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1955

Bangkok Conference

*Seato gives teeth
to the tiger*

FIESTA FEVER
JAZZ & DEMOCRACY

EDUCATION FOR
ECONOMIC
DEVELOPMENT

By Filemon Rodriguez

50 CENTAVOS



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Amidst threats of communist aggression in Formosa, eight member nations of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization meet to strengthen the sagging lines of Democracy's defenses

Bangkok Conference



SIX MONTHS AGO a group of nations in Southeast Asia, threatened by a common enemy, gathered at Manila and drew up a treaty of mutual defense. The covenant was called the Manila Pact of 1954 and the signatories became members of the South East Asia Treaty Organization or SEATO.

At that time the communists in Asia were making great headway on two fronts: Korea and

Indochina. Formosa and the outlying island outposts were bracing against a Red assault. There was no time to lose.

In general the Manila Pact, backed by the military might and prestige of the United States and Britain, served its immediate purpose. It deterred momentarily, at least, the relentless advance of communist forces by putting up economic and military roadblocks. But the

tentative quality of the pact made it weak. Before long, it was derisively described as a brave agreement on paper. It was like a tiger without teeth.

Last February, against the backdrop of renewed communist assaults on Free China territories and the prospects of an enlarged war, the eight SEATO members convened at Bangkok to give teeth to the tiger. To the gilded throne hall of the Ananda Samakorn palace trooped top diplomats of the SEATO nations: the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand and three Asiatic countries — Pakistan, the Philippines and Thailand.

The United States' fast-hopping John Foster Dulles, in his opening speech, promptly defined the scope of the problem. He said:

Asia is three fronts. It is unlikely any war started by Communist China would be confined only to Formosa or South Korea. The forces on these two fronts exist as a common part of the forces deterring possible communist aggression in Southeast Asia.

It was a realistic appraisal of the situation. What Dulles was saying was that peace in Asia is indivisible. A communist attempt to disrupt it at any point is to be construed as an assault on all free nations in this part of the world.

With this view, unfortunately, some of the member nations are not in accord. Britain and

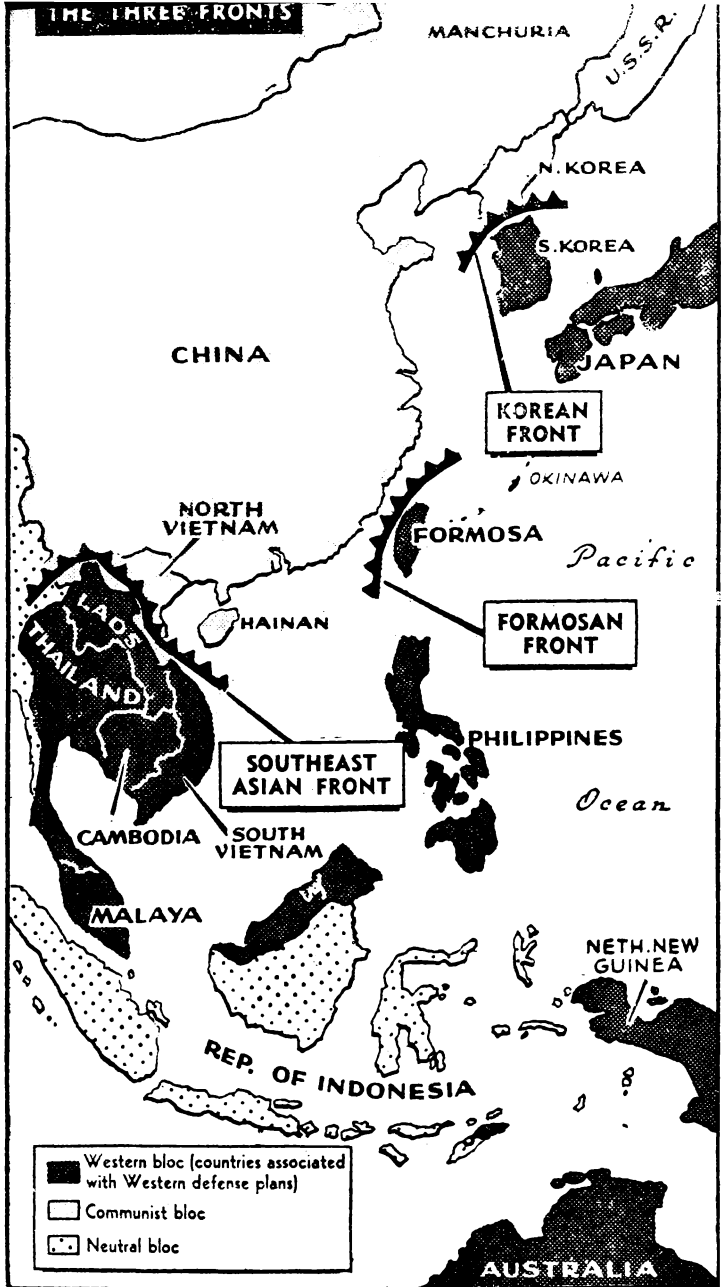
Pakistan are not too eager to be involved in a Formosa affair. These two countries have clearly denied any link between the SEATO and Formosa. New Zealand and Australia at best are indifferent to the issue. The Manila Pact specifically sustains these countries in their views. Whereas Laos, Thailand and Cambodia — areas under the shadow of the communist bear at the time of the Manila Pact signing — were included in the auxiliary Pacific Charter, Formosa was carefully excluded.

THE BANGKOK conference started with two issues: first was the problem of setting up a military organization for Southeast Asia; second was the question of providing economic help for countries threatened by communist infiltration.

With regard to the first, there was disagreement from the start. Thailand Premier Phibun Songgram wanted a contingent of American forces stationed in his country. His reason: 20,000 "Free Thai" troops were mobilized across the Chinese border waiting for an opportunity to strike. The presence of U.S. troops right in Thailand where everybody could see them, he explained, would boost his people's morale and may deter the Reds.

To this Dulles hastily replied that the military problem in Asia is a unified one. If the Uni-

THE THREE FRONTS



ted States were to keep detachments in all critical spots, Dulles argued, American military and naval might would be chopped up and thus lose its striking power. The wiser policy, according to this view, is to keep a concentrated, highly mobile force with a tremendous fire power.

In terms of cold figures, American might in Asia today surpasses the highest point reached in World War II when the United States was preparing to assault the Japanese mainland. Dulles listed such forces in the Western Pacific as follows: a navy of 400 ships with 350,000 men; an army totalling five divisions of 300,000 men; and an airforce of 30 squadrons, mostly jet-propelled.

At the same time, the U.S. secretary of state made a clear and definite promise to come to the rescue of any member nation in the event of communist aggression.

Regarding the question of economic aid, Philippine Foreign Secretary Carlos P. Garcia reported upon his return the creation of a committee of economic experts to consider: (1) the convertibility of currency; (2) the adoption of economic cooperation; and (3) the adoption of short-term measures to help strengthen the economy of member nations.

The chief Philippine delegate, incidentally, was credited with

most of the sound economic suggestions made during the confab. Against the idea of long-range planning, for example, Garcia proposed short-term measures to help strengthen the economy of member nations.

OTHER accomplishments of the three-day conference, which closed on February 25, are the following: *one*, creation of a permanent secretariat with headquarters at Bangkok (the Philippines lost her bid to make Manila the permanent site when the American delegate, reversing his stand, decided to support Thailand, and Britain withdrew Singapore from the race); *two*, creation of a committee of military experts who will use as a point of reference the Philippine proposals of anti-subversion and anti-infiltration based on Magsaysay's successful methods in the Philippines; and *three*, creation of a council of representatives of member nations, such representatives to be on the ambassadorial level.

The Bangkok meet undoubtedly strengthened the Manila Pact of 1954, and made it, in the words of Dulles, "a going, living thing." Yet it would be wistful thinking to suppose that the SEATO alone can stop Red aggression in Asia. The big trouble, it seems, lies in the very diversity of interests within the pact. It is a common danger that unites them, rather than a

positive force. And in dealing with the common enemy, individual members are protecting their own special interests. The peculiar position of Great Britain, with one foot on communist soil, illustrates this point.

Closely related to this problem is the complexity of treaty commitments among some of the member nations. In the event of another world war, such le-

gal attachments may break up the very front that the democracies hope to build against communism.

That is not to say, however, that the SEATO is an impotent anti-communist force. In case of trouble, the tiger may not hold off the communist bear indefinitely, but he can deter him long enough for the free world to rally.—F. C. STA. MARIA, from the *Philippine Journal of Education*.

* * *

Exit Colonialism

POLITICAL freedom has been won by many different means.


The British surrendered power in Southern Asia because they knew they could no longer maintain it and were wise enough to base their action on reality. The French and Dutch had to be forced to the same conclusion. The United States has at times appeared to us lacking in consistency and vigor in upholding the right of non-self-governing peoples to independence. It has on some issues leaned heavily in favor of colonial powers and has sometimes disheartened us because of its failure to make its actions dovetail with its ideals of equality and freedom.

We think that this was more than regrettable; we think it has been unwise.

Let it be stated in fairness however that uniquely among the colonial powers the United States in our case made a formal pledge of independence, fixed a date for it ten years in advance, and fully and honorably redeemed that pledge. True we fought ceaselessly for our freedom and never gave up our struggle . . .

It is to be hoped, however, that Western powers will realize that the issue of political independence for subject peoples does not depend on their goodwill or slow access of wisdom and virtue. The age of empire is being helped into oblivion by the aroused will and action of people determined to be masters of their own fate . . .

There is much, of course, one cannot readily foresee. But everything we know and understand about history assures us that whatever new travails the future holds, the old structure of Western empire will and must pass from the scene. Will it expire quietly and in dignity? Will it go out crashing violently? That will depend on many things. But the end is not in doubt.—*Excerpts from CARLOS P. ROMULO'S opening speech at the Bandung Conference.*



Fiesta Fever

It's an old Filipino custom: charmingly impractical, but enjoyed by all

AT CERTAIN times of the year, Manila loses portions of its population to the provinces surrounding it. The call is irresistible to those who hear it and completely mystifying to those who do not. The oft-cited phenomenon of the salmon striving upstream in answer to age-old instinct is perhaps the only parallel to the phenomenon of the Manila-residing individual striving to reach his hometown in time for the annual fiesta.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief — no matter how high or low afield he has wandered, everyone who has grassroots in some rustic spot — hears the call. He may be president of his country, a newspaperman or engineer, or a bag-snatcher plying his trade on the sidewalks of Quiapo — when fiesta time comes he is only a pilgrim to a distant but well-loved shrine.

What is a fiesta like? Now that we have seen its effects on the general placidity of occupational and professional life here, let us look into the various aspects of the fiesta itself.

One thing jumps into the eye and that is that while there are fiestas all over the Philippines, there is only one fiesta pattern. When

you have been to one fiesta you have been to all fiestas. A few external characteristics may vary according to regional peculiarities, but essentially one fiesta is like another.

The fiesta has a religious basis. With the passing of the years, however, this has been subordinated to the social and economic superstructure which has overgrown the observance. All fiestas correspond to church feasts listed on the Catholic calendar and were originally intended solely to do honor to the patron saints of the towns of King Philip's Catholic colony.

IN THE old days when the church loomed bigger on the average man's horizon than it does now, the pious activities of the fiesta were the focal points of the celebration. Now piety is only a subtle flavor which the inveterate fiesta goer often fails to sample in the melange of more exciting ingredients. It features a morning mass and perhaps a procession in the afternoon, which is convenient for skirting around by those who have other plans for their time.

The set of the celebration is purely venal. Everyone has new clothes for the event, and relatives and friends from the neighboring towns and barrios converge on the celebrating town. In some places, especially in the troubled Luzon areas, the

barrio fiesta is generally a thing of the past. While some towns are fortunate enough to be sufficiently remote from the trouble spots as to permit the holding of dances, in many others the coming of dusk is the signal for the cessation of the celebration. Every town house is open to visitors and every kitchen overflows with an abundance of good things to eat. Mahjongg tables take care of those who do not care for food or dancing and who may not wish to make the rounds of their friends' houses.

Fiesta etiquette requires the lady and master of the house to offer refreshments to everyone who comes, and every guest to take a bit or sip of whatever is offered him. This often has dire consequences for the unwary guest. The story is told of two men with strong digestions who dared to make the rounds of their friends' homes in Pateros, Rizal, on the occasion of the fiesta. Before they turned their steps home again they had visited a dozen houses and they had each had fourteen *baluts* (duck's egg). They have never been able to look at a *balut* with any degree of enthusiasm since, and have scratched Pateros from their fiesta list.

I myself remember going to a Malabon fiesta in happy expectations of having my fill of the local specialties — prawns

and crabs and oysters — only to sit down to a table loaded with fried chicken, lechon, potato salad and the usual profusion of meat courses. Politeness forbade asking the hosts why there were no sea foods, but they themselves brightly volunteered the information that everyone was tired of sea foods and that they thought they would have something different for a change.

EARLIER the presence of mahjongg tables on the festive scene was mentioned. It is said that in certain parts of Quezon mahjongg offers the host a means not only of entertaining his guest but also of recovering his financial outlay. There perhaps the careless abandon is gone with which the old-time host threw his year's savings away and pledged the next year's for the sheer pleasure of keeping open house on the town fiesta.

There, too, borrowing money or pawning a precious piece of land in order to provide food and drink for a houseful and yardful of guests is out of the question. At the most a man may sell a fatted pig or a carabao to meet his expenses, especially if a wedding or a baptism has been timed to fall on the day of the fiesta. But he will no longer borrow. He has other means of raising funds: the *tong* or the gambler's fee.



Tong notwithstanding, the quality of hospitality out in the provinces remains as charmingly impractical as it has ever been. In the city a host takes a drink with his guests and sits down to eat with them, but out in the country he will wait until the last one has had his fill. If there are so many guests that it takes until three o'clock to feed the last straggler, then the host does not eat until three o'clock.

Thus it is that the sala is always bursting at the seams with people, some ensconced in the arms of the bench, the backless *bangko*, brought in from the kitchen and the length of which suits the needs of the moment like no other seating arrangement ever devised. The overflow from the sala fills the bedrooms and the porch if there is one. And after that there is the yard.

The latter offers the young men a vantage point for watching the girls go by in their fiesta finery and affords them a quick exit when it is time to pass on to other houses. New shoes may pinch from standing too long put out in the yard, away from the watchful eye of their elders, at least there is no necessity for cutting through a crowd with one depreciating hand extended while bowing the head in the time-honored custom of politely breaking the air between conversing people.

THE MEMORY of the dishes and sweets which made fiestas such a delight in his boyhood is not the least powerful of the magnets which draw a man home year after year. If his palate now finds the old *tikoys* and *kalamays* less tasty, he does not blame the lack of flavor and excess of solidity of *tikoys* and *kalamays* in general. He will rather think it is a pity that his aunts failed to acquire his grandmother's knack for cooking.

The sight of bunting waving gaily between poles all along the streets and of every one going around in new clothes; the din of brass bands playing the *William Tell Overture* and *Poet and Peasant Overture* with the mambo for a chaser; the fun of greeting his boyhood friends, or by the sea, like Cavite, the spectacle of the water parade

or the banca races; the tangy scent of scores of lechons turning on spits over red coals—all these make the long trip home worthwhile.

THE GAME or *palaro* are played much as they have been for generations. The long greased pole, known as *palo sebo*, is there, a gay little trophy at the top holding the tempting prize of cash for the agile boy who can shinny up the slippery bamboo pole and claim it. Long practice at climbing the rough trunks of the tallest coconut tree is no guarantee of success here but it helps.

The greased pig provides another game productive of fun for spectator and participant alike. The blacked pot is even more popular, with its glued-on silver peso. In the process of trying to bite off the coin from the bottom of the pot, many faces are liberally blacked, but it is good clean fun for boys.

Water-filled pots are also suspended from poles for blindfolded contestants to locate and break with the aid of a swinging bat. One lucky hit and the game ends with a splash.

Not all the games are purely laugh-producing. Some, like the *juego de anillo*, are games of skill. For this a ring not much bigger than a fifty centavo piece is strung from a pole and the contestants are required to catch it on a stick or pencil as

they gallop past it on horseback. A mechanized variation permits the use of bicycles instead of horses. There are also pillow fights between boys seated astraddle a bamboo pole; there are banca races with no holds barred so that one may win by the simple expedient of overturning another contestant's banca.

In addition to all these old games, the field games of present-day athletics bring into play the competitive spirit of the young townspeople. Basket-

ball, volleyball, baseball, handball, racing — all these claim their share of attention and may some day even supplant the old fashioned games.

The uninhibited young urchin who blacks his lips and cheeks against the dangling pot in an effort to win the coin may well be part of the fiesta-drawn throng from Manila, for whom the call to home once a year is irresistible.—CONSUELO ABAYA, from the *Philippines Quarterly*, March 1952.

* * *

Japanese Temple of Art

ONE OF the richest yet least known storehouses of Japanese art is the wooden Temple of Koryuji situated on the western outskirts of Kyoto. Here are preserved the treasures produced by brilliant Japanese sculptors and artists between the seventh and fifteenth centuries.

The history of Japanese sculpture may be said to date from the introduction of Buddhism from Korea in 552 A.D., less than a century before the construction of the Koryuji Temple. It is surprising that so many of the sculptures of Japan still exist since they were often carved in wood and have been housed in wooden buildings exposed mainly due to the conflagrations. Their preservation has been mainly due to important part that works of art have played in religion and to the reverent care accorded to them.

In spite of this, a large number were destroyed by fire and earthquakes. By 1897 systematic State protection was undertaken and thousands of works of art were classified as "national treasures." Later photographic records were made of them. No photographs of the art treasures in the Temple of Koryuji were taken, however, until 1950 and these masterpieces have therefore remained practically unknown outside Japan up to today.

*

JAZZ *speaks for democracy*

One for the long-haired music fans



By FENIX MADURA

JAZZ HAS defined itself by being played. More than any other kind of music, it is explained better to the ear (through musical instruments) than to the eye (on the written page). Yet a reader can be given a few guide-signs, to assist his appreciation of whatever recordings he may manage to hear.

