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# Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING



First Decade of Freedom  
*Our Republic is 10 years old*

The Evils of Communism  
*By Bertrand Russell*

Automatic Factory  
*Will machines replace man?*

The Man Who Wouldn't Die  
*Bello lives a legend*

50 CENTAVOS

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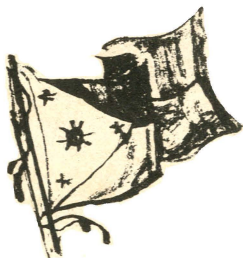
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*The Philippine Republic is 10 years old*

## *First Decade of Freedom*



**A** DECADE is a very short span in the life of a nation but the Republic of the Philippines has gained notable prestige here and abroad in the ten years (1946-1956) of its independent existence.

Here are some of its outstanding achievements in the following fields:

### *Peace and Order*

More security is now being enjoyed by the Filipino people.

The back of the communist-inspired Huk rebellion was broken with the mass arrest of the Politburo in 1950 and the surrender of Huk Supremo Luis Taruc in 1954.

Organized outlawry is now under control.

### *Collective Security*

A powerful system of collective security has been forged with the rest of the free world.

Our mutual defense treaty (1951) with the United States was bolstered when the U.S. government in September, 1954, pledged all-out assistance to the Philippines in case of external aggression.

The Manila Pact, concluded in 1954 on the initiative of the Philippines, established a powerful system of collective security through the SEATO for the free countries of Southeast Asia.

Through our participation in the Bandung Conference and the United Nations, we have encouraged collective defense of freedom and united action against aggression.

### *Rural Development*

Emphasis has been given to the implementation of rural development program.

Better living conditions have brought about contentment and happiness to the rural popula-

tion, with the establishment of the ACCFA (Agricultural Credit and Cooperative Financing Administration) as provided in R. A. No. 821, the organization of the NAMARCO (National Marketing Corporation), R. A. No. 1345, the construction of more irrigation projects and distribution of irrigation pumps, construction of artesian wells and of more roads and bridges.

Public schools and other organizations like the agricultural councils, 4-H Clubs, "purok" organizations, PRUCIS, PRRM and other similar public and private agencies are successfully spearheading various rural reconstruction projects.

New farming methods are being steadily introduced and more technical assistance extended to our farmers.

Rural inhabitants are being given the means for better production and the proper marketing of their products.

The purchasing power of the masses has increased by an estimated ₱300-million annually through credit and marketing cooperatives alone.

### *Education*

The use of the schools as instruments for improving community life has been accelerated.

Community schools have been organized to integrate education with the process of living in the community.



Vocational training is being emphasized. Children are now acquiring not only the basic tools of knowledge but also the skills that can lead them to a more abundant life.

Experiments are being made in some school districts with the introduction of local dialects as basic medium of instruction in the first two years of the primary grades. The establishment of barrio schools has increased. Enrollment in both private and public schools has more than doubled.

Illiteracy has substantially decreased.

### *Foreign Trade*

**T**HE VOLUME of foreign trade has increased tremendously.

The adoption of the Laurel-Langley Agreement, the extension of existing barter trade agreements and the opening of new markets in countries other than the United States augur a bright future for the country's

international trade and commerce.

### *Finance*

Government finances have improved.

Surpluses after the last half of 1954 fiscal year amounted to ₱10,597,596.98, while at the end of the fiscal year 1955 the surpluses totalled to ₱7,260,333.85.

Revenue collections have increased. From January 1, 1954 to September 15, 1955, alone, general fund revenues collected reached a total of ₱955,585,636.29.

### *Economy*

National production has increased both on the industrial and agricultural levels.

Prices of prime commodities have on the whole been reduced since 1946.

More credit facilities are available to small traders and producers, more crop loans to farmers.

Industrial production and development have been stimu-

lated.

All these have been made possible with the construction of several industrial plants. among them the cement plant at Bacnotan, La Union, the Bataan National Shipyard, the Maria Cristina Hydroelectric Plant, and the Iligan Steel Mill. The Ambuklao Hydroelectric Plant is now nearing completion.

Banking facilities have been extended to remote barrios with establishment of rural banks. The RFC (Rehabilitation Finance Corporation) and the PNB (Philippine National Bank) have opened credit facilities for agriculture and industry.

### *Land Reforms*

Steps taken in land reforms are steadily progressing. The expropriation and re-distribution of large estates are being expedited.

More lands are being distributed to the landless.

With the enactment of R.A. No. 1400, known as the Land Tenure Reform Law, the government has taken steps to acquire landed estates for redistribution to the landless.

The National Resettlement and Rehabilitation Administration (NARRA) has resettled thousands of families. Last year the NARRA distributed homestead to 8,800 families in 22 settlement projects with the

help of the Bureau of Lands.

Through a nationwide information, education and mediation program, the Agricultural Tenancy Commission (ATC) is effectively promoting better tenant-landowner relationship.

The Court of Agrarian Relations (CAR) has accelerated settlement of tenancy disputes through its district courts.

### *Labor Management Relations*

**B**OTH LABOR and Capital are receiving the full cooperation and encouragement of the government.

Labor-Management relations have been strengthened, both having been continually enlightened on their obligations and responsibilities to one another as well as to the people.

Labor has gained in stature with greater participation in public affairs. It is now represented in the National Economic Council, the National Board of Education, the boards of various government corporations and the Labor-Management Advisory Council of the Department of Labor.

The healthy growth of free trade unions is being encouraged by the government.

Labor benefited by the passage of the Industrial Peace Act, known as the Magna Carta of Labor, the Social Security Act, the Minimum Wage Law,

the Industrial Safety Act and the Blue Sunday Law.

### *Health*

General improvement of health in rural areas is being effected.

More than a thousand mobile health units provide medical services, from simple consultations to child-delivery in thousands of barrios where no medical service was available before.

Thousands of artesian wells were built and are still being built to provide the people with safe drinking water.

Hospitals have been fully rehabilitated. An P18-million Veterans Hospital has recently been completed.

The complete eradication of malaria within the next three years is now a certainty.

The rice enrichment program has been extended to 28 provinces, reducing substantially the incidence of beri-beri and other diseases due to vitamin deficiency.

Retail trade is now being gradually nationalized (R. A. No. 1180) to protect Filipinos engaged in retail business.

### *Cultural Affairs*

Our cultural interests have broadened within the last decade.

In painting, literature, music and other arts, the Philippines has made creditable strides in

the last ten years as an independent Republic.

In painting, especially, we have been represented in various international exhibits abroad. Foreign artists have visited our country and exhibited their works here. Frequent art exhibits have in a large way helped arouse public interest in modern art.

Our literature, in both the national language and English, has flourished with the patronage of civic and private organizations. Awards have been made for the best stories and other works of art.

In the field of music there has been a constant interchange of talented artists between our country and other nations.

Cultural ties especially with other Asian countries have been greatly enhanced.

### *Foreign Relations*

The Philippines has gained prestige in foreign relations.

Our delegates to international organizations, like the United Nations and other international conferences, have contributed greatly to increasing our prestige abroad.

We have extended economic and military aid to our friendly Asian neighbors.

Arrangements are being finalized for the implementation of the Philippines-Japan Reparations Agreement.

"What the men can do, so can we."

# How the Filipina Got the Vote

By EFREN SUNICO



**T**HE STORY of woman suffrage in the Philippines may be told in the life and activities of Pura Villanueva Kalaw, well known as the "champion of feminism." Before Mrs. Kalaw (widow of the great nationalist Teodoro Kalaw) died in 1954, she published a pamphlet tracing the heroic struggles of the Filipino woman for the right to vote and to be recognized as an equal of man in public affairs.

Entitled *How the Filipina Got the Vote*, the pamphlet is virtually an autobiography; the author from the start had been identified as the leader of the feminist movement. Mrs. Kalaw wrote:

"I had no brother. My father was anxious to have a son. Because he had none, he and my mother, like the parents of Frances Perkins, the woman secretary of labor in Franklin



Delano Roosevelt's cabinet, trained me like a boy, giving me all a boy's privileges and a man's education. Thus my training convinced me that woman suffrage was greatly needed. Long before 1905, I had started preaching the gospel of the feminists: 'What a man can do, a woman can do just as well.'

"In October of 1906, I organized the *Asociacion Feminista Ilonga*. One of its aims was to enfranchise the Filipina. When the First Philippine Assembly sat in session at the *Ayuntamiento* in 1907, Congressman Filemon Sotto of Cebu presented the first bill for woman suffrage. I was present at the galleries to encourage Congressman Sotto in his fight. I was gravely disappointed when the bill was not at all discussed. The fight for woman suffrage, however, had started. From then on, in every succeeding session, a representative of the people submitted a bill advocating suffrage for the Filipina."

Mrs. Kalaw cited that an enthusiastic suffragette, Constancia Poblete, in 1909, published *Filipinas* — a magazine dedicated to women. The first editorial said: "We step out to the stadium of the press with no more weapon than the firm conviction to fulfill our duty towards the members of our sex, at the same time to revindicate the rights of women not only

socially but politically as well."

She recalled the visit of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, champion of American woman suffrage, in August, 1912: "She was dressed in white with a bunch of lace at her throat. With her white hair arranged in deep waves, she presented a striking figure. I noticed that she wore no jewelry, neither earrings nor rings. She spoke eloquently in English. But as most of the ladies present only understood Spanish, we did not get all the points she stressed in urging us to form an organization to launch the movement for woman's suffrage here."

After that meeting, the ladies present decided to organize the Society for the Advancement of Women which name was later changed to Women's Club of Manila. Among its founders are Maria F. Villamor, Concepcion Felix Rodriguez, Gorgonia Mapa, Sofia Reyes de Veyra, and Mrs. Kalaw herself.

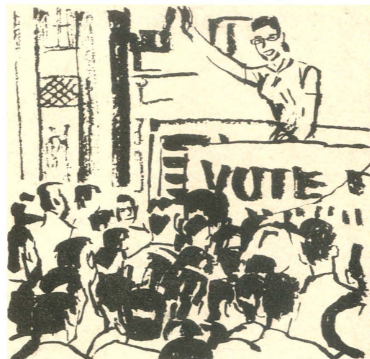
The Women's Club handled the food production campaign during the first World War. Among its activities was the publication (prepared by Mrs. Kalaw) of a cookbook containing recipes using exclusively Filipino ingredients — *Conditmentas Indigenas* — which is still in use today; the sale of Liberty bonds through colorful rallies and parades in one of which a large contingent of

women marched in the formation of the American flag.

**G**OVERNOR-GENERAL Francis B. Harrison admiring the patriotism of the women, recommended in his message to the Fourth Philippine Legislature in 1918 that suffrage be granted to them. Several bills were presented in the House of Representatives; a public hearing was called on the issue. But the bills were not passed, said Mrs. Kalaw, because of political reasons.

The women decided to call a major meeting on October 28, 1918 at the Manila Hotel. Around fifty women were present. Those who led in the discussions, recalled Mrs. Kalaw, were Rosario Lim who represented factory working women, Concepcion F. Rodriguez, Rosa Sevilla Alvero, and two student delegates from the University of the Philippines, Encarnacion Alzona and Nieves Hidalgo. A resolution, the first of its kind, was adopted asking for suffrage.

At the committee hearing on Cabildo, Mrs. Kalaw presented the resolution signed by the women — in the face of sarcastic remarks and irrelevant questions of Congressman Perfecto Salas. Atty. Natividad Almeda Lopez spoke for woman suffrage. Also present at the hearing were Aurora A. Quezon, Maria Earnshaw, and Elizabeth



Wrenmore Harrison, wife of the governor-general. Gov. Harrison, in 1919, again recommended to the legislature the granting of suffrage.

Mrs. Harrison called a meeting at Malacañan. Senate President Manuel L. Quezon was one of the speakers. He said: "I have always been and always will be in favor of woman suffrage." Recounting his experience, Quezon said he won in one town by winning over to his side its most influential women citizens.

The next move was the Senate's. A number of suffrage bills was presented in the upper house in 1919. Among the supporters of a bill (authored by Senator Pedro Sison) was Senator Rafael Palma. The bill was passed; but when the measure was taken to the lower house, it failed to get the at-

tention of that chamber which was still dominated by anti-suffragists. The Manila press itself was opposed to the idea.

Gov. Harrison left in 1921 with the legislature still sitting on the suffrage bill. The new chief executive, Leonard Wood, was sympathetic to the women's cause and recommended, as Harrison did three times, the passage of the suffrage bill. Wood repeated his desire to enfranchise the women in his message in 1923.

In 1921, the Women's Club of Manila called all the women's associations and organized them into the National Federation of Women's Clubs. It adopted an official organ, *Women's Outlook*, edited by Trinidad Fernandez Legarda and Mrs. Kalaw.

**O**THER WOMEN groups were organized. In February, 1922, the Liga Nacional de Damas Filipinas was formed (its original purpose was to fight for Philippine Independence) and helped effectively in the struggle for woman suffrage. In 1928 Maria Ventura organized the Women Citizens League.

In September, 1931, the lower house had a hearing. Distinguished women leaders like Dr. Encarnacion Alzona, Pilar Hidalgo Lim, Concepcion Felix Rodriguez, Josefa Llanes Escoda, Asuncion A. Perez, Josefa Jara Martinez, Dr. Maria Paz

Mendoza Guazon, Josefa Gonzalez Estrada, spoke eloquently at the hearing.

Governor Frank Murphy, wishing to have the Filipina enfranchised, refused to sign various bills unless the woman suffrage bill was passed by both Houses. In December 1933 the Senate approved the suffrage measure and Murphy signed it. The law amended the administrative code to accommodate women voters, effective January 1, 1935.

A large banquet was held at the Centro Escolar University, the school for women, attended by the governor and prominent legislators. Rep. Marcelo T. Boncan received a commemorative tablet from the suffragettes. The *Philippines Herald* issued a special supplement and distributed commemorative medals. Dr. Francisco Santiago, director of the U.F. conservatory of music, composed the Woman Suffrage March which was played during the banquet.

The merriment was however shortlived. In 1934 at the Constitutional Convention, the woman suffrage act was repealed. "The suffragettes fully realized the difficulties ahead of them," wrote Mrs. Kalaw. "At the end of 1936, after the woman suffrage plebiscite bill was passed by the National Assembly, they started their intensive campaign." Assemblymen Juan L. Luna, Agustin Y. Kintanar, To-

mas S. Clemente, Camilo Osias, Emilio de la Paz, and Pedro Gil consolidated their efforts to present the plebiscite measure. A public hearing was held before the voting.

The women through the National Federation of Women's Clubs organized a general council to present a stronger front. The goal was to get the staggering 300,000 votes in favor of suffrage.

With the signing of the plebiscite bill setting April 10 and 17 as registration days and April 30, 1937 as Plebiscite

Day itself, the women launched one of the most intensive and extensive campaigns for their cause. The campaign paid off when the reports came in. The final tally: 447,725 women voted in favor of suffrage; 44,307 were against—the affirmative votes exceed by a large margin the 300,000 "yes" votes quota.

In September 1937 the National Assembly ratified the plebiscite returns and by this act, said Mrs. Kalaw, the Filipina at last won the right to vote.

\* \* \*

### *Have You Heard This One . . . ?*

#### THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE

Two newly wedded couples, married that very afternoon, had just checked in at a Niagara Falls hotel and had been assigned adjoining rooms. Leaving their baggage in their rooms they came back downstairs to dinner. As soon as the meal was completed they started back upstairs. As they neared their rooms lightning struck a transformer and out went all of the lights! They found themselves in pitch darkness!

Groping around they made their way into their rooms and quietly undressed for bed. Ralph, a religious fellow, knelt to pray. Just as he completed his prayer, the lights came on and he saw much to his astonishment that it was Betty there in his bed instead of his own wife, Anne. He jumped up and rushed to the door.

"Too late to hurry now," cooed Betty. "Jack never prays."

\* \*

She took to telling the truth; she said she was forty-two and five months. It may have pleased the angles, but her elder sister was not gratified.

—Saki

# HANDCUFFS

## on Youth

*How do juvenile delinquents in Asia fare?*



COUNTRIES WHICH until recently were under British rule—Burma, Ceylon, India and Pakistan—have been slow to help neglected children or juvenile delinquents, according to Katayun H. Cama's UNESCO report. Most of the social welfare services come from voluntary, non-government bodies, although the government sometimes gives subsidies for their maintenance.

In Burma, the Home for Waifs and Strays, started in 1928, also makes room for the less innocent "j.o." (juvenile offender). In Ceylon, probation centers and orphanages are used as approved homes. Remand prisons are merely segregated parts of ordinary prisons. As late as 1953, only Colombo had a child guidance clinic.

In Pakistan, even private social welfare help is not available outside Karachi. India is more fortunate: Bombay, Ma-

By *NORMAN NAVARRO*

dras, Delhi and Calcutta having (largely private) rescue homes and vigilance shelters.

Throughout all four of these countries, delinquents and non-delinquents are housed together. The contrast is sharp with the centralized systems of Thailand, the Philippines and Japan. Thailand's plans are still largely unrealized, however, outside the city limits of Bangkok. The SWA of the Philippines, on the other hand, is responsible for probation and long-term care and treatment in juvenile institutions. Unfortunately, the probation service investigates the social environment of the delinquent only on order from Manila judges—and this is rare. Japan's services are particularly centralized through the Children's Bureau, of the Health and Welfare Ministry, under

the Child Welfare Act.

Because of the variety in such manners of organizations, one should not expect, as yet, the most intelligent methods of establishing homes for arrest, detention and observation. Except in Manila, Rangoon and Bombay, Southeast Asia's arrest procedures for juveniles are carried out by the ordinary police.

