preferably one of the parents of the women, says: "No, this doesn't suit you. Put on another dress".

This procedure of putting on and taking off clothes in quick succession is to induce an easy and quick birth. The nearest relatives and friends, are invited to attend the ceremony. The foods served on this occasion are of a definite kind, each having a special significance, mostly bearing on easy childbirth. In the evening, a *wayang* performance is usually given, the story preferably dealing with the birth of the hero Gatotkacha, a popular figure in the Hindu epic Mahabharata.

After the child is born, the placenta is cut with a sharpened piece of a special kind of bamboo. This scalpel is carefully preserved, to be used again later when a

brother or sister is born. The placenta is regarded as a younger brother of the baby, who will, from the spiritual world, watch further over the well-being of the older brother or sister. Accordingly, special care should be taken of it. It should be put in a new earthen pot, which should then be provided with special articles, e.g. a coin, a pencil, a sheet of paper with Arabic characters, a needle, salt, some grains of red rice, flowers and perfume. Each of these articles has a special significance. The paper with the Arabic characters, for instance, is believed to have a favorable influence afterwards on the ability of the child in learning to write and to read, particularly the Qur'an. The pot with the placenta should be buried with special ceremonial by the father of the baby. For this special purpose the father should be formally dressed. He carries the pot in a "slendang" (a sling or scarf) while holding an umbrella over his head.

Immediately after the birth the baby should be washed. This again should be done according to fixed rules. "Golden water" should be used. The name is derived from the yellow color, obtained by mixing the water with the yellow juice of a kind of root with medicinal merits. A brightly polished coin should be immersed in the water. After being rubbed in with a wet and sticky mixture, prepared from many kinds of spices

and other ingredients, the baby is then very tightly wrapped up in strips of cloth, so tightly that it cannot even move its arms or legs. Before putting the baby in bed, a special charm should be read. Curiously enough, this charm is in Arabic and characteristically Mohammedan in words and spirit. Immediately after the child has been laid in bed, three crashing blows are dealt on the bed. This is to prevent the baby from growing into a jumpy and easily startled child.

The first few days after the baby has been born are the most dangerous. Special precautions should, therefore, be taken for the safety of the baby. An oil lamp should be kept burning day and night. Under the baby's bed there should be provided rice, moulded into the shape of a mountain, with a red "lombok" (Spanish pepper) on top. The rice should be kept in a semi-global coconutshell. An egg is mostly added to the rice. This offering is intended for wandering spirits so as to put them in a friendly mood.

The most dangerous time, however, is the day on which the last remnant of the navelstring falls off. On that day thousands of spirits, each with evil intent, are believed to be swarming around the baby. In order to guard it against these evil spirits, it should be borne on the mother's, or a relative's, lap for a period of 24 hours. In the course of this

period, the baby must under no condition be laid down on the bed. In order to mislead the evil spirits from their real objective, a cylindrical stone, roughly painted with lime so as to give it a face, eyes, a mouth, in order that it shall more or less resemble a human being, is laid in the immediate neighborhood of the baby. The spirits will then take the stone for the baby and direct their attacks on it. Finding an unusually hard substance, they will soon give up and retreat. The cylindrical stone used for this purpose is an instrument for crushing medicinal herbs, roots and spices, and on that account it is believed to have magical powers to resist evil spirits.

Marriage

ALSO IN THIS respect much has changed owing to modern influences. Ceremonies attending an Indonesian marriage nowadays do not differ substantially from those in other countries.

In former days, the choice of a wife or a husband was not made by the young people themselves, but by their parents. When a boy has reached the age of eighteen, the parents begin to look seriously out for a suitable partner for him. As soon as they have found one they send a trusted person to the parents of the girl. In veiled terms the person of confidence tries to find out whether the parents of the girl are willing to consider a

marriage between their daughter and the boy in question. If so, an agreement is made on what day the parents of the young man can come and see them in order to have a look at the girl.