Two necessary elements in the playing of jazz are improvisation and a driving, syncopated rhythm. These can be illustrated by reference to the familiar tune, "Body and Soul." Many listeners (and even musicians) are content with the "straight" melody as written by the original composer. They resent any change in this melodic line which renders it unfamiliar to casual listening. However, that is more fundamental in a jazz melody than the chord pattern on which the melody is constructed.

In the case of "Body and

Soul" the chord pattern is such that it readily stimulates new musical ideas, which are an elaboration of the original melody.

However, these improvisations are not mere variations of that melody but entirely new creations of melodic line, disciplined only by the original chord pattern and the individual at-the-moment feeling of the instrumentalist. Sometimes they are so complex that they fail to interest the untrained ear, the ear without initiative, the ear that demands the recognizable.

AROUGH division between two types of music can be made. In jazz, the musical idea originates in the instrumentalist's mind and, without being noted on paper, finds expression through his instrument. In classical music, the idea originates in the mind of a composer who notes it on ruled pa-

per and finally has it interpreted and expressed by a conductor and instrumentalists.

Because, in jazz, the process from idea to sound is almost immediate, jazz is often uneven, depending on the inspiration of the player under any given set of circumstances. Yet the very demands that it makes on the listener's attention and the performer's constant flow of fresh ideas produce a form of music that is highly exciting.

Improvisation may be left to one performer or to a group—for example, a Dixieland band (named after Negro performers in the American South who originated this free style). In a group, all are working within a single framework, set by the chord pattern of the chosen tune, a particular key, and a defined beat. But the melody, the notes, are left to the imagination and taste of the individual players. When a group has been playing together regularly, the style of each man's expression becomes known to the others, so that *two* sources for creation appear: (1) improvisation on the melodic line, and (2) improvisation on *others'* improvisations.

The beat, in jazz, has to be regular. The drummer can improvise only by *accenting* beats, not by varying the tempo (unless the beat is fully doubled). The coordination of this insistent beat and the group inven-

RACING WITH THE MOON

Dave Brubeck not only plays piano well enough to be the new Crown Prince of Jazz, but he also knows as well as any man how to describe what he is doing, in words. "Everything we play," says Dave, "is superimposed on the tune, and each chorus is superimposed on the one before it. The melody is just a vehicle. It's like an old Ford with a new Cadillac motor put in." He tries to move as far away as he can from the original without destroying one creation with another.

Sometimes he compares himself with a race driver, "who is going to stay out there until he drives faster than anyone else. He's going to crash or make it. That's the way I like to keep my audience—wondering whether I'll make it or not."

tions often builds tension to a climactic point without resorting, as classical music does, to less subtle measures, such as increased volume or a faster beat, to signify culmination.

The best known jazz bands are led by Harry James, Benny Goodman, the late Glenn Miller, the Dorsey brothers, Gene Krupa, and Bob Crosby. Yet these bands are more limited and less inventive than those of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, the late Jimmie Lunceford, and Woody Herman, all of

whom give freer rein to soloists.

Special mention must be made of Stan Kenton, whose orchestrations are always interesting, but who by over-use of symphonic effects and notated scores puts himself outside the classification of jazz artists. Like George Gershwin (*Rhapsody in Blue*), Kenton can only be said to use jazz idiom, not to serve it.

JAZZ IS at its best when produced by the three recognized categories of small bands: Dixieland, Kansas City and "bop." The Dixieland unit is composed of trumpet (cornet), trombone, clarinet, and rhythm section (drums, bass and piano). Kansas City and "bop" may range from one to eight men. Dixieland music is often tinged with the "blues," sadness so customary that it can be treated with ironic partial-contempt.

Kansas City jazz is effervescent and jolting, new and demanding rather than deeply absorbed. "Bop" features "scat," which is simply vocal improvisation without words, substituting instead runs of explosive

sounds, vowels trapped between "b" and "p." In "bop," the human voice itself becomes an instrument.

The source of the objection that jazz is a product of noise and thumpings is that all-too-common practice of not giving music thorough and repeated listenings. Because jazz is so democratic, so individualized, so insistent on constant group awareness and adjustment, naturally performances sometimes fail, and falter into chaos. Each instrumental voice is heard when it becomes pent-up with feeling and understanding, and the need for immediate expression. But the voices are not without discipline. The set chord pattern and the trained sensitivity of the artist are the reference points to which the music responds.

Jazz is an art-form; it is serious music. When it succeeds — as it often does, whenever played by persons capable of deep feelings and possessed of the artistry of describing those feelings in music — it is profound and varied and beautiful. It is a kind of democracy that asks only to be heard.

* * *

MERCY

Customer: "I don't like these pictures. They don't do me justice."
Photographer: "Justice? Lady, what you want is mercy."

Education for Economic Development



By FILEMON RODRIGUEZ

THE CRY of the times is for economic development, for economic survival. Now that we have obtained independence, we should make ourselves worthy of freedom by demonstrating our ability to support ourselves economically. In combatting the ideological conflict, nay the whole world, every effort should be made to provide every man with the means of livelihood that will make him feel his dignity and worth as an individual.

In response to the call for economic survival, the educational institutions must harness their energies and resources to contributing their share toward the attainment of the goal. The schools have succeeded in helping develop intelligent citizenship in a democratic society; they must now dedicate themselves to the training of the people to support themselves.

The freedom and the enlightenment that have been attained

in the past, must be kept and maintained by our ability to support such freedom and advancement. The teacher training institutions should be able to train efficient teachers for those activities contributory to the economic development program. Teachers should be prepared to train people in activities that would increase their income, thus assuring them and their family of a higher standard of living.

By way of illustration, the final approval of the nationalization of retail trade may be given. The Nationalization Act was approved by Congress in the spirit of self-preservation. The channels of distribution are an important sector in the economic development programs. Without control of the channels of trade, expansion in our economic development can not be attained and economic planning for self-improvement will be of no avail.

But, while we believe in the basic objectives of the Nationalization Law, we are also cognizant of the fact that the law alone will not be sufficient. The people themselves through the teachers must be trained for economic nationalism and for management of the retail business of the country. From the earliest years of their education, the children must be trained to patronize the products of our countrymen. They must develop the attitude that they have an obligation to help one another. They must realize that the economic salvation of our country depends on them. The children must understand that the keystone to our economic survival is mutual help.

THE TEACHER training institutions must redirect their effort and their curriculum to the training of those people who must assume the management and direction of our retail business. Ten years from now, the law expects that the retail business will be in the hands of our people. Efforts should therefore be intensified to meet those impending requirements. We cannot expect untrained men and women to assume leadership in retail business, managing small corner stores, and

dealing with the rural people in the remote districts. Rather, we should anticipate that the management of the retail business should be assumed by the high school and elementary school graduates trained in retail merchandising.

There are also thousands upon thousands of young men and women who drop out from their schooling every year. Unprepared for any occupational pursuit, they constitute a drag on our society. Trained in some business pursuit they can constitute an asset to the community. This portion of our people should be equipped with occupational efficiency, so they can participate actively in the economic development of the country.

This call for a new orientation is the more encouraging now that a new philosophy has been developed in our educational system. Individual initiative and responsibility are encouraged in the administration of our schools. The teachers, the principals and the superintendents enjoy greater freedom and discretion to adopt their course of study and materials of instruction to the urgent need of the local community.—*From the PHILIPPINE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, December 1954.*

* * *

ICELAND:

Island of Flames

*Hot water from volcanoes and
flowers beside blue glaciers*

ICELANDERS are known, above all, for their sense of humor. Leif Eriksson, who discovered America 500 years before Columbus, called eastern Canada "Vinneland" — the country of wine — to attract colonists to those snowy wastes. His father, Eric the Red, discovered and christened Greenland.

Iceland itself is a country of sometimes humorous and always startling contrasts. Named by a near-sighted ninth century Norwegian, actually it lies in the warm Gulf Stream and has excellent ice-free ports. Although trees and wheat will not grow there, warm springs and geysers enable extensive cultivation of tropical fruits. Hanging beside the green grass valleys are endless glaciers; nearby, volcanoes in eruption. Daylight is sometimes blood-red; the northern lights crackle like crisp lettuce in the night sky.

Central Iceland is largely a wind-swept desert of sand and

lava. An eighth of all Iceland is buried under snow and ice, and more than half is mountainous. But winters are mild. People inhabit the valleys of the fiords and the coastal plains. Hot springs heated by volcanic rocks are piped into the homes and open-air swimming pools.

During the season, at least one whale is processed each day. Whale steaks are eaten with potatoes cooked in sugar and a sweetened tapioca sauce. But fish are the main item of diet and export.

Reykjavik, the capital city, is a mixture of little wooden houses painted salmon pink and canary yellow, and reinforced concrete apartment houses on streets which have no pavement. Yet it holds 50,000 people and is only eight hours from London by air.

HOWEVER, more than for its humor and contrasts, Iceland is famous for being the oldest living democracy. Ac-

1,000 YEARS OF HISTORY

- 8th century — Discovery of Iceland by Irish monks.
- 870-930 — Colonization by Viking feudal lords in voluntary exile after quarrel with King Haarfager.
- 930—Foundation of the Althing, the first Parliament in the world; and of a highly decentralized Republic.
- 982 — Discovery of Greenland by Eric the Red.
- 1000 — Discovery of America by Leif Eriksson.
- 1000—Iceland converted to Christianity.
- 1262 — End of Viking Republic; island's submission to Norway.
- 13th century — Golden age of sagas.
- 1382—Change to the Danish crown.
- 1402—Plague kills two-thirds of population.
- 1783 - 1790 — Volcanic eruptions and famines kill 10,000.
- 1918—Recognized as independent monarchy within Danish Union.
- 1944—Proclamation of Second Icelandic Republic.

also gave the Western world the first example of a democratic parliament, the Althing, which was established in 930 A.D. by . . . their clan chieftains." In honor of their continuing past, Icelandic maps still record Viking churches and villages long-since crumbled.

Likewise the Icelandic language is far purer than any other European language. Even the laws of the new State (in 1944 Iceland re-established its Republic) include almost unchanged considerable portions of the old law, as codified in 1281. Ancient customs, too, have been preserved. Married women, for example, do not take their husband's name because women are treated with exceptional respect.

These changeless traditions reflect Icelandic pride in the manner of their having survived 100 volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, periods of killing cold, epidemics, famines, piracy, and local despotism.

They are proud, therefore, of their ancient literature which they compare with Homer's epics. These sagas still can be read easily in the original, because the language has changed so little. Furthermore, because they act as historical records and a genealogical tree, the sagas are constantly being referred to in public discussions and newspaper editorials. Ordinary fishermen are likely to be found

According to Michel Salmon, "The Vikings were not only bold seamen and fierce pirates; they

Black Snow

In attempts to make precious water from snow seep into the ground, Canadian scientists decided that the first step was to decrease the amount of surface which, being exposed to air would pass back into the air, through evaporation, instead of into the ground.

They decided that if the snow surface were black, it would absorb the sun's rays, become warm, and freeze into a crust of ice so that the snow underneath could not escape except into the soil. In their experiments they produced a smoke-making machine which, mounted on a sled, sprays a thin coating of carbon. Next it will be tried from a helicopter.

arguing not about women or liquor smuggling but about obscure literary points.

However, respect for the past has not sheathed the present in ice. Especially in its educational facilities, Iceland is an island of living flame. During the two months of summer, hotels with warm mineral springs and sometimes even their own airports, entertain tourists. The rest of the year these are not hotels but country schools. Pupils come by jeep or pony over miles of mountains; but the total enrollment is 20 per cent of the population.

THE "MAN IN THE STREET" often speaks several languages. Bookshops do a thriving business. During the Arctic

night (six months long) Icelanders read hundreds of translated world classics and popular science works. For all their local pride, the people still dread cultural isolation.

Through State patronage, Iceland supports artists who otherwise would not have a sufficiently large audience to support themselves decently. Among these men are Halldor Laxness and Gunnar Gunnarsson, powerful novelists; the painters Johannes Kjarval and Jon Stefansson; and sculptor Sorurjon Olafsson (whose stone house is in the shape of an igloo). These few men give the smallest and least favored northern nation a "prestige out of all proportion to its poverty and its tiny population," as Salmon says. Democracy lives in Iceland.

* * *

FUGITIVES from the killing and plundering raids of the Hukbalahaps have been forced to migrate, many to Mindanao and many more to Manila and other cities. A recent survey by the *Philippines Free Press* showed that 85 per cent of the 140,000 persons unemployed come from rural areas.

Following the lead of this survey, two sociologists, Benicio and Flora Catapusan, made several important discoveries. In the city such migrants have built their flimsy shanties in public-owned but neglected lots. Rent, if any, is cheap. Overcrowding and the makeshift nature of the dwellings create conditions both unsanitary and hazardous in case of fire.

The insecurity and tension in these slums causes increased immorality and delinquency. Many of these migrant families suffer severe lowering of morale from frequent sickness and whole communities become disorganized, gangsters and corrupt politicians become "leading citizens."

Much of this slum area was formerly public parks, badly needed then and now for recreation by people in crowded communities. Others, being railroad property or harbor sections, cannot be furnished with water, light or sewage.

For all of these reasons, relocation of families in such places as Bago Bantay in Quezon

Refugees from Huklandia

Government aid is indispensable, but only self-help can lift them from destitution

By JESUS STO. DOMINGO

City is advisable. Yet, according to the Catapusans, sometimes re-location is opposed by politicians who, recognizing the inertia of slum-dwellers, champion "squatters' rights" in return for votes.

OTHER migrants have come from wealthy families who can afford to re-invest their money in suburban real estate. Idle lands have been converted into homesites and later sold at ten times the original cost. A new rich middle class has developed, known as "sideliners," those who earn more outside their regular occupation than within. Often their high-

rent apartments are in the same neighborhood as the slums. In the "boom" that follows such over investment, buildings and homes are too often built by people whose earning capacity is low. Mortgages and foreclosures threaten such families daily.

Migrant families in rural areas are often so desperately poor that they are easily exploited. The Catapusans report one hacendero in Central Luzon who charged two pesos monthly rental from each of hundreds of families that built barong-barong on his property. Yet the same land had been lying idle.

Some of these roving Filipinos were first made to leave Huklandia because they were suspected by the government of helping the dissidents. Later, in their new homes they suffered severe Huk raids and were asked to migrate to still other lands. They have no feeling of permanence even on the land where they are exploited. To meet their daily needs, usually they have been forced to sell their work animals. They are afraid that should they ever return to their own homes, they would find ownership of their lands transferred to others.

A few migrants have become tenant farmers on haciendas. Yet even they complain that farms assigned to them are poorly located for cultivation or

that the hacenderos do not provide irrigation all year long. Others complain that their contracts with the hacenderos are not kept. Sometimes only twenty cavanes of rice out of one hundred remain as their share after expenses and usurious interests are deducted. Those who migrated to Cotabato have been more fortunate, though the difficulties of pioneering work and the great rat invasion of 1954 have brought their own hardships.

UNDER whatever conditions they find themselves, however, migrants to rural areas find their situation better than that which exists in the cities. Because their needs are simpler and because they have not left familiar customs and occupations, barrio dwellers have little adjustment to make. Their continuing informal group life makes them happier than those for whom city life — its noise, hurry, dirt, corruption and impersonality — is a strange new experience.

However, the government has taken an active part in helping both rural and city refugees. On the former athletic field of the University of the Philippines in Paco, Manila, a three-million-peso housing project called Bagong Barangay is being constructed. On a four-hectare site is a three-story building that can house 380 families.

FOA-PHILCUSA which sponsors this project intends it for low-income families, without discrimination. It is especially intended to serve families which have been evicted from government lands. The Social Welfare Administration will screen applicants, who will then be assigned apartments by the Philippine Homesite and Housing Corporation.

In rural areas, there is much that small farmers can do for themselves, as was demonstrated in Sta. Maria, Pangasinan. Tenants had complained that the owner took 90% of the harvest. The hacendero, to avoid tension, divided his land into private farm lots and sold them to the tenants. In addition, he reserved space for a church, school and plaza. The newly-independent farmers have responded by getting the best

yield yet from their farms. Landlordism has disappeared.

The Catapusans report that other haciendas have followed this example: sugar plantations have been divided into lots of several hectares each, with only the farm mill still owned by the hacendero. The presence of the mill and its daily capacity urges the independent farmers to produce. Not only has the business of the whole community progressed rapidly, but now all members respect each other as, in a democracy, they should.

This sort of self-help in the barrios is more promising for the Philippines than the government or foreign aid usually required in cities. It suggests that more of the migrant families would do well to migrate one last time, from the slums to the countryside.

* * *

Displaced Persons

Since June, 1953, over 5,300 low-income families have been accommodated by government housing projects. The rate of rental in the residential units is from P20 to P43 a month.

In a certain municipality in Central Luzon a hacendero took advantage of refugees by allowing hundreds of migrant families to build their barong-barong or shanties at the rate of P2 rentals on a small piece of land occupied by each house. This gave him a net income of P800 a month or P9,600 a year on land which otherwise would have remained idle and unproductive.

Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words given below should be in your reading vocabulary. That is, you should be able to recognize them, although you may not be able to define or actually use them in writing. Select the proper definition for each, then turn to page 80 for the correct answers. Fifteen is passing.