MANILA DOES have a number of policewomen as well as juvenile police officers to arrest or prevent delinquents. Rangoon has only the former. Since 1952, a Juvenile Aid Police Units has operated in Bombay City. Although the police in Burma, India and Thailand may arrest children (or remove them to a "place of safety"), they are expected to be turned over to child welfare committees as soon as possible. Otherwise, however, treatment often is the same as that of adult criminals; sometimes, in fact, handcuffs are used.

Furthermore, although the right to bail is granted, few offenders can afford even so temporary an investment, and must await trial in jail. (Actually Bombay prefers this condition, since it allows observation of children and diagnosis of their problems. Unfortunately, Bombay is the rare city where such trained observation is possible.)

Most Asian countries still de-

tain juveniles in jails intended for adults. Only Japan has widespread special detention homes; those in the states of Bombay and Madras are less numerous. In other countries, they are the exception, not the rule.

Such detention must be considered the act of still-helpless nations inasmuch as the spirit behind special juvenile legislation throughout the region is opposed to the use of adult facilities. Nevertheless, according to Miss Cama, although youngsters are not to be held over 48 hours, because of the hard criminal environment, sometimes the lock-up period lasts as long as 14 weeks! The fortunate exceptions are Rangoon, Manila, Karachi City, Bangkok, and in India, states such as Coorg, Orissa and Uttar Pradesh. Even then, it is standard practice to convey delinquents to court in police vans or cars, and not without fanfare or notice as in America.

Where *houses of detention* (before and during trial) are maintained, these tend — as in Burma, Pakistan and India — to serve simply the purpose of segregating adults and children. Rarely are there special programs added, to include observation and classification. Also there are cases such as that of Karachi City in Sind Province. Both have provisions for juvenile detention homes, but Sind

### ONLY A NECKBAND

Thailand's one child welfare center is attached to the central juvenile court in Bangkok. Even here, juveniles under trial are mixed indiscriminately with those already sentenced: they only wear different colored neckbands on their shirts!

has no facilities to effect her provisions. Karachi City, administered separately as the seat of Pakistan government, does have facilities, thanks to private social welfare organizations.

**D**ETENTION HOMES with programs exist in Bombay, Madras, Bangkok and Japan. Provisions of the Madras and Bengal Children Acts show an interesting stage of enlightenment in their legislators. Not only are children to be detained outside lockups and for no more than 24 hours, but especially no girl arrested or committed for trial shall be detained in police custody. Instead, the magistrate may place her in the custody of any person who he thinks would produce her at the next session. Also, the government may declare any house (or certified school, orphanage, school for the blind, or even a hospital) a detention home, during the waiting period. Over forty such recognized institu-

tions exist in Bombay state alone.

In such Indian homes, while children are detained, they are also observed, according to their character, home circumstances, and other details, to help the juvenile courts reach a proper understanding of each case. To make such study possible, Bombay has counseled that bail be refused children where proper facilities for diagnosis are available; as without diagnosis, a treatment program can hardly be recommended to juvenile court.

As yet, even in such enlightened places, concerted medical, psychological and psychiatric examinations are impossible. Exceptions are, in India, Poona and the Umarkhadi Remand Home in Bombay City. These particular centers are also used by the government for in-service training of probation workers.

During detention, children in Bombay work at carpentry, leather work, paper bag making, embroidery, toy making, etc. At Umarkhadi, literary and physical training are added. Madras teaches spinning.

In Japan, juveniles may not be detained at police stations for over 48 hours. Those on trial are separated from those sentenced; and they are detained in special shelter and classification homes. Here through medical, psychological,

and psychiatric analyses are made, the child being studied "in situations of extreme isolation and in group activities." Handcuffs have disappeared, but police vans have not.

**B**URMA, CEYLON, the Philippines, Pakistan, Thailand and India (exception: Bombay) have no *observation homes*, as such. Even the observation homes in Bombay City and Poona were not created specifically for that purpose. Their primary function is that of "provisional, short term detention of juveniles pending trial or final disposition of their cases." Meanwhile, they borrow services from workers in child guidance clinics, and a part time psychiatrist.

"Only in Japan," says Miss Cama, "are there to be found special homes for observation

both before and after the final judicial disposition of the case to which juvenile delinquents or juveniles in need of treatment are sent with a view to providing an adequate basis for their classification and for the planning of their individualized treatment."

The judge of the family court in Japan, on recommendation of the juvenile investigator, selects those to be observed and classified, from among delinquents appearing before his court. The findings of psychologists, psychiatrists, physicians, sociologists and educators are coordinated in conference. Various western tests have been adapted to conditions of oriental culture.

Thus within their own region, Asians can find attitudes and techniques to remedy their generally inept manner of treating delinquent children.

\* \* \*

### *Soviets Explore Pacific Depths*

A group of scientists from the Oceanologic Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences has just returned from two research expeditions carried out last summer in the North-West Pacific. The oceanic depression surrounding the Aleutian Islands were explored for the first time to a depth of more than 22,960 feet. The expedition charted a number of deep-sea peaks rising to nearly 10,000 feet, and established the structure of the complex chain of mountains extending underwater from the Hawaiian islands to the Aleutian depression. Important data were also collected regarding the fishing grounds in these areas.

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*If You Want*

*To Live*

*a Hundred Years. . .*

**O**NE CAN live to be one hundred years old. Edwin Diamond of the International News Service shows how — on the basis of the evidence and suggestions presented by old age specialists, biologists, psychologists, physicians and other experts. Yes, one can live to be a hundred — and happily, too.

Prof. A. J. Carlson says a 100-year life is a reasonable biological goal. Increasingly good health is passed on to children by parents. Diseases of childhood have been conquered. A baby born today has a life expectancy almost double that of children born during Washington's time.

U.S. government statistics indicated that in 1952 the average life expectancy at birth was 68.6 years — 65.9 for men and 71.8 for women. An insurance

company has prepared a table showing the steady rise of the average life expectancy. It was 69.7 years in 1954.

Dr. Carlson points out that our bodies can make it to 100 — if we'll only let them. Hale and hearty at eighty, Dr. Carlson maintains that ignorance of biological facts, overeating, improper diet, and laziness are depriving millions of a long and happy life. Here are his pointers:

1. Don't overeat, but be sure all the essentials are in your diet. The essentials are: milk, fruit, vegetables, meat, fish or poultry, cereal and bread, butter or oleo.

2. Initiate a program of continuous physical work. When work stops, the human organism begins to degenerate.

3. Keep alive your human curiosity. Have a system of

continuous and real, that is, factual education throughout adult life.

4. Support and understand medical research aimed at advancing knowledge of preventive diseases.

**D**R. SCHINDLER wrote a book "How to live 365 days a year." The formula:

1. Keep life simple — keep yourself responsive to the simple things that are always near at hand.

2. Avoid watching for a knock in your motor — look for illness and it will be sure to come via the psychosomatic route.

3. Learn to like work — since you have to work, you may as well learn to like it and avoid making emotional trouble for yourself.

4. Have a good hobby — something which turns part of your existence into pleasure and pleasurable expectancy.

5. Learn to be satisfied — it is just as easy under most conditions to be satisfied as it is to be dissatisfied.

6. Like people — join the human enterprise.

7. Say the cheerful, pleasant thing — and get up on the right side of bed.

8. Meet adversity by turning defeat into victory — age is often beset by adversity; when it comes, get up and go on.

9. Meet your problems with decision — don't keep mulling them over in your mind.

10. Make the present moment an emotional success — keep your attitude and thinking as cheerful as possible.

11. Always be planning something — a basic psychological need in every person is the need for new experiences.

12. Don't let irritating things get your goat — say "nuts" to irritations.

**T**HE SECRET to one hundred years may be expressed in one formula — add years to your life by adding life to your years. The formula is based on Dr. Carlson's personal prescription for longevity — with health. The distinguished biologist, active at eighty, points out:

"Stay slim, stay trim, stay curious, stay active and know yourself and your body — don't abuse it." Mental fitness, just as physical fitness, pays off in added years.

As early as 1789, Dr. Benjamin Rush, considered "Father of American Psychiatry" and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, said: "Business politics, and religion, which are the objects of all classes, impart a vigor to the understanding which, by being conveyed to every part of the body, tend to produce health and long life."

Dr Jack Weinberg, psychiatrist and lecturer at the University of Illinois, also says: "If you maintain your interests and activities, they will communicate themselves to the rest of the body and you will feel healthy and young."

Interested in mental health for older adults, Dr. Weinberg offers this four-point program:

1. Cultivate and maintain active interests. Retire to something, not from something. To prepare for the day when you give up your job, learn some skill or vocation suited to your

capacities and tastes.

2. Increase your participation in civic and community affairs.

3. Explore new recreation pursuits: don't let television and radio replace the pleasure of parties, good conversation and dancing — activities that bring us together with others.

4. Start developing the potentialities hidden in you — those that have not been expressed during a busy life; with the greater leisure that comes with age, you have your opportunity. — *H. L. Marcos*

\* \* \*

## *Problem For Slavs*

Education in Yugoslavia is characterized by special conditions and special needs which have to be taken into account in any plan of reform. First, it is and will remain decentralized, with complete autonomy resting with the school authorities of the six Federated Republics of Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Macedonia and Montenegro. There are three official languages, Slovene, Macedonian and Serbo-Croat—the latter the most widely used. But the Serbs print in Cyrillic characters, while the Croats and Slovenes use the Latin alphabet. Education is further complicated by the presence of three strong minorities—Albanian, Hungarian and Turkish, with their own languages and cultural traditions. Moreover, there exist strong difference, bred of the impact made by neighbouring cultures in times past: the Germanic influence in the north-west dating back to the days when this part of Yugoslavia belonged to the Austro-Hungarian empire; the Turkish influence in the south-east; and the Italian influence in the Adriatic coastal area.

(UNESCO)

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# The Evils of Communism

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

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*It's a doctrine bred of poverty and hatred*

**I**N RELATION to any political doctrine there are two questions to be asked: (1) are its theoretical tenets true? (2) is its practical policy likely to increase human happiness?

For my part I think the theoretical tenets of Communism are false, and I think its practical maxims are such as to produce an immeasurable increase of human misery.

The theoretical doctrines of Communism are for the most part derived from Marx. My objections to Marx are of two sorts: one, that he was muddle-headed; and the other, that his thinking was almost entirely inspired by hatred.

The doctrine of surplus value, which is supposed to demonstrate the exploitation of wage-earners under capitalism, is ar-

rived at: (a) by surreptitiously accepting Malthus' doctrine of population, which Marx and all his disciples explicitly repudiate; (b) by applying Ricardo's theory of value to wages, but not to the prices of manufactured articles.

## *A Goad*

He is entirely satisfied with the result, not because it is in accordance with the facts, or logically coherent, but because it is calculated to rouse fury in wage-earners.

Marx's doctrine that all historical events have been motivated by class conflicts is a rash and untrue extension to world history of certain features prominent in England and France 100 years ago. His belief that there is a cosmic force called dialectical materialism which

governs human history independently of human volitions, is mere mythology. His theoretical errors, however, would not have mattered so much but for the fact that, like Tertullian and Carlyle, his chief desire was to see his enemies punished, and he cared little what happened to his friends in the process.

Marx's doctrine was bad enough, but the developments which it underwent under Lenin and Stalin made it much worse. Marx had taught that there would be a revolutionary transitional period following the victory of the proletariat in a civil war and that during this period the proletariat, in accordance with the usual practice after a civil war, would deprive its vanquished enemies of political power. This period was to be that of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

It should not be forgotten that in Marx's prophetic vision the victory of the proletariat was to come after it had grown to be the vast majority of the population. The dictatorship of the proletariat, therefore, as conceived by Marx, was not essentially anti-democratic.

### *One-Man Dictatorship*

In the Russia of 1917, however, the proletariat was a small percentage of the population, the great majority being peasants. It was decreed that the

Bolshevik party was the class-conscious part of the proletariat, and that a small committee of its leaders was the class-conscious part of the Bolshevik party.

The dictatorship of the proletariat thus came to be the dictatorship of a small committee, and ultimately of one man—Stalin. As the sole class-conscious proletarian, Stalin condemned millions of peasants to death by starvation and millions of others to forced labor in concentration camps.

He even went so far as to decree that the laws of heredity are henceforth to be different from what they used to be, and that the germ-plasm is to obey Soviet decrees but not that reactionary priest Mendel.

I am completely at a loss to understand how it comes about that some people who are both humane and intelligent can find something to admire in the vast slave camp produced by Stalin.

### *Abandonment of Democracy*

I have always disagreed with Marx. My first hostile criticism of him was published in 1896. But my objections to modern Communism go deeper than my objections to Marx. It is the abandonment of democracy that I find particularly disastrous. A minority resting its power upon the activities of a secret police is bound to be cruel, oppressive and obscuran-

tist.

The dangers of irresponsible power came to be generally recognized during the 18th and 19th centuries but those who have been dazzled by the outward success of the Soviet Union have forgotten all that was painfully learnt during the days of absolute monarchy, and have gone back to what was worst in the Middle Ages under the curious delusion that they were in the vanguard of progress.

There are some signs that in the course of time the Russian regime may become more liberal. But, although this is possible, it is very far from certain. In the meantime, all those who value not only art and science but a sufficiency of daily bread and freedom from the fear that a careless word by their children to a school teacher may condemn them to forced labor in a Siberian wilderness, must do what lies in their power to preserve in their own countries a less servile and more prosperous manner of life.

#### *War No Solution*

There are those who, oppressed by the evils of Communism, are led to the conclusion that the only effective way to combat these evils is by means of a world war. I think this is a mistake.

At one time such a policy might have been possible, but now war has become so terrible

and Communism has become so powerful that no one can tell what would be left after a world war, and whatever might be left would probably be at least as bad as present-day Communism.

This forecast does not depend upon which side, if either, is nominally victorious. It depends only upon the inevitable effects of mass destruction by means of hydrogen and cobalt bombs and perhaps of ingeniously propagated plagues.

The way to combat Communism is not war. What is needed, in addition to such armaments as will deter Communists from attacking the West, is diminution of the grounds for discontent in the less prosperous parts of the non-Communist world.

In most of the countries of Asia there is abject poverty which the West ought to alleviate as far as it lies in its power to do so. There is also a great bitterness which was caused by the centuries of European insolent domination in Asia. This ought to be dealt with by a combination of patient tact with dramatic announcements renouncing such relics of white domination as survive in Asia.

Communism is a doctrine bred of poverty, hatred and strife. Its spread can only be arrested by diminishing the area of poverty and hatred.

# *Temptations of a Sociologist*

By RICHARD COLLER



**T**HE WRITER was engaged, for several months last year, in a fairly comprehensive barrio study whose methods and results reflect directly on applied sociology. The Leyte barrio under scrutiny, plus several adjacent communities, had already been an object of medical research (concerned with the nature and control of snail fever) for a period of about four months. Both this group and the sociologists faced similar problems of trying to remain objective in their considerations and findings, in the face of human suffering.

During the course of our investigation into the effect of snail fever on the attitudes and customs of the community, the social science team naturally was in close contact with the barrio dwellers. Such a study ordinarily requires a great deal of cooperation from the local population, particularly if the

team is operating on a limited time schedule—as we were having only a matter of weeks to conduct our survey. As a consequence, there came to be established a linkage of “claims and expectations” between the team members and the barrio inhabitants. In other words, as they rendered aid to us and established primary group, almost family, relationships with us, we in turn felt obligated to reciprocate their favors. Moreover, since we were outsiders supported by international funds, it was expected that we would benefit them in some immediate way.

The barrio people in this Leyte community (and this would be true of almost any community) were not satisfied with explanations that such a study would eventually bring long-term benefits to them. According to some informants, even before the study began

the question was asked, "What's in it for me?" or its equivalent. When news of our intention reached the barrio, one leader is supposed to have said, "If the research group will bring us immediate, concrete benefits, I will cooperate. Otherwise I see no point in giving them information."

This barrio's interest in temporary, short-term benefits, its *mañana* philosophy (i.e. tomorrow take care of itself) is greater than that in other cultures. Another indication of this attitude appeared in the experience of the medical team when the patients who had started a long-range course of treatment suddenly would discontinue it. They argued that if the medicine was good, it would have made them feel better right away. Since that did not happen, they stopped treatment.

**7** HE FIRST result was that the team members were deluged with requests for an astonishing miscellany of goods and services, such as a cash loan for a tax payment, aid to some person's pet project (bringing electricity into the settlement), legal advice, photographs, letters of recommendation, intercession for pension claims, and the like. The personal, short-term and relatively superficial nature of these requests is obvious; other

needs were too basic, deeply buried and complex for our particular hit-and-run program: even where the need was real, however, specialized personnel and more time and funds than we had were necessary for a lasting solution.

Our first impulse was to call in all relevant government agencies and start a comprehensive reform program. We thought of the Departments of Agriculture and Health, the SWA, and many others. But when this has been attempted elsewhere, it has been discovered that the government agencies still are not ready for such a huge and complex task. Not only funds but properly trained workers in the social sciences are lacking.

Since the calling-in of others seemed of doubtful value, and might actually confuse our own purposes, what *did* happen? First, one must remember that on a large research team, not all members will be fully trained social scientists. Many will be assistants with little or no training in higher social science. Consequently, what could be expected of an ordinary member of a small research team faced with an overwhelming number of requests that would have staggered even a large social work agency?