On the fixed day the young man's parents, accompanied by their son and a few older relatives pay a formal call on the young girl's parents. An Indonesian house being in fact a double house, composed of a front one which serves for a reception hall, and a back one where the people actually live, the male guests are received in the front house and the female guests in the back one. Care should be taken that not a word should be mentioned about the real purpose of the visit. Both sides should make it appear as if the visit is just a casual friendly call. The guests should not be offered anything but tea or coffee and cigarettes or *sirih*. After talking for a while about unimportant things, the host invites his male guests to join the women in the back house. This is the important moment, for very soon the future bride is expected to come and serve *sirih* for the women. She is not allowed to look at anyone, but should keep her eyes fixed downwards and say nothing. Feeling all eyes fixed on her she, is, of course, very nervous. And indeed everyone watches her attentively, especially the young man. It is therefore that this visit is called "nontoni", i.e.

taking a look. After serving the *sirih*, the young girl immediately withdraws again, without even for a moment having looked at the man who will perhaps be her husband.

Shortly afterwards, the guests go home where they discuss the merits or imperfections of the future bride. The young man is not allowed to take part in these discussions. Sometimes his opinion is asked on this matter, but this is by no means necessary. If the parents should decide in favor of the young girl, they send a formal letter to her parents asking for her hand. Then it will be entirely up to the parents of the girl whether the suit is accepted or not.

In case the suit is accepted, the wedding day is fixed forthwith. This is done according to a rather complicated calculation of favorable and unfavorable days. Mohammedans, for instance, prefer to contract marriages during the month when the religious pilgrimage is made to Mecca.

Some time, however, may elapse between the formal letter of acceptance and the wedding day. This is especially true in the case when the young girl has one or more elder unmarried sisters. The usual custom is for her wedding to be deferred while the family members take all possible steps to marry off the older sisters.

In such a case, the young man's parents usually send presents to

the parents of the girl as a concrete confirmation of the agreement reached by both parties. These presents vary in quantity and quality according to the financial standing of the givers, but they must include three important articles that really form the nucleus of the gift: a special kind of ring made of two diamonds set in a band of gold, a batik *kain* and a batik breastcloth. Rich families often give other valuable ornaments in addition to the ring and also more *kains* and more breastcloths, but these are kept apart from the three articles mentioned before. Foodstuffs and fruit are also included in the gift. If for some important reason or other, the girl's parents should change their minds and decide to cancel the marriage, custom requires them to send double the amount and the value of the gifts to the young man's family. It is therefore easily understood that the parents of the young man are usually lavish in their gifts, since the more valuable the gift, the surer are they that their son will get the desired bride.

A few days before the wedding takes place more presents arrive in the home of the bride from the future parents-in-law. Meanwhile, the bride's house is being busily prepared for the coming festivity. A provisional open building of very light material, mostly bamboo, with wooden planks and a thatched roof, is erected in the

yard surrounding the house. A profusion of pale green coconut leaves gives the house a festive aspect. In most cases, an arch, decorated with palm leaves, is erected in front of the house to enhance the festive aspect of the whole.

When the "day" arrives, early in the morning, the bride is woken up. Immediately after her usual morning bath, she is dressed in her marriage splendour. The dressing, which is quite a long and complicated affair, is usually supervised by a middle-aged woman who is an expert in such matters, assisted by some other married women, mostly relatives and close friends.

The bride in Sumatra wears a two-piece ensemble, consisting of the bodice and the lower part or skirt. The bodice is a kind of blouse of a red color which reaches down to the knees, embroidered with gold threads. The lower garment is called the "kain". Over this ensemble is draped a sort of veil, called the "slendang". Both "kain" and "slendang" are, like the bodice, of a red color richly embroidered with gold threads.

The bride's hair is knotted in a certain special fashion. The whole head is then decorated with golden hairpins. Rings, necklaces and bracelets adorn the bride's fingers, wrists and breast.

The Javanese bride wears a black velvet "kabaya", an upper garment which reaches to the hips

and which is also edged with gold threads. Her lower garment is a richly embroidered "kain", the background of which is of a red-brown color and falls in a train in front.

Round her neck, the Javanese bride wears three necklaces of different lengths. A golden belt encircles her waist with a large clasp in front richly set with jewels. Above her forehead she wears a comb, also jewel-set. Her long hair is rolled into a knot which is covered with melati flowers. Golden hairpins and a garland of melati flowers which is pinned to the hairknot and falls to the shoulders, complete the headdress. After the ceremonials, these melati flowers, as in the case of the bride's bouquet in a European wedding, are given to the bridesmaids in order that they may soon follow suit.

When the bride is fully dressed, she is conducted by her bridesmaids—two, four or at most six—who are all dressed in black costumes with special headgears, to the bride's room where she has to sit on a richly decorated sofa. There she waits for the most exciting moment in the day for her, the moment when she will behold the man who has been chosen to be her husband.