1. *nostalgia* — (a) a fragrant tropical plant; (b) light green color; (c) homesickness; (d) a cold that stuffs the nose.
2. *intrepid* — (a) thrifty; (b) mercilessly cruel; (c) fearless; (d) self-reliant.
3. *fiendish* — (a) diabolically cruel and wicked; (b) extremely friendly; (c) exacting; (d) smells like a fish.
4. *cerise* — (a) bright red; (b) neatly trimmed; (c) open-hearted; (d) arranged in a row.
5. *ragamuffin* — (a) a scoundrel; (b) a starch pie; (c) a dealer in expensive rugs; (d) a ragged child.
6. *tart* — (a) drawn vehicle; (b) tasteless; (c) cutting or sour; (d) a sharp reply.
7. *waive* — (a) to brandish like a flag; (b) to put aside; (c) a giant wave; (d) to fight back.
8. *yokel* — (a) a country man; (b) a desperado; (c) slave; (d) subject of a lord or king.
9. *traverse* — (a) to go around; (b) to explore briefly; (c) to divide in two; (d) to pass through.
10. *quaver* — (a) to change one's mind; (b) to tremble; (c) arrow container; (d) to talk endlessly.
11. *query* — (a) a deposit of hard stones; (b) a slight stoop; (c) a question; (d) a suspicion.
12. *engender* — (a) to become dear; (b) to become dangerous; (c) to ignore completely; (d) to cause or produce.
13. *arras* — (a) poisoned arrows; (b) an amulet; (c) heavy down-pour; (d) rich tapestry.
14. *interment* — (a) imprisonment in wartime; (b) burial; (c) communication between two persons; (d) duel.
15. *bemoan* — (a) lament; (b) cause to fall; (c) treat harshly; (d) to lend or lease.
16. *dentifrice* — (a) a great sacrifice; (b) legal cost; (c) a preparation for cleaning the teeth; (d) tradition.
17. *mawkish* — (a) tall and stately; (b) difficult; (c) sickly sentimental; (d) like a bird.
18. *nebulous* — (a) hazy or cloudy; (b) like an Indian lord; (c) continuous; (d) full of vigor.
19. *latent* — (a) dominant or commanding; (b) hidden; (c) flexible; (d) habitually late.
20. *girth* — (a) a band or girdle; (b) merriment; (c) disappointment; (d) unreasonable prejudice.

NEW HEART For An Old Town

•
Teen-agers led the way

SOMETIMES juvenile delinquency is so serious in portions of large American metropolises like Los Angeles that high school teachers give up in disgust. But for several years Bloomfield, New Jersey, just across the river from massive New York City has been taking a lesson in citizenship from its teen-age population.

It began with an accident. In 1950, young Charles Seller slipped beneath the wheels of a train and had to have his right leg amputated above the knee. Shortly after, his high-school classmates assembled on the Public Library steps. After voting against a block party and dance, they decided to put on a show for Charlie's benefit. Many of the teen-agers were members of choral and drama groups; and it was summer, a free time.

A delegation hurried to the home of Mrs. Jay Martin, Jr., a former teacher of public speaking and director of school plays. "That's fine," she said. "Let's get to work."

By noon the next day the whole town was helping. Local merchants lent props; the mayor bought the first ticket and authorized erection of a box office downtown. The original 60 teen agers became 300. They even appointed a Dirty Work Committee for unpredictable odd jobs. Rehearsals began for "Talent Time" as soon as script, cast and orchestra were ready.

Charlie could hardly believe what had happened. He had been an average student. Just after graduation he had taken a summer job with a Newark insurance company, to earn college tuition. Why should anyone do *him* a favor?

Three weeks after his accident, the teen-agers gave four performances of "Talent Time" to packed houses. Charlie was given the whole sum: \$4,600.

SOMETHING, however, had begun which refused to stop. The town had been startled into a new awareness of itself. Families in the same block were being brought to-

gether for the first time; strangers became friends by discussing the "good samaritans," their own youngsters.

The teen-agers took the initiative again, deciding that the new town spirit should not be allowed to disappear. They decided to give a performance the following summer. "Certainly we can find one person a year to help."

Then Charlie Seller himself walked into their headquarters on his artificial limb. He told them that he had \$500 left from his own expenses and that he wanted to donate it, to keep "Talent Time" going.

The excitement spread again "Talent Time" became incorporated into the "Charles Seller Foundation," with offices in a building offered by the town recreation commission.

A new beneficiary was discovered in William E. Hanuah, 21, who for six years had been suffering paralysis caused by acute rheumatoid arthritis. He too had been a Bloomfield High School student; but now he was a bedridden patient.

Student investigation discovered that Bill was entitled to

assistance from the state Rehabilitation Commission. Then they brought a specialist over a hundred miles to examine Bill. When the doctor decided that an operation might help, he offered his services free.

MONTHS later, while Bill lay in the hospital recovering from a successful operation, the Bloomfield teen-agers were presenting their second show in their auditorium. In three performances they raised over \$3,000.

Charlie Seller with his artificial leg sang and acted in that performance. Later he was among the welcoming committee when Bill returned to town and took his first steps in five years.

The productions have gone on, year after year, with the healed starring in the show. The whole town has turned young, as happens when a new organ is transplanted into an old body. The teen-agers have given Bloomfield more than its money's worth, more than a show. Youth has given, in the words of the mayor, "a lesson in citizenship."

* * *

LOVE MISSIVE

The meek little man was walking home from the funeral of his big masterful wife. Suddenly, a roofing tile fell and struck him on the head.

"Gosh," said he, "Sarah has already arrived in Heaven."

HITCHCOCK

at the end of his Rope

They wanted the premiere in the Philippines

DIRECTING the motion picture *Rope* was, for Alfred Hitchcock, like inventing a jigsaw puzzle. For a long time he had wanted to film in two hours a fictional story that actually happens in two hours. He had experimented with continuous action, for limited sequences in *Spellbound* and *Notorious*. But *Rope* was the first full-scale test — and another proof that a movie can be treated as an art form.

To help his actors sustain their mood, Hitchcock chose a story of crime and suspense. However, *Rope* being a psychological drama, physical action had to be limited. It was the camera itself, and its 6000 pound dolly, that nosed into every corner of the apartment set. Prop men crouched on their knees beneath the camera boom, mov-

ing furniture and putting it back. "Wild" walls slid silently aside on greased rollers. Script supervisors, prop men, electricians, and camera crew waggled their fingers and made faces at each other in a series of soundless, pre-arranged signals. Only in that way was it possible for the camera, which had started facing south, to end facing north, without stopping the rolling film.

Jimmy Stewart, the picture's star, could hardly sleep nights because of the bewildering techniques involved in the filming and diagrammed on blackboards for the cast. The man who operated the camera boom ended the 35-days' shooting, twelve pounds thinner. Occasionally, the camera dolly rolled over a crewman's foot or smashed walls in the apartment.

MONTHS OF preparation and days of exacting rehearsals were demanded, to make *Rope*. The floor was marked and plotted with numbered circles for the 25 to 30 camera moves in each reel. Yet it had to be done so smoothly that the audience would never realize the trickery.

As it turned out, one of the most difficult devices to control was the cyclorama — an exact miniature reproduction of nearly 35 miles of New York skyline lighted by 8000 incandescent bulbs and 200 neon signs requiring 150 transformers. On film the miniature looked exactly like Manhattan at night, seen from the skyscraper apartment which was the locale of the play. Since all the major action in *Rope* was placed in the living room, with this skyline as background, it was impossible to use process shots (previously filmed scenes projected as setting) or a painted backdrop. Both would have been too flat, too unchanging.

So the Empire State Building and all the others were constructed in scale model. A total of 26,000 feet of wire carried 126,000 watts of power just for the background lighting — all controlled by the twist of an electrician's wrist as he sat at his "light organ," playing 47 switches!

For clouds, five hundred pounds of spun glass were wov-

en into molds of chicken wire. Eight different shape changes were used for the sake of realism, the substitutions being made at the end of the reels. Progress in time was also indicated by sun effects, the yellow glare of late afternoon fading to a soft gray, the light reflections on the fleecy white clouds dying slowly — and finally dusk and darkness as the city lights reappeared.

Part of the Hitchcock tradition is that he appears, however briefly and insignificantly, in each of his movies. In *Rope* his rotund silhouette appeared on a neon sign, "Reduco," on the side of a miniature building.

Because of the manner of shooting, uncanny things had to happen. Every piece of furniture on stage had to be moved on cue, out of the camera's view, just as the wooden chest was moved in which the actor playing the strangled youth was kept during the 950 feet of film. Once, while the characters were eating a buffet supper, the feminine lead had to put her wine glass down on a table. But the table was gone. As planned, she merely put the glass down where the table should have been, one of the crouching prop men (unseen) raised his hand, and her glass found a resting place in it.

ONE OF THE most difficult jobs fell to the film edit-

or. Here was a full length feature that had to be edited *before* it was filmed. There could be no insertions later, for changing pace. Every move, every jump from reel to reel had to be planned so that the action would not drag on the screen.

Hitchcock took 10,000 feet of film, shot without cuts, and from beginning to end like a stage play, instead of being "manufactured" (that is, spliced), as is usually the case. By such careful pre-editing, *Rope* achieved suspense and an air of mystery without transoms opening, creaky doors, clutching fingers or a house filled with eerie shadow.

In the same way, an unusual but legitimate technique to support the movie's ending was dis-

covered. In the final moments of the story when the body is discovered and the killers are trapped, the apartment living room is flooded at intervals by great pulsations of light from a huge neon sign just outside the window. The effect, the rhythmic exchange of brilliance and darkness, added to the dramatic tension, much like the increasing crescendos of an orchestra at the climax of a symphony.

Then at last the endurance test was over. Hitchcock was at the end of his *Rope*. There remained only the problems for the publicity people to solve. One press agent, feeling the cast's good humor and sense of relief, suggested that the movie's premiere be in the Philippines, famous for its hemp!

* * *

First Printed Book

NOT THE Gutenberg Bible but the Constance Missal is now recognized as the first book ever printed with movable type. The Bible was completed in 1456. The Missal, which has cruder, experimental type, probably was printed by Gutenberg around 1450. It still has large, decorative capitals, painted by hand; the Bible was set completely in type.

Also the earlier work has many corrections in pen and ink. After over fifty years of argument, recognition was finally given the Constance Missal when it was bought by an American library for over \$100,000.

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One of the greatest barriers to the growth of internationalism in Asia is the language problem. What is being done about it?

Southeast Asia's TOWER of Babel

By Dr. ANTONIO ISIDRO



IN SOUTHEAST Asia and in the Pacific Area, great social forces are at work today. On account of the changes in political status, Southeast Asia is seething with nationalism, even as the world is aglow with internationalism. The countries that have won independence after the war are building new cultural structures compatible with the characteristics, customs, and idiosyncracies of their people.

In these great cultural and social movements, the language and the schools have a vital role to play. But it is precisely at this phase that these countries meet great problems. One of the common characteristics of the countries in this area is the diversity of their languages.

Because of their geographical positions and historic developments, each country has a multiplicity of languages. Not only do the people in different countries in the area use different languages but even the people of the same country speak different dialects.

The magnitude of the problems arising from the diversity of languages may be appreciated by examining the situation in some countries. The Linguistic Survey of India reported that although there are more than a hundred languages spoken in India, the number of people that speak them vary considerably. Hīndu and Ūrde are used by more than 100 million, while the tribal dialects are spoken only by small portion of the

World of Many Tongues

ENGLISH is a major language of the world. It is used as a first language by more than 250 million people and is used as a second language by countless millions more.

Chinese, however, is the language spoken by the greatest number of tongues. Nearly 500 million people speak Chinese or variations of it, such as Mandarin and Cantonese.

Hindustani, the principal language of India, is spoken by about 150 million people. This, however, is only one out of numerous "Indic" languages such as Bengali, Assamese, Sindhi and Singalese which, combined, amount to more than 300 million speakers.

Russian has nearly 200 million speakers. Exceeding 50 million are Arabic, Bengali, French, German, Indonesian, Italian, Japanese, Portuguese and Spanish.

The languages of the peoples of Europe and parts of Asia appear to have come from a mother language which scholars call "Indo-European." The main languages which came from these are the Greek dialects, Albanian, the Italic tongues, Celtic, the Teutonic, Slavic, Hittite, Armenian, Iranian and Indian.

population. There are 14 highly developed languages with considerable literature suitable for classroom instruction.

Indonesia has more than 200 languages and dialects, of which Bahasa Indonesia is the national language. There are numerous small dialects, but there are also a number of well developed languages which can be used for school purposes. Among the major languages in Indonesia are: Javanese, spoken by 30 million people, Sundanese used by 10 million and Madurese spoken by five million people.

In the Philippines, the estimate of the number of languages and dialects varies. A recent linguistic survey found "192 languages, dialects and sub-dialects" although earlier studies reported varying estimates of 25 languages, 30 languages and 43 major languages. A contemporary authority maintains that there are 12 important groups of Philippine languages.

Burma has a multiplicity of vernaculars, but only eight major languages available for school use and the rest are minor dialects spoken in the fron-

tier areas. In the Trust Territories in the South Pacific no definite number of languages or dialects is revealed, although it is certain that great diversity exists from island to island. Even in a small territory, differences in dialects exist.

CONTEMPORARY movements for the conservation and development of the indigenous cultures and nationalistic trends that followed political independence have contributed to the reawakening of the people to an appreciation of their vernaculars. In the Southeast Asian countries studied, there is violent reorientation in the role and place of the vernaculars in schools. Greater value is being accorded to the mother tongues in Indonesia, India and Burma. Expressive of their independence, they have given a place of importance to their native languages in the education of their children.

Only in the Philippines has the role of a foreign language remained unaltered by a new political status.

Since the establishment of the Indian Republic in 1947, the vernaculars have been given greater importance in the educational system. The Constitution proclaimed Hindi in the Devanagiri script as the national official language, and authorized the use of 14 regional languages as media of official com-

munication in their respective regions. While there are variations in the role of the mother tongue and the regional languages, the general practice is to use the mother tongue as the medium of instruction in the primary grades.

The goal which the government seeks to achieve requires the use of Hindi as a medium of instruction in all schools from the primary to the university in the Hindi-speaking states. In other states instruction may be given in their mother tongues in the primary and even in the secondary level. Hindi is taught in the secondary schools of the non-Hindi speaking states. There is a strong move to use Hindi as a medium of instruction in the universities.

With the establishment of the Republic of Indonesia, a new system of education was organized. Separate schools for different classes of people were abolished and in their stead a unified system was organized based on democratic ideals.

The vernacular languages were given the importance that they deserve. The mother tongue began to occupy a prominent place in the schools and in the cultural life of the people. As a general practice Bahasa Indonesia is used as a medium of instruction in all schools from the first grade to the university level. In places, however, which have well developed languages

like Javanese, Sundaese and Madurese, the mother tongue is used in the first three years and the national language is studied as a subject. Beginning in Grade IV the national language is used as a medium of instruction and the regional language is taught as a subject.

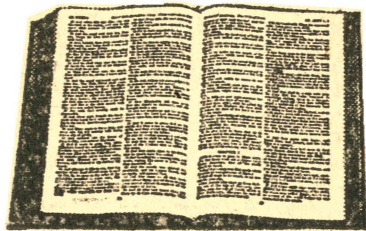
The Philippines which shares the same fate as the Indonesians with respect to the dominance of a foreign language during the colonial period is just beginning to realize the importance of the vernacular languages. The system of education that was constructed on the basis of the English language still persists. The use of English as a medium of instruction from the primary grades through the university which was implanted in 1801 by the American administration is still the common practice. From the humblest village school to the central school in the poblacion, the children are taught in the English language.

It must be admitted, however, that there has been some

relaxation in the observance of the regulation governing the use of the English language. No longer is the child penalized for being "caught" speaking his native language in the school-room and the playground. No longer is the teacher subjected to disciplinary action for being heard to speak his native language in the school premises. The principal may now invite a convocation speaker who may deliver his address in his native tongue without fear of administrative reprisals.

In fact since 1939 the teacher has been authorized to use his vernacular as an auxiliary medium, if the children in class cannot understand the explanation in English.

But the impact of English upon the mentality of the people is so strong that some teachers heap the blame on the introduction of the national language for the apparent deterioration of the spoken English of the Filipinos. There are not a few Filipinos who think that education is synonymous with the ability to speak English.



DURING THE British rule in Burma, English and some vernaculars were used in the schools. English was used as a medium of instruction in certain types of schools while eight native languages were accepted for use in the vernacular schools. After the war, a new system

was organized. The local vernaculars are now used as the media of instruction in the primary grades.

These include the use of Burmese, Shan, Karon, and Chin in their respective territories. The teaching of Burmese is compulsory beginning with Standard IV and constitutes the sole medium in the schools for the English speaking children, and is required as a second language in the secondary school. Burmese and English may be used together during the transition period.

The language problem in Malaya is complicated by the existence of three dominant types of schools supported by their nationals. Since 1946, the Malayan Union and Singapore have adopted a system of free primary education with the mother tongue as the medium of instruction and English as a compulsory subject. In most post-primary schooling ranging from 2 to 7 years, English is used as a medium. There are some exceptions where the mother tongue is also used as the vehicle of instruction in these grades. There is a plan to use Malay as a medium in the non-Malay speaking regions in the post-primary grades. The Chinese community, which represents a large portion of the population, has schools for its children where the Chinese language is the medium. In like

manner the Indian community uses Tamil in the schools for their children.

In the later part of 1951, UNESCO called a conference in Paris on the subject: "The Use of Vernacular Languages as Vehicle of Instruction, Both in School and Out of School, and the Related Problems of Teaching in Languages Other than the Vernacular."

The meeting was attended by experts from different countries which have had some experience and problems on the teaching of the vernaculars. The countries represented were Indonesia, Netherlands, South Africa, France, India, Philippines, Belgium, United States of America, England and Australia.

Meeting for three weeks, the conference prepared a report which could serve as a guide in the adoption of a medium of instruction in countries where several languages are spoken. The following resumé on the use of vernacular as medium of instruction in schools was adopted by the conference:

1. It is important that the child's education should begin with the mother tongue. "Every child is born into a cultural environment; the language is a part and an expression of that environment." He can express his ideas better in the language of his environment.

2. On educational grounds, the Conference recommended that the "use of the mother tongue should be extended to as late a stage in education as possible." The pupils

should begin their education in the language they understand best.

3. Where different languages are spoken in a given community, one of them should be used as medium. If mixed language groups exist, instruction should be given in the language spoken by the majority with the least hardships to the small groups.

4. It is futile to teach reading to children and adults unless there are adequate reading materials.

5. The early training in the mother tongue should "serve as a bridge for learning the second language." The mother tongue lays the founda-

tion of learning as a second language, and of culture.

6. A child needs a second language if he lives in a community which speaks a language different from his own. The teaching of the mother tongue is complicated by the necessity of learning a national language.

7. Learning a world language is desirable because it promotes international understanding and sympathy. The teaching of a world language should take place "while preserving the values of his earlier career." —*Eighth Pacific Science Congress proceedings.*

* * *

Mightier than the Sword

SOME of the greatest writers in history have attacked slavery, but while their reasoned arguments in favour of its abolition convinced the few who read them, they never succeeded in rousing public opinion. Just over a century ago, however, a book appeared which stirred up a whirlwind of anti-slavery agitation in the United States.