The very human and understandable reaction was politely



## WHICH JUAN?

"Nicknames are common and unusual ones stick permanently. In Mabilo where there are many Juans and Pedros and Josés and Marias, appellatives are used freely to designate one from the other, as for example, the Juans. Juan *pak-i*; Juan *bangkil* (Juan with the large teeth); Juan *hilong* (Juan the drunkard); Juan *commerciante* (Juan the merchant), etc."

to refuse the bulk of these requests, mostly because of a clear inability to do anything about them, but sometimes because assistance would hamper our assigned work. On the other hand, it was just as natural to sympathize with those people who had troubles. Therefore, whenever an opportunity for rendering specific aid appeared and exerted a strong claim on his sentiments, the research member was likely to step aside from his work and take action. However, as usual, such offhand unprepared help tended to be unscientific philanthropy, only coincidentally resembling modern social work.

**Y**ET THERE WAS a more fundamental question underlying this rendering of aid. The chief aim of

this sociological team was to analyze the culture of this specific barrio in the hope that the findings would help the medical group understand better the possible causes and treatments of snail fever. Any aid, given scientifically or not, was bound to affect the culture. Consequently the subject of study was altered during the process of analysis! For example: a woman worker gave a modern nursing bottle to a mother unable to nurse her newborn infant. This bottle was a novel object in the community and attracted considerable interest. However, since no provision was made for the study of innovations emanating from the research group itself (an outside group), the cultural effects of the act were never analyzed.

The fact is that among such barrio dwellers there is a strong feeling of inter-family competition. A bottle given to one creates envy among the others; soon the wants and satisfactions of the whole community can be changed. If people learn that one family has received something which they did not, they will storm the donor until they receive the same benefit. One case was reported by an emergency relief worker who was forced to give an equal ration of food to both rich and poor families to avoid precipitating

a riot. Such feelings on the receivers' part are complicated by the fact that research members usually sympathize with only a few persons in a community and want to aid them more than the others.

Whether such practices, in the Philippines, can be fore-

gone so that findings will be more scientific is doubtful. At least until such a time, sociologists will have to scrutinize and question their own data: did they discover what they saw, or did they make it happen? —

Adapted from the *Philippine Sociological Review*.

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## *Secrecy in Science*

Though secrecy in certain types of scientific research may be inevitable, its effects are often disastrous, states Professor Pierre Auger, director of UNESCO's Department of Natural Sciences. This statement, which appears in the current issue of UNESCO's quarterly "IMPACT", is part of an article in which he suggests the establishment of closer liaison between research workers in pure science and in the applied sciences.

"How can research workers be expected to be enthusiastic about their work," Professor Auger asks, "when they are morally certain that their colleagues in other countries, unknown to them, are carrying out the same experiments, and thus very probably making their labors unnecessary?"

"It is clear", he writes, "that secrecy, whether prompted by military or commercial considerations, throws out the whole machinery for reciprocal exchange of information. It makes it necessary to split up research workers into small groups knowing nothing of one another and merely reporting to a higher authority".

Professor Auger points out that the strength based only on secrecy, like that of the fortified castles of old, must always yield sooner or later to a new invention. One of the greatest evils of secrecy is duplication or triplication of effort.

"At great cost in time and money," he writes, "French scientists are re-doing what already has been done in the United States and in Britain. But this is merely the symptom of a social sickness. Mankind will recover its health, and all scientists are morally bound to help it in that return to reason."

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# Khrushchev Tells All

By F. C. STA. MARIA

**N** EWS CAPITALS all over the world have been agog ever since the text of Soviet Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev's speech on Stalin was released to the press. The wide-spread excitement is quite justified, and is in itself an indication of the importance of the document.

Communist leaders at first succeeded in keeping the gruesome text a secret. The usually alert American press, with its correspondents in almost every conceivable corner of the world, was helpless. When portions of the voluminous speech, which took two days to deliver before the 20th Communist Congress, began to appear in European newspapers, the stampede was on. How the leak came about did not seem to be important; here was the closely guarded exposé of the great Stalin, spread out before the unbelieving eyes of the free world. Soon after, the U.S. Department of State, through sources still unrevealed, managed to lay its hand on the version of the

speech supposedly prepared for the satellite countries, and the leak became an opened flood-gate. The *New York Times* last June 10 published in its international edition this version.

As expected, editorial comments on the Khrushchev masterpiece have been profuse and varied. Columnist Walter Lippman saw in the communist stand a futile effort to exculpate Russia's present leaders of their past sins. He perceived the inherent evil of the communist system which has bred persons like Josef Stalin.

The opinion is of course sound. It is obvious that Khrushchev and his gang cannot simply wash their bloody hands in the basin of public opinion. They had as much share in Stalin's orgy of murders and assassinations as anybody, notwithstanding Khrushchev's explanation that there was "a reign of terror" going on and nobody could stop Stalin. A number of today's top Politburo men were occupying key positions in Stalin's time. These

men in their various capacities had made—or at least helped Stalin make—decisions that brought about that reign of terror. How can they now shrug their shoulders innocently and disclaim responsibility for that government? Is it not rather naive of Khrushchev to expect the world to pat him on the back just because he has exposed a dead man whose insane lust for power he helped sustain?

It is true that some reforms have been achieved within the Soviet government since the death of the bemustached terror. Even Russian foreign policy has considerably changed, shifting perceptibly from one of belligerence to outward friendliness. Yet it is equally true, as some observers have pointed out, that Soviet executions have taken place even after Stalin's death. The outstanding example is that of Secret Police Chief Lavrenti P. Beria whose head rolled in 1953 during the post-Stalin struggle for power in the Kremlin. A recent news item identifying Anastas Mikoyan, Soviet first deputy premier, as Beria's actual executioner proves the contention that Russia's reign of terror is not yet a thing of the past, and that the very same men who are today denouncing Stalin are not blameless.

**T**HE NEW YORK *Times* text of Khrushchev's speech which is probably already watered down since it is intended for satellite consumption, bears perusal. Here are sample charges against Josef Stalin:

1. The Soviet premier, against the fundamental Marx-Lenin tenet of collective leadership, propagated the "cult of the individual." He did not only glorify himself but built around his person dictatorial power. Khrushchev said:

"At the present we are concerned with a question which has immense importance for the party now and for the future — with how the cult of the person of Stalin has been gradually growing, the cult which became at a certain specific stage the source of a whole series of exceedingly serious and grave perversions of party principles, of party democracy, of revolutionary legality."

2. Stalin was "very rude" not only towards his subordinates but even among his equals. In a letter written by Lenin to the Soviet premier quoted by Khrushchev, Stalin is described as "excessively rude." Lenin declared: "This defect, which can be freely tolerated in our midst and in contacts among us Communists, becomes a defect which cannot be tolerated in one holding the position of Secretary General. Because of this, I propose that the com-

rades consider the method by which Stalin would be removed from this position and by which another man would be selected for it; a man who, above all, would differ from Stalin in only one quality, namely, greater tolerance, greater loyalty, greater kindness and more considerate attitude toward the comrades, a less capricious temper, etc.”

3. During the purge of the 1930's Stalin liquidated hundreds of communists whom he suspected of disloyalty: “It was determined that of the 139 members and candidates of the party's central committee who were elected at the 17th Congress, 98 persons, that is 70%, were arrested and shot (mostly in 1937-38).” Among them was General Tukhachevsky who was executed after a rigged-up trial. Through terroristic methods which included the securing of false confessions by means of brutal tortures, Stalin managed to entrench himself into power by simply eliminating his personal enemies. Furthermore, it was Stalin who invented the phrase “enemy of the people”—a powerful weapon against anyone.

4. During the Great Patriotic War (World War II) Stalin proved by his stupid decisions and personal cowardice that the legend describing him as a “military genius” was false. Again Khrushchev said: “Stalin

was very far from an understanding of the real situation that was developing at the front. That was natural because during the whole Patriotic War, he never visited any section of the front or liberated city except for one short ride on the Mazhaisk Highway during a stabilized situation at the front.”

5. Premier Josef Stalin exiled en masse minority groups within the Soviet Republic in retaliation for offenses committed by certain individuals in those groups. The document at this point states: “We refer to the mass deportations from their native places or home nations, together with all communists and komgomols without any exception . . . how it is possible to make whole nations responsible for inimical activity, including women, children, old people . . . to use mass repression against them, and to expose misery and suffering for the hostile acts of individual persons or groups of persons.”

6. Toward the end of his life Stalin grew to be insanely suspicious of everybody. At one time he was quoted to have proposed the liquidation of the entire remaining members of the politburo. Khrushchev quotes Nikolai Bulganin, now Soviet premier, as having said: “It has happened sometimes that a man goes to Stalin on his invitation as a friend. And when he sits with Stalin, he

does not know where he will be sent next, home or to jail."

SUCH ARE the sample gems from the 20th Congress document which the ruling communist clique had hoped to keep secret. The *Times* editorially comments that the document, far from being a mere guide into the past, is an indication of what the communists intend to do in the future. Arguing that Khrushchev has never intended to foster a free press behind the Iron Curtain, the *Times* cites portions of the speech which admonish the communists to keep the truth to themselves and refrain from washing their dirty linen in public.

An elaboration on the document is unnecessary; it speaks for its brutal self. The tale of unmitigated lies and perversions unfolded in it makes a Hollywood horror movie look tepid by comparison.

Meanwhile, the consequences of the 20th communist party congress have been almost as dramatic as Khrushchev's moment of revelation. Among the satellite countries there was confusion at first, then disbelief and finally acquiescence. Stalin's myth has been pounded into smithereens in most of these places. Yugoslavia's Tito has evidently been lured back into the communist fold; Hungary, Bulgaria and Romania have "rehabilitated" their he-

roes—now mostly dead—who were condemned by Stalin. Even the communist parties in France and Italy which, incidentally, command numerous hordes, have reluctantly joined in singing the destalinization song.

From the free world, on the other hand, after the temporary wave of shock passed by, reaction was varied. Some members of the Western alliance, including France and England, have apparently accepted Russia's proffers of friendship. They see in Bulganin and Khrushchev a sincere desire to reform. These two nations have openly entertained peace overtures and state visits from the Kremlin. Maybe they are right. Only the United States has adamantly kept to its hostile views. Through the din U.S. State Secretary John Foster Dulles' voice was heard, daring the U.S.S.R. to hold free elections which, he said, is the real test of a democratic government. The Russians have turned a complete deaf either to the challenge.

It is probably safe to predict that the destalinization campaign will gain greater momentum in the next year or so. The end is far from sight. In exposing a braggart and a murderer, Russia's leaders have unwittingly revealed to the world the hideous corpse which is Communism.—*Philippine Journal of Education*.

# The Automatic Factory

By VITALIANO MACARAEG

EVER SINCE the mid-nineteenth century growth of colonial empires, to furnish raw materials as well as to provide markets for European factory systems, exploiters and exploited have come to fear and love the machine almost as they once feared and loved the Deity. In an electronic age no one is skeptical any more of the near-future invention of not only brain-machines but perhaps even of robots, mechanical men. The diminishing role (and sometimes therefore the diminishing value) of man is taken for granted. What is surprising, then, is the attitude of many American industrialists, reported in *Encounter* by social analyst David Riesman.

According to Riesman, not only such physicists as Robert Oppenheimer but even more business-minded corporate heads are uncomfortable with the over-efficient engineering which they have produced. Replacement of labor has become so extensive that even executives now sense the threatened reduction of their own importance. In an age dominated by machines, must a man throw off sentiment and become a machine, to survive? Engineers are beginning to apologize for "being good with slide-rules or transistors but not with people or Shakespeare."

The ironic fact is that, even as the pendulum in America is now swinging back from Technics to Culture, many less industrialized countries are trying to imitate American technics, building steel plants and auto assembly lines, even if their agricultural methods would seem to require improvement first. Africans and Asians, today, tend to be the most romantic strivers after machine efficiency and material well-being (at the price of the soul). In America, not the efficiency expert, but the personnel manager trained in human relations is the modern Representative Man.

Immigrants to America, says Rieman, still expect to go far simply by hard work. But 20th century America is already interested in less working hours and more intelligent use of leisure. It is cultivating good food, good song and the leisurely life. It is noticeable that a disproportionate number of American scientists come from small-town or rural backgrounds: having little luxury or occupational diversity in their youth, naturally they were attracted to technological research, whose productive results, being material, are visible. City students, however, having a more varied life, find such careers too narrow.

OBSERVERS FROM other countries can hardly understand this newest stage in American thought. Their own inexperienced worship of machines is perplexed by America's calculated "sabotage" of prescribed operating procedures. Once, workmen in an oil-cracking plant in Oklahoma were angered by management's description of their labor as semi-skilled. When they began to carry out the chief chemist's instructions *literally*, the plant was brought to a standstill: proving that the workers knew the peculiarities of their machines better than their supervisors did. In other examples, workmen often deviate from a customer's demands because their own knowledge can predict the inaccuracy of the buyer's conception. But the satisfied customer, unknowingly, is likely grateful only to the *precision of the machine*. Says Rieman, "Such 'corruptions' and 'indulgences' mediate between the formally prescribed and the empirically provided elements of production—they compromise an invisible overprint on a blueprint."

Nor can observers, still thinking in terms of 19th century cut-throat competition, understand the willingness of American businessmen to share their production methods with each other. Trade journals and conventions abound in the free



movement of "secrets." Nor is this a sign of any national conspiracy, since these journals are available to other nations. Rather it is a sign of the growing professionalisation of management. A fraternity of interest ties a professional more closely to a whole industry than to his own particular plant; however, even to his own plant he can justify his breadth of open-mindedness by calling it "goodwill" and "public relations," which are just as important as the "pure" research conducted by most corporations.

THE AGE of the totalitarian tycoon in America is past, thanks to various control bills passed under the New Deal. It is still possible, of course, to get rich quick and honestly. But the nation tends to look down on conspicuous consumption. The hiring of chauffeurs, for example, so common in the Philippines, is a rarity in America for anyone but millionaires. Since the 1920's, mansion-estates and yachts have been the exception, not the rule. Money is more likely now to go back into the business; therefore, re-investment has had to be made interesting, an art, with human rewards. Corporate officials delight in new fads like committee management, incentive systems, "green" factories (with gardens and recreation). More and more they are mem-

bers of civil associations not of private golf clubs.

As business enterprise has pyramided, its increased bureaucracy has ceased to capture young people's imagination. Nor are children any more forced into their father's business, since it no longer is his alone but belongs to a mass of stockholders. Individual power today more likely resides in a diocesan head like Cardinal Spellman, a labor leader such as John L. Lewis was, or a funds-foundation executive like Robert Hutchins.

The reaction to over-mechanization is so strong in America that few care to imagine a factory completely without operatives. Experiments in full automisation have been blocked by a fear that one can go too far in replacing men by machines. Even the new Ford engine plant in Cleveland is not automatic. Operators, although performing little physical labor, still are attached to highly specialized machines which move and shape material. In a completely automatic factory, a tape with coded information would run far less specialized machines.

Each hemisphere, each nation may have to find its own way into industrialization. But if it must imitate America, certainly it should not imitate attitudes long-since discarded by American culture.

## 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. *forbearance*—(a) quartet of bears; (b) perseverance; (c)  patience; (d) face.
2. *compatible*—(a)  harmonious; (b) uneasy; (c) ready for battle; (d) combustible.
3. *rejuvenate*—(a) delinquent; (b)  reinvigorate; (c) Latin; (d) result.
4. *signify*—(a) flag; (b) dedicate; (c) twin-engines; (d) to mean.
5. *foothold*—(a) wrestler; (b) keel; (c)  footing; (d) backing.
6. *infuse*—(a)  inspire; (b) dynamite; (c) fuse box; (d) extinguisher.
7. *shoal*—(a) drinking term; (b) recruit; (c) colt; (d)  shallows.
8. *brocade*—(a) frontispiece; (b)  richly designed fabric; (c) doorway; (d) pastry.
9. *amputee*—(a) leggings; (b) golf term; (c) electricity; (d)  one with limb cut off.
10. *teak*—(a) drink with jasmine; (b) hole in ship; (c)  hardwood; (d) front tooth.
11. *irony*—(a) hardwood; (b)  sarcasm; (c) ivory; (d) metalworks.
12. *anecdote*—(a) dirty joke; (b) father's sister; (c) recipe; (d)  brief tale.
13. *assimilate*—(a) pretend; (b) love; (c)  absorb; (d) sister.
14. *reciprocal*—(a) double barreled; (b) high-priced; (c)  mutual; (d) insurance.
15. *donor*—(a)  giver; (b) doughnut; (c) honor; (d) blood plasma.
16. *spectrum*—(a) spittle; (b) eye-glasses; (c) spectacle; (d)  components of light.
17. *polar*—(a) white bear; (b) swimming pool; (c)  away from equator; (d) ice cream.
18. *imbibe*—(a) baby's bib; (b)  drink; (c) bride; (d) fiduciary.
19. *seaboard*—(a)  coast; (b) sidewalk; (c) pier; (d) tired of travel.
20. *woodcock*—(a) firearm; (b)  type of pheasant; (c) beaver; (d) marshy plant.

# Knight of the Golden Spurs



*The most civil civil war*

By MITRON PANIQUI

ONE REASON that American Southerners have difficulty in solving even local problems, though they insist loudly on their right to try, is that they often compensate for their sense of inferiority by maintaining delusions of grandeur. More Southerners (even shanty-dwellers) like to reminisce about an imaginary heritage of Cavalier land-grants and mansions out on the old plantation, than there are people claiming to be descendants of the original boatload of Pilgrims!

The Southern defeat in the war between the States still provokes a defensive bravado from those who never had anything to lose. The worst ruffian enjoys identifying himself with those mounted knights of the Confederacy: Robert E. Lee, and guerrillas Forrest, Mosby and Stuart. The strange fact is

that a few of these semi-legendary figures did indeed accomplish romantic deeds, and largely because they believed in their own grandeur so thoroughly that it made them invulnerable.

The fighting quality of young J. E. B. Stuart was already established at West Point and in the Indian wars, and on the occasion of his disarming John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Bullets pierced his clothes over and over, in the Civil War; one even clipped off half his mustache. But the only shot that ever drew blood was the one that killed him. How could his cavalrymen help but believe in his immunity!