Meanwhile, the bridegroom is fetched by some middle-aged women of the bride's family. On his arrival, he is welcomed by other women who throw rice-grains at

him and wash his feet.

In Java, the bridegroom is welcomed by the bride herself who, accompanied by the bridesmaids, goes out the house to meet him. At a distance of two meters from each other, they throw flowers or sirih leaves at each other. If the bridegroom gets the first throw, it means he will be his wife's protector in their life together; if the bride throws first, it is an unpleasant token that he will be a henpecked husband. The funny thing about this is that the bridesmaids all do their best to make the bride get the first throw.

In Java, the feet-washing is also done by the bride. On the floor a basin of water is put ready, and beside it, a plate with an egg and sirih leaves on it. The bridegroom stands before the basin, the bride bends down on her knees and makes the "sembah" for him, subsequently washing his feet and breaking the egg. She then rises to her feet and conducts him to her house.

The official, religious marriage ceremony is performed by a Mohammedan priest prior to the actual meeting of the bride and bridegroom, and is usually attended by a small circle of male relatives and friends. At this ceremony only the bridegroom is present, the bride being represented by a male relative, usually her father.



Death Ceremonials

SINCE THE majority of the Indonesians are followers of Islam, the rites performed in case of death are Islamic, mixed with some traditional ceremonies which are the remains of Hinduism. On-

ly in areas like Bali and Lombok where the people still cling to the belief in Hinduism, cremation of dead bodies still takes place according to the requirements of Hinduism. Then there is a minority group of Christians, chiefly in the Minahasa, Ambon and the Moluccas, who of course follow the dictates of Christianity in performing their funeral ceremony.

When a member of an Islamic family dies, he is at once placed in such a way that he lies with his head in a North-Westerly direction, and his hands crossed over his waist. The direction is prescribed by Islam in connection with the Holy town of Mecca lying to the north-west of Indonesia. Incense is then burnt on a charcoal fire and is kept burning near the bed on which the dead person lies. This habit is a relic of Hinduism.

As soon as possible the nearest relatives and friends are informed of the sad news and the time is set for the funeral. In the villages this is done simply by beating the "bedug" or sounding the "tong-tong". On hearing these sounds the people will assemble on their own accord, eager for the news.

In areas where the people are strict observers of Islamic customs, they usually dress in black when visiting a house of death. They usually bring some contributions to the bereaved family in the form of rice or money or white cotton, according to the custom in the

different localities and of an amount in proportion to the circumstances of the givers. Everybody lends a helping hand in the preparations of the funeral.

When relatives and friends have arrived, the body is washed. No matter how many people participate in this washing, their number must be odd. If the dead person is a man, the washing is done by the sons or, in their absence, by male relatives; if a woman, by the daughters or female relatives. A deceased possessing neither sons nor daughters is laid out on banana trunk, pulled out in thin layers, while the washing is going on.

After being washed, the body is wrapped in a shroud of white cotton and laid on a bier, while prayers are offered according to Islamic rites. The male relatives then carry the bier out of the house. On arriving at the front door, the bearers stop awhile to allow relatives of the deceased who are still under-age to walk three times the bier. This again is not an Islamic custom.

On the way to the graveyard, prayers are said and coins are scattered at the cross-roads. The bier is carried shoulder-high, while an umbrella is held by a relative or friend to shade the head of the deceased. Some one in the procession carries a sirih box, a spittoon and a mat wrapped up in white cotton.

Mohammedans do not bury

their dead in coffins but directly in the earth. On arrival at the grave, the body is taken from the coffin and lowered into the earth, whenever possible, in such a way that the earth does not fall on the body when the grave is filled up. This is usually contrived by digging a side passage at the bottom of the grave, making a sort of shelf for the body to rest on. The dead is then laid down on its right side, with the head in a north-western direction to face Mecca.

Islamic people believe that the dead undergo an examination whilst in the grave as to his/her beliefs and behavior during his/her life on earth. To equip their deceased for this examination, a set of questions and answers is chanted before the grave is filled in. After the grave has been filled again with earth, wooden slabs are placed at both the foot and head of the grave.

At fixed times after the funeral, namely the third, seventh, fortieth, hundredth and thousandth day, offerings or "sedekahs" are offered and friends and relatives are invited to join in the prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased. This last custom is not prescribed by Islam.