Uncle Tom's Cabin more than confirmed the prophecy of a French literary critic of the time who wrote: "It will do more for the freeing of the Negroes than all the speeches and sermons, or all the treaties and crusades have done until now."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the first American writer to conceive a novel with the black man as the hero. Uncle Tom was as kind and God-fearing as Mrs. Beecher Stowe herself, as devoted as the aged servant of Ulysses, as dignified as a Roman senator, and as inspired as a prophet of Israel. He and his people commanded not only affection but admiration, not only pity, but respect.

The contrast between the great-hearted slave and his cruel master brought home the ignominy of the slave system as well as the absurdity of the dogma of racial inequality. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not by itself bring slavery in the United States to an end, but it achieved its author's purpose: "to make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is..."

*

First Man Underground

By JAIME LUCAS

A TALL, strapping man with an unmistakable military bearing despite a bedraggled look and a badly battered face that oozed blood, heard the shrill voice of the Japanese officer pronounce the death verdict. The man was unmoved as he limped back into his cell in the Fort, escorted by two soldiers.

Thus ended the first part of Colonel Emmanuel Baja's life in the underground. The powerful Kempei Tai tried him and found him guilty of espionage and other "acts hostile to the Japanese Imperial Government." Providence willed, however, that his valiant soldier carry on his self-imposed mission of harassing the enemy. For on the 23rd of April, 1943, the Japanese emperor's birthday, he was released with other prisoners in Fort Santiago "through the benevolence of the Emperor."

Colonel Baja's career as saboteur, intelligence man, and pio-

neer guerrilla leader began one day in 1942 when he first contacted his family in Manila after escaping from the Death March. He was in command of the 43rd Regiment under General Vicente Lim at the outbreak of the war. This unit, incidentally, gave a remarkable account of itself in the siege of Bataan, where it held out adamantly against repeated Japanese onslaughts. When the gallant Fil-American army had to give up finally against great odds, Colonel Baja began to plot underground resistance.

Accordingly he seized upon the first opportunity to embark on his task. Finding his way to Lubao, Pampanga, when he was left behind by the Japanese soldier who clubbed him to unconsciousness and left him for dead in the Death March, he managed to sneak into Manila where he started organizing the nucleus of a resistance force.

Colonel Baja's first move was

to establish a transmitting station right in Manila, which blared out anti-Japanese propaganda under the voice of "Juan de la Cruz in the forest." When the youthful operator, Carlos Malonso, and some of his companions were caught and liquidated by the military police, the broadcast had to cease. But Colonel Baja was not implicated.

The Japs meanwhile believed that Colonel Baja was dead. Then propaganda sheet began flooding the country under the title of *Free Philippines*, *Kabayanihan*, *The Avenger*, *Philippine Intelligence*, and *Liberty*, which were actually run on a mimeograph machine installed at the Union Church, right under the nose of the Japs. Not satisfied with these, the intrepid colonel personally contacted intelligence operators in Antipolo where he organized a branch unit to relay intelligence reports to Australia.

The unlucky day came in September, 1942 when a woman operator looking for a transmitter carelessly mentioned the name of Colonel Baja. That started the feverish search for this officer whom the Japs had supposed to be dead. Taking Mrs. Baja to Fort Santiago and subjecting her to the usual tongue-loosening tortures, the Japs succeeded in luring the colonel who deemed it wise to surrender for the sake of his

wife. And that was how Colonel Emmanuel Baja was given the death sentence to end the first chapter of his underground career.

THE second part consists mainly of the return of this officer, figuratively from the dead, to resume his subversive activities undaunted. This time, though, he moved with more caution. He continued publishing anti-Jap papers like the *Philippines Herald* and the *Philippines Free Press*. Then he went to his native province, Cavite, where he organized the Magirog Division under Magno Irugin.

When the puppet Philippine Republic was inaugurated, Colonel Baja had the independence arch burned, and he himself planted American flags in some stores in downtown Manila. The enemy, to put it mildly, was infuriated. Shortly after some members of the Hunter's ROTC and Marking's Guerrillas proposed to make Baja their overall commander after inducting them into the USAFFE, the Kempei Tai arrested him for the second time. He was whisked into Fort Santiago, to the same cell where he first became acquainted with the methods of the conquerors. But this time he was not afraid. Dee pin his heart he knew that he had accomplished his mis-

sion satisfactorily, and death was only a clinching evidence of his triumph. That was in September, 1944.

On October 12, 1944, his wife and five children who were arrested with him, were released. Colonel Baja was left behind. He was never seen again.

There were no survivors of the massacre at the Fort to tell

how this pioneer of the underground movement met his end. But his family and friends who knew him and the unequalled role he played during the enemy occupation love to picture him as one who faced death in the calm, unflinching, and defiant manner with which he took the death verdict of the shrill-voiced Japanese officer way back in 1942.

* * *

Man and Woman

Man is the most elevated of all creatures; woman is the most sublime of all ideals.

God made for man a throne; for woman, an altar. The throne exalts; the altar sanctifies.

Man is the brain; woman, the heart. The brain enlightens; the heart loves. Light illumines; love revives.

Man is the genius; woman an angel. Genius is immeasurable; an angel indefinable. A genius contemplates the infinite; an angel attains the unattainable.

The aspiration of man is supreme glory; the aspiration of woman is extreme virtue. To obtain glory, man does what is grand; to acquire virtue woman does what is divine.

Man has the supremacy; woman the preference. Supremacy signifies strength; preference represents right.

Man is the symbol of heroism; woman, of martyrdom. Heroism ennobles; martyrdom sublimates.

Man is the code; woman, the gospel. The code corrects; the gospel perfects.

Man is the temple; woman, the sacrarium. To the temple, we reveal; to the sacrarium, we kneel.

Man thinks; woman dreams. To think is to recollect the past or to reason the present; to dream is to anticipate the future.

—Victor Hugo

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PABLO PICASSO:

Spain's "Radiant Witness"

By MATHIAS SEGOVIA



Beneath the tortured form, the unevolving soul

WITH THE DEATH of Matisse, Pablo Picasso's is, without question, the world's most respected painterly hand. His career began in 1895 when, at the age of fourteen, he fashioned his sister's portrait. But although he has labored now for sixty years, no one is yet ready to call him the Grand Old Man of painting: because he is ageless.

Not only does Picasso enjoy having his picture taken when he is barechested and still dripping from a swim in the sundrenched Mediterranean; more important, as a painter he has refused to grow old. He despises self-styled artists who still are imitating his earliest style. He himself feels that he has solved various problems in art technique which, therefore, makes pointless their rediscovery by others.

However, his subject matter has remained constant; so that once his subject is realized, the trained viewer can begin to understand the developing depth in "illumination" that this radiant witness of the contemporary scene has made. Then modern art does not seem so alien and private — as it certainly never was intended to be, by Picasso.

There is a school of art — the “non-objective” — which tries earnestly to dissociate the human intellect and passion from the art object. The result is an approximation of pure creation, of design supposedly unrelated to anything — either perceiver or visible objects — outside the painting.

Picasso has been accused of, but never been guilty of, such obscurity. His earliest paintings are simple and eloquent: the marriage of red Spanish soil and the blue firmament at a horizon made by a long golden loaf of bread; or a young boy standing beside a horse, both warm with early life.

With no distortion in form, still these paintings have a vibration reminiscent of the spiritual quality in El Greco's best known canvases. Although Picasso's work has become more complicated in surface and technique, the simple values in these first paintings are implicit in those later ones where he has become an apostle of the dispossessed and makes comments on our shattered humanity.

As a boy, Pablo Picasso was schooled by his father in Spanish art. The greatest obligation towards the past that he learned was not to destroy it by imitation. It is unfortunate that sometimes his continual breaking of new grounds of form has been mistaken for ir-

responsible eccentricity. Even before James Joyce, the Irish writer, had unveiled new associations of words, Picasso was discovering new combinations of color, line and interpretation.

The stroboscopic camera, which records the most minute portions of high-speed action, was hardly known before 1942. Yet the same natural truth, high-speed made visible in its rhythmic components, was hinted at by Picasso in his cubistic paintings of 1910 (ten years after the young man had gone to Paris). Thus he made pictorial his pre-scientific understanding of the workings of matter.

Similarly he tried to represent new notions of time and place in his paintings. Instead of making a portrait reproduce the momentary truth of a face seen with one expression, from one vantage point, his completed portraits often look strange until one realizes that they represent not a single face, but various planes of that face seen from changing and sometimes even opposite angles, at different moments and in different moods. The truth of experience attempted, therefore, has a greater truth than the usual snapshot portrait, although the latter is more immediately recognizable.

However, although Picasso with all his art foresaw much

of science's later knowledge and used his understanding as techniques for composing his pictures, he never thought of himself as a mere annex to applied science. Far from worshipping matter and the machine, he saw the danger to the human spirit of so much materialism — danger to the simple values he once could paint. Consequently, his work became bitterly critical of "the age of material progress." More and more, his agonized forms and armature-shaped bodies came to suggest a world torn heart-from-body by the new worship of the electrical appliance.

After all, the scientist is rare who like Britain's Clark Maxwell, in the nineteenth century, could say: "It is only when we contemplate, not matter in itself, but the form in which it actually exists, that our mind finds something on which it can lay hold." It has taken atomic explosions to make other scientists question the ends of their methods.

Picasso has seen the problem since his childhood, and its persistence has kept him ageless. If his paintings seem abstract, it is because Picasso so often renders man as the abstract creature to which he has been reduced by his material possessions — which now possess him!

PICASSO's first work in Paris, between 1903 and 1905, is usually called his "Blue Period." Someone once tried to explain away this phase by suggesting that Picasso had simply bought too much blue paint and had to use it up! Even if this were true, it would not explain the sunken agony, the barely submerged violence, the pathetic thinness of the faces and figures in this period.

Some of the sketches, especially those of laundresses ironing clothes, repeat a peculiar almost-broken shoulder effect probably borrowed from the drawing (called "Famine") made by William Blake almost a century before. Sometimes the figures are costumed as clowns, but that only increases the burden of irony and pathos. The faces are like sour wounds.

A later example of his same sympathies is "Three Dancers," a 1925 canvas satirizing the "Charleston" dance craze, which it uses to symbolize a whole generation. The frenzied attempts of the 1920's to make drinking parties substitute for lost moral pleasure is caught in the hysterical gyrations of the less-than-human beings pictured.

Perhaps Picasso's most famous painting is the large canvas, "Guernica," commemorating the total destruction of that small town by Franco's Fascist troops in the Spanish Civil War

of the 1930's. The human figures are exploded into grotesque, mutilated remnants of themselves. In their midst die a screaming horse and bull, victims, as if the scene were a parody of Spain's national amusement, the bullfight. A companion painting, "The Slaughterhouse Floor," bears out the accusative nature of the artist who, like an outraged Hamlet, must absent himself from felicity awhile, to tell his truth.

SO FAR is Picasso from being an artist of the abstract, that he has exiled himself from his country because of his hatred of the way it has crippled those simple virtues that he respects. But he can not exile himself from the world, and the condition that

he hates is a world condition. He was among the first to crowd his canvases with primitive (especially African) mask-faces, representing the mysterious, pre-historic forces that move our sub-human emotions. One of his favorite figures is the minotaur, the beast (half-man half-bull) from Greek legends. Like the masks, the minotaur represents the dark labyrinth of man's mind where violence is born.

The light that radiates in Picasso's art is made of the friction between his craft and the hard, simple, lasting moral values evident in his first work. Is it the fault of the light that it makes visible what others have created? Picasso works for truth.

* * *

Young Art

ONCE when Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute began planning a big show of ancient armor, it called on a professional artist to paint some medieval murals. But the professional asked so high a fee that the museum quickly switched to nonprofessionals—15 teen-age art students. Delighted with the assignment, the students boned up on the Middle Ages and set to work painting four giant canvases. In return, Carnegie supplied carfare, food and painting materials. In six weeks the youngsters consumed 24 quarts of paint and more than 100 quarts of ice cream, covered 616 square feet of canvas with castles, jousts and damozels.

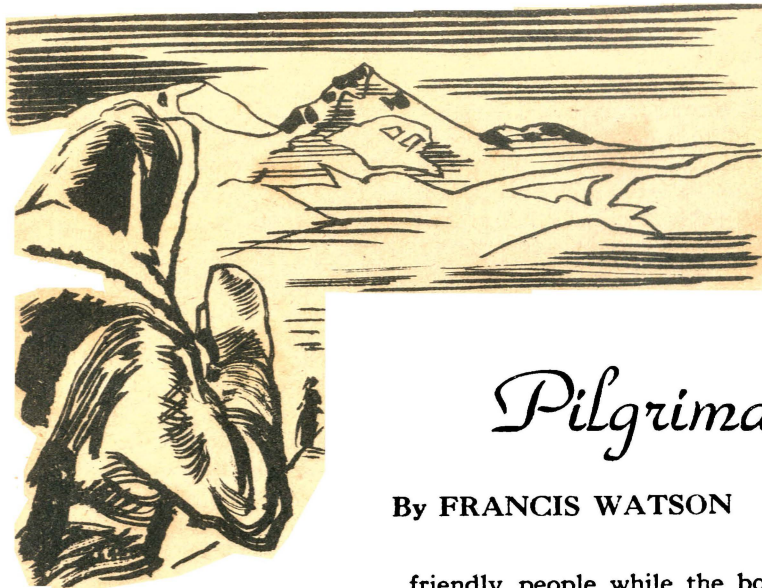
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Panorama Peek



Photo by DERRICK KNIGHT, Shell Photographic Unit, London

"YES, BUT I ONLY BREAK EVEN," the young lady explains, tracing the intricacies of big-time merchandising. "You see these are timid days—the market is bearish, you know."



Pilgrimage

By FRANCIS WATSON

I AM NO mountaineer. In the accounts of Himalayan expeditions, I think the parts I enjoy most are the early chapters, in those delectable regions from say, 6,000 to 12,000 feet which are almost contemptuously called foothills. This is where they acclimatise themselves in a fairly leisurely way, camping beside some cold and sparkling torrent, within sight of a monastery, waiting for stores to come up, fishing, walking, writing their last letters home, making friends with

friendly people while the botanist and the ornithologist and the photographer have a wonderful time.

But I take it that the rigours of the ascent do have something to do with the enjoyment of the view, from the summit. And I doubt if my first sight of the high snows of the Himalayas would have stayed quite so vividly in my mind's eye for the past fifteen years if I did not remember, almost equally clearly, the pilgrimage of which that sight was the end.

I do not mean that I walked, like the holy men with their begging bowls who may take years and years on the road to

Himachal, the throne of the gods. I walked only the last bit of it. After all, even Indian pilgrims get as far as they can by train — with or without ticket. Such discomforts as my journey afforded were not, I hope, embraced out of snobbery. They were not embraced at all. They were just endured, as being necessary to the desire to get as far as possible, and to see as much as possible, on very

to the Snows

slender resources which could be replenished only by sheer hazard.

The luxuries in which I wallowed from time to time in my wanderings about India before the war were nearly always due to hospitality — that sort of unexpected hospitality which in the Arabian Nights descends so dazzlingly upon the fisherman or the wayfarer or the prisoner awaiting execution. For the rest, I was a third-class traveller for the sufficient reason that I was a third-class person — or, if you like, a third-class economic unit.

There is more than one place where that first journey to the mountains might be said to have begun. In one sense it began near Madanapalle, on the

edge of the Mysore State in the South of India, and I think I will choose that now as my starting-point. For it was there that a lean, sunburned man with blue eyes came to the tent where I was living, bringing some mail that had been forwarded to me. He was in Indian dress, but he turned out to be a Dane who had made a home of the simplest kind for himself in the lower Himalayas above Almora.

The place that he described was more than 1,000 miles north, in a straight line, of the piece of ground where we were then both encamped. Emmanuel was not the Dane's real name, but someone gave it to him and it stuck — because before we parted we had become good enough friends for me to have been invited to share his mountain retreat if ever I came that way. That is how things happen in India. Two people without visible means of support can talk of meeting again 1,000 miles away. Even an address is not always necessary. Someone will pass a message on, or you will meet by chance among the moving millions.

AND SO I am no longer sure by what route a postcard got to me two or three months later in a different part of India. But I know that it reached me at precisely the right moment. The postcard said: "Come

where you already are — Emmanuel.” Where I was at that time — I mean in a sense apart from the pleasantly phrased invitation — it was extremely hot. It was high summer. The prickly heat was in my very soul. I looked at Emmanuel’s post-card again and then got out my map.

My own position was somewhere in the middle of that large peninsula which sticks out into the Arabian Sea, north of Bombay, in the shape of an elephant’s ear. Kathiawar, it was called, criss-crossed by the invisible boundaries of hundreds of princely states and well sprinkled with odd characters. I traced out a collusion of small state railways which might get me on the way to Ahmadabad; and from Ahmadabad my map showed a line running up through Rajputana, more or less along the edge of the Thar desert, and finally reaching Delhi.

I calculated I could just about do it by travelling third-class and of course spending the nights in the train. Anyway, it was too hot to eat. At Delhi there would be something left to collect out of a letter of credit I had bought long ago, and from Delhi I could find a way up to where, as Emmanuel had written, I already was. My mind was made up, and I began to pack my bedding roll.

It was from Ahmadabad that the going became a bit rough.



The third-class accommodation, so vital to my program, was full. And anyone who has ever stood on an Indian platform and watched trains knows what that means. It means that there is no room on the footboards either, and probably none on the roof. However, the Indian railways provide small hutches at the end of certain coaches which are known as servant’s compartments. And in one of these I was able to travel on a wooden seat through all one day and the next night, with the bare feet of a more legitimate occupant across my chest.

It occurred to me that if I had crawled piously on hands and knees all the way to the Himalayas I would not have been much more uncomfortable. Here, for what it was worth, was my bed of nails.

AT LAST I arrived in Delhi and soon rented a small room in a Hindu hotel in the

main bazaar, where life went on below me day and night. It was my first visit to a city that I later came to know well, and that first memory is of a mirage of ancient tombs and towers, seen with aching eyes through a summer dust-storm.