Because he never asked anything of his men that he would not do himself, he was beloved.

No strain of battle ever made Stuart less approachable, less cheerful than he ever was. He threw snowballs with them, played marbles—and sometimes in the thick of battle would send a green officer away with a message, to save his life. He seldom communicated with the capital except when his men were starving or were threatened with civilian interference.

Yet however much Stuart loved his men (he left them his favorite horses when he died), they took his orders seriously. He was all soldier, not a play-boy with a sabre in hand frolicking through the ranks, but an officer who could control his troops because he could control himself. Moreover, he was in the saddle even longer than his men because he usually acted as his own scout, out to discover what the maps could not show, in preparation for an attack.

FOR ALL THESE qualities, it has sometimes been claimed that J. E. B. Stuart should have replaced "Stonewall" Jackson after the latter's accidental death. Confederate generals and foreign observers alike counseled it; but Lee denied him the position, even while he said, "A more zealous, ardent, brave and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have." On the basis particularly of his actions, when

he replaced Jackson at Chancellorsville, even those who loved him doubted that Stuart would ever consent to a strictly *defensive* campaign.

He took joy in battle, "the sudden and tumultuous fury of charge and onset." He sang, riding into battle; or laughed like a silver bell. When his adjutant asked how long he would be gone, each time Stuart would cry, "It may be for years and it may be forever." His last dispatch read, "My men and horses are tired, hungry, jaded, but all right." To be all right, they needed only his company. Gamaliel Bradford has said that Stuart's gaiety could turn a raid into a revel. Rough-riding Mosby wrote of one evening in the McClellan expedition, "That summer night was a carnival of fun I can never forget. Nobody thought of danger or sleep, when champagne bottles were bursting and wine was flowing in copious streams."

How could men subside into fear, when their leader had such a magnificent physique? Stuart could stay in the saddle forty-eight hours without sleep and still be singing. Or he could drop down anywhere and sleep soundly, in broadest daylight. When trouble came, he merely pulled his beard thoughtfully, then pushed on.

Once, having stumbled on forty-four Union soldiers, he instantly ordered them to

## COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Stuart was as handy with the Bible as he was with his carbine. His reports to Lee cease to be flowery at times, to ring with such sincere expressions as: "Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory."

"Throw down your arms or you are all dead men!" Then quietly he marched the squad back into his camp.

Perhaps he was trying to live up to the deeds of knight-errantry so familiar to the Southerner through the prose and poetry of Sir Walter Scott. Once he sent Jackson a volume of Napoleon's *Maxims*; again, recounting John Brown's raid, he quoted from Horace. Yet as Bradford says, Stuart lived poems rather than read them.

Compared with him, Jackson was too proud, Lee too lofty. Stuart loved to ride fine horses, wear a drooping hat with black feather, his gold-braided fighting jacket, gloves that reached his elbows, a yellow sash and golden spurs. Despite the dan-

ger it attracted, his red battle-flag went with him everywhere. Even his speech was so flowery that Lee recoiled from it.

THE SAVING GRACE was his laughter. He was capable of reporting how Union general Bartlett ran from his midnight camp in his undershirt, routed. Or he telegraphed his enemies at the U.S. Commissary Department that the mules he had been "getting" lately were most unsatisfactory: would they please improve the quality!

His banjo-player was as close to him as any fighting man in camp. And after a day's fight he was likely to want to organize a dance with the town girls, Union or Confederate. Yet no matter how women, overcome by his glory and personal charm, tempted him to stay, begged his buttons or kissed his gloves, he never placed anyone, anything before duty. Besides, far from being dissipated, he was always faithful to his young wife and children; nor did he gamble or swear. Nor would he fight on Sundays!

J.E.B. Stuart died a little past the age of thirty, an unfortunately young age to be dead. Yet he escaped, thereby, the bitterness of the final surrender; and escaped too seeing other men, impostors, feed off the legend he had lived.

\* \* \*

# Positive Nationalism



**9** ASK OF our students that they, as the first generation of our sovereignty, press forward with all vigor and militancy the principle of positive Filipino nationalism. I stress the word positive because I feel that there has been no adequate recognition of those aspects of our racial and national heritage of which we justly can be proud. I ask for a nationalism that is not apologetic, nor self-deprecating. This does not mean that we must ignore our failings and our shortcomings. Rizal set us the example for all time of being able to apply self-criticism fearlessly and constructively. Let us be equally fearless without obscuring what is legitimately worthy of pride. What I mean by a positive nationalism is one which takes the best of our virtues, our institutions, regardless of how we acquired them, and develops from them a culture which truly reflects the national spirit and the national goals. I ask for a nationalism which seeks to broaden our horizon, rather than retreat into the past. Unlike the world of our fathers, the world of today has shrunk until the exchange of ideas and experience among the peoples of the earth is a matter of seconds, rather than months, or years. Let us, by all means, let our roots sink deeply and hold firm in the land of our fathers, but let the branches of our cultural tree seek light and sustenance wherever in the world they are to be found.

—RAMON MAGSAYSAY

# Montemayor's F. F. F.

*The peaceful revolt*

By **MATHIAS SEGOVIA**



**A**S LONG AS the Philippines continues to be predominantly agricultural (75% of the economy), farmers might be expected to be treated with some degree of appreciation. But perhaps human

beings are perverse, and commonness cheapens value. Jeremias Montemayor, head of the Federation of Free Farmers, has pointed out in *Philippine Studies* (P.O. Box 3169, Manila) that although city buildings have elevators and airconditioning, "our barrio farms are still in the condition they were in when Magellan first saw the Islands in 1521 — in the condition of the nipa hut, the carabao, and the wooden plow." The food-producers live on rice and salt.

When the poor cannot pay taxes nor buy store goods, what happens to the government and to business? Moreover, as farmers remain traditionally poor, more people flock to the cities. These urban areas, not really prepared to absorb such numbers because not really indus-

trialized, have become the scene of overcrowding and unemployment; the rural areas, as depression grew and, because of the war, arms multiplied, became the hiding place of dissidents.

In Montemayor's opinion, the farmer has been kept a tenant too long. His landlord is his master, to whom he and his children owe servile house tasks even, scrubbing and fetching. The farmer grows deeper in debt with age. Only in his numbers — 14 million — is there strength: just as "fifty men working in unison have often lifted houses in the barrios and transported them from place to place."

With such strength of numbers, an organization of farmers could be dangerous if pushed to the point of wanting violent revenge: that is the hope of the Communist agitator. But guided by Christian conscience, the organization could defend the individual farmer peaceably against exploitation by the landlord. Theoretically, a debtor farmer can appeal to his landlord, government officials, or the court, but practically he is too poor and illiterate and ignorant of his rights to expect success. A farmer's association could tell him his rights and hire good lawyers for him.

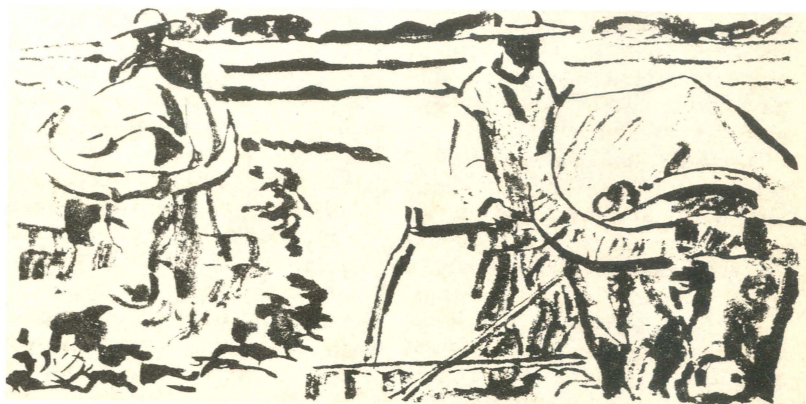
**E**QUALLY IT could bring the benefits of government to small barrios by serving as a watchdog in Manila, to make sure that corporations intended, for example, to develop industries among the people actually do so. When they fail, groups like the FFF have access to a scolding press; or can demand more direct representation on the boards of NARIC, NARRA, the RFC, etc.

An association, by compiling and classifying tenant grievances, can present them more effectively for discussion with landlords and thus avoid the overscheduled courts. And it could provide pooled capital for the buying of a cooperatively run tractor or store.

When the Huks retreated from Central Luzon in 1953, Jeremias Montemayor and Fernando Esguerra organized the Federation of Free Farmers. The first unit was in Pangasinan; but now the FFF expects to number 50,000 very soon, throughout Pampanga, Tarlac, Bulacan, Pangasinan, Nueva Ecija, Laguna, Quezon, Camarines Norte and Sur, Ilocos Sur, Iloilo and Davao. It has tried to be the ideal association described above.

As examples: (1) late in 1954, the FFF helped 250 farmers of Barrio Plaridel, Basud, Camarines Norte get patents for their holdings, through





Magsaysay, after petty politics from other sources delayed them; (2) on appeal to Magsaysay, a permanent irrigation dam was installed in Barrio Alos, Alaminos, Pangasinan; (3) free hospitalization was offered through the FFF by the President to two-year-old Estrella Duran, farmer's daughter, whose right leg was atrophying due to dislocation of the pelvic joint; (4) since February 1955, barrios have received *directly* American relief goods which formerly ended up in the cities' black markets.

Furthermore, the FFF has a political action department to lobby against bills prejudicial to farmers. According to Montemayor, the new Agricultural Tenancy Law grew out of the Master Contract of Concepcion, Tarlac.

**I**N MARCH 1953, when the FFF sent men to organize the barrios of Concepcion, the mayor attacked them in a public address. Then he arrested Esguerra, one of the founders of the FFF, after the latter and most of the gathered tenants walked out of the meeting. But under the protection of an armored car from a nearby army outpost, the tenants and officials walked to barrio Santiago three kilometers away and continued their meeting in peace.

So impressed was "Ding Macabalen," a Concepcion landlord association, that nine conferences were arranged successively, and after two months the master contract — affecting about 150 landlords and 2500 tenants on 8000 hectares of land — was formally signed. As the first of its kind, this master contract

set a pattern for solving many landlord-tenant conflicts before the CIR. Most trouble now need not even clog the court. Similar master contracts are being negotiated for Magalang and Candaba, in Pampanga.

The FFF has translated the Minimum Wage Law into Tagalog and Pampango and given its members copies; simplified the Old Tenancy Law; reprinted information about *tilapia* culture; translated by the tens of thousands the New Agricultural Tenancy Law into Tagalog, Ilocano and Pampango. Later papal encyclicals on labor, the Constitution, the Margate rice system and the Land Tenure Bill will be translated.

Also, an Agrarian Labor School will be established to train leaders who can keep small farmers acquainted with their rights and the latest agricultural methods. There have already been concrete demonstrations of the latter—like the analysis made of Bisocol soil in 1953, to recommend proper use of fertilizers. In one year the crop has doubled. To offset the Communist-mimeographed *Titis*, the FFF has printed (irregularly since 1954) *Solidaridad*, a paper in three dialects.

The aim of the FFF, as stat-

## FARMERS' CO-OPS

Four cooperative stores are now run by the FFF at Alaminos (the first: Jan. 1955) and Sta. Barbara, Pangasinan; Candon, Ilocos Sur; and Cacacay, Albay. Since 2000 farmers inhabit an ordinary town, at ₱5 per share, a capital of ₱10,000 can easily be established. There is no drain on the government treasury for assistance, where co-ops exist.

ed by Montemayor, is simple: to give every farmer enough land of sufficient fertility to provide his family with a decent livelihood. This would be possible through either the settling of public lands or the expropriation of landed estates. But government officials tend to be hacenderos, professionals or members of the money classes—not the poor. They are likely to consider the farmers unless, associated, the latter make their own voice heard. The only alternative to democratic, peaceful revolution is Communism and disaster.

\* \* \*

Mistrust a subordinate who never finds fault with his superior.

—John C. Collins

## Panorama Peek



*Photo by DERRICK KNIGHT, Shell Photographic Unit, London*

*HAGGLING* sometimes takes so long in Philippine markets, that balut may turn to ugly duckling while the price is hatching.

Fiction



SHE WAS Celia Campos to her fans but to her close friends she was Esing. She was only twenty but she had so made a phenomenal rise in the local screen that she was now able to build herself a neat stone bungalow that sat snugly in the lush Naiguilian hills about thirty kilometers from the city.

At three in the morning, the housewarming party she gave finally broke up. Most of the guests had left, but Nando stayed behind to talk to her.

He did not realize how long he had been talking to her. He rose suddenly from his easy-chair in the brightly-lit drawing room and slapped the back of his neck: "Oh, my! — I forgot! My cousin Pepe — he has been waiting all this time on the dark porch outside!"

"Oh, yes. Pepe. But why did you let him wait there?" she said.

"But I had meant to speak to you only for a short time," he retorted as if to exculpate himself. "I didn't realize . . ."

They went out to the porch.

"I'm sorry, Peps, really, I'm so sorry," Nando said.

"Quite all right," Pepe said standing abruptly from his chair. "Are you going now? You . . . you might still want to stay?"

"No, no. It's quite late. I didn't realize it."

"I'm to blame," broke in

Esing smiling, addressing herself apologetically to Pepe. "I kept him. We . . . we were discussing some rather — important things."

"I see."

"Were you out here in the porch all the time, Pepe?"

"It's quite all right, I tell you," he answered with a slight graceful nod of the head and a slight careful bow careful not to show the right side of his face and not quite able to conceal his gratification at their concern for him. Then he stood again erect, at ease. His coat was immaculately clean and the creases of his pants were straight and neat.

On the terrace where they thanked and said good-bye to Esing, Pepe stayed in the shadow made by the leaves of the *dama de noche* against the light of the lamp in the archway. He noticed that now and then Esing would steal glances at his face but would quickly lower her long, dark eyelashes or pretend to be looking at something else or pretend not to have looked whenever he caught her glance from the corner of his eyes.

THE 1939 model Chevrolet strained to make the steep grade of the winding road. It was to be climb, climb, climb — all the way to the city some twenty-seven kilometers away. The clammy fog had settled

down like a heavy white sheet and the faint yellow beams of the car's headlights showed only what lay immediately in front.

"It's all my fault. I should have known better. We should have left earlier," Nando said, trying to make Pepe feel better. Pepe looked sullen. Nando shivered in the cold air.

"Did you enjoy the party?" He tried again.

"Well . . ." Pepe hung his head to the right, then indecisively brought it back to the left.

"I thought you would when you found out that some people you knew were there too. At least I enjoyed it," continued Nando.

"Well, you—you would. Of course."

"Now . . . What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, really." Pepe straightened himself. "No, nothing." He puffed at his cigarette, blew gray smoke into the night and flicked the ashes from his lap with his clean, manicured fingers.

Then Nando remembered and said: "Oh . . . sorry."

"No, don't be sorry," Pepe retorted in a calm, instructive voice. "It's quite all right," he added—almost in protest. They're all sorry, he thought. Who isn't? Well, he wasn't, he told himself. He should know better than to be sorry for himself.

A CEMENT lamp post came into view. As the car was moving so slowly, straining in the steep ascent, Nando could read by the car's light and by the light of the lamp itself a poster pasted upon it. A play, *Oedipus Rex*, was to be presented Saturday by a group of teachers in the city auditorium. Yes, he had two tickets for that, he thought. "I know it's hard on you, Peps," he mused aloud, "but one should not think of these things as sent by God in revenge."

Pepe kept quiet. A smile of polite tolerance faintly curled his lips. Besides, he was riding in Nando's car. . . . Nando's car.

He can talk about books and music and movies. He can discuss authors and criticize plays. He was in that college symposium they presented three years ago in the auditorium of an exclusive convent school in Manila. The theme of the symposium was sin, guilt, and retribution and its fruit. The message that the speakers tried to convey each in his own way was the value of suffering. Nando was a powerful speaker—even better than Pepe himself, he thought. Only, Nando lacked polish and finesse and he, Pepe, had his right cheek to take into account.

A ND HE was reminded of the nights in their farm,

in Ponte Verde when he could not sleep because it was so warm. How he hated the heat! He would sit up in his bed on such nights, lean his shoulders hard against the window sill, look out across the dark cane fields and watch the dying embers of a burned field fanned into a red glow by the night's soft breeze blowing from the hills. He would enjoy this breeze . . .

And he thought of the time when he was five years old on the farm. He and Don Carlos, his father, were watching a carabao die after she had given birth to two calves. His Papa put his heavy hand gently around the back of his neck and told him that he was learning many things many boys his age somewhere else would not learn as well from books. He looked at his Papa. His Papa was of middle height and he had an oily, bronze-brown face, a slightly beaked nose and lips that seemed to scowl.

WHEN HE *thought* of the time when he was a bit bigger when Papa brought him along with him to stay in Nando's house. In those days Negros Occidental did not have any pier. Iloilo had her Muelle de la Industria where big bodegas that warmly smelled of sack and sugar stood like rows of boxes along its graceful winding curve. Huge ships would

dock and haul the sacks and crates away. He did not like the smell of the ships, or the black soot that billowed from their stacks as they left, churning in their wake the glinting green waters of the deep river into a dirty muddy brown. But he had to accompany his father so that "You can learn the trade early" as Papa would say. They had to stay in Tattay Berto's house on Bonifacio Street for as long as they had sugar to ship to the States.