The Hindu rites, as mentioned before, are still practised in Bali and Lombok. According to these rites, the dead must be burnt in order that his soul may be cleared from impurity and thus may be

reincarnated. This is a rather expensive ritual and not every Balinese can afford it. In consequence, a modification has come about. The dead body is first buried, the bones being ritually burnt if and when circumstances permit. The cremation will then take place in the form of a burning in effigy.

In case of a cremation, the body or bones are carried to the cremation site in a high tower, "wadah", constructed from bamboo and draped with stuff, paper and tinsel. The funeral procession zig-zags across the road again and again, jolting the bones or body, going in circles at cross-roads, all with a view to confusing the spirit of the departed that he will not be able to find his old home but proceed right away to his future domain.

Upon arrival at the place of cremation, the bones are taken down from the tower and placed in a coffin made in the form of some animal. The Brahmans make their coffins in the shape of a cow, the Katryas in that of a lion, the Waishyas in a figure from a fable, and the Sudras in that of a fish. Prayers are then said and both coffin and remains vanish together in the flames.

This brief sketch is merely intended to give a very general idea of traditional customs in Indonesia and, particularly, in Java. Details may vary in other islands, but the underlying general philosophy is greatly alike. — *Indonesian Review*.

Eureka!

New Sea Depths

DISCOVERIES of new ocean depths and new underwater mountains, valleys and plateaus have been reported by two civilian research scientists. The two carried out a preliminary International Geophysical Year survey aboard the British submarine *Telemachus*.

The scientists are S. Gunson, a geophysicist with the Australian Bureau of Mineral Resources, and H. Traphagen of the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University in Rockland County, N.Y. Capt. G. D. Tancred, head of the Royal Australian Navy Hydrographic Section, was also with the expedition.

The *Telemachus* covered 12,000 miles and made 138 dives in the Tasman Sea, in the Pacific off New Zealand, and near the Kermadec Islands, Fiji and New Caledonia.

During the dives, the scientists plumbed a new depth in the Tongan Trench, which is about six miles deep; found an underwater extension of New Caledonia ex-



tending toward New Zealand, and explored the lightless world with mountains as high as Everest, great valleys, and plateaus one-third as big as Australia.

In addition, they examined part of the earthquake fault that runs down to the thermal regions of New Zealand. It is this line that, it is said, can bring disaster to million in China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, New Guinea and the South Sea Islands.

During the cruise the *Telemachus* was taken down 240 feet for about an hour at a time.



At depths unaffected by winds, waves or currents, the scientists made their observations at fifty-mile intervals.

ONE OF THE most important instruments was a Vening Meinesz pendulum brought from the Lamont Observatory. Timed to one-millionth of a second, it was used to measure variations in the earth's gravitational acceleration. From its readings, they were able to chart the undersea crust of the earth and determine the type of its rock composition.

A mass of lead, for example, would affect the swing of the pendulum. Timing the swing would give the scientists the information they sought, since lead exerts a greater gravitational force than other substances.

The Royal Australian Navy's Hydrographic Section has carried out many marine surveys with the object of making Australia's eastern coast safe for shipping. Captain Tancred described this coast as at present "far from safe."

"We know little about the routes along our coast, and in the seas about us," he added. "There is enough work to keep three ships and three tenders busy for twenty-five years."

He said the survey ship H.M. A. S. *Barcoo*, which has done a great deal of work in charting the coastal shipping lanes, recently discovered a 15,000-foot plateau rising from the seabed 200 miles off Newcastle.

She also reported:

A mountain 11,000 feet high—much higher than Australia's highest, Mount Kosciusko (7,320 feet)—thirty miles to the north of the plateau;

Another plateau, 13,000 feet high, between the mountain and Lord Howe Island, 436 miles northeast of Sydney;

An underwater mountain range 200 miles south-southwest of Gabo, near the Victoria-New South Wales border.

Philippine

By Armando J. Malay



MANY PRIMITIVE customs and ideas, when described to enlightened people by those who have been witnesses to such practices or privy to such concepts, are immediately branded as mere superstitions. Because on the surface they appear to be fantastic, little thought is given to the possibility that, after all, they may be the products of quite sound reasoning.

This is not to say that all superstitions have a sound basis. In the Philippines, as a matter of fact, the majority of superstitions are irrational. But closer examination of a few of them will show that they have a valid basis.