Another night in another train, and then from the railroad in the foothills the country bus that snakes its way up through woods of rhododendrons to the pines and the deodars, up and down and around as the scenery grows more majestic, the singing driver more carefree and the passengers more sick. But there is air at last, cool mountain-air, and the choking dust is left behind, shrouding the plains below.

The road up to Almora winds and loops and soars and plunges for 79 miles to achieve a crow's flight distance of about 25 miles: and the journey in that happily racketing bus takes a good part of the day.

It was a stage of my pilgrimage that I enjoyed: not least the midway pause in a valley, beside an eating-house built largely of old oil-cans, where over purees and vegetables and sweet tea I talked to another passenger, a Sikh who turned out to be a traveller in sports goods.

The marvellous, after all, is a proper element of pilgrimage, and during the rest of the journey I listened to a long story

from another fellow-traveller, of a holy man who lived in a cave near to my destination, and of a she-bear who had fallen in love with him.

NO BEARS accosted me on the final climb through the woods on foot in search of Emmanuel's cottage. On that first night in the mountains I was awakened once by the hoarse cry of the little barking deer. In the morning, when I went out to look around me, a cuckoo was calling. Pale hills rippled gently away into slate-blue mist on one side of the ridge. On the other the pine-trunks were like pencil-strokes against a parchment sky. Two thousand feet below, the terraced fields were dry and yellow. The high snows that I had promised myself were — nowhere at all.

But the nights were blessedly cool, and the days were what I thought high summer should be like before I had been grilled on the Indian grid-iron. Our food was simple and suited to our joint income. The tea and the tin cheese that I had brought were the nearest things to luxury. Just to relax the limbs and the mind was wonder enough.

Each day, I could lie on my back and stare at the sky.

From great distances you could hear a grass-cutter's song, or the flute of a herdsman. Sometimes when night had fal-

len we took out a gramophone and let the magic of Beethoven's last quartets brood over the darkness. I had almost forgotten that I had come all that way to worship snow-peaks.

One day we strapped our bedding on our backs and set off for a higher point along the ridge — Binsar. It was an easy climb of about eight miles, along sandy paths strewn with fallen petals of rhododendrons, through the woods pierced with swords of sunlight, and smelling of resin, and loud with the continual chorus of the cicadas that I can hear at this moment as I remember it.

We arrived on the edge of a thunderstorm — not severe at that point, but away to the northwest I could see the torn clouds emptying themselves. Afterwards, about sunset, it seemed to me that the clouds had taken so distinct a form that I drew Emmanuel's attention. I did not really think I could believe it if he told me: but yes! — those were the mountains: incredibly, impossibly outlined half-way up the sky. I cannot describe or explain the excitement and happiness with which I lay down to sleep that night. But I know that my world had been enlarged.

IN THE morning I was up at a quarter to five and started at the first lifting of the dawn. A grey mist hung over

the hills and valleys. But far above it — now that I knew where to look — I saw again that rigid outline of peaks, dark against the faint luminosity of the sky. And instead of vanishing with the daylight they brightened at length to the distant gleam of snow: and remained thus till midday, hung there in the sky, the same blue below them and marking their shadows as above them.

Somewhere in its hazy depths this pattern of white upon blue was based on eternal rock, the solid rim of everything. And that, in imagination, is the difference between the Himalayas and all other mountains. They are the edge, the end, the ultimate. It is no good arguing that they can be climbed or crossed, that great rivers flow north from them to the Arctic sea.

On other visits to those hills, I watched that range of snow peaks, Nanda Devi, Nanda Kot, Trisul, move nearer every day through the bright air. But still I gave no thought to Tibet or Sinkiang beyond them.

To the pilgrim from the plains of Hindustan that is how it must be. The snows are the source of the life-giving rivers, the home of the eternal forces, the end of the journey. And once you have made the journey, nothing is quite the same again.—From *The Listener*, September 1954.

*A Rock, a flower
and the Heart*



By VICENTE SAN PEDRO, Jr.

IT WASN'T at all, in the beginning, a sudden flower. The heart then was a rock, so self-contained. Here was a rock, feelings it possessed, no thoughts. Rain fell, sun burned, wind passed . . . But the rock, a hardened rock, what if like any other thing, it was weathered. Sooner or later at one time or another, something, be it of things living or of non-living, is forgotten. And the heart was a rock. It was this way:

There was the ice factory to manage, motors and machines to attend to, sales to increase and keep from falling beyond profit, there were the men to be supervised. Father, after a passing question about how things were in the family, would start business conference, reminding me of the many things that were to be done in the factory. I was the eldest and it fell upon me, the task of managing the factory. Father had other business concerns in another city where he kept residence. The factory was practically our main support. My kid brothers were all schooling too. Mother had decided to leave the factory in my hands.

With me, if it wasn't the factory I was attending to, it was school. I had a year more before that mechanical engineer degree. I had lost a year already, and the way things were going I couldn't afford to fail one subject, flunk the course. Evenings past twelve I would still be up, if not going over the day's report from the factory, reading and solving school problems. Sometimes when I could not sleep, I would take a short stroll to the factory; I would stand compelled by the hum and drone of the living motors; then I would suddenly feel that I was not whole, that there was something I was missing, something I vaguely felt would complete me somehow.

In school I had time for other things. There were friends one could not refuse, friends with whom going with, would give respite to the mind soaked in study and work at the same time. And there were also girls. Most of my friends who stayed in the quonset cottage dormitory had their girls. I had my camera. It was a hobby. I took colored pictures, even bought a projector and screen. I was one for picture-taking on Sundays I took shots of buildings, flowers and hills and mountains. But there wasn't any girl most beautiful for capturing in a colored picture. Or so I thought, believed, until it came to pass one Sunday:

A girl one of my friends had invited forgot all about the picnic and went out somewhere that Sunday morning. My resourceful friend Lito invited another. The girl who was also a friend of the girl who forgot to remember about the picnic invited another girl to come along since it was Sunday and there wasn't much of anything to do in the Old Girls' dorm.

And then there was Flora. Flora whose footsteps touched a rock, stepped on it and rolled it down into disturbing waters. Simple Flora, simple flower. Her name slept and woke upon my excited lips.

I projected her pictures many times, and yet it wasn't enough to see her in stillness from a celluloid upon a crystal-powdered screen, light throwing her by a beaming stirring beam that were from my eyes.



No pictures of mine could do justice to the color of her pear-shaped face, nor to the smile that was at once poetry no poet could ever so really capture in words, nor to the stillness of the slim porcelain body which held her heart as yet unknown and still unknowing although already seen and seeing.

WE SAW each other many times. She was staying in the old dormitory. There were her Chinese-eyes, Chinese in every way, made more so by such demure lights as were in them each time she blushed and looked away because I had just then told her, again, what I had so often, felt for her. Many times her small eyes greatly forced me to silence with their silence. She was also a Chinese flower, not a Chinese rose, but a lotus whose very presence drugged me beyond the present to the beautiful doors of Someday. Thus it was: A flower broke a rock. It was like another life breaking away a heart to complete it. And I knew that if I were to be whole it would be by this flower. Flora, I said, complete me.

But she would not speak out what she felt for me in her own heart of hearts. Gestures, so I learned, could tell more than words could ever mean. Costly gifts I bought for her I bought, thinking they could somehow measure to her how much she meant. Such measures were futile to the immeasurable feeling I had for her. Who could ever measure Love with things material?

I longed to be with her, to see her often.

There was that time she went to her hometown. It was summer. I knew they were not as well-to-do as my friends thought I was. It was a big old semi-concrete house I saw. It reminded you of those old Spanish houses untouched by time and decay, preserving its largeness in spite of things modern. We had a little misunderstanding a week before and I had to put myself at ease. So I went there. But she had left. Her family was very hospitable. Flora's eldest sister Ating knew who I was and what I wanted to be to Flora, someday. Leaving their place I knew that it wasn't only the house that revealed the people in them, but the people themselves. And Flora's folks were deeply rich, I then discovered. I could be happy with them.

ANOTHER year. There was a barn dance in school. It was the first time Flora and I were alone together in a dance, though our other friends were there. Dancing to *From Here to Eternity*, I said she will have a ring from me, and would she wear it? She said it wasn't the time yet. *Not yet the time*. How my heart danced and sang to those words. My desperate heart believed she meant an informal Yes. How blame the heart so desperate for light, blame it for seeing in those words told tenderly an answer unspoken.

We went to concerts in school, we listened to lectures, attended Mass in the campus chapel, met and dined in the Sincere. But things were indefinite, vague; I wanted to know from her where my heart stood in her concern and feelings. One afternoon asking her if she would like to go out she said I could go if I wanted to. I left shamed and angered, I left saying: If you don't want to, I'm going. And I left with a bitter heart, left suddenly. In engineering, things are sup-

posed to be exact, and I wanted definite answers from her. Yes or no. With me I had nothing to be vague about, I didn't beat around the bush. It was like fixing up a motor, to find its ill and then to fix it up at once. It was like solving a problem, to know what procedures were to be followed and then to follow them towards solution. But there would always be errors, slip of the mind, slip of the tongue, carelessness and lack of concentration. Never had I apologized for something that wasn't my fault at all. But to her I had to bow, to ask excuse for my impulsive words. I owned all the fault that had hurt me.

And then, like sunlight breaking at last from a tangled spool of darkness in the skies there, was her familiar smile. We were at the Sincere. We had ordered our food, our friends were with us, the boys were minding their own girls. Flora was at the refrigerator. I felt lonely for her. There was a thirst in my heart. I wanted her to be near, wanted myself to be near her. I was looking down on the table, trying not to envy the boys. I did not see Flora coming. All I saw was a part of her arm, the tender hand giving me a drink without speaking a word. I drank of that gesture and my heart was filled and overflowed with the universal glow that came from the knowledge that a heart cared. *Flora, Flora, cares*, my heart sang. And then again she made me feel she didn't care at all:

First there was the dance at the dorm where she was staying. She said she wouldn't go although I hoped she would change her mind. I had promised my friends I would attend the party with them. Stag. How about a picnic? I told Flora. I learned from Rene she had intended to go to the province that Saturday afternoon she was still in the dorm. I had told her I would see her Saturday afternoon. So she didn't leave for the province and that I took for a sign of her concern. Yes, she would go to the picnic, just a picnic for friends. I was giving it for her. But she changed her mind three days before the Sunday we were supposed to hold the picnic. This time she was going to the province. If she had to go then she had to go. But let me accompany you, I said. I wanted to because I wanted to tell her folks about us. "No! no!" she said protestingly, "I'm ashamed." Her objections cut through my heart. It shocked me so to hear her object. Only then did I realize that I had taken many things for granted. I had no more patience. I begged for a moment with her. But begging was of no use. "Must you always hurt me?" she said and left the visiting hall. The only thing her words meant to my mind was that I was such a pain in the neck for her. That I better get lost. I wrote her a farewell note composed with trembling tears, knowing I would never unlove her in my heart, knowing I didn't wish to let her go, be lost away from me.

She read the letter I handed her the day before she left. She stood up slowly; my visit was over by her act; I watched her go while my heart dumbly, mutely protested. I saw her suddenly running quickly even before she reached the portion separating the corridor to the girl rooms from the hall; I remembered her running away suddenly, turning her face away, suddenly. But I had already given her a gift, a heart-shaped brooch.

It was Josie who told me the next Monday that Flora wore the brooch. If her act of running away the last time had confused many things in my mind, her wearing my gift cleared everything up. I couldn't wait to see her. Again my heart began to sing.

AND THEN there were evenings out with friends. We went to chapel together, we were together at the *Sincere* again. It filled me deeply with glow to be with her. The gang arranged meetings. One evening we went to the city and saw a festival on ice. We sat together. It was enough that we were together, watching and laughing at the ice-skaters.

One day we went to see a movie with our friends and their partners. And there was her hand. We were sitting next to each other. My hand sought hers. Her hand wanted to move away from my grip. How soft was Flora's hand at last, a shy soft hand as soft as a small dove wanting to fly. I could feel her hand blushing so, but so did mine! And yet she had not said the word that would confirm the gestures of her hand in mine, yet was there really a need for such a word? Why should the heart demand confirmations when gestures were all the affirmations of what the heart contained? Still I was to demand and demand the spoken answer.

Now it was she who was rock of ice no amount of hot words could melt. Yet when I looked at her deeply I saw in her my image, although it wasn't my old image. I had changed so much. Many ways:

I had not used my camera for so long a time. I was working harder. I attended to the ice factory with greater concern. I studied and stayed up late at night, kept awake by this lotus flower which moved my mind beyond the immediate days ahead, days that were only of moments of being together, visiting her, walking together in the campus, going out together with friends, hearing her speak, seeing her pear-shaped face, her Chinese eyes unique. The constant image was of a home, Flora sitting beside me, and a silence that held all our memories of school and of the times *when we were still young*. I would be in that image with her for a long time. Then I would speak her name as if she were in the room, as if the image were a reality. But it was not, it was never so. The only thing real was that it was evening, that there was stillness all over the world gone to sleep, and the fact that I was still up remembering that we would see each other the next day.

THE SUN had just lowered itself behind the roof of the Administration building and upon the campus there had just descended a coolness and quiet broken by the passing of few buses. We were walking slowly on the rise of the quadrangle where the Cadena de Amor festival was being rehearsed. The rehearsals had just been finished. Graduation was but a few weeks ahead.

"I'll teach in the hometown," Flora said, "or if Ating desires I'll take Masters."

"Take Masters, Flor," I said encouragingly, "I have a year more before I walk up that stage and receive a rolled sheet of paper which would be a diploma."

"It's really up to Ating, she sends me to school, you know," she spoke. "We're not like you who could afford many, many things."

"Must that matter between us?"

"I don't know," she said, "but it does, doesn't it?"

"I don't know," I said. "Does it? does it matter to you?"

"Yes," she said, "promise me you won't get offended."

"How can I promise," I said, "I'm already offended."

"Then forgive me," she said, "but are you sure of yourself?"
hardly heard her voice.

"I had been sure of myself a long time ago," I said.

We came to the road. We were going to walk all the way to the Sincere. We had agreed on that. But I wished we were just going to walk on and on together towards the mountains and keep walking with all the time in the world for being together. But I wanted to know if she would agree to that.

"And you, Flor," I said looking at the deep blue mountains ahead, "aren't you sure of yourself until now?"

"I'm frightened," she said.

"By what?"

She lifted her face. "I'm graduating, I'll go back to the province, maybe teach there. People change."

"How could I ever change now?"

"Why couldn't you?" she said. "Have you any reason why you couldn't?"

"Only one reason," I said, "You." I looked at her; she was looking at the faraway mountains, and there was a smile flowering from her lips. It wasn't at all like any other of her smiles, it wasn't at all a sudden flower of a smile. Before it ever bloomed secretly from herself it seemed it had been something lodged deeply within her heart, like a tiny rock so self-contained until I told her she was the only reason why I couldn't change.

NOW HER smile flowered fully, but she could not keep it to herself. I had just seen it, felt it. And it was only for me. My hand moved. I did not see it moving. I glanced at her. She was looking at the deep blue mountains. The mountains seemed so near. And it was no longer my hand alone that had moved alone. It had met another holding and being held in another while we kept on walking close together.

"Promise," she said, "promise."

I promised, pressing her hand; we could go anywhere through flowers, rocks and the heart of the mountains.

* * *

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

—Francis Bacon

*

The Truth About the Tropics

*Under the tropical sun,
all men are the same:
they must toil and sweat*

HUMAN LAZINESS is partly responsible for the myth that dark-skinned persons are more suited to life in hot places than are the light-skinned. Very often fiction treats the tropics as a place where people of the latter complexion deteriorate rapidly, their moral and physical energy being sapped by the intemperate climate. But that is fiction only . . . and a hold-over from colonialism and fear of lost prestige.

It is mistaken and sometimes even injurious to believe that

physical labor, because it brings on sweat, is beneath any man's dignity. According to Dr. W. S. S. Ladell, the term "tropical" has come to have a psychological rather than a geographical or climatic meaning. People do not complain more of tropical fatigue in Rio de Janeiro than in Bahrein (on the Arabian peninsula). Yet Rio is within the tropics and Bahrein outside!

The process of heat production and loss is standard in all human bodies. The harder man works, the more heat he naturally produces. In warm climates the body has a special problem, in ridding itself of this excess heat. To do so, the outer tissues on the skin's surface warm up to the temperature inside the body. Blood flowing into the skin makes it flushed and hot. Cooler air passing over the skin removes some of this heat.

However, when the outside temperature rises to 88°F., a man cannot get rid of the heat made by body combustion unless he is completely naked and inactive. Otherwise, the man's temperature will increase. Then he can be rescued only through evaporation of sweat. As the water produced by the sweat glands evaporates from the skin, it absorbs heat that could not otherwise pass into the air from the body.

SWEATING is natural — and healthy. It becomes the body's safety outlet when excessive clothing or an inadequate flow of air over the skin fails to lower the body temperature. Or the presence of extra heat may be caused by the working muscles. Twice as much heat is produced when walking at two m.p.h. as when sitting quietly. By wearing suitable clothing, by refraining from direct contact with the sun, and by avoiding work a man will not sweat. But — to be able to produce what is needed to sustain life in the tropics, man must be *willing* to sweat.

Whatever encourages laziness leads to economic imbalances, dirt and disease — which, of course, will themselves encourage laziness in time; and the circle is complete. "It is dirt, disease and malnutrition that kills in the Tropics," Dr. Ladøll has said, "not the climate."

Physiological tests show that a man from a temperate climate reacts badly, at first, to work in great heat. When blood vessels enlarge near the skin, blood is drained from other parts of the body. The man's heart races and he may vomit or faint. Sweat is slow in starting. However, with practice, the body learns to compensate for the enlarged blood vessels by making more blood. The man sweats sooner and more freely, and is considered "acclimatized."

Surprisingly, tests on Asian and African men of the tropics have shown that these people often have not been fully acclimatized! The cause lies in the native's occasional refusal to work hard in the heat. He takes no exercise, moves slowly, catnaps frequently, and avoids sweating. The immigrant, however, accustoms himself to hard work and play in the heat, and so he is better acclimatized than the locally-born because he gives his body a chance.