He remembered the day clearly and vividly as though it were tattooed on his forehead like a deep indelible scar. It was a summer's evening and not a breeze stirred the million leaves of the dark acacias in the spacious yard. It was Nando's birthday and Pepe and his Papa arrived that afternoon by ferryboat from Negros—a week earlier than in the previous year—perhaps for Nando's sake (he was older than Nando by just ten days). He was playing with Nando in the dark, heavy sala. Suddenly, Nando went to the Seiler 'Made in Germany' oak-colored, camphor-smelling piano standing in the dark corner. He lifted the purple silk covering, opened the piano and with all his strength pounced with clenched fists on the keys that looked like so many white teeth. The whole upper floor of the house reverberated with the sound of the

Seiler. Tatay Berto was the first to come. He took the heavy leather slippers off his feet and spanked Nando. Nando gave out with a heart-rending cry. He had not expected to be scolded, much less spanked on his birthday, but Tatay Berto said he had just turned six and therefore, could be punished now.

"But Berto, he's just a child," said Nanay Julia all the while stroking Nando's hair, and Berna added: "Oh Papa it's just the piano."

That was Nando's first taste of punishment, of pain—and it was to be his last; he has not known suffering since, Pepe thought.

Tatay Berto was at first flushed with anger because of their rebukes. But he quickly controlled himself. Then with a wide, beaming smile, he shrugged his shoulders, threw his hands up and good-naturedly said: "Okay, you take care of the child." From that time on he never scolded Nando. He defended him no matter what fault Nando committed. Pepe never forgot the incident that evening and came to attribute all the faults of Tatay Berto first, to Nanay Julia next, and even a little to Berna who was now Mother Marie Matilde. But it was Tatay Berto who was really to blame. And it was he who lost their family fortune. He was too 'good' for

his own good. He did not charge his clients for cases he had won for them in court. He left it to them to decide the fees. And Nanay Julia, how she gambled and lost at *panguingue* and mahjong. And Baby, a younger sister — the one who smokes and rides horses — marrying a movie actor. Or was it a weightlifter? Tatay Berto himself became a recluse later on. He would see people only if they came to see him in his house. Also, he no longer believed that God, in His goodness, could send anyone to hell for all eternity, so he left the Church. Later on, when Nando came to stay with them in Manila while he studied, he watched Nando take on what he thought were the ways of the world. Nando was becoming a chain-smoker and he drank frequently and would spend much time in what he thought were wild parties. But he never felt so obliging as when Nando would ask him, in high school, to coach him in debate. And he never felt so mortified as when Nando succeeded in treating him to a movie and not the other way round knowing Tatay Berto's financial condition. But then, Nando received a hundred pesos a month pocket money. He, who was much richer, received only thirty. Nando has not known suffering since that evening, he thought.



THE ROAD was no longer as steep and winding and it was wider now. As they drove on, they began passing houses more frequently. The fog had lifted quite a bit and the cool scent of pine grew stronger in the rarified air.

Nando was a bit rough—not very polished, lacking in the social graces—even boorish at times as when he would get hold of a girl's hand and say: "Let's" instead of bowing gracefully and asking: "May I have this dance, please?" He sometimes wore the same clothes for three days on end. And he sometimes spoke with his mouth full. And he would clap in between symphonic movements at concerts. But that is just in keeping with Nando's make-up, Pepe reassured himself. You can't help that. And Pepe didn't know why, but he was thinking of his childhood dreams of the eagles perched on the loftiest of stony crags which he had been dreaming, again, lately, and of the two statuettes on his dresser: one porcelain, the other marble. Nando has talents, he has looks, and he has good breeding. What does he lack? Pepe almost said it aloud. Nothing, apparently.

Then Pepe pictured himself as he had seen himself in mirrors. He looked like Nando—after all, they were cousins. Only, much smaller. He had been on the varsity team, too,

but only as a substitute. And he did not graduate, as Nando had, *cum laude*. And the right side of his face . . . the right side. . . . He lifted his left arm and slowly, fondlingly passed his palm across his furrowed cheek—the lines reaching like the waves of the sea to his right eye somewhat closing it.

No, he did not pity himself as everyone else did. He thought of Saint Paul—of one of his epistles. Then he looked again at Nando at the wheel and from the secret recesses of his heart—hidden even from his own consciousness—he felt, this time, an overpowering surge—like a hot geyser—swelling, warming his breast and swirling through his head.

THE CAR came to a mild stop. Its headlights struck an iron-wrought gate laced with *bougainvilla* vines with red and purple blooms. The steel arch at its top framed the name: **VILLA MERCEDES**. Tia Mercedes, as she was known, was Pepe's mother. She died at his birth.

"Don't bother bringing the car in. I'll just down here. Thanks a lot."

"Okay, but it's quite a walk to the house."

"No, it's quite all right."

Pepe got down from the car. He shut the door, peered into the window and thanked his

cousin. He pulled his head back and was about to leave when Nando motioned with his hand for him to wait. Nando opened the dashboard compartment. His hand fumbled about and finally drew out two orange tickets and gave one to Pepe.

"That's on Saturday at the city auditorium."

"Is she coming too?" he asked as he accepted the ticket.

"Who? Oh . . . No," shaking his head.

"No? Why?"

Nando thought for awhile, wavering between answering or not. Then with a far-away look in his eyes and a quiet excitement in his voice said: "You'll find out, in maybe . . . two months."

Two months? What about two months? That would be around the end of June, no? What! No! No . . . No . . . He had heard from relatives that Nando was "entering." But how could he give it even a thought? How rumors and speculations rise! He had not seen Nando since college graduation. That was two years ago. But he knew him, he thought, only too well . . . Him?

You, he had almost blurted out. "You, Nando?" he tried to keep his voice even but it sounded more as though he were accusing his cousin of some form — of theft.

"Well, they approved my ap-

plication," Nando answered, feeling almost a little guilty himself.

Pepe felt weak. His tongue swelled, his jaws became taut and he felt his lips sag and unsteady. He felt the same way when two years before he was told that he was to graduate without honors because he had gotten 2.5 in Greek and it was not because he did not know the test but because he had misunderstood instructions.

"Well, congratulations," he heard himself say, and managed to smile. He offered his hand and weakly clasped his cousin's hand. "Congrats, brave boy, and more power to you."

IT WAS dark inside his pine-panelled room which smelled of wood resin. He felt his knees sag as he walked to the bath. Unconsciously, he was crumpling the ticket in his hand. He switched on the shaving lamp, brushed his teeth, ritually rinsed his mouth and looked at the mirror to see if his teeth were white and clean. He looked at his right cheek but felt no surge in his heart. He shut the light in the bath and picked his way into his dark room feeling the blood press and push against his brain. A sudden, cool, gusty wind blew through the shutters of his window swishing into a wide sweep the heavy cotton

*(Continued on page 67)*

# THE OLD CHIEF



*Should we turn our backs to old traditions?*

**T**HE STRONG, rich sounds of the gangsas filled the dancing ground, were carried by the winds to the caverns of the nearby forests, reaching at last the icy clouds on the mountain tops. Twilight was coming like a dream expected, like a friend that looked for no formalities of welcome.

*By AMADOR T. DAGUIO*

Men were stepping to the sonorous rhythms of the gongs in their hands, now crouching, then leaping and dashing through the circle of dancers in front of the old chief's house. The women and girls, lithe and graceful of form, swayed and

bent like reeds on a windy hill-top. They seemed to drift over the ground, their feet hardly moving, as with arms outstretched they followed the men about in a great circle. Darkness came all of a sudden and still they danced and the music rolled on.

From somewhere rose the melting lilt of female voices, from a group on a long bench under a coconut tree, chanting a song of the tribe, liquid and golden, slow, and moving toward a crescendo of high passion, almost sad, full of longing — a call to the long ago when ancient gods wandered along the river seeking goddesses stolen by the winds.

*I am dancing and the gods  
dance*

*Come to me, come to me,  
tong-tong*

*Tong-a-tong-a-tong!*

*Come to me, come to me,  
tong-tong,*

*Tong-a-tong-a-tong,*

*With the songs of long  
ago . . .*

From the shadows an old man arose. He had sat there a long time, watching, thinking, while the man beside him had not uttered a word. The old man heaved a sigh. The indistinct feeling he had felt since the middle of the day had become a searing sadness. He was the chief. This gathering was in honor of the marriage of one of his nephews. He would give

the people a message, perhaps his last, for when a man is old he never knows. Like the others, he may go, abruptly and silently, unable to postpone his going even for a moment.

He had seen his tribe grow in strength and renown throughout the region. He had known war and victory. Then the government made him a vassal — and that had meant humiliation. But that was long ago, and in his old age he had lost the overwhelming feeling that he must conquer and hold sway over others.

**T**HE DANCING stopped as men brought out lanterns and placed several big pots on the fires, the flames leaping beneath them. Some gathered about the cooking pots, while others sat on their haunches around the dancing ground. The young girls, in a separate place continued to sing. The night breeze was cool, and the man sitting by the chief's side buttoned his sweater. Several other spectators, Christians from the lowlands, were drinking out of a wine jar to the left of the chief's house.

The old chief gathered his blanket more tightly about him and stopped the apo, begging to be excused. The apo smiled and nodded. The chief disappeared in the darkness but soon returned with a dripping wine cup in his hand. He walked to

the center of the dancing court and in an age-mellowed voice began to address his people. His opening words silenced every one and there was neither stir nor whisper. Even the wind seemed hardly to move.

"Rich people! Señores! Brave men! I stand before you. Hear my humble words!" He stretched forth his hand holding the wine cup as if to offer it to the people, then continued: "Permit me, permit me! I am old and the evening is cool. When youth is gone, one feels weak in the bones, cold reaches the core of the heart. Permit me, young men and young women, to drink of this warming cup."

The crowd assented with a murmur that was like the sound of a far-off river. The light of the fires illumined the old man's bronzed face. The high cheek bones and the rest of the bony framework were clearly marked, yet nobility was still there and confidence, the bearing of benevolence and experience.

The old man, even as he spoke, was thinking of the days, never to return, when he was free and the cry of blood leaped high within him. He saw before him the men and women over whom he had claimed power and dominance by right of inheritance and by courage and brilliant deeds. He remembered his father; he had not failed his father; he had car-

ried on his work and upheld his name. He thought of the songs he had sung, the loves he had loved, the life he had lived. Now he was old and these people were listening to him, looking at him. Were they the same people, his people? Was he himself the same?

His heart contracted within him. He was in anguish. He looked more closely at them, at those with whom he had gone into battle, at those he had protected. They too, were old, like he was, were going, like himself. But those young people, those who would stay after he was gone, those boys and girls, warm of blood, full of hope—and the wisdom of books?

He raised the cup to his mouth, felt the wine on his lips, the pungency of the liquid. He trembled, he was old, his lips trembled, too. He felt he could not go on and speak. Should he speak? Would they hear him? Did he still have power over them?

"We feel strange things," he said, "when we are old. Today we are weak; tomorrow we go—like the clouds on those mountain tops, like that river yonder, far and silver, murmuring to the sea. Like the warmth of this wine in the stomach—gone in a moment. I taste of this wine and it no longer thrills me. I am cold, death calls to me. My people, there are things in the heart of an old man

which you can never understand . . .”

**H**E LOOKED around and there was an air of prophecy about him. The feeling crept to the very souls of his hearers.

“We have seen the apo and the gobierno claim authority over us. We have known their kindness and we have known their prisons and their cruelty. We have known, too, their wisdom. They are great—the gobierno and the apo. We can not understand how they came to conquer us. We only know that they swept over us like an eagle over its prey and that we were helpless. But we are happy now. We are happy because we see happiness in the eyes and faces of our sons and daughters.

“Yet in our hearts we feel the stab of bitterness, the smart of wounds. They are wounds that are not seen; yet they are the gravest, the most painful. These wounds I have carried through these years, while I waited patiently for my going. I bear them. If I am happy in the face, it is because I have learned to cover from sight the signs of misery, and to laugh in defeat. The old men and women here, my children, feel the same as I do. You can never heal our wounds.

“Youths, I am talking to you! Hear me! Do you hear me! Are you laughing at me within your



hearts? You who have gone to the schools of the gobierno, who have tasted of knowledge, who have shared the wisdom of wise minds, I beseech you to hear me if only for this short moment.

“I beg your forgiveness. I am old and the old have had thoughts. You know more than I do. The young are brave, full of strength; they are full of indifference and laughter. When I was young, I, too, laughed—at my own father, at my father’s people. The young are restless. They do not want to listen; they want to dance. I can see that you want me to stop, because I but repeat and repeat the same things, because I can not give you what your teachers and your books give you.

because I am not so wise as they. But before I stop, I beg you, children, to hear me! Señores! Rich men! Brave men! Permit me!"

Again a murmur from the crowd, now fully under the spell of the old voice, rich and tremulous with emotion. The old chief swallowed a lump in his throat. He felt like the air, without body or form, only consciousness and spirit.

"I have only one appeal to make to you, our children of the schools. It is this: leave us old people alone. You trample upon our customs and traditions and therefore upon our souls. You deride everything we have done, you mock us. You have tried to crush us with the excuse of your education and the new life. You have become unfaithful to your tribe and to all the ideals the tribe stood for, — the ideals which supported your forefathers from the most ancient times and have brought you where you are today. And now all that glory and honor is but a dying name, a dying name, my children!

"The gobierno made us send you to school. You return. You have become wise, you say, and you criticize us and decry our ways. The books tell us to do so and so, you say. We respect you; we respect the gobierno through you. We think you are right in your stand against all that has meant so much to us

and our forefathers. We have no books; we cannot read. Yet I must tell you this. I beg you to let us continue to do as we wish; disregard us altogether, leave us alone. We have no reason for this other than to prevent ill feeling and conflict between the young and the old.

"Don't you know that we are old, my children? We are accustomed to everything that seems so silly and contemptible to you. We still live in a great tradition. We have found strength and the meaning of life in our tribal beliefs. If we wanted to get away from all this, we could not. You cannot re-educate us now, you cannot force us to change our ways; you cannot, my children, without hurting us. And how can you seek to wipe out entirely what countless generations have built up! If we cannot satisfy you, you cannot satisfy us. The only thing, the best thing that you can do, is to leave us alone. We are old. Tomorrow we shall go, without question, out of your knowledge. Our youth is gone, our quickness, our joy. All the leavings of the years are sadness, memories, a last farewell. Before we go, is it not right for you to let us satisfy ourselves the best we know how and to give us this peace? To leave us with the satisfaction that we are still true to all things we have fought and lived for?

"We know that it is best for

you to turn your backs on the old traditions. That is the call of the gobierno and the good life. You have still many years before you to enjoy the fruits of your education and the new ways of living. But for you to attempt to change us would be to rob us of the few days or months of peaceful waiting for the end. We have sown our own seeds, leave us to that harvest. Give us the satisfaction of reaping what we have sown—our last harvest, the tribe's last harvest, for the seeds we may still gather, you will throw to the winds, you will never plant them again. That we know and acquiesce in. Those seeds will vanish forever; let us take them with us to the grave."

**T**HE OLD chief paused, trembling, to note the effect of his words. All were silent. He had put power in his speech and he had succeeded. From over the mountain range, the moon rose, shining over valleys as old as the ages, casting over them a calm and silver glory. The forests were still, and it seemed that the spirits of dead ancestors hovered around without sound, without fury, without regret. Into the hearts of

the crowd swept a vague and powerful tenderness.

"Señores! Rich men! Brave hearts! Permit me! This is a night full of stars and splendor. Permit me!" And again there came a unison of assent, wordless but full of meaning; a whisper born of respect and unconscious reverence. And the old chief drank from the cup, drank long and with full satisfaction. The crowd watched him as if hypnotized, as if waiting for a miracle. The chief drew his blanket about him, and suddenly, with a quick motion of his arm, he threw the wine dregs to the ground, the liquid for an instant reflecting an arc of light, with an effect as of something that would never happen again. Then he walked slowly across the dancing court—like a passing shadow, like a symbol of a vanishing strength, passing into time.

"I beg your forgiveness," said the chief as he reached the apo and sat down beside him. "I cannot speak well. I speak to my people. I beg your forgiveness."

The deputy-governor looked at the old man and did not speak for a long time. Then he said: "You spoke very well."

\* \* \*

Courage is the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees all the others.

—Winston Churchill



# Billy Budd

By LEONARD CASPER

**B**ILLY BUDD has often been considered Herman Melville's "testament of acceptance"<sup>1</sup> because of Billy's un-rebellious nature and because of the final blessing which he bestows on the officer who has condemned him to hang. Such an argument depends on the assumption that Melville can be identified completely with Billy. Similarly, it demands the conclusion that the man who rebelled against orthodox religious and political thought all his life and who found no resolution of the tensions between good and evil, finally succumbed, accepted moral expediency and horological law.

Of all his writings, only two poems treat the desire for resignation and escape: "Buddha" is a short prayer for Nirvana and the annulment of personality; "Rammon," actually an introduction to a fragmentary poem, considers Buddhistic philosophy but remains inconclusive, since Rammon is "Lost between reverential love for Buddha's person and alarm at his confused teaching." However, even if one exaggerates the significance of these last writings and considers Budd as a pseudonym for Buddha, he still has to prove that Budd is identifiable with Melville.

The novel which sheds most light on *Billy Budd* is *White Jacket*. Billy's tongue-tie in the face of Claggart's accusation seems to stem immediately from the following paragraph in *White Jacket*:

At times you will see one of these lads, not five feet high, gazing up with inflamed eyes at some venerable six-footer of a fore-castle man, cursing and insulting him by every epithet deemed most scandalous and unendurable among men. Yet that man's indignant tongue is treble-knotted by the law,

<sup>1</sup> F. Barron Freeman, *Melville's Billy Budd* (Harvard, 1948; Richard Chase, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1949); Newton Arvin, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1950).

that suspends death itself over his head would his passion discharge the slightest blow at the boy-worm that spits at his feet.