Take, for example, one of the rural tests by which a culprit is discovered. In the eastern part of the Philippines, particularly in Quezon province and in the Bicol provinces, when a person misses a property, say a wallet, and he

Superstitions

believes that his companions in the house or one of his immediate neighbors must be the pilferer, he invites all of them and asks them to spit on the ground. The one whose spittle is the thickest is adjudged to be the guilty person.

One familiar with the so-called lie detector or polygraph of the most advanced police departments in the world will see that this saliva test works on the same principle. A guilty person will experience some physiological reactions when confronted with a charge. Among other reactions, his throat will become dry and his saliva will be more viscous. The polygraph records such bodily reactions as heavier breathing, greater perspiration, stronger heartbeats, all indicating—so sleuths believe—that the individual under the test is hiding something.

Of course the results of the polygraph test are not presented



in court as an evidence of guilt; so far, courts of justice do not give probative value to lie detector tests. But criminal investigators, confronted with a number of suspects one of whom might be the guilty person, are given a "lead" on which they may work. Therein lies the value of the polygraph in modern criminal investigation. But the spittle test carried out by rural Filipinos becomes a final judgment and one will readily see how dangerous to an individual's security the implicit belief in this test can be.

Or take another example: the itch-producing trees. Scattered all over the Philippines are trees, one of them known locally as *kamandag* (meaning poison), which will cause a person's body to itch if he stays underneath. And the only way by which the hapless victim can rid himself of the terrible itch is to dance a jig.

These trees, during their flowering period, scatter pollen which irritates the skin of man or beast on which it falls. The pollen is so fine that the rural Filipino does not see it fall. When he goes under the tree in bloom, the inevitable happens. So he dances—he has been told he should do that—and the pollen is shaken off. Thus he is relieved.

Medicinal superstitions, at least some of them, are not as irrational as they appear on the surface. All over the big island of Luzon, the cure-all in most rural

communities for sluggishness, headaches, doldrums, etc. is to have the neck pinched. This is called *bantil*. Any member of the family may pinch the sufferer's neck all around. Some first dip their thumb in coconut oil before pinching. Those who submit to this treatment can claim that they feel relieved afterwards, and they put more trust in the *bantil* than in aspirin or any other pill.

The scientific explanation for the cure could be that by pinching the neck, the "doctor" also pinches the blood vessels to the head, thereby hastening the flow of the blood and perking up the sufferer. Bodily massages have the same effect, as does standing on one's head to cure a cold.

Two other medical practices that come to mind are the burying, up to the neck, in the hot sand on the beach, of a person suffering from rheumatism, and the tying of a person who has had a fainting spell to a tree near a colony of red ants. I'm sure that some medical experts would be able to "rationalize" these two rural practices.

The pagan tribes of the Philippines are too often branded as backward but in at least one practice, connected with burial of their dead, they could show up their more enlightened brothers of the lowlands. Most pagan families abandon their homes or burn it when a member of the family dies, and transfer their homes.



They believe that unless they do this, another member will die.

Considering that the deceased must have left a lot of germs in the house where he expired, and that sanitary facilities in the pagan areas are nil, one will readily see that abandonment or burning of a house is really a very hygienic practice. This recalls to mind that in the Philippines, during the early days of the American regime, entire communities were put to the torch to stop the spread of cholera and other dreadful epidemics. Of course when a Mangyan or a Manobo abandons or burns his house, sanitation and

hygiene are no consideration at all. He simply believes that unless he moves away, his gods will surely take another member of his family, if not himself.

As one who has dedicated himself to the compilation of *Filipiniana*, I cannot help but exult sometimes when I come across a belief or practice which, upon analysis, shows a rational basis. Then I say to myself, as a representative of what we like to call the enlightened class: "Not all the sheen is on your side of the glass, man!"
—*Eighth Pacific Science Congress and the Fourth Far Eastern Pre-history Congress.*

How to Raise Prawns

By Serapio A. Bravo



FEW PEOPLE know that prawns (more familiarly known as "suggo") are not only appetizing as food but nutritious as well. Nutritionists say that the large shrimps are rich in protein and can greatly improve

the national diet. But strangely enough, outside of the Bureau of Fisheries and a handful of fishpond operators, very little has been done to fully exploit prawn raising on a larger, industrial scale.

Studies show that fresh shrimps in the local markets are very inadequate compared to the demand for the seafood. The little supply that one finds in a few market stalls are drawn mostly from catches of trawls in Manila Bay, Lingayen Gulf, Malampaya Sound, Ragay Gulf, San Miguel Bay and fishponds in various provinces.