Sometimes, of course, the immigrant sees all around him men cultivating inactivity. Assuming that the native of a place knows best, the immigrant too may begin to work short hours and take a long midday sleep, breaking his day.

Physiologically, it is best to replace water lost through sweat, by drinking while one works. But again, local custom, ignorant of the truth, may frown on the practice. Instead, men try to make up for their water deficiencies at one sitting, at night. Since water is dull to the taste, however, cola drinks or even alcoholic drinks are substituted — and usually in excess since the body meanwhile has been weakened. Possibly the best tropical settlers, therefore, according to Dr. Ladøll, are Moslems forbidden by their religion to touch alcohol.

SALT LOSSES through sweat must also be repaid, to avoid grave disorders. Man needs at least half an ounce, of common salt in hot climates, daily. If the laborer or even the average layman restores salt and water to his body, he can exert useful effort and sweat at will.

A tropical community needs to and can work as hard as it would in a temperate climate. Hard work increases food production and erases local dis-

eases caused by malnutrition and slovenliness. Cattle cannot sweat well and have to rest for half the day, to prevent overheating. But men are not cattle; they do have sweat glands and therefore can bear the brunt of a day's work before taking a nap. Only when a community has proven its willingness to sweat can it afford such extravagant luxuries as improving its local climate by air-conditioning.

* * *

CONRAD AND MAUGHAM

IN THE novels of Joseph Conrad (Lord Jim, Victory, etc.) often the tropical Pacific islands or the heart of Africa where the deterioration of his Westerners takes place signify not so much a climatic condition as a moral condition of human nature. Conrad's interest is in man's discovery of himself separate from his native culture and national environment. Thus he isolates his characters from their original homes, letting them find their souls in alien lands.

Imitators of Conrad, however, like Somerset Maugham, either falsely picture the tropics as a paradise (Moon and Sixpence) or a place where no European can protect himself from heat, alcohol and loose morality (Rain).

*

*This Barangay**

By LEONARD CASPER

In a primitive democracy, life and decay

THE FIRST novel of Juan Laya, *His Native Soil*, looked on while a young Filipino too long absent in a foreign land rediscovered home and the roots of the self. The theme of *This Barangay*, published ten years later, also involves a return, redemption through a heritage sometimes forgotten, the tribal now becoming the communal spirit.

Because of Laya's persistent attempts to revitalize the past, it is not easy to understand his comment on *His Native Soil*: ". . . the author gets uneasy and bored whenever people mention the novel, for it is of the past, and there is too much present and a little future left to attend to." Perhaps this is only a case of premonition; perhaps it shows how present even the past had to be, to interest Laya. There is something of that sensing of the vital *passing* moment in *This Barangay*, a quality which both excites and occasionally confuses.

"Barangay" is the name that schoolmaster Emilio Veloria and his bride Nena want to give to the cluster of guerrilla huts in the Pangasinan hills. Because Emilio has a head as well as shoulders, he is made barrio lieutenant of the young settlement. His most immediate problem is to restrain Tony and Itong, two hotheads, whom he prevents from assassinating Atty. Benig, neighboring puppet mayor. Although Emilio's father was killed by Benig's brother during a tenant-hacendero scuffle not long before, Benig himself has just saved Nena from the Japanese invaders.

* J. C. Laya. *This Barangay*. Manila: Inang Wika Publishing Co., 1950.

Then he is free to solve the daily dilemmas of the barangay. He assigns one hour of guard duty and two hours of community labor to everyone except rich Mr. Sabias, who hires a substitute. He spends his own savings on tetanus serum. Nena has to run a store. Finally, he trains the men to use bows and arrows, for defense and for hunting. Emilio gives himself so wholly to the present work, that he seems easily to forget the past, especially the murder of his sister Lily by the Japanese.

GRADUALLY trouble infiltrates: Lt. Aldecoa, suspected deserter from USAFFE, who is finally told by Emilio to leave, for talking against the American army; and Filipino bandits. Through a warning from Atty. Benig, the barangay captures the weapons from the bandit gang during a raid, and then gives Benig sanctuary. One of the community, Pidiong, courts Josefina, another refugee recovering before she passes on to Manila.

Later Japanese soldiers are ambushed after degrading an old woman in the market. Benig dies, killing his own brother Innong, the traitor. There are terrible reprisals; yet the guerrillas continue to fight not just for their safety but, as one Filipino says, for their dignity as a people. However, when Lt. Aldecoa returns, claiming authority as an army officer, they surrender their guns to him. He turns out to be a bandit, and is killed with an ax in a neighboring town, while attempting rape.

For a while, things go well in the barangay. A school is organized, with a practical curriculum in which books play only a secondary role. Their weapons are restored; they celebrate the rice harvest. When Sabias is robbed and Emilio's house burned by bandits, the whole barangay helps the latter rebuild. Sabias, who cannot live a poor man, kills himself; but Josefina lets Pidiong accompany her to Manila, Emilio learns he will have a child, and at the end defeated but strong Filipinos and Americans from Bataan come to reinforce their numbers. The barangay now has the resources for survival.

For all its realistic detail, Laya's novel like Emilio himself often misdirects its devotion. As barrio lieutenant, Emilio pays less and less attention to his wife so that he seems to be the last one to know that she is going to have a child. The promise of birth at the novel's end is a sentimental device to support

the other suddenly-fashioned symbols of hope, to allow the book a triumphant ending even though its action has barely begun.

As a matter of fact, there is no sign that Emilio has learned to understand himself or his relation with his wife; so that the concluding note of achievement is a false note. The truth is that, as he is presented, Emilio is not a man of ideas but of certain aptitudes. He has a teacher's knack for organization, without having a man's four-chambered heart. One by one he puts aside his sister, his father, his wife: while he builds the barangay. Yet the author holds Emilio up for emulation.

THE NOVEL suffers from a major indecisiveness on Laya's part. He seems unable to decide where the center of his story should lie: with Emilio the person or with the community concept represented by the barangay. That a group, without leader or spokesman, can be the "hero" of fiction has been demonstrated by Ignacio Silone's *Fontamara* or Jean Giono's *Unless the Corn Dies*. Laya's choice here, however, is to treat Emilio with special importance, so that the theme of civic spirit can emerge only when Emilio sacrifices his family to it. No real adjustment of self to family and family to society is indicated. By novel's end, the barangay has improved the safety of its members without their having grown in dignity.

Whenever Emilio's feelings are exposed, the author expresses them with the false lyricism of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bells Toll*. Statesman and Virginia Fe, other leading characters, seem to have just stepped off the matinee vaudeville stage: Mr. Muscles and Miss Swimming Pool of 1942.

Perhaps this occasional retreat to personality betrays a shyness on Laya's part to accept wholly his own revived and sentimental notion of the barangay. Perhaps for nationalistic reasons — encouraged by his subject: survival in wartime — Laya has relied on an old heritage which, however, is not really adequate to express his own ideal society. (His story of the community school, *Little Democracies of Bataan*, was published only a year later.) At best, a barangay can be called a *primitive* democracy. Actually it is too feudal, too tribalistic, too centralized in authority and power to compare with *enlightened* democracy. However, because these contradictions, these maladjustments between self and society linger in certain Filipino customs and laws, Laya is not to be judged alone

for being unable to make, even fictionally, the society that his mind and heart must have sought so strenuously.

The resultant confusion in novel structure is shown also in *This Barangay's* over-reliance on melodramatic skirmishes with the Japanese and with bandits, despite Emilio's early realization that disease is by far the worst enemy of the barangay. Consequently, although the separate incidents are often exciting (Lt. Aldecoa's peculiar off-stage death is exceptional), the novel as a whole gives the impression of being episodic (the numerous arbitrary divisions are disturbing), a series of undirected climaxes and therefore more like a retouched diary than a well-formed novel. It demands a sequel. Laya's command of language and scenic drama improved greatly between *His Native Soil* and *This Barangay*. A third novel might have shown mastery of characterization and of full-length structure.

* * *

Hot and Cold Chile

WITH "its head burning in the tropical sun, while its feet are freezing," Chile is one of the longest countries in the world—2,800 miles, or more than half the entire length of the Latin American continent. In width, however, it rarely exceeds 200 miles—and in places less than 40 miles.

The vast, dry desert region in the north of the country is the source of Chile's greatest source of wealth—nitrates. In fact, rain in Chile's Atacama desert would wash away the world's largest nitrate deposits. Nitrates are used mainly to produce fertilizers, but they give a number of important by-products, especially iodine, of which Chile produces 75 per cent of the world's needs.

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AMADOR DAGUIO:

Pomelo, Betel Nut, and Singing Cicadas

LATELY, when Amador Daguió began to retype his collected works, he was astounded to find how much he had written even during his "absenteeism," the years that he refused to be published. Although the Philippines sometimes has forgotten him and needs to be reminded that he was not among the casualties in Japanese time, he has long spoken well for and of his country. Few Filipinos have written so powerfully, in so many forms and dialects, of personal experiences in all parts of the archipelago.

Born an Ilocano, Daguió grew up in the Mountain Province where his father, as member of the PC, helped to bring order to the Kalinga tribes. (For his Master's thesis at Stanford in 1952, Daguió translated the epic harvest songs of the Kalingas into English verse). He himself learned a love for adventure early. At the age of four he "ran away to school." From his first mountain top he

*With summer as its cradle,
his spirit is well housed*

dreamed of fruitful valleys, where insects sang to the flowers; after a vacation in the Ilocos, he could not forget the sea. These youthful idylls he wrote into his novel, *The Cradle of Summer*.

In 1924, when his father moved to Makati, Rizal, he began to write Whitmanesque free verse in high school and became, in time, class poet despite his poverty. When his slippers wore out, he went barefoot to school.

To earn tuition for the University of the Philippines, Daguió worked as a caddy, a houseboy, and a street-car ticket seller. Although he could not afford to be a university cadet, he did manage to get his Ph.B. in four years and to win all the

important poetry and prose contests. Besides, he was reporter for the *Collegian*, associate editor of the *Literary Apprentice*, and technical editor of the annual.

IN COLLEGE, Daguio studied with an Australian professor, himself a creative writer—T. Inglis Moore. When the 17-year old boy had an offer from *Poetlore* in America, to publish his poetry, it was Moore who advised him to work for perfection instead. Meanwhile, Moore had his verses printed in the *Sydney Bulletin*; and, according to A. V. H. Hartendorp, editor of the *Philippine Magazine*, even as a student Daguio was already one of the most distinguished writers in English.

During the early depression years, Daguio returned to the Mountain Province to heal, after hemorrhages. Later he taught in the Lubuagan and Banko elementary schools. Then he had an assignment at the southern tip of the archipelago, in the Bukidnon Agricultural high school. Here he began to write his celebrated love poems to a certain "J." (Sometimes he has felt compelled to live up to his name, "Amador"; at other times, he has only given women the pleasure that he knows they take from men's flattery. His half-comic stances, however, usually

hide a serious, often sentimental, and deeply considerate self. Especially during the birth of his son Danny did he learn to "lean hard on God's right arm.")

After a stint as textbook writer in the Bureau of Education in 1937, he was transferred to Zamboanga Normal School. Immediately he took the quiet shores, the moth orchids, and a girl named Estela to his heart. ("One does not write poetry to a poem," he says of his wife. However, claiming that Estela has descended from Moslem royalty, he wants to write a book about her ancestry.) In Zamboanga his first volume of poetry was completed.

Just three months before the war's outbreak, Daguio moved to Leyte Normal School. Not only did he serve as intelligence officer under Col. Juan Causing in the underground; but he also organized the Tacloban Theater Guild. Among the plays acted were his own *Prodigal Son* and *Filipinas*. The latter play actually produced the Philippine flag at a time when to do so was illegal. When the Japanese threatened to kill him unless certain patriotic lines were discarded, he merely put them into the mouth of a soldier suffering from combat fatigue who immediately was knocked down by another soldier. The show went on; the flag went up.

Out of the war years, also, came Daguio's second volume

of poetry, *Bataan Harvest* and a novel, *The House of My Spirit*. The latter nostalgically recalls the struggle endured by Daguió's parents in raising thirteen children, three of them dying in the malarial region of Taga, Tabuk, Kalinga.

Even while he taught at the Normal School, he helped to establish two private colleges in Leyte. Then, in 1951, he went to Stanford where, besides being awarded his Master's degree in English, he studied creative writing in Wallace Stegner's workshop. Many times, having sent shoes to his wife and toys to his son, he was dead broke. Still the door to his room stayed open, day and night, and he always kept on hand boxes of breakfast cereal and slippery Chinese noodles for visitors.

When he no longer could afford movies, he taught himself to paint with borrowed oils and brushes. Because Daguió developed a habit of losing himself in crowds, his friends sometimes were afraid to take him along to San Francisco. But his good humor and farfetched advice solved many a fellow student's problem by making him relax.

WHEN Daguió tried to return to Leyte, his sense of adventure took him instead to Manila where other writers had long been waiting for his company. In quick succession Daguió became chief of the editorial board of the Public Affairs Office, in the Department of National Defense; passed the bar in 1954, becoming the lawyer he had always hoped to be (to restore his father's family farm); saw his best poems included in *Six Filipino Poets* (1955); and became PRO for the President's Peace Amelioration Fund Commission.

Ahead are still more plans: collecting tribal songs; representing the Mountain Province in Congress; staging his plays in Manila . . . any one of these would satisfy the ordinary man. But Amador Daguió is not an ordinary man. Despite his unending restlessness, he likes to think that his real ambition is to be a violinist or a barber in a small barrio far away from noise and politics where he can write quietly and raise his children. For all his practical success, essentially Daguió is a dreamer.

* * *

Increasing your knowledge is like bringing a bright light into the darkness; the brighter the light, the greater the circumference of the circle of darkness. You realize more and more what you don't know.

—Edgar Dale

A Man, a Mouse and Millions

The amazing story of Mr. Disney

NEXT TO the Coke bottle, the best-known figure in the world to come out of an American's drawing board is a little rodent with a squeaky voice as familiar to the executive on Wall Street as to the farmer's son in Central Luzon—Mickey Mouse.

That such a character could command so big an attention from people like Franklin D. Roosevelt, who never missed a single daily strip, and to the bosses of the Kremlin, who ordered a sketch of him smuggled out of the U.S. to duplicate for an anti-American propaganda film, is not so much a tribute to the universality of the human funny bone as it is to the genius of a once starving cartoonist, Walter Elias Disney.

Walt Disney was born in Chicago's North Side, the fourth of five children. When he was about five, the family moved to a little Missouri town, where the older Disney bought a paper route for the boys and soon had them tossing bundles on the neighbor's porches. It was during this daily stint that Walt came across an old man who gave him a dollar for drawing

the picture of a horse. Right then and there he made up his mind to become "an artist."

Between the morning and afternoon editions, Walt managed to sneak in a few hours in school, most of which were spent snoozing on his desk or doodling figures on the margin of his arithmetic book.

In due time the family was back in Chicago and Walt got himself a job as gateman on the Wilson Avenue elevated. It was then that he got bitten by the camera bug. This failed to raise a real welt in him for his attention was soon drawn to a more exciting preoccupation — driving an ambulance in France with the American Expeditionary Forces under Pershing.

WHEN IT was all over, Walt got back in time to get an artist's job in an advertising company doing animated advertisements which are shown in the downtown moviehouses. The job paid \$35 a week, but Walt quit in a few months after having decided that those few months have given him enough know-how to set up a studio of his own.

Four cartoon features later Walt found himself without a penny in his pocket. His backer walked out on him and all that he had left were a few mice that had the whole run of the vacant studio. To fill his days Walt would catch some of them, place them in a small cage and spend hours on end playing with them on his drawing board.

One of these rodents displayed a kind of indifference to incarceration, a trait which is strange even in a rat. Walt made him the trusty of his desk and gave him the name Mortimer. The cartoonist soon got tired of this sport. He moved to Hollywood with his brother and in an abandoned real estate office started anew in the cartoon business. In four years they ground out 24-cartoon series called *Alice in Cartoonland* and 52 shorts about *Oswald the Rabbit*.

The cartoons took four weeks to produce and sold for only \$750, with the result, says Walt, that "there were many a week when Roy (his brother) and I ate one square meal a day — between us."

In 1927, Walt had an argument with his financial backers so he was once again forced to go out of business. It was then that he decided to take a long-postponed vacation. This was no real respite, however, for he spent most of his waking hours thinking up of a new cartoon

character.

On a train trip he remembered Mortimer, the little mouse who used to keep him company in his old barn of a studio in New York.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "Mortimer Mouse!"

"Not Mortimer," Mrs. Disney ney butted in. "Why not Mickey Mouse?"

WHEN THE train chugged into Los Angeles, the first sketches of the soon-to-be-best-known animal in the world were tucked safely in Walt Disney's pocket. In a few months, the first of the Mickey Mouse cartoons, *Plane Crazy*, roared into the public's heart. The applause that greeted this mouse drowned out the new dimension added to motion pictures — sound.

In the months that followed, the Walt Disney studios made a Mickey Mouse cartoon every month. The staff grew from 20 to 50 to 150 (Disney Productions, Inc. now employs almost 1,500). Disney received dozens of dazzling offers but he turned them all down. With a foresight rarely witnessed in 28-year old young men, he drew long range plans, all of which are now paying off in larger dividends.

Disney not only introduced new situations to the cartoon business. He also brought in revolutionary innovations, such as combining live figures with car-

toon characters, as he did in *Tres Caballeros* and *Song of the South*. All of these, of course, came after the unprecedented success of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, the first full length cartoon feature, which was followed by *Pinochio*, *Dumbo* and *Bambi*. Walt also essayed into the highbrow field with *Fantasia*, but this proved to be a boner. The financial failure of this venture decided for Disney that "culture" was not for him. The American people, however, ruled that he has contributed enough to their culture, and awarded him several honorary degrees (Harvard and Yale included) and called him "the poet of the new American Humanism."

During the war, Disney Productions contributed to the nationwide effort by turning out training films for the Armed Forces and designing insignia for hundreds of outfits in the army, navy and air force. This was of course not without compensation. The money that Disney was able to earn during those four years came in handy during the postwar periods.