*White Jacket's* description of the character of Bland, the master-at-arms, fits that of Claggart in *Billy Budd*; even its attitude towards chaplains as supernumerary is carried over. Is it, then, illogical to see in Vere, who buries Claggart with honors, a highly subtilized restatement of the Captain Claret who protects his own criminal under-officer? Or to judge Vere's reliance on the British Articles of War and the super-authority of necessity in the light of lengthy denunciations of the American Articles, which derive from the British, "whose laws we Americans hurled off as tyrannical, and yet retained the most tyrannical of all"?

It would seem profitable to reopen the case of Billy Budd.

*Billy Budd* is dedicated to Jack Chase, Melville's ex-shipmate who figures prominently in *White Jacket*. Both Jack and Billy are noble "by-blows," both are topmen, both handsome and well-liked. Yet Chase believes in discipline, *with justice*. In *White Jacket* it is the testimony of a marine and of Chase which saves Melville, an innocent man, from flogging. Is it possible that to such a man Melville would dedicate a book concerned with a character who accepts injustice without protest, unless that character's stoical resignation is not intended to be the most significant part of the book?

**B**ILLY IS impressed from a homeward-bound ship, an added abuse to mere impressment; yet he makes no demur. In all probability, Chase would have protested. Billy's sense of fatalism and innocent ignorance is not shared by the crew, nor by the author himself whose sophisticated handling of the story must relieve him of claims of naivete. For example, Billy says, "And good-bye to you, too, old *Rights-of-Man!*" without any intentional satire. But Melville's satire here is deliberate; probably, too, he is thinking of Chase, who was a disciplined sailor aboard ship, "yet ashore, he was a stickler for the Rights of Man, and the liberties of the world."

A second champion of justice who has Melville's affections is Admiral Nelson who knew how to be more than a military hero. In *White Jacket* he writes of Nelson's sending "ungovernable" men to Admiral Collingwood who treated them more sensibly and earned their respect. This portrait of Nelson, who abhorred terrorization and corporal punish-

ment, must be placed against Vere's, who decides to let Billy die as an example!

Another case of mutiny, the *Somers* case, is introduced into the story apparently because it, too, involved an urgent decision. Actually there are many other parallels between these two cases, of which Melville could not have been unaware since it was on the word of his first cousin, Guert Gansevoort, that three men (one an idol of his shipmates) were unjustly "murdered" for attempted mutiny (they were joking) by an "insane" commander.

It is proper to examine in detail Captain Vere's character and action. Discussing natural depravity, Melville says

Civilization, especially if of the austerer sort, is auspicious to it. It folds itself in the mantle of respectability . . .

And he goes on to describe how irrationality often lurks behind a reasonable exterior. Although this ostensibly is an explanation of Claggart's character, is there any of it which does not apply equally to Vere? Is this not indictment by indirection?

Certainly Vere's behavior demands explanation because of its unnaturalness. Although he cannot take seriously the charge that Billy is a mutineer and for a while treats the boy like a son, his attitude changes completely when Billy unwittingly kills his false accuser. The captain seems to forget the first extenuating circumstance: he himself has just warned Claggart that, in something as serious as a mutiny charge, false-witness incurs a death penalty. Not only does he forget this, but he has already reached a decision before the court-martial is summoned. Billy must hang! The trial is a pretense at deliberative justice, and is made to appear so by Melville.

Other officers are surprised at Vere's strange attitude. The surgeon is struck by Vere's implied desire for secrecy. Aware of the danger of mutiny and of all the circumstances of the event which has just occurred, still he believes that as usual the accused should be referred to the Admiral for trial. Furthermore, Melville allows the surgeon "professionally" to surmise that Vere is a victim of mental aberration—and note that just previously his "professional eyes" correctly judged that Claggart is dead. The Lieutenants and captain of marines equally consider improper Vere's decision to hold a drumhead.

**T**HE COURT-MARTIAL itself is improperly conducted by Vere who, as a witness, should have disregarded his rank; yet he knowingly testifies from the ship's weather side. After several moments of investigation have passed, he suddenly terminates interpretation of motives and circumstances and limits the court's judgment to the death blow itself. This is tantamount to having the court-martial sit merely as a coroner's jury. Punishment follows inevitably.

Having silenced the captain of marines and Billy with overruling glances, Vere proceeds to the summary of his case. His rationalizations result in "virtuous expediency" being in-exitable. By refusing all natural considerations, Vere makes his verdict unnatural, a perversion as serious as Claggart's.

By shifting responsibility for his decision to the King, Vere denies that he is a free agent with an individual sense of discrimination and judgment. He assumes the attitude of freely-willed fatalism and self-determinism evident in Ahab (*Moby Dick*) and, shortly, Billy Budd himself in his acceptance of the death penalty.

Billy's resignation rises from a sense that inhuman forces make his death necessary, however unjust those forces may be; and his fatalism is calm and triumphant because to him death is endurable. However, despite his acceptance of necessity in this sense, he never explicitly accepts Vere's argument of expediency or necessity. He never says, "It is *right* that I die." He only implies, "I seem fated to die, right or wrong, and I am ready."

Billy's final unstammered "God bless Vere" is a form of absolution and Christian forgiveness, peculiarly ironic because it is echoed by the crew, automatically, in the more conventional sense of recognition of justice performed.

Vere himself is not allowed to die such a noble death. It is intimated that he was not always wholly unselfish, but that he may have been secretly ambitious.

The story ends, not with Captain Vere, but where its center of gravity has been all the time: with the crew (the people) and their attitude toward Billy, their instinctive refusal to believe him capable of mutiny or of wilful murder (despite all the "reasons" given them). Their expression of sympathy for him, as he has become idealized in their memories, certainly is no testament of acceptance. — Adapted from *Perspective*.

# Virginia Woolf: The Living Wound, Unwashed

*Truth is not antiseptic*

JUST BEFORE Virginia Woolf walked into the River Ouse for the last time, in March 1941, she had written to her husband: "I feel certain that I am going mad again. I feel we can't go through another of those horrible times. I hear voices and cannot concentrate on my work. I have fought against it, but cannot fight any longer. I owe all my happiness in life to you. You have been perfectly good. I cannot go on and spoil your life."

The "horrible times" were not just the German blitz from the air; they were the dark nervous collapses which her writing, so long a walk alone into unforeseen rivers, had provoked once before. Female novelists like women pianists, are not expected to have strong wits or wrists. But while the names of Virginia Woolf's characters can be translated into symbols of innocence and pure brilliance, like the "luminous halo" to which she likened conscious experience, the philosophy and attendant emotion emergent in her novels is equivalent in violence and ferment perhaps only to the sun-stricken paintings of Van Gogh. She paid for opening her mind at daybreak, by dying in the uproar of night.

In a sense, dawn had first come to her in the large, wall-sized library of her father, Leslie Stephen, the Victorian agnostic. Just as he, denying that any knowledge is absolutely sure, thought as he pleased, so was she allowed to read at will—almost from birth, in 1882. Before she was 22, both her parents were dead; but meanwhile they had inched the sun skyward for her by introducing her not only to scholars but, more interestingly, to George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James. Consequently, she never had to attend a university. Most of the characters in her novels are, like herself, "persons of unusual culture," as David Daiches observes.

Her father had also taught her his love for the sea at Cornwall, a lonely coast that tempered her philosophy of the outlaw heart in, for example, *To the Lighthouse*. The willingness to be tolerated physically though ostracized intellectually was her inheritance from the man whose faith lodged wholly in his personal vision, at a time that others sensing a breakdown in moral standards were stranded completely. Virginia Woolf trusted the stream of her characters' consciousness, even when that stream swept them and herself into chilling eddies of the soul.

After Leslie Stephen's death, Virginia lived with her sister at Bloomsbury, outside London. Because she now had an independent income—her *other* inheritance—she turned to critical writing, and lived with an open mind on the fringes of the "Bloomsbury Group," those philosophers, novelists, art critics and politicians whose imagination she was occasionally to kindle. In 1912, she chose to marry Leonard Woolf, journalist and civil servant but a man distinguished most for his understanding and patience. Three years later her first novel was published.

USUALLY SHE acted only as gracious hostess to the "Group," quietly and even shyly listening to the constructive outbursts of Clive Bell, Roger Fry, E. M. Forster, and later—Stephen Spender, T. S. Eliot, Elizabeth Bowen, as these met Thursday evenings in her large workroom. Yet she became their center and maypole, sometimes helping to turn their circling thoughts to metaphysics and ethics; and leavening their occasional snobbery, lightening their exclusiveness. Arrogance did not go well with the complexion of her mind.

In 1917, the Woolfs founded the Hogarth Press on Leonard's winnings in the Calcutta Sweepstakes (he had served seven years in the Ceylon Civil Service); and from these modest beginnings, almost as a hobby (it was a hand press only), developed one of the ranking publishing houses of England. Often Virginia herself read the manuscripts submitted; and these labors, however pleasant, helped to exhaust her. In addition, she wrote nine novels, and unnumbered short stories, sketches, essays, lectures, biographies, feminist literature and, with S. S. Kotliansky, translated from the Russian.

Above all, however, it was her view of life which she refused to deny despite its occasional frightfulness, that made

her mind jingle like glass tumblers when a moving van passes. Even her earliest novels, *The Voyage Out* (1915) and *Night and Day* (1919), dealt with characters torn between a need for solitude and a need for love. Over and over again, they have the feeling that marriage is an attempt to escape the complexity of life; it is the sacrifice of freedom and its responsibilities, for security. Success in marriage is likely to come only if the persons involved have compromised their private selves and insincerely have learned to inhibit public selves only.

The more crowded a society, the more this conflict of selves is aggravated. The hero of *Jacob's Room* (1922) dies quietly offstage after a young lifetime of trying, as a crab in a pail will claw for the sea, to escape artificial human company. The heroine of *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), on the other hand, achieves a kind of immortality by identifying her Self with each minute experience in her day—every pollenating tree, every sunchanged flower—but especially with an unknown young man whose suicidal wish to be alone forever she can understand and respect. Mrs. Ramsay of *To the Lighthouse*, whose greatest peace comes in lonely meditation of the sea and its wedge of light, nevertheless devotes herself so completely to her husband and children that, after her death, her felt presence closes the breach between self-pitying father and pitiless son.

**E**VEN HUSBAND and wife, in Virginia Woolf's novels, hardly know how to put their affection into words: yet a touch becomes a gift of self, a symbol; and the drama is presented on the instant level of the consciousness. Perhaps her finest exploration of the imprisoned self is *The Waves* (1931), in which seven characters are taken through the stages of life, each revealing his own feelings but not really communicating with the others. Still, one of them, Bernard, suggests that the Self is more than the isolated individual; it is a composite of all the self-stage of one's life, plus the experience one has of all other selves ever encountered. Even here, however, this realization of the group-self comes most clearly to Bernard when he is alone!

This, the knowledge of how love is freighted with loneliness, it must have been that weighed Virginia Woolf down until at last she drowned in the stream of that awareness.

# What Is Nationalism?

*If nationalism is essentially love, then  
it is to be found essentially in the heart*

By **RAUL MANGLAPUS**  
Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs



**7** HERE IS A Spanish dish called "ropa vieja" which as connoisseurs will know, is made of left-overs of the "cocido" the previous day. Depending on the cleverness of the cook sometimes the second dish tastes even better than the first one; but many times it tastes just like what it is called—old rags. In all humility I submit my "ropa vieja" on nationalism.

My first ingredient is a definition of terms. The word nationalism is rooted in the word nation and if patriotism is the love of the patria or country, nationalism is the love of a nation. Political scientists define a nation as a group of people having a common racial, cultural and economic interest and inhabiting a territory of a geographic unity. The nation is to be distinguished from the state which is but a concept which

gives juridical personality to the population.

Thus when we speak of the Filipino nation we speak not only of the Filipino people but we take the people and their traditions, their culture their history, their customs. It is this aggregate of elements that a nationalist loves and seeks to defend and make prosperous.

Where shall we find the marks that distinguish our people from the rest of the world? Let us simplify our task. Let us look into the home of the Filipino family which is the microcosm of that larger unit which we call our nation. What makes the substance of this home? What stamps the brand of Filipino on its door?

In the days of Rome, the Lares Familiares and the Penates, a class of tutelary Etruscan gods adopted in the Ro-



man cult, presided over the household as protectors of the family.

This distinguished the Roman household from that of any other home of the then known world. It distinguished not only the Roman home but the Roman nation for there were lares and penates for every aspect of Roman life. The lares compitales for the crossroads of the city, the lares rurales for the country, the lares permarine for travelers and the lares praestites who presided over the commonwealth

They represented the basic nature of the Roman soul, its dependence on the divinity, and, within the limits available to Fagan belief, gave to the citizens of the Roman state the spiritual strength that made them great.

What do we find in the Filipino home? There, fashioned, illustrated and adorned in accordance with the peculiar temper of the Filipino, are the concrete expressions of his faith in God. As in every civilization since the inception of civilized society the foundation of his culture is his faith in God. How he develops his customs and traditions around this faith, how he enacts his laws and goes about his daily business in accordance with the ethics of this faith, how he thinks and acts in accordance

with the precepts of this faith—these are the things that make up his national consciousness and sets his nation apart from even its closest neighbors.

All this is what sets the Indonesian nation, the Hindu, the Malayan, apart from ours no matter how close to each other our territories may be found. No nation is more conscious of this fact than our own neighbor Indonesia whose well known national pride and fundamental nationalism are boiled down in the first principle of the "Pantja Sila" of the Indonesian state—faith in God.

If nationalism is the love of nation, if Filipinism is the love of the Filipino nation, it must be the love of those things which make the Filipinos a nation and it must be a love that preserves those things rather than destroys them.

**B**UT the Filipino family must leave the premises of his home and live with his fellow countrymen not only in pursuance of their social propensities but also because one family must depend on another, one community on another in order to live. So also must the Filipino nation participate in international life because it has been a long time now since it became impossible for one nation to exist completely in-

dependent of relations with others.

These interindividual and international relations must be maintained for the spiritual and the material welfare of the whole nation. But since in the maintenance of such relations other nations are individually and nationally motivated by the same purpose of self-promotion, it is necessary that each nation be inspired to conduct these relations in the spirit of nationalism.

This is a thesis which no one can dispute. The debate begins when the nationalistic spirit is sought to be applied concretely to specific cases of interindividual and international relations.

How far may the spirit of nationalism be allowed to propel the solution to particular political, economic, social or military problems? I would say all the way. I would say all the way provided the spirit of nationalism is understood in its complete and proper context. If nationalism is love of all the things that make us a nation, then, in facing a particular problem, a true nationalist will seek a balanced solution lest, for example, in promoting his nation's culture he impoverishes his fellow countrymen or lest in promoting his nation's economic welfare he destroys the culture of his people.

A nationalist whose desire to serve his country is more permanent than the passing frenzy of the street rioter, will before speaking or acting consider the impact of his purpose on all the various components that make up the spiritual and material wealth and strength of his nation.

In relation among fellow individuals and Filipino groups the question that the individual should ask himself is: In promoting my individual interest as against that of other individuals do I preserve the things that make up my nation? In increasing the productive potential of his industry, and thus promoting the economic welfare of his nation, does the industrialist destroy one of the essential components of his nation, the human dignity of the Filipino laborer? In seeking better conditions for his fellow laborers through the various means provided for the amelioration of his class, which is the bulk of the Filipino nation, does the laborer frustrate the valid attempts of government and capital to promote the soundness of the nation's economy?

In inculcating patriotism among the youth of the nation, does the educator destroy the basic Faith which is in the essence of the nation? Or in the promotion of faith in God and the things of the spirit do the

responsible authorities neglect the development of the material resources of the nation?

In entering into alliances in order to defend the integrity of our national territory, do we yield so much as to stain our national dignity; but conversely, in bringing the spirits of nationalism to bear on disputes arising from these alliances do we make it bear so heavily as to weaken our military or psychological defenses and give fuel to the propaganda of those forces that threaten to destroy every element of our nationhood?

In implementing economic, cultural or political international agreements into which we have entered for the enhancement of our international position, do we stifle the initiative of the Filipino and give way to the control of our economy by aliens? On the other hand, in enacting legislation or in taking legal measures to maintain our national patrimony under the control of our people, do we destroy those constructive elements which, though alien to our nation, contribute to our spiritual and material stature?

**I**T IS NOT an uncommon mistake to believe that Philippine nationalism and Philippine citizenship are inseparable. A Filipino citizen is not necessarily a nationalist nor

is an alien necessarily hostile or indifferent to nationalism. The citizen and the alien both must be judged by their acts and whenever possible must be tested by what they truly feel even if their actions might humanly be wrong.

For if nationalism is essentially love then it is to be found essentially in the heart.

We all know the example of that great Protestant missionary in Africa, Dr. Schweitzer, who abandoning the comforts of his native Alsace, has all these years been working in the darkest recesses of Equatorial Africa spending his energies in spiritual and medical ministrations and in improving the rural and indeed the jungle lives of his African communities.

Who will say that Dr. Schweitzer is less of an African nationalist than the people to whom he has devoted his life? I dare say that the alien missionary who from Batanes up north to Mindanao down south is investing his spiritual and, in many cases, technical preparation, in the spiritual and material development of our rural communities and the alien businessman who, in faithful observance of our laws, renders his contribution to our economic development and dispenses justice to his fellow businessmen and to those who work for him is a true nation-

alist and a better Filipino than the citizen whose love for his country is limited to eloquent cliches or who in doing business defrauds his own government, cheats his fellow businessmen, or denies his workers their right to human dignity.

One is understandably tempted to boil views on nationalism down to such phrases as positive nationalism, constructive nationalism, realistic nationalism. The implication would be that nationalism can be otherwise. It can not be otherwise. Nationalism is essentially the emotion of love. Even among men love ceases to be so when it begins to be unreasonable, to be negative and when it begins to destroy. Then it becomes selfishness. And no nation will last long which stands on the selfishness of its people.