Statistics indicate that production of shrimps and prawns in the Philippines leaves much to be desired. In 1954, only 5.8 million pounds of the seafood was produced from Philippine seas and ponds. Commercial fishing vessels reported the following production of shrimps and prawns: For 1956: Manila Bay—560,142 kilos; San Miguel Bay—265,963 kilos. For 1957: Manila Bay—281,232 kilos; San Miguel Bay—425,547 kilos.

Since the demand for the seafood is great, what can be done to step up the production of prawns in the Philippines? Fishery experts reveal that prawn culture in ponds, with proper management methods, can be developed to yield a supplementary crop. With this method of production experts say that prawn fisheries have very promising commercial possibilities in the Philippines.

The prawn which thrives best in local fishponds with "bangus"



is the *Penaeus monodon* (Fabricius) or the "sugpo" as it is called in Tagalog. It is sometimes identified as the "tiger shrimp" because it is spotted like the tiger. The prawn is greenish brown, with brown spots scattered over its body. The maximum size of the adult prawn reaches up to 230 millimeters or more.

Prawns breed in the sea, outside bays or offshore about 10 to 12 miles from land. They choose places where the saltiness of the water, the depth and temperature are more conducive to their growth.

The female of the specie deposits its eggs freely in the sea. The females are differentiated from the males by their size. They are always larger, longer in length and heavier in weight than the males. Sex organs also help dif-

ferentiate them. The female has a rounded sex organ in its abdominal region called the "thelycum." The male has a clasper-like organ called the "petasma."

Fertilized eggs, deposited near the bottom of the sea, are first hatched. Then these pass intermediate stages before reaching adulthood. The diameter of the eggs range from 0.27-0.29 millimeters. Female prawns are known to deposit over a million eggs in one setting. In figures this ranges from 850,000 to 1,000,550 eggs or more.

A sort of metamorphosis takes place before it reaches the adult stage. First, the egg undergoes a change, the so-called "nauplius" stage. During this stage, the egg swims freely and is at the mercy of the currents and waves of the sea. After some time it reaches the "zoea" stage.

At this point, one takes note of the budding appendages of the prawn and its elongation. One can also differentiate its body organs such as the eye, carapace and telson.

The last stage in its larval history is the "mysis stage." Here, the prawn's growth is notably fast. Complete development takes place before it reaches the adult stage. Its more distinct characteristics appear. Once the prawns become adults, they thrive inshore or inside bays. By then they measure from 5-10 millimeters in length. At this point, they begin

to migrate into river mouths, estuaries and ponds where sea water is available.

EXPERTS SAY that prawns like to spawn from April to September. Prawns seem to spawn twice a year, considering the abundance of fry in river mouths throughout the year.

Because of the amazing growth of the *Penaeus monodon* prawn which grows thrice as fast as other species, its large scale cultivation in fishponds could mean a big impetus to the shrimp industry. Its rate of growth has been noted as even faster among the females than in the males. In this light; "sexual isolation" could be made possible in cultivation and culture. One could aim at hastening the rate of growth and shorten the time of cultivation for commercial purposes.



There are four commercially known prawn species which demand a high price at marketable size in the Philippines. These are the "sugpo or tiger shrimp" or *Penaeus monodon* (Fabricius); the "hipon-puti or white shrimp"; *P. indicus* (Milne-Edwards); the "hipon-bulik or spotted-groomed shrimp" *P. Canaliculatus* (Olivier).

The "sugpo" is largest in size, heaviest in weight and commands the highest price in the market. It costs as much as P6 a kilo or more in local markets. It also can be easily raised in fishponds in contrast with the other species. With a brackish fishpond, "sugpo" cultivation is possible.

TO RAISE prawns, one has to rid the ponds of all fish and animal life, except natural flora and fauna. This is done by dry-

ing the pond for a week or two. As a start, one has to collect fry from the river mouths since prawns do not deposit their eggs in ponds.

Collection of the fry is done by means of tying grass and weeds in bundles, then immersing them in water from 12 to 24 hours. The grass and weeds are then tied to a string at one to two feet interval. Its two ends are tied to two poles planted into the water. The fry cling to the grass and, by means of scoop nets of "sinamay" cloth, one can easily scoop the fry out and place these in native earthen jars or "banga" for transport to ponds. The earthen jar is ideal because of the cool temperature it offers while the fry is being transported.