THE FIRST four postwar productions, *Make Mine Music*, *Song of the South*, *Fun and Fancy Free* and *Melody Time*, did not register well at the box office. Then came *Cinderella*, which is being predicted to out-gross *Snow White*. *Alice in*

Wonderland was another dud, but *Peter Pan* was a smash hit, and made a crocodile almost as lovable as its intended victim who, incidentally, is a pirate.

The gains from these successful efforts gave Disney more drive. He turned to other sources of income. With funds blocked by restrictions in England he produced four live-action features, *Treasure Island*, *Robin Hood*, *The Sword and the Rose* and *Rob Roy*. By the clever expedient of using not too well known players (Glynis Johns, Richard Todd, Bobby Driscoll) he struck the right note of fantasy and make-believe.

From the heights of adventure, Disney came down to earth and made wonderful documentaries, such as *The Living Desert* and *Bear Country*, to give people a close look at Mother Nature as the wonders of the movie camera would make it. He also went beyond the shore of the land and went down the depths to film Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (with Kirk Douglas and James Mason).

Today, at 54, Walt Disney has gone a long way on the wings of an imaginative pen-stroke. But this has not transformed him into a big enough cheese as to make him forget that he owes much of his millions to a mouse.

Education Is For Women, Too

•

*It was a hard, long fight,
but they have won*

IT WAS a history-making decision, reached by the U.N. General Assembly in 1948, declaring that everyone has the right to education "without discrimination of sex." Around the world, history has long been marked by prejudice against giving men and women equal educational opportunities.

Among the Greeks, Plato showed unusual daring when, in his *Republic* (picturing a utopian community) he suggested the idea of co-education. The actual society in which he lived relegated women to childbearing and household chores. Similarly, although in the Middle Ages and Renaissance certain capable and courageous women played a considerable role in politics, art and literature, the average view of them was that expressed by Moliere's character Chrysale who said, "It is not right, and for many reasons, that a woman should study and know so many things."

Francois Fenelon, author of the "advanced" *Treatise on the*

Education of Girls, declared: "Keep young women within bounds. Teach them that their sex should regard science with a modesty almost as delicate as that which inspires a horror of vice." Jean-Jacques Rosseau, himself, forerunner of the French Revolution, said that "the virtue of women is conditioned by their ignorance and docility."

However, more radical leaders of that same Revolution brought a permanent change in attitude. Condorcet wrote: "Women are, like men, reasonable beings, capable of making an intelligent contribution to the betterment of society and mankind. So far from hindering them is their role as wife and mother, a good intellectual training will make them more able in this respect — more capable of maintaining in their husbands, and fostering among their children, a love of truth and devotion to the public weal."

NOT UNTIL after 1875, however, did women's fight for equal rights win for them a place in primary and secondary schools, in Europe and in the United States. Shortly thereafter they were also allowed in universities.

The loss of men in two world wars gave women a chance to prove themselves capable of replacing men in many types of industrial work, even in high executive positions. Consequently, long studies and professional training became indispensable to them.

In less developed countries, the woman's share of learning grows also; but the problem there is greater. The education of women has to accommodate itself to the other need, that of adult education in elementary facts about hygiene, child care, domestic economy, rural and industrial work.

The need for women's education is widely recognized. The problem arises with local attitudes which may make that education next to impossible. If separation of the sexes happens to be applied even in elementary

Nora Emancipated

IN IBSEN'S *A Doll's House*, Nora is not a woman oppressed by a cruel master or crushed by inhuman treatment. On the contrary, her husband Torvald loves her dearly and treats her with the utmost tenderness. But to him she is no more than a little girl—or an amusing doll. "Only lean on me," he tells her, "I will counsel you, and guide you. I should be no true man if this very womanly helplessness did not make you doubly dear in my eyes."

When she revolts at the end of the play it is to claim only one right: that of being a person. Nora reminds Torvald that no marriage can be built on inequality. And as she slams the door of her doll's house behind her with irrevocable finality, she declares that she is going to try to become a reasonable human being, to try to understand the world—in short to become a woman not a doll to flatter her husband's selfish vanity.

Although Ibsen did not write *A Doll's House* as a feminist play, it still stands today as a classic expression of the theme of woman's rights. Nora deliberately leaving her husband and family shocked Ibsen's contemporaries, and though it roused towers of argument in many countries, it had the effect of a tremendous searchlight in opening the question of woman's emancipation and her relation to home and society.

school, with boys and girls having their own institutions or buildings, parents often suffer financially. If they must choose, they tend to favor the schooling of their sons only. The same is true if the costs of education are high even without separation of sexes. Especially with advanced schooling, where the college may be far from the family home, boys headed for money-making careers are likely to have a priority.

This inequality of opportunity is reinforced by the customs of many nations which exclude women from certain professions and occupations. Again, because women often abandon their careers after marriage, parents are sometimes unwilling to invest in a long and costly professional training for them.

IN AN attempt to implement the principle of equal education, an International Conference on Public Education was held in Switzerland in 1952. The 51 countries in convention agree that the length of compulsory education and the quality of all school facilities should be the same for boys and girls.

Furthermore, regardless of the sex of the applicant, similar qualifications should earn similar degrees and positions. Young women should have the same advantages as young men as far as scholarships and allowances are concerned, to help them complete their studies.

There is no basic difference between the aims of education for men and education for women. Each needs to understand his world, his heritage, and his particular role in the family of nations.

* * *

He Won't Go

Three turtles went into a bar one day and ordered a beer apiece. Then they discovered they had no money.

So they elected the smallest turtle to go back home and get money; but he was afraid that while he was gone, the others would drink his beer. They promised not to, so he went out.

He was gone two years.

Finally the other turtles got restless and one of them said to the other:

"Don't you think he is not coming back, and we might drink his beer now?"

Whereupon the little turtle popped his head around the corner and cried: "If you drink one drop, I won't go!"

The British Occupation of Manila

(CONCLUDING PART)

The soldiers landed in high water but no life was lost except Lieutenant Hardwicke's who drowned in the backwash. No opposition met them and Malate was occupied. The Spaniards meanwhile were occupied with burning the houses in the suburbs of Manila.

ON THE 25th of September the Polvorista or powder magazine at Fort San Antonio Abad was captured. Two companies of Spanish soldiers fled at the approach of the British.

Only a few soldiers under Captain Baltazar Casal were left to fight. They were promptly routed and General Draper posted guards along the roads and main outlets from the City. With a battalion of 700 men he advanced to a point about 200 yards from the place now called the Luneta.

In Malate, the British had occupied the Augustinian con-

In this concluding installment of a little-known episode of Philippine history, the assault on Manila and the capitulation of the Spaniards is described. The first two parts recounted the circumstances leading to war.

vent. This sacrilege incensed the Augustinian friars in the City and many of them joined the soldiers of rank at the walls.

Then the English seized the church of Santiago and the church of San Juan de Bagumbayan. These churches outside the walls of Manila were strategically located. Cannons were mounted in their belfries from which point the bombardment of Manila was very effective. Almost a thousand rounds of roundshot were hurled into the City from these churches and the Spaniards were forced to leave their post above the main gate to the City.

On the evening of the 25th a Spanish galley entered the Bay. Two English frigates were speedily dispatched to capture it. After a short but furious engagement the galley was captured. From the captain of the galley it was learned that the galleon *Filipino* was lying in anchor near Ayahagen, at Palapag, Samar. Among its passengers were Don Antonio Tagle, the nephew of the Governor-General. The galley was thoroughly ransacked and then beached at Tambobong where it was set on fire by the Lascars.

The typhoon lashed out and operations were suspended for several hours.

On September 26, Cornish landed another battalion of seamen who were posted between the marines on the beach and the advancing troops. General Draper kept the whole of the command admirably coordinated. Bombardment from the two churches continued and the British soldiers were able to advance nearer. They dug trenches and picked off Spaniards from the walls with muskets.

During the afternoon the Spaniards advanced out of the walls. This force according to the Archbishop was composed of 200 Europeans, 800 Pampanigans and several French soldiers. The force was commanded by Chevalier Cesar Fayette,

a Frenchman, and Captain Bustos. Two field pieces supported their sally.

The Sepoys under Captain Carty and three pickets of marines and a hundred sailors under Captain Monson threw back the defenders. Two Spanish companies were added under Pedro de Iriarte and Fernando Alcala but the 79th British division moved to the attack and routed them back to the walls.

The failure of the attack made the Spaniards bitter. They denounced Fayette as a traitor. He was however given command of one of the breaches and when this was reduced to rubble by the British, again he was denounced. In disgust, he quit the Spanish army and joined the British. Draper promised him the governorship of Zamboanga.

The failure of the Spanish attack prompted the British to send out another surrender notice. The Council of State composed of Archbishop Rojo, the auditors Villacorta, Galvan and Simon de Anda, the Fiscal Viana and the Marquis of Villamedina replied that nothing would make them "turn the city over to the Infidels."

COLONEL MONSON led a battalion and attacked San Juan. The Spaniards abandoned the place after Monson had

fired three tentative shots at the Church. The confusion and consternation of the civil authorities in the City demoralized the army. The civilians who had volunteered for service deserted the Walls and hurriedly packed their jewelry and heirlooms and prepared for flight.

Then on September 27, the Archbishop sent a flag of truce to the British. Draper dispatched Lieutenant Fryar with Don Antonio, the nephew of the archbishop who had been with the British since the capture of the galleon *Filipino*, to the city. These two gentlemen had hardly reached the drawbridge when a flight of arrows met them. Don Antonio died instantly; Fryer was wounded severely and died several hours later.

Most of the brothers-in-arms of the Pampangans had been killed by the British and they were in no mood to recognize flags of truce. The Archbishop was incensed but he could not do anything because he feared that the Pampangans might turn against him.

The episode made the British less tolerant and they renewed their storm of the City with great vigor. Before midnight of that day, the south wall of the city had cracked open.

It was at this time when the French soldiers of the British expedition decided to desert.

They intended to join the Spanish army but before they could make their intentions clear the Pampangans had slaughtered every single one of them.

On October 3, the main battery of the British force demolished the bastion of San Diego.

THE SPANIARDS were desperate. Their defenses were slowly being destroyed and they were running low in supplies. So they planned a grand and last attack to throw back the British.

On October 4, Don Francisco Rodrigues, Manalastas, the chief of the Pampangans, Orendain, Bustos and Esclava, leading almost all the soldiers within the City, sallied forth to engage the British. They devised a four-pronged attack that would prevent the first-line defenders of the British force to help one another.

The force of the attack staggered the British and the Spaniards and Pampangans pressed their advantage. The Bay force of the British was forced to abandon the side battery. The Ermita force held its ground but the casualties were heavy.

Major Fletcher and Colonel Monson quickly assembled the sailors and marines and rushed to the rescue. The ensuing battle was the fiercest of the war.

The Pampangans and Spaniards attacked furiously, struck stunning blows that caused the British to dig low and wait for the energy of their opponents to wear out.

Of this battle Draper writes: "Had their skill been equal to their ferocity it might have cost us dear, for, being armed with long spears and bows and arrows they advanced to the very gun muzzles, repeated the assaults and died gnawing the bayonets."

The first column under Rodrigues and Manalastas recaptured the church of Bagumbayan, forcing the Sepoys to flee. The 79th regiment, however, switched their fire power to this direction and in no time had the Church of Bagumbayan again.

The second column under Esclava had failed to advance. The marines and sailors put up such a fight that the Spaniards were also forced to dig in.

The third column under Orendain fled back to the City after the British really began to fight back.

On October 5, the Battery of San Andres was battered out of commission and the Spaniards retreated from this strategic position.

THE BRITISH were quick to take advantage of this momentary blurring of Spanish

tactical knowledge. Colonel Monson and Major More mounted the breach with sixty volunteers, with the support of a company of grenadiers. The enemy was nowhere in sight and Colonel Monson thought that the breach was gained.

They advanced cautiously and before noon, Manila was occupied.

The City was placed under martial law and all soldiers and civil officers were taken prisoners of war.

Draper then issued the articles of surrender, the provisions of which are (1) security of life and property for all, (2) free exercise of Catholicism, (3) freedom for all commerce and industry, (4) continuation of Royal Audiencia, (5) Parole for officers and the right to retain their sidearms.

A money ransom of P4,000,000 for the whole Archipelago was demanded. The expedition was not based on the idea of conquering or holding territory but was merely intended as a punishment to Spain for declaring war on England. Two-thirds of the expenses of the expedition was shouldered by the East India Company.

Most of the civil officials had fled the City and only Archbishop Rojo, Villacorta, Galvan and Fiscal Viana were left to

face the ignominy of surrender.

After signing the surrender agreement, Archbishop Rojo stood up wearily and said: "One cannot always do what one wishes to do."

Two months later he died and the British buried him with full military honors. For once, over his grave, the Spanish and English flags swung side by side.

* * *

"To Civilize the Barbarians..."

AND WHAT would you call your mission in life?" The Hindu poet, surrounded by a group of Paris students, showed mild surprise. "The same as all artists," he replied gravely, "to civilize the barbarians—"

Then the poet explained how in the course of his travels through Europe and America and across half the continent of Asia, he had been dismayed by the expressions of suspicion and anxiety on men's faces wherever he went. He had found nothing uplifting in the books they chose to read nor the theaters they visited. In fact, their entertainment sources generally seemed to represent the worst form of escapism. Nor were their children exempt. Brought up to make heroes of bandits and fighting men, their minds quickly became distorted by fear and hate.

"These millions of savages," continued the poet, "learn how to read, count, and write. Some can even boast that their heads are crammed with a mass of knowledge. But to me, civilization means something different. It means the creation of beauty, but first there must be the search for beauty. Beauty must be understood."

* * *

AT EASE!

A young private, walking out with his girl, met a sergeant. "This is my sister," he explained bashfully.

"That's all right," the sergeant replied kindly. "She used to be mine."

*

The Riddle Of Our Atmosphere

Will man ever find out?

THE ATMOSPHERE enveloping the earth is a beneficent cloak that not only sustains the breath of life in man and other animals, but provides an effective shield against the lethal agents raining in on our planet from outer space. Miraculously, our atmosphere abounds in the life-giving oxygen needed for breathing. Other planets, insofar as they have an atmosphere at all, are wrapped in choking blankets of strange gases such as methane or ammonia. If breathing animals exist in such worlds, they must have a kind of body chemistry quite unknown to us.

The numerous meteors that flash brilliantly in the night skies would be devastating and deadly missiles were it not for the air. These fragments of cold stone, hurling themselves at our planet with a hundred times the speed of a rifle bullet, are heated so intensely by friction with the air that they usually

burn or vaporize completely before reaching the earth. Of the millions that impinge each day, only an occasional one will be large enough to survive complete disintegration. It may then crash to earth with spectacular and sometimes destructive effect.

Even more important than the mechanical protection it affords is the optical defence that the atmosphere provides. This it is able to do because of the formation of a gas called ozone, generated under the action of the searing ultra-violet rays present in sunlight. Ordinary oxygen gas consists of molecules, each made up of two atoms of this element.

Ozone molecules, on the other hand, are transient structures, each constituted of three oxygen atoms. They originate in the region from about nine to 25 miles above the earth, but would occupy a layer hardly more than a twelfth of an inch

thick if confined at the pressure obtaining at ground level. Yet this mere film of gas is all that stands between us and scorching death from the sun's rays. On such slender threads does terrestrial life hang.

HOW FAR upward does the atmosphere extend, and what is its structure and condition at various levels? It may be said that except for the part directly accessible to earth-bound man, we had very little detailed knowledge on these questions before the beginning of the present century. With the coming of the aeroplane, heights of up to about 60,000 feet were finally attained. Sounding balloons carrying instruments can be sent up to more than twice this height.

In 1898, the French meteorologist de Bort described and named two fairly well-defined atmospheric layers or shells — the troposphere, extending from the surface to an altitude of about 45,000 feet, and then the stratosphere upward from this point. Nearly a quarter of a century later, by studying the way in which radio waves are reflected back to earth, Kennelly in America and Heaviside in England recognized the existence of a still loftier region called the ionosphere, beginning at about 50 miles and extending perceptibly to heights as great as perhaps 2,000 miles.

The troposphere, the locale in which we live out our existence, is the tumultuous region of wind and weather, of clouds and storms. Nearly four-fifths of the air near sea level is nitrogen, and about one-fifth is oxygen. The chemically inert gas argon and carbon dioxide together account for less than one per cent, while the very last hundredth of a per cent is made up of the other rare and inert gases and of mere traces of hydrogen and ozone. In addition to these permanent members, there are varying amounts of water vapor, dust and bacteria.

One of the most striking facts about the atmosphere is the rapid diminution of pressure from height — a direct result of the compressibility of gases under the weight of the layers lying above. It was the English astronomer Halley, early in the eighteenth century, who described this pressure variation. If one ascends about 17,000 feet, the pressure will be half its value at sea level; rising an additional 17,000 feet will bring the pressure down to a quarter of the initial amount, and so on. But this smooth and simple variation was later found to hold only in the lower regions of the air.

Compared with the troposphere, the stratosphere lying just above it is calm and untroubled. Man himself has been

able to explore only its very lowest layers, but quite recently he has succeeded in sending high altitude rockets up through it and even into the ionosphere. An occasional cloud hangs over the trails of meteors and atomic debris left by the cosmic rays are its only habitual visitors.

Studies of the manner in which sounds are reflected back to earth from the stratosphere have given science much information about this region.

THE IONOSPHERE has been well investigated up to heights of about 500 miles, but there is evidence that this outermost region of the atmosphere reaches perceptibly to over four times this altitude before abandoning its thrust into interplanetary space. At such heights the air must be far more tenuous than the best vacuum we can produce in the laboratory.

Measurement of the manner in which radio waves are sent back to earth shows that there are several layers of ionized, or partially disrupted, atoms in the ionosphere — hence its name. Both the structure and the composition of this region are continually changing in response to

the influx of the fierce radiation from the sun, of cosmic rays and of electrified atoms from outer space. In addition, there is evidence for the existence of violent and tempestuous winds having many times the speed of the most devastating gales ever encountered at the earth's surface.

More remarkable still is the indication that temperatures in the ionosphere range up to 2,700 degrees Fahrenheit. This does not mean, however, that an object rising to these heights would be burnt to a crisp. Rather, it must be remembered that temperature is merely a measure of the speed of motion of the atoms or molecules of a substance.