As long as that Utopia of complete world unity continues to be elusive, nations must continue to be nations and nationalism must continue to be the soul of every popular effort to obtain happiness on earth. The spirit of nationhood has its own place even in divine de-

sign for God Himself, in more than one instance in history, has chosen to show His Divine purposes through the instrumentality of particular nations.

But there is a limit to the function and the destiny of nations. There are no nation saints in heaven, only men and women saints. The nation, like every other device or creation of God outside of man, does not exist for itself. It exists primarily for the happiness of the individual man on earth and for his preparation for whatever awaits him beyond this earth.

Perhaps this thought might help us maintain that necessary balance when we invoke nationalism in the solution of our daily problems.

What are the components of our nation and what is its function and destiny? In so far as it preserves those components, in so far as it discharges that function and fulfills that destiny, let us have nationalism all the way. This is a formula which we might safely try for freedom, prosperity and national dignity in our time.

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#### “OPERATION TINOS”

About 125 refugees now living on the island of Tinos in the Aegean are to be given a fresh start in life, thanks to the Nobel Peace Prize which was awarded last November to the Office of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

## THE PORCELAIN . . .

(From page 48)

curtain. He heard the crash of porcelain and of glass against wood and presently heard the dripping sound of liquid on the floor. The room reeked of camphor. He switched on the bright lamp standing on the mahogany drawer. He saw the bottle of camphorated alcohol on the floor, broken near the mouth, its contents still oozing out.

Then he saw the porcelain statuette of an eighteenth century gentleman flawlessly dressed in the fashion known as Louis XIV. It was broken near the knees. It was polished, smooth, and delicate in its details but it was hollow inside. That was probably why it broke. He felt the warm blood rush to the back of his neck, his ears, his head, clouding his vision. He felt strange. Why did it have to be this one! Then he looked at the other statuette. It was marble, representing a woodsman. It had also fallen to the floor. It was rough, featureless, carelessly chiseled, but it was apparently a more solid statue, for the fall had not hurt it a bit. The porcelain statue was more beautiful. Why did it have to break, while the marble remained unbroken?

He could still feel the wind blowing — gentler this time —

softly carrying with it the smell of the *dama de noche*. But it did not seem sweet at all now. Instead, it was sharp and pungent like the ammonium chloride fumes he had whiffed in their chem lab in school. It hurt his nostrils.

“Blast that wind,” he uttered under his breath. “Blast it!” he said aloud.

He rushed to the window and brusquely shut the shutters. He returned to the dresser. He picked up the porcelain statuette. Only the two bodiless legs remained planted on the rather high base which resembled a pedestal. He held the body up against the lamp’s light to get a closer look at the damage. But the light of the lamp was too bright. It was too strong for him. It hurt his eyes. He turned it off squinting his eyes against the fierce glare.

Then everything was dark. But he thought he saw the two statuettes. He did not want to think about it. It would only make him feel sorrier. He sat on his bed, his head in a turmoil. Then, he wanted to think. But he was too confused and too tired to think. He crossed himself, slumped on his bed and fell asleep at once.

He was dreaming of eagles.  
— From *Heights*.

\* \* \*

**E**VERY DECEMBER ten a little old man in Vigan, Ilocos Sur, celebrates what might have been the anniversary of his death; but because he is still very much alive, he dedicates it to the Ilocano heroes who died in the last war. December ten is some sort of a local heroes' day for Buenaventura Bello and his twenty-five-year-old Northern High School. It is also the anniversary of the arrival of the Japanese forces in Vigan.

In so far as Hollywood is concerned, Bello is a dead man. He was hanged on December 10, 1941, two days after Pearl Harbor, for refusing to hoist down the American and Filipino flags before the Japanese invaders. This makes sixty-three year old Mr. Bello a figure of fun in his own hometown, and if the movie makers had foreseen the consequences of their "play-up," they might have been kinder to the old man by first checking up on him.

Hollywood forgot that Mr. Bello was still alive, that he was shot instead of hanged, and that he was able to survive the almost fatal wound.

The Bello incident took place fifteen years ago, on December 10, 1941, when the Japanese invasion forces landed at Vigan, two days after Pearl Harbor. Towards noon of that day, Mr. Bello recalls, he was

# THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE

By *JOSE BALEIN*

in his office of the Northern High School. Outside there was chaos: people were running out of town, and planes were rearing in the sky. Some Japanese soldiers ran up the stairs of the Northern High School building, wandered around the rooms, and burst upon Bello in his small office.

On the wall, to the back of Mr. Bello, were the American and Filipino flags. The Japanese ordered the school director to take them down. Too surprised to do or say anything, he just stood there. One of the Japanese soldiers, angered, fired, sending Bello sprawling

on the wooden floor. The Japanese, thinking him dead, slashed at both flags with their swords, and left.

FREDERICK S. MARQUARDT, writing for *Look Magazine* "My Favorite War Story," later reprinted in *Reader's Digest*, reported Mr. Bello dead, a hero to the flag, and mused: "What flashed in the mind of Mr. Bello during the twenty seconds he was given by the Japanese invaders to hoist down the flags?"

Le Roy Green, writing for *Reader's Digest* later, reported that Mr. Bello's survival of the gunshot wound, and supplied the answer to Marquardt's question. In the twenty seconds between the Japanese command and the explosion of his gun, Bello had, according to Green, thought to himself: "There are moments in the lives of men when they are impelled to certify — to seal — with their own actions what they believe and what they teach. Such a moment has arrived in my life. I shall so certify."

The Bello incident, at the time when the United States was conscripting her citizens to military service, had excellent propaganda value and was exploited to the best advantage.

In the Hollywood movie "Back to Bataan," Bello is a public elementary school principal; he has just finished con-

ducting the flag ceremony when the Japanese come and tell him to haul down the flags, which Bello refuses to do so.

"You either haul them down or we haul you up," the Japanese say, but Bello makes no move. An American lady standing by, presumably a Bureau of Education administrative official, tells Bello it is all right, her people would understand. A few minutes later, Bello's feet are dangling.

Those who saw the movie and knew that Mr. Bello is still alive, would not only laugh; they might have been tempted to think that it was Mr. Bello himself who had cooked up the story. And so it is unfortunate that the people who know Mr. Bello but are unfamiliar with the circumstances surrounding the incident sometimes think the story might have been just a hoax after all.

HOW MR. BELLO survived the gunshot wound is some sort of miracle, a separate story of courage and an indomitable will to live. After the Japanese had left, Teodorico Altuna, his secretary, who had been present during the whole incident, picked up his bleeding body and discovered that it was still warm and pulsating. The dying Bello was brought outside of Vigan where,

without anesthesia, he was operated on.

In Le Roy Green's story, Mr. Bello was later imprisoned by the Japanese, without their knowing he was the man they wanted. The Japanese, accord-

ing to Green, learned that Bello was still alive and wanted to find him, but Bello would not reveal his identity, thus escaping for the second time a possible death at the hands of the invaders.—Adapted from *This Week*.

\* \* \*

## *Smile Department*

### *The Coward*

Once there was a very brave lion-tamer who was not afraid of the most vicious lions in the menagerie. But he had a wife who did not like him to stay out late, and one night he did stay out late. When he realized it was midnight, he was panic-stricken. He didn't dare go home, but he went to sleep with his head resting on the largest lion.

The next morning his wife began to hunt for him, and she looked all over town. Finally she came to the menagerie and saw her husband in the lions' cage. A look of contempt came over her face, and she snarled:

"You coward!"

\* \*

### *The Brave One*

Two veterans were discussing a political busybody who usually campaigned on the sole issue of his war record.

"The trouble with Peabody," one observed, "is that he's always yelling about being ready to spill his last drop of blood—but he took mighty good care of the first drop."

"I dunno," said the second veteran. "In France, he was always where the bullets were thickest."

"Where was that?"

"In the munitions depot."

\*

### *The Ideal One*

Politician—"My boy says he would like a job in your department."

Official—"What can he do?"

Politician—"Nothing."

Official—"That simplifies it. Then we won't have to break him in."



## *No Sleep for Sheep*

Cows and sheep do not sleep. This has long been suspected by dairy farmers and sheep-herders but has now been established by Mr. C. C. Balch of the National Institute for Research in Dairying at the University of Reading in England. His extensive studies, recently reported in the British science journal "Nature," included measurements of the breathing rate, the time devoted to ruminating, or chewing the cud, and the sensitiveness of resting cattle to slight sounds. He concludes that "under normal conditions of management, healthy adult cattle and sheep, and probably ruminants in general, sleep little if at all. If sleep does occur it can only be of a very light and transient nature."

Stabled horses sleep an average of seven hours a day and sleep deeply only when lying out flat. But cattle almost never lie flat. They rest on their folded legs with their thorax upright and with their head supported on their flanks. But when they do, even at night, their eyes are open except for very short periods and, even then, so slight a noise as rubbing the fingers together brings an immediate wide-awake reaction. In such rest there are periods of very slow breathing which suggest sleep but these periods are short—their combined length seldom exceeds 30 minutes in a day and the animal does not lose consciousness.

There is good reason for this behaviour. These animals spend as much as nine hours a day in chewing their cud, in periods of less than an hour each scattered through the day and night. There is no possibility of losing consciousness during this rumination. What is more, the rumen, or first stomach, contains much liquid and depends on gravity to enable the animal to regurgitate the stomach contents for chewing. Tilting the rumen in any direction throws it into disorder. It is for this reason that the ruminants do not lie flat on their sides and, apparently as a consequence, they do not sleep.

Young calves, however, whose rumen is not fully developed sometimes do lie flat and then they also sleep. Mr. Balch suspects that the other ruminants, including goats, deer, antelope, giraffes and gazelles, are also sleepless, but this has not been proved.—(UNESCO)

## Harvest Time in Indonesia



**S**HEAVES OF GOLDEN RICE drying on the ground, proof of a bountiful harvest, mean wealth and livelihood to the farmers of Indonesia. Rice, according to ancient Javanese mythology, is a good gift bestowed by the gods so that life itself might be sustained.

Many of the traditional ceremonies surrounding the planting and harvesting of rice have been handed down from father to son for generations. The observation of some of these colorful rituals still adds a festive air to the planting and harvesting season in rural Indonesia. Picturesque little shrines dot the landscape as the time approaches for the farmers to harness their plows to their carabaos.

In Indonesia, the men do the heavy work of plowing. Then,

when the delicate rice shoots are ready to be planted, it is the nimble fingers of the women that carefully place the young plants in the ground. Harvesting also requires the women's gentle touch.

Harvesting is a communal activity. As each harvester leaves the field at the end of the day she receives it not in money but in kind. During the harvest season, the country roads and lanes are filled with happy girls and women strolling back to their villages each carrying her wages for the day under her arm. Wherever one goes during harvest time, he sees these neat, little sheaves of wages drying in the sun.

There are two ways of growing rice in Indonesia—on dry land or on “sawahs” or flooded fields. The latter is by far the more common. There is rice

grown on "sawahs" which depend on the rains for their water supply and "sawahs" independent of rains. These are watered by irrigation, either from rivers, lakes or springs in the vicinity or by modern irrigation. Fields dependent on rain can produce only one crop of rice annually, irrigated fields grow two or three crops every year.

The Indonesian government has established "Lumboongs" for the protection of the farmer. The Lumboong functions like a bank. But instead of depositing money or borrowing money from it, the Indonesian farmer deposits his crop at the

Lumboong and draws on it as required. Should his deposit be exhausted, he can borrow against his next harvest. So, too, with his rice seed. He can either draw seed for planting from his own rice deposits or borrow it from the Lumboong. Both for seeds and for rice, he pays interest but he pays it in kind, not in money.

Because rice is the staple food of most Indonesians, it is one of the country's most important crops. To build a happy and prosperous country, the government cooperates in every way to assure a bountiful rice harvest.

\* \* \*

### *Upper Atmosphere Research in Czechoslovakia*

Czechoslovak astronomers have begun a study of the effects of the sun's rays and of meteors upon the atmosphere at 30 to 125 miles above the earth. The study is in preparation for observations to be made during the International Geophysical Year. During the "Year," from July 1957 to December 1958, many countries will make observations of natural phenomena, and the exploration of the upper atmosphere will be an important part of the project.

Meteoric dust is being collected in ordinary rain gauges located at several points in Czechoslovakia. The rain gauges are emptied every two weeks, and the mineral residue after filtering is analyzed. The presence of nickel indicates the meteoric origin of the dust particles.

\*

# Accent On National Unity

By **SERGIO OSMEÑA**  
Former President of the Philippines

THE HISTORY of our country is replete with events which show the supreme efforts made by our people to be free. From the time Lapulapu repelled the aggression of Magellan at Mactan on April 27, 1521, to the attainment of our Independence on July 4, 1946, there had been intermittent revolts in different parts of our country for the attainment of freedom.

We never forget Lakandula, the last king of Tondo who rose against Spain in 1574; who was able to establish his own government in the mountains of Bohol until 1828. There were also sporadic revolts in Southern Luzon, Central Luzon and Northern Luzon. The one led by Diego Silang was the most outstanding. But due to the

*A venerable old man of Philippine politics reviews our supreme achievement — independence*

absence of national unity and the lack of coordination of action and proper leadership against the dominant power at the time, all these revolts were unsuccessful.

With the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, ambitious Filipino youths who went to Spain and other countries to study noted the difference between the treatment of their own people at home and those of the foreign lands they visited. They then conceived the idea of Filipino nationalism. They published *La Esperanza* and *La Solidaridad* in the interest of

Filipino propaganda, and urged reforms both in religion and government.

This propaganda inspired the uprising in Cavite in which two hundred native soldiers killed their officers. Although this uprising failed, the gradually expanding idea of Filipino nationalism began to assert itself. The campaign of Rizal, Marcelo del Pilar, Lopez Jaena, and Apolinario Mabini, leaders in the young Filipino party, was a protest against the abuses of the existing power. Rizal founded the Liga Filipina in Hongkong, while in the Philippines, the Supreme Worshipful Association of the Sons of the People, in short, the Katipunan, was also organized. On August 26, 1896, a revolution led by Andres Bonifacio, a man of the masses, broke out.

The revolution extended itself to several provinces of Central Luzon, but had to cease upon the signing of the Pact of Biak Na Bato. With the declaration of the Spanish-American War, Commodore Dewey was instructed by his government to proceed to Manila to engage the Spanish naval forces. General Emilio Aguinaldo, who was then in Hongkong in exile, with an understanding with Commodore Dewey, returned to the Philippines to renew the revolution interrupted by the Pact of Biak Na Bato.

A cry for Philippine inde-

pendence from Spain was sounded by General Emilio Aguinaldo on June 12, 1898. On January 23, 1899, the Malolos Constitution, by virtue of which the Philippines was declared a republic, was proclaimed. Aguinaldo, who was then head of the revolutionary government, was elected president of the Republic. But this republic did not last long due to the victory of America over Spain in the Spanish-American war. The Treaty of Paris signed by Spain and the United States ceded the Philippines to the United States.

History tells of the courage and bravery of our people in their fight against the United States in their determination to preserve their liberty. He failed in this war because of the superiority of the American arms, but the Filipino resistance proved to the American people that the Filipinos were ready and willing to make the supreme sacrifice to achieve their liberty.

AMERICA BEGAN according to Philippine recognition to Philippine aspiration to freedom. So when President McKinley decided to organize a civil government for the Philippines in the form of a Commission, he instructed them to "bear in mind that the government which they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction nor for the ex-

pression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands."

The set-up was clearly for a liberal regime. The Filipinos could not, under the circumstances, refuse to cooperate with the Americans, but they did so without renouncing their national aspiration to independence.

Under the American Government, the stages of Philippine Government may be roughly divided into three periods:

- (1) Rule by an appointive Commission.
- (2) Rule by an appointive Commission composed of a majority of Americans and an elective Philippine Assembly.
- (3) Rule by an appointive Commission composed of a majority of Filipinos and an elective Assembly.

This shows the purpose of the United States to assist the Filipinos in the development by them, step by step, of Philippine self-government. But the Filipino leaders, although wholeheartedly supporting these several steps leading toward freedom, kept in mind the final goal, proving, with every step taken, the political capacity and the sense of responsibility of the Filipino people.

When the first Philippine Assembly was inaugurated, there was a feeling of anxiety through the world as to the success of the Assembly. They felt that the delegates, who came from different parts of the country to attend an assembly for the first time, could not possibly possess sufficient experience in legislative organization to make it a success. But they surprised the world, including the United States, with their ability for organization and their high sense of duty in the performance of their legislative functions.

Above all, they conclusively proved that they were imbued with the true spirit of national solidarity. By preaching and example, they succeeded in uniting all Filipinos in the aspiration of national independence.

WITH SUCH political capacity attested to by several years of constructive legislative record in the Assembly, the United States took a step forward and granted to the Philippines more autonomy through the passage by the United States Congress on August 25, 1916, of the Jones Law which was readily approved by President Wilson. A solemn pledge was made in this law that independence will be granted to the Philippines as soon as a stable government can be established in the islands.

### RED-LETTER DAYS

- April 27, 1521—Magellan repelled at Mactan.  
August 26, 1896—Philippine Revolution broke out.  
June 12, 1898—First Philippine Independence sounded by General Aguinaldo.  
January 23, 1899—Malolos Constitution proclaimed.  
August 25, 1916—John's Law passed by U.S. Congress.  
March 24, 1934—Tydings McDuffie Law passed.  
November 15, 1935—Philippine Commonwealth established.  
July 4, 1946—Philippine Republic born.