During the spawning season, many fishermen catch fry for commercial reasons. One "banga" contains a hundred fry and sells for P10 or less per hundred. Fry abound from July to September and the wise fishpond operators purchase these for cultivation and culture at this time.

After collecting the fry, raising them in small tanks or ponds proves helpful to prevent a high rate of mortality before they are transplanted to the ponds. At the fishponds they grow very rapidly.

Experiments have proven that from the fifth to the sixth month, the "sugpo" attains a commercial size of about 70 millimeters up. This largely depends on the na-



tural conditions of the ponds during cultivation. One has to see that the ponds are rich in nutrient materials for the "sugpo" to feed on. The ponds have to be well taken care of. A constant change of water is done at intervals to maintain the natural saltiness of the water, the oxygen content of the water, the phosphate content of the water, etc. If the prawns are artificially fed, then the rate of growth could be tremendously hastened. Other factors to be considered are the algal growth, "phytoplankton" growth and other natural conditions of fishponds.

A study of the food and feeding habits of prawns shows that the "sugpo" feeds on minute floating plants in the water called "phytoplanktons," small worms in the mud, fish larva, floating animals called "zooplanktons," small shells, detritus and Foraminifera.

Foraminiferans are round minute animals found in the sea and brackish waters. During its early stages, the "sugpo" thrives on algae, minute plants and detritus. During its adult stage, it feeds on worms, shells, and other slow moving animals like the foraminiferans.

Artificial feeding is possible in prawn cultivation. Experiments indicate that the "sugpo" can feed on fish meat and mussel meat. Prawns are definitely omnivorous.

The "sugpo" thrives all over the

islands from Aparri to Jolo. Besides being raised in fishponds, the "sugpo" is one of the principal catches of otter trawls, beam trawls and "corral" fisheries. The best fishing grounds known are Lingayen Gulf, Manila Bay and many other coastlines as far south as Davao Gulf.

Prawns are best caught during nighttime. This is when they come out from their burrows to feed. The prawns are often called "demersal" animals because they live mostly at the bottom of the sea, mostly by burrowing in the mud.

IN THE Dagat-dagatan Salt-water Fishery Experiment Station in Malabon, Rizal, varied research projects on how to raise more prawns and other related biological aspects are being conducted. Physiological experiments on the best conditions where prawns live are also being made. Food and feeding habits are being checked. Growth rates and life cycles of this important fishery product are similarly being worked out.

The station saw its start in 1936 as a reservation for possible fishery experimental research as envisioned by the late President Manuel Quezon. However, it was only after the war that biological experiments were undertaken by Filipino scientists.—*Sunday Times Magazine*.

* * *

Ballast away!

BALLOON TO PLAY A SATELLITE ROLE



A 12-FOOT spherical balloon has been built to be floated in space by a future Explorer satellite of the U.S. Army.

The aluminum-clad balloon—or subsatellite as it is officially described—would be much larger than scientific satellites now planned, and thus far more visible in space.

Officials of the National Advisory committee for Aeronautics,

which designed and built the subsatellite, estimated that the sphere would be visible to the human eye at dawn and dusk at an altitude of 800 miles, and under optimum conditions as high as 1,600 miles.

The balloon, made of plastic film and aluminum foil, has been designed to provide accurate information on the density of space as it floats at high speeds around the world.

In a collapsed state, the balloon would be carried to orbiting speed and altitude along with the satellite proper. Then it would detach from its satellite and be inflated by a bottle of gas.

IN THE near vacuum of space, the balloon would orbit around the world like the instrumented satellite. Because of its light weight, however, the balloon would be highly sensitive to the slight air drag of space, and gradually fall behind the satellite. Studies of the distance between the satellite and sub-satellite would permit accurate measurements of the density of space.

The balloon experiment will be conducted by one of the two—or perhaps three—additional Explorer satellite firings authorized by the Defense Department as a prelude to probes of the moon by space vehicles. The satellites will be part of the International Geophysical Year, which ends in December.

What scientific experiments will be conducted by the additional Explorer satellites is being kept a tight secret by the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. Committee spokesmen have declined to discuss any future satellite experiments on the ground that release of such information would tend to "build up" public hopes, which would be dashed if a launching failed.

THE BALLOON experiment, it was learned, is being prepared for an Explorer satellite scheduled to be launched several months hence. It is hoped that the satellite and its balloon companion can be launched in a generally north-to-south orbit, thus making them visible over much of the United States.