Rockets now send automatically to earthbound observers radio messages of, for instance, temperature, pressure, cosmic ray intensity and solar radiation. They can even collect actual samples of the air at various heights. Such data will be valuable in answering questions concerning the origin, structure and composition of the atmosphere, and may ultimately make possible the long-range prediction of weather conditions on earth.—IRA M. FREEMAN, *Unesco Courier*, May 1952.

* * *

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

—Charles Calib Colton

Fowl Fable

A PRIMER FOR EDUCATORS

ONCE UPON a time the owls had a school. The curriculum consisted of a practicum in night flying. Since the little owls were such excellent night flyers, the ducks thought it best to send the duckling to the same school to improve their night-flying ability. To give *appeal to the curriculum*, the school authorities added swimming to the program of studies.

The chickens had been quite happy with their offspring's crowing ability but envied the ease with which the ducklings were able to swim. When they learned of the new course in swimming, they registered the little chicks in the school. The administrators had been doing some reading in individual differences so they added crowing to the curriculum.

The crows had been disturbed for years by the ease with which the ducks could swim and decided to train the little crows in the art of swimming so they too took advantage of a *free education*. Since they were *active workers in the community*, it was necessary to add day flying to the curriculum to make the crows most happy.

The school staff knew only too well the demands on the school for a *comprehensive program* but didn't know just what to do or how to interpret the problem to the public. So it was decided to offer crowing, night flying, swimming and day flying and have all the fowls take all of the subjects. Their problems soon multiplied.

THE OWLS continued to be excellent night flyers but showed little aptitude for the other courses. Faced with this problem, the teaching staff refused to permit them to continue night flying, until they improved in day flying. This didn't prove satisfactory because of several cases of nervous exhaustion and many casualties due to "blindness." They were given "F's" in day flying and "incompletes" in night flying, pending further *curriculum revision*.

The ducks were problem children in the crowing class, for in spite of *added inducements* they showed little improvement.

Their swimming became very poor because of lack of practice, and they received "C's" in swimming, "D's" in crowing and were all retarded for one year to permit additional training in crowing. This may have helped, but the next teacher felt that crowing should have been taught in the year before so they never learned to crow.

The chickens were such fine crows that everyone thought they could do anything. The teachers decided to make the training more meaningful by teaching crowing and night flying at the same time in something they called a *corecurriculum*. This didn't seem to help the chickens to fly by night. Because of the lack of aptitude for night flying, the teachers spent the double period helping the chickens in this subject until the community complained that certain *fundamentals were being overlooked*. It was finally decided to hire a remedial teacher and give them all 'C's' for doing as well as could be expected.

AFTER SEVERAL near drownings and many unsatisfactory conferences with the teachers, the crows sent their children to a private school where they learned to talk. When they returned to public school, the staff was so impressed that certain aptitude deficiencies were overlooked and excellent marks were given the crows in all subjects.

At the end of the training period, it was decided to give all of the fowls a *certificate of attendance* and graduate the crows "cum laude" in the hope that they all would live happily ever after.

Aren't we glad this doesn't happen in our schools?!?!

—Raymond N. Hatch and Paul L. Dressel

* * *

Sunrise and Sunset

The fact that the earliest sea voyages seem to have been coastwise, with land always in sight, accounts for the naming of two vast areas. Phoenician captains sailing the Aegean in ships made of the cedars of Lebanon would have on their starboard (right) hand, on their way back to the Black Sea, a coast over which the sun rose. They called it Asu (sunrise). On their port (left) hand they had another coast below which the sun set, and they named it Erub (sunset). In time these became Asia and Europe.

*

Panorama Quiz

One mark of an educated man is the possession of a reasonable fund of general information. The highly specialized individual, often dubbed an "expert," frequently knows little or nothing outside his own line. Try yourself on the following questions, then turn to the next page for the correct answers.

1. The man who can help you identify a strange-looking bone part you dug up in your backyard is: *A. a homeopathist; B. an osteologist; C. a curator; D. a bibliophile.*

2. Punta Arenas, the southernmost town in the world, is located in: *A. Chile; B. Madagascar; C. Samoa; D. Peru.*

3. It might surprise you to learn that the most thickly populated place in the world is: *A. Columbus, Ohio; B. Oslo, Sweden; C. Hongkong; D. Manila.*

4. The sun, of course, is the star nearest the earth, but next to it comes: *A. Arcturus; B. Mercury; C. Orion; D. Alpha Centauri.*

5. Heading the Philippine delegation to the Bandung Afro-Asian conference is: *A. Carlos P. Garcia; B. Carlos P. Romulo; C. Emmanuel Pelaez; D. Claro M. Recto.*

6. Pierre Monteaux, recently turned 80, does not intend to retire, although he has been at his occupation for 65 years. He is a world-famous: *A. Methodist minister; B. painter; C. General Motors executive; D. conductor.*

7. The Russians may claim differently, but the language spoken by the greatest number of people is: *A. Chinese; B. English; C. French; D. Latin.*

8. Who is Jean Henri Dunant? He is: *A. the inventor of the first radio transmitter; B. the greatest French general of World War I; C. founder of the Red Cross; D. a famous novelist of the 19th century.*

9. Quite recently the United States tested its first atom-powered submarine called: *A. Constitution; B. Nautilus; C. Missouri; D. Bengal Bay.*

10. Had William Shakespeare not been born, this man would have been the greatest English playwright: *A. Christopher Marlowe; B. Richard Sheridan; C. Samuel Butler; D. Ben Jonson.*

ARE YOU WORD WISE?**Answers**

1. (c) homesickness
2. (c) fearless
3. (a) diabolically cruel and wicked
4. (a) bright red
5. (d) a ragged child
6. (c) cutting or sour
7. (b) to put aside
8. (a) country man
9. (d) to pass through
10. (b) to tremble
11. (c) a question
12. (d) to cause or produce
13. (d) rich tapestry
14. (b) burial
15. (a) lament
16. (c) a preparation for cleaning
the teeth
17. (c) sickly sentimental
18. (a) hazy or cloudy

**ANSWERS TO PANORAMA
QUIZ**

1. B. an osteologist
 2. A. Chile
 3. C. Hongkong (with a population
density of 5,648 to the square
mile)
 4. D. Alpha Centauri (which is
4.3 light years away)
 5. B. Carlos P. Romulo
 6. D. conductor
 7. A. Chinese (spoken by 500 mil-
lion people)
 8. C. founder of the Red Cross (a
Swiss banker)
 9. Nautilus
 10. D. Ben Jonson (Some insist he
is greater than Shakespeare!)
-
19. (b) hidden
 20. (a) band or girdle

* * *

ATTENTION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The PANORAMA will give a prize of P10 for the best and P5 for the next best essay on any problem of national or international significance. The best essay will be published in this magazine.

The essays, which should not be less than 300 words, should not exceed 500 words. Entries must be typewritten, double-spaced on 8 x 11 bond paper and must be accompanied by a statement from the principal that the contestant is enrolled in the school he is representing. The decision of the editors will be final.

In the Beginning. . .



GEYSER

(a hot spring that sends up water and steam intermittently)

From the Icelandic word *geysa*, meaning "to rush forth furiously," comes this English term.

GROGGY

(drunk)

In 1740 British Admiral Vernon (nicknamed "Old Grog") ordered a mixture of alcoholic liquor and water to be served instead of pure spirits, to sailors. His nickname has since become synonymous with intoxication.



VOLT

(unit of electromotive force)

Alessandro *Volta* (1745-1827), Italian physicist, discovered this unit of electric impulse.

Baguio



It's the nation's playground

EVERY SUMMER, Manila newspapers break out in a rash of feature stories enumerating the health-giving climate and wonders of Baguio.

Where the earlier visitors once struggled up Baguio's steep inclines on foot or by jolting horseback, the vacationist can now choose any of three rapid means of conveyance to breathe within a few hours the bracing and invigorating air of the city:

bus, train or airplane.

Daily plane schedules from Manila's modern international airport take the Baguio-bound passenger high over the flat central plains, the rolling foothills of Pangasinan and ultimately over the towering mountain peaks of Baguio. Within an hour after stepping into the plane he finds himself gliding to a landing on an airfield hacked out of a craggy stretch.

Speedy buses from Manila negotiate the 250-odd kilometers to the Pines City in a little more than five hours, permitting the traveler a less transitory view of the famed Kennon Road with its myriad twists and hairpin turns.

It takes slightly longer by train.

Whether by bus, train or plane, the newcomer to Baguio never fails to exclaim in delighted surprise the moment he arrives within its air-conditioned confines. All along the circuitous road leading to the city, gigantic pines soar from the carpeted earth toward the sky. The heady smell of pine resin, coupled with the dust-free atmosphere, produces what Baguio residents chaffingly describe as "Baguio fever." Quite earnestly, they will add there is no other place in the country where this charming ailment may be acquired.

BAGUIO's scenic attractions, which are numerous enough in themselves, are by no means this vacation resort's only claims to popularity. Despite the intensive damage wrought by the war, the city is in every way a modern metropolis, fully equipped with the latest civic and sanitary conveniences one might ordinarily expect to find only in much larger communities. The residents themselves take special pride in keeping

their metropolis scrupulously clean, probably keeping in mind the letters which its early sponsors sent back to the United States.

Just three years ago, Jack S. McDowell, a columnist of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, in a dispatch to his paper from Baguio, paid glowing tribute to the city's fetish for cleanliness. Here is some of what he said:

"When we get back home, please remind us to quit throwing rocks at San Francisco's street-cleaning people. Let us, instead, start a collection to send them to Baguio in the mountains of Northern Luzon so they can take a few lessons from the people here.

"Baguio, in addition to being the most delightful and beautiful resort we've seen in a long time, is perhaps the cleanest we've ever seen — anywhere, any time.

"Even in the market place where dozens of stall shops, are jammed together offering rice and handwoven cloth, chickens and spears, vegetables and carvings, we saw people constantly sweeping the walks and alleys.

"They even have men going around gathering up the pine needles that fall from the trees."

Baguio has a heterogeneous population. Ilocanos are in the majority, with admixtures of Tagalogs, Pampangos, Visayans and a few foreigners. Both the U.S. armed forces and the Phil-

ippine Army keep rest camps within the territorial limits of the city. Camp John Hay, one of the beauty spots located in Baguio, with its lovely amphitheater and flower pits, is one of the best known.

Baguio's most picturesque inhabitants are the Igorots, the sturdy mountaineers who inhabited the hills and mountains around the Pines City and the whole of Mountain Province long before the first conquistadores set foot in the territory. Before the advent of Western ways, they led comparatively simple lives, fashioning in the course of generations one of the accepted marvels of the world — the fabulous rice terraces in Banaue and surrounding regions.

These huge walls of earth and stone, erected as the Igorots' answer to an improvident environment, are the object of annual pilgrimages by lowland folk and foreigners. These undulating rice terraces, the most elaborate in the world, stretch for 14,000 miles over the towering mountains.

BECAUSE of the onrush of civilization, the Igorots have had to make a somewhat unhappy adjustment to the times. Increasing numbers are flocking to Baguio and the other towns in Mountain Province, seeking an education or finding

gainful employment in the mines.

The Japanese occupation wrought untold havoc among the peoples of the mountains. Uncounted thousands perished from hunger, malnutrition and the brutality of the invader.

BAGUIO CITY in itself contains enough attractions to hold the visitors' attention, but for the more adventurous traveler there are numerous points of interest a short distance away from the city to claim his interest and challenge his fortitude.

Mount Santo Tomas, a 7,500-foot peak a few kilometers outside the summer capital, offers a view of the China Sea and the pine-carpeted countryside. Santo Tomas, cloud-capped most of the time, is accessible by car up to about a kilometer-and-a-half of the peak itself.



The road that leads up to it easily rivals the Kennon roadway for twists, turns and sheer beauty of surroundings.

Somewhere along the trail to Santo Tomas peak lie two other wonders — the famed Crystal and Mummy Caves. The pre-war path to Crystal Cave afforded plant and orchid lovers with scenes of incomparable richness; ferns and other forms of plant life lined the pathways in riotous profusion.

A succession of caves, each more entrancing than the next, gives Crystal Cave its name: the walls of the caves are of a luster and color resembling the best cut glass, casting a weird and bizarre effect upon the eye.

Mummy Cave, on a forked side path, was the burial ground of a large Igorot tribe in years long past. It is a vast cavern littered with the earthly remains of many an Igorot warrior or members of his family.

At Asin Hot Springs, 14 miles from Baguio, a visitor may bathe in medicinal water with a temperature of 162°F., or swim in the luxurious tiled swimming pool beside an amply provided guest house.

Trinidad Valley is the "green granary" of Baguio, and has been called so for many years. This fertile stretch of land wedged between high mountains is the source of many of the vegetables that find their way

into the lowland markets, and at prices which place them within easy reach of most families. Here, too, are grown the luscious strawberries which at once set off this distinctive spot from all others like it.

Burnham Park and Burnham Lake were innovations introduced by the early Americans who first saw possibilities in these sites as a promenade center.

Such other places as Mansion House, residence of the Philippine president; Mines View Park, Outlook Drive, the Observatory, Teacher's Camp and other points of interest will claim the visitor's attention in Baguio.

Old-timers will hasten to point out, however, that while tourism has added, and still adds, greatly to the city's revenues, it was really the mines and the mining industry that helped keep the city and its populace in its enviable state before the war. In 1940, for instance, there were 44,276 workers directly engaged in mining, with a total of ₱29,000,000 paid out for salaries alone.

Few other resorts in the world have had the ill fortunes of Baguio, a growing city which war almost extinguished completely. Few other cities, however, have displayed the same resilient powers of recovery shown by this mountain resort in emerging Phoenix-like from the ashes.

Fun-Orama. by Elmer



"Itay! Guess who just brought home a fierce police dog."



TO GET THERE

Varied means, the same end

NATURE HAS adapted many small animals for amazing methods of locomotion and travel. Some ride in bubbles, some build highways, others go through tunnels, and some wingless ones actually travel by air.

Consider the snail. Traveling over rough or smooth surface, going uphill or downhill, its pace does not vary — two inches per minute. The snail has to lay its own pavement. A thick, slippery fluid pours out from a gland in the snail's forepart as it advances and over this road of lubricant the heavy body of the snail slides on effortlessly.

The earthworm constructs a tunnel as it moves along. It bores through the earth with the aid of short, stiff bristles. Each segment of the worm is equipped with such bristles. By contracting and expanding the worm forces its way ahead.

When the earthworm comes to hard earth, it has another technique of tunnelmaking. It swallows the hard soil and lets

it pass through its body to the rear. Thus the earthworm literally eats its way along.

Spiders travel over specially built bridges made of spider floss. The tensile strength of spider silk is enormous for a material of its weight and size.

Spider silk is so light that air currents buoy it up. Millions of tiny spiders travel by air with only spider silk for wings. These insects travel for hundreds of miles, drifting and falling with the currents of air.

Spiders are not the only wingless insects that travel by air. Aphids, plant lice, mites are also encountered at great altitudes; the highest on record is 15,000 feet.

Creatures of the water have, for the most part, developed the oddest means of locomotion.

THERE IS for instance an insect called the black fly, a pest of the North woods of America. It breeds in swift flowing streams. Aquatic as a larvae, it pupates underwater.

It develops into a winged air-breathing insect submerged. Thus its first problem in life is how to get to the top. The answer is a bubble: a bubble of air; it rides a bubble of air. At a moment in its pupal development, air distends the pupal shell. It splits open and a bubble of air forms around it. The bubble, carrying the pupal shell, shoots upward and just as it touches the surface, it bursts. At that instant, the black fly escapes.

The dragonfly nymph has a built-in jet engine. Squids also travel by jet propulsion. Dragonfly nymphs suck in water and expels it through the rear thus propelling themselves in rocket-like spurts of speed.

Tiny creatures of the water called flagellates travel by propeller propulsion. Their flagellates whirl in the manner of mechanical propellers, driving their microscopic and transparent bodies through the water.

Jellyfish move by opening and contracting like an umbrella. Mollusks leap from place to place on the floor of the sea.

THE HITCHHIKERS of the waterworld are the remoras — elongated fish with suction plates on top of their heads. Sharks and other big fish become the unwilling hosts of the remoras.

Speaking of hitchhikers we have one in the world of insects — the larvae of the oil

beetle. This tiny creature hides beneath the petals of flowers and when a bee alights on the flower to suck its nectar, it leaps upward to latch on to the hair of the bee's legs. Fortunately, the bee hardly notices it. The bee is one creature that is remarkably inhospitable to those that do not work their way through life.

The pouch of a kangaroo is nature's idea of travel comfort. It is insulated and very generously padded. The baby kangaroo, as soon as it starts drinking milk, finds its mother's teat in its mouth. This is a comfortable arrangement because the baby hangs on by the teat while the mother leaps about, its feeding not for a moment interrupted.

Bats, as you know, are blind but they travel at high speeds. To prevent collisions, nature equipped them with special radar apparatus. They emit high pitched sounds that bounce off an obstacle in the air. The vibration is picked up by the sensitive ears of the bats. Perfect reflex action deflects them from the obstacle.

The centipede crawls with movement flowing from each segment of its body to the legs; serpents glide with the ends of their ribs; apes travel with their arms and men shuffle along on uncertain pads, but they all have one purpose — to get there.

REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
BUREAU OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS
MANILA

PLEASE REPLY TO
THE DIRECTOR

March 5, 1955

13219

The Editor, PANORAMA
2666 Herran Street
M a n i l a

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that the magazine PANORAMA has been approved for secondary school libraries as a student's and teacher's reference.

This magazine will be listed in the next A.L.L. bulletin to come out.

Very respectfully,


BENIGNO RAMOS
Acting Assistant Director

Two Letters

REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
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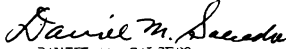
March 21, 1955

Mrs. C. A. Maramag
COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
M a n i l a

M a d a m :

In reply to your request regarding the possible use of Panorama in private schools, I desire to inform you that we are approving it as a general reading material for secondary schools. This approval will be included in the forthcoming bulletin to be issued by this Office.

Very respectfully,


DANIEL M. SALCEDO
Director of Private Schools
J. E. W.

The Truth About the Tropics (p. 53)