Again, the new legislature provided by the Jones Law, with the two Houses being elected, demonstrated that they possessed the dignity and responsibility shown by the commission and the Assembly that preceded them. During the period, the unity of the people was maintained.

Further negotiations with the United States resulted in the passage of the Tydings McDuffie Law on March 24, 1934, providing for the organization of the Philippine Commonwealth and definitely fixing the date of independence ten years after the organization of the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth government under that law was duly inaugurated on

November 15, 1935, with Manuel L. Quezon as the President and I as Vice-President. This period of ten years was kept unchanged in spite of the outbreak of World War II.

During World War II, the Filipinos joined the Americans in that fight, not only in loyalty to the United States, but in compliance with what they conceived to be their moral obligation emanating from the spirit of the Tydings McDuffie Law which, for all practical purposes, established an alliance between the United States and the Philippines. This was the main reason why President Quezon urged the Filipino people to stand by the United States in that hour of darkness.

The response of the people proved, once more, their deep sense of responsibility and unity. It is, therefore, of no wonder that President Roosevelt found it fair and logical to assure our government, then in Corregidor, that come what may, Philippine independence, in spite of the Japanese invasion, will not only be established but protected. Complying with this pledge, the independence of the Philippines was granted by the United States on July 4, 1946, in a proclamation by the President of the United States, Harry S. Truman. In addition, the United States provided for the security of the islands.

It is well to remember that the Filipino people acquired their independence, not through violence, strife or hostility, but through the friendly assistance and sympathetic cooperation of the United States of America. This friendly relationship continued to the new situation created by the peaceful proclamation of Philippine independence.

In my review of our country's history from Lapulapu to July 4, 1946, I focused attention to the significant role played by our national unity and solidarity in the attainment of our independence. It is that same brand of national unity and solidarity that we have to maintain and enhance today, if it is our desire to attain lasting success as a people.

\* \* \*

## *Trivia*

### WORLD POPULATION UP BY 35 MILLION

Approximate total of the world population in the latter half of 1954 was 2,528,000,000 inhabitants, as compared with 2,493,000,000 in 1953 according to a demographic analysis published by the United Nations statistical office. The analysis shows the breakdown in the different areas as follows:

Africa	216,000,000
North America	233,000,000
South America	121,100,000
Asia (excluding USSR)	1,323,000,000
Europe (excluding USSR)	406,500,000
Oceania	14,200,000
USSR	214,500,000

\* \* \*

### RURAL SCIENCE CENTRES IN INDIA

A network of rural science centres (Vigyan Mandirs) is to be created in India to advise the inhabitants of villages and small communities on practical applications of science in everyday life. The Indian Government has appointed a 15-man commission, headed by the Minister of Natural Resources, to work out details of the plan.

The centres will operate as laboratories for applied science where pupils of secondary schools will be trained and at the same time gain first-hand practical experience. Results obtained at an experimental centre set up in New Delhi State during 1953 have proved the value of the scheme.



# 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 page 80 for the correct answers.

1. Atomic bomb tests have occurred in Siberia; but it is probable that the first nuclear pile for peace in Asia will be built in: A. the Philippines; B. Indonesia; C. India; D. Japan.

2. The Leaning Tower of Pisa, now 14 feet out of plumb, is expected to collapse in: A. five years; B. never; C. 100-200 years; D. 1000 years.

3. Albanian brides used to be chosen for: A. their long legs; B. their ability to cook *kuchen*; C. the number of their teeth; D. their ability to outlast a dance marathon.

4. Every heartbeat lasts about 0.8 second. The ratio of contraction to relaxation of the heart is about: A. 7/7; B. 1/2; C. 1/4; D. 3/5.

5. The everyday occupation of poet Dominador Ilio is that of an: A. Bureau of Commerce clerk; B. traffic policeman; C. engineer-teacher; C. chauffeur.

6. Although East Pakistan has only one water boundary, most of its songs deal with water because: A. in flood season, the nation becomes a thousand islands; B. water, as an element, is held sacred; C. the songs are sung while bathing; D. love songs are taboo.

7. A "cockpit," which in the Philippines always refers to cock-fighting, often in other countries refers to: A. the seed of an apple; B. a small airplane cabin; C. the saliva of snakes; D. a crank for cars.

8. The "horse latitudes" were named after: A. the explorer Ross, whose name in German means "horse"; B. places where horse cargoes were becalmed; C. the polar eclipses; D. Norse icebergs.

9. Mohammed lived closer in time to which of the following: A. Gautama Buddha; B. Jesus Christ; C. Martin Luther; D. Confucius.

10. In feudal Japan, a woman was not complete mistress of her home until she: A. could cook 789 varieties of food; B. passed the age of 65; C. had a child; D. cut off her husband's beard in his sleep.

## ARE YOU WORLD WISE?

1. (c) patience.
2. (a) harmonious.
3. (b) reinvigorate.
4. (d) to mean.
5. (c) footing.
6. (a) inspire.
7. (d) shallows.
8. (b) richly designed fabric.
9. (d) one with limb cut off.
10. (c) hardwood.
11. (b) sarcasm.
12. (d) brief tale.
13. (c) absorb.
14. (c) mutual.
15. (a) giver.
16. (d) components of light.
17. (c) away from equator.

1. A. the Philippines.
  2. C. 100-200 years.
  3. D. their ability to outlast a dance marathon.
  4. D. 3/5.
  5. C. engineer-teacher.
  6. A. in flood season, the nation become a thousand islands.
  7. B. a small airplane cabin.
  8. A. the explorer Ross, whose name in German means "horse."
  9. B. Jesus Christ.
  10. C. had a child.
- 
18. (b) drink.
  19. (a) coast.
  20. (b) type of pheasant.

\* \* \*

*Burma's Hill Folks*

**E**VERY FIFTH DAY is bazaar day in the peaceful rural areas of Burma's remote Shan States.

In the first early light of day, the Shan and Kachin hill people start down their hills. From their farm homes, scattered through the hills, they travel to the town where the bazaar is being held. Here they sell their farm produce and buy yarns, cloth, Dahs (square-ended machetes), turban-silk, sandals, dried fish, and even gems and spices.

Here, too—and of almost equal interest with their shopping—they exchange news of their families, friends, the village, the country and the world. After their morning of brisk trade—and sometimes brisker gossip—they pack up their purchases and start their trek back up the hills, hoping to reach their farm homes before dark. Although weary when they reach home, these sturdy, hill people will be more than ready to make the journey again in just five days.

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# In the Beginning. . .

## SCHOOL (an institution for teaching)

Among the ancient Greeks *scholé* was "that in which leisure is employed," and not the back-breaking work one has generally to go through in today's schools.



## TRUANT (one who stays away from school without leave)

Of Celtic origin, the word comes from the Welsh *truan*, meaning a "wretched creature," and certainly reflects the gloomy future of the truant schoolboy of today.

## VASSAL (a subject or dependent)

From the Celtic *gwas*, meaning a "youth or servant," comes this modern term.



## San Jose de Buenavista

**S**AN JOSE de Buenavista, Antique, on Panay Island, is like any other Philippine town, says Gene E. Martin, geographer writing for a state university learned journal. Production in the farms is generally poor due to inadequate irrigation, haphazard farming, small holdings tenantry, lack of education. Correction of these, Martin pointed out, plus other improvements such as the use of fertilizers, planting of more suitable crops, expansion of home and fishing industries, would increase agricultural efficiency. The other alternative is emigration to Mindanao.

To his knowledge, Martin said, there has been no attempt to study Philippine geography on the municipal or town level. A geographer should begin at the municipality — understand its functions and problems and then proceed to the provincial and national level.

Except for the *poblacion*, the administrative center of the municipality, and the small vil-



lages which are the nuclei of the *barrio*, the municipal area is primarily rural. Small clusters of half a dozen or less houses within a *barrio* are known as *sitios*.

San Jose de Buenavista, in Martin's study, is varied enough in its topography, soils, agriculture and cultural functions to have similarities with many other towns.

San Jose is centrally located in the Philippine archipelago — in the Visayan Islands on Panay in the province of Antique between Sibalom and Arasan Rivers. It extends twenty-nine kilometers along the shore of Sulu Sea and from five to ten kilometers inland. The town has an area of 177.6 kilometers.

San Jose has two seasons — one wet, the other dry. Beginning in April, the number of rainy days and the amount of precipitation increases until the peak is reached in July. A second peak occurs in September when the typhoons sweep westward across the archipelago and strike San Jose sporadically through December.

**D**IVERSITY OF topography and soils make it possible to grow a variety of crops in the municipality. Palay of both upland and lowland varieties, coconuts, sugar cane, corn and mongo beans are the most important crops. Crops tend to be restricted to limited areas. Consequently the areas can be named into the Lowland Palay Region, the Coconut Fringe, the Region of Diversified Crops, a Mountain Region and an Agriculture Region.

The population pattern of San Jose is closely related to agriculture. One striking feature of the pattern is that in the Lowland Palay Region there are no people. The peo-

ple who farm in this region live in barrios which are either in the Diversified Crop Region or the Coconut Fringe. Roads connected existing settlements and to some extent stabilized the pattern.

It is common for people to work in the rice paddies part of the year and to devote themselves to other crops or fishing throughout the rest of the year. All the major population agglomerations are near the coast and many dwellings are at water's edge.

In the mountain areas a different pattern of population has developed. People are more scattered. They do not live so closely together in barrios. When they do live in groups the houses are often farther apart; it is much more common for a family to live on the land they cultivate.

San Jose which is the political capital of Antique has the largest urban center or poblacion in the province. Majority of the Chinese is concentrated in the poblacion, being the commercial center of the province. A few small vessels call every month; much of the trade is carried on by trucks.

The poblacion has a smaller market than neighboring Sibalomo because it has less extensive hinterland from which to draw people. There are smaller markets in Hamtik, Villavert Jimenez, and San Pedro.

San Jose increases in population because it has the attractive power as the cultural, commercial, and political center of the province.

**L**AND HOLDINGS in San Jose are small, averaging about two hectares each, but tenantry is prevalent. People who own only a few hectares are likely to have tenants, who do not specialize in one job.

The small holdings, tenantry, and an uneducated farming class perpetuates the backwardness of agriculture, said Martin. Unless conditions are changed, the land holding would become smaller and the standard of living lower. Thirty-five thousand people occupy an area of only 177.6 kilometers, a hundred of which is rugged topography and can support a limited population.

Each square kilometer of productive land supports 350 inhabitants. Thus some leave for Mindanao and Palawan with the hope of bettering their conditions. Annually about 2,000 join the migration to Negros during the sugar cane milling season. They return to San Jose with only a few pesos for their efforts — some are in debt and the most thrifty have less than 100 pesos.

Most of the San Jose people are at the subsistence level.

Two alternatives are open to them — leave for the green pastures of Mindanao or improve their agricultural practices.

The big stumbling block in San Jose is the attitude of the people. Few are aware of the possibilities of enlarging the agricultural base — through better methods, or expanding the fishing industry. Many lack the courage to go to Mindanao or Palawan. Inhabitants attempt to explain their backwardness by the difficult environment in which they live and the lack of government funds available to improve the economy.

Government support, migration, improved agriculture may temporarily relieve the poverty of the people, said Martin, but only with a change in attitude of the masses can the situation be entirely remedied. He said the people must realize the restrictions and advantages of their environment, adjust their agriculture and small industries to it and at the same time realize that the land cannot support unlimited population growth at a subsistence level in a region with limited natural resources.

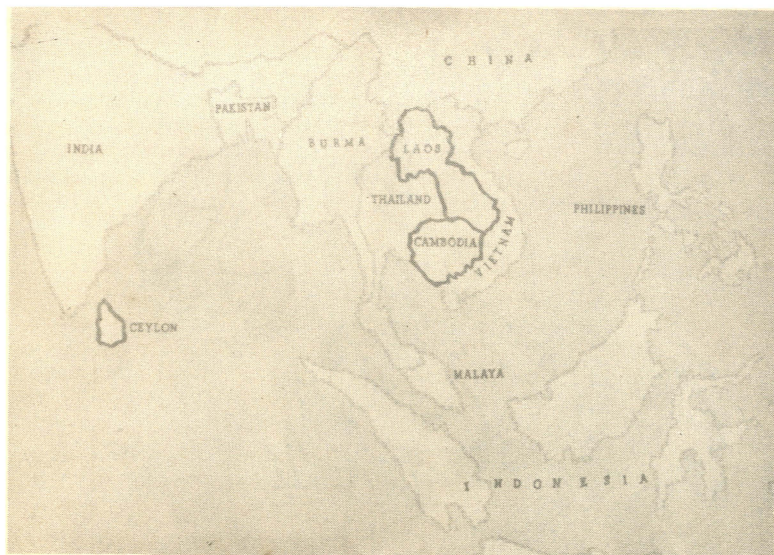
San Jose need not have a subsistence economy if population, resources and techniques are kept in balance.

\* \* \*

# Fun-Orama . . . . . by Elmer



*"Lucky Lucy! Always the most popular among men!"*



## Newcomers to the UN

**S**EVENTY-SIX nations comprise the membership of the Eleventh General Assembly of the United Nations during 1956. Sixteen of these nations—three of which are Asian nations—were admitted during the 1955 sessions. Cambodia, Ceylon and Laos are the new Asian members. All have achieved their independent status within recent years.

Cambodia has been an independent kingdom since 1953. The country's guiding spirit is the former Cambodian King, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who early in 1955 abdicated his

throne so that he might work more actively for the betterment of his people. His action was vindicated in the elections held late in 1955 in which the political party which sponsored his democratic principles won all 91 seats in the National Assembly.

Cambodia covers an area of 88,780 square miles and has a population of over three million. It is bounded on the north and west by Thailand and on the southwest by the Gulf of Siam. The Cardamone mountains in the west reach 4,900 feet, and their forested slopes



extend northeastward to the lakes called Tonlé-Sap and Grand Lac.

The Elephant mountains extend from Cardamones southwards to the Gulf of Siam. In the north, the sandstone terraces of the Dangrek mountains fall abruptly to the Cambodian plain, the old Mekong delta. The Tonlé-Sap depression is a striking feature with the smaller and larger lake remnants of an old sea gulf. It is fed by several streams and is linked with the Mekong by a channel at Phnom Penh through which it receives the Mekong flood waters. To the west of the large lake is Cambodia's rice growing area.

The principal wealth of Cambodia is in its fishing industry. The Tonlé-Sap and Grand Lac produce 100,000 tons of fish annually and, in addition, a large catch is realized from the Gulf of Siam. Other products of Cambodia are rice, timber, cotton and sugar. The capital, Phnom Penh, located on the Mekong River, is second to Saigon as a trade and transportation center for the peninsula.

**C**EYLON IS a pear-shaped island, separated from the southeastern tip of India by the Palk Strait and the Gulf of Mannar and jutting out into the Indian Ocean. After 153 years of British rule, during

which time self-government was gradually introduced, Ceylon became an independent Dominion of the British Commonwealth on February 4, 1948. At the helm of Ceylon's progressive, free government is Prime Minister Sir John Kotelawala.

The island is noted for its brilliant and luxuriant vegetation, its birds and its wildlife. Where the land is low-lying, acres of rice fields, with their green and golden carpet, stretch out to the foothills and the world-famous tea plantations. Covering an area of 25,332 square miles, the island has a population of over eight million. The coastal areas of the west and south are flat and fringed with palms that grow almost to the water's edge. The east coast is more rugged and is intersected by lagoons. In the north is a region of arid plains, with jungle in the north-central area. In the mountainous central area, several peaks rise to more than 7,000 feet.

The wealth of Ceylon is in the crops grown for export—tea, rubber, coconuts and to a lesser degree cinnamon, cocoa and citronella grass which yields an aromatic essential oil widely used in the manufacture of perfume.

Colombo, the capital city, has served as the site of many international conferences. The city is on the East-West sea

and air routes and is a bustling shipping and transportation center.

Laos, a landlocked country in the central part of the Southeast Asian peninsula, has, like Cambodia, been an independent and sovereign state since 1953. The form of government in Laos is a constitutional parliamentary monarchy headed by King Sisavang Vong. According to the country's constitution, all adult males have the right to vote.

In the 1955 elections for the National Assembly, the men of Laos gave their full support to the communist-led Pathet Lao whose subversive activities have hindered the country's progress.

LAOS HAS common boundaries with China and Burma on the north, and borders Thailand on the west for about 1,000 miles, with the Mekong River forming more than 500 miles of the boundary. On the east, Laos has a long frontier with Vietnam, and for a shorter distance in the south it touches Cambodia. The country

covers a total area of 69,480 square miles and has a population of about two million. Much of the country's terrain is rugged and mountainous, and two-thirds of Laos is covered with forests. About half of the forest area is of economic interest, and forest products form a substantial part of the country's exports. High transportation costs are a major factor hindering fuller exploitation of the forests.

The Mekong River, famous in Lao history and still the center of Lao life, flows in a broad river valley along the border and through Laos for hundreds of miles, but is not navigable, because of rapids, for the distance to Phnom Penh. Vientiane, the capital city, is located on the Mekong River.

Now, as members of the United Nations, the more than 11 million peoples of free and independent Cambodia, Ceylon and Laos will join their voices with the other free nations of the world within this international organization to help achieve a permanent and lasting peace. — *Free World.*

\* \* \*

### *Cold Light*

GLOW WORMS are less than an inch long and carry a 1/4-inch light inside their tails. The light is cold, produced almost entirely without heat, like that of fireflies which, unlike these worms, use light to attract mates.



**approved**

- \* by the Director of the Bureau of Public Schools for secondary school libraries as a student's and teacher's reference (March 5, 1955)
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# What Is Nationalism?

*By Raul Manglapus*



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*Handcuffs on Youth* (See page 11)