The balloon and its bottle of inflating gas will weigh about 15 pounds. The instrumented payload of the first Explorer satellites weighed 18 pounds. The Army believes, however, that this "payload" can easily be increased by 50 per cent through improvements in the Jupiter-C launching missile.

A similar but much smaller balloon experiment has been prepared by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics for one of the satellites to be launched by the Navy's Project Vanguard. The Vanguard subsatellite will be only thirty inches in diameter.

The advisory committee is now studying the feasibility of launching 100-foot inflatable spheres to act as communications relay stations in space.

Meanwhile, Project Vanguard is scheduled to try to launch seven scientific satellites in the remaining months of the International Geophysical Year, with the first expected in mid-April. There is a possibility of an eighth launching.

Vanguard launched a test satellite on March 17.

* * *

Ahoy!

Penguin Secret

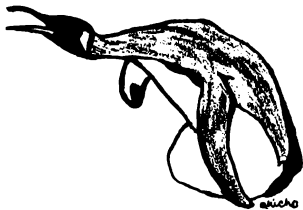
SOVIET explorer told United States scientists of a new Russian doctrine for aircraft in the Antarctic: fly high over brooding penguins.

Dr. Mikhail M. Somov, who led the first of the current series of Soviet expeditions to Antarctica, described a disaster in the penguin world that occurred recently near the Soviet base at Mirny.

Emperor penguins, he explained, lay their eggs on ice and then brood them, embedded in folds of flesh in the abdomen. He observed that they had no fear of anything approaching on the surface—even the most fearsome tractor. But this nonchalance did not apply to something in the air.

The Russians found a rookery whose population Dr. Somov estimated at about 20,000 of the great, eighty-pound birds, all brooding. To make an accurate count, the Russians sought to obtain an aerial photo, but when the plane came over, "thousands of the birds panicked," Dr. Somov said.

As a result, the ice was covered with scrambled eggs and further attempts at aerial photogra-



phy were abandoned. The emperor penguin lays only one egg a year, and mortality among the resultant chicks is heavy in the harsh polar climate. Hence the species holds precarious grip on existence.

DR. SOMOV spoke to those who are to man the various American scientific stations in Antarctica during the coming year. They have been assembled in Washington for outfitting and for final briefings by scientists and polar specialists.

He outlined a more conservative program for the projected Soviet transcontinental crossings than had been indicated in Soviet press reports. The initial crossing is not to begin until a year from now. This would enable the Russians to establish Station Lazarev on the Queen Maud Land coast—the destination of the crossing—and scout out a tractor route to that point through the coastal mountains.

Subsequently a second crossing would be made to the planned Bellinghausen Station on Thurston Peninsula. This would also await the green light from those at the station who would first have to insure that the base could be reached from the inland plateau. Bellinghausen and Lazarev Stations are both to be established this year.

Perhaps the most important geographical revelation by Dr. Somov was the discovery that the area that has been described as the Pole of Inaccessibility is heavily crevassed. The area is near the crest of a dome-shaped plateau of ice that blankets the Antarctic hinterland.

IT HAD BEEN found to be utterly featureless by both Soviet and American aerial explorers, rising to almost 14,000 feet at its highest point about 9,000 miles from the sea. No peak is known to break the surface anywhere in this vast region, but multiple cleavage of the ice near its summit suggests that a great mountain range lies buried there.

Dr. Somov said aerial survey had indicated that the actual summit of the ice was midway between this area and the present location of Station Sovietskaya; the most remote of the outposts. Hence it is proposed, in the coming weeks, to shift Sovietskaya about 220 miles to that summit, rather than the 440 miles to the Pole of Inaccessibility as originally planned.

This would somewhat reduce the transcontinental tractor route, which is due to run from Station Vostok, to the South Pole, to the new site of Sovietskaya, and then to Queen Maud Land. Dr. Somov emphasized that feasibility of the traverse was still "uncertain" and might not be completed for three years.

* * *

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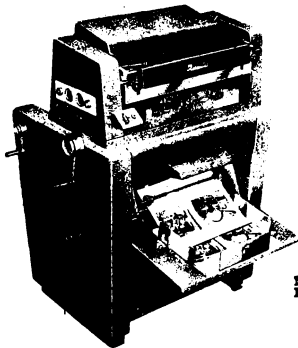
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