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PHILOSOPHY AND GREATNESS

Low thoughts mean low behaviour, and after a brief orgy of exploitation low behaviour means a descending standard of life. The general greatness of the community, qualitatively as well as quantitatively, is the first condition for steady prosperity, buoyant, self-sustained, and commanding credit. The Greek philosopher who laid the foundation of all our finer thoughts ended his most marvellous dialogue with the reflection that the ideal state could never arrive till philosophers are kings. Today, in an age of democracy, the kings are the plain citizens pursuing their various avocations. There can be no successful democratic society till general education conveys a philosophic outlook.

Philosophy is not a mere collection of noble sentiments. A deluge of such sentiments does more harm than good. Philosophy is at once general and concrete, critical and appreciative of direct intuition. It is not — or, at least, should not be — a ferocious debate between irritable professors. It is a survey of possibilities and their comparison with actualities. In philosophy, the fact, the theory, the alternatives, and the ideal, are weighed together. Its gifts are insight and foresight, and a sense of the worth of life, in short, that sense of importance
(Turn to Page 40)

THE LEADERSHIP OF RIZAL

Fellow Filipino Citizens:

Paraphrasing a memorable statement of the celebrated philosopher George Santayana, a people that forgets its past is condemned to repeat it. It is this truth that should urge us to observe with regularity the anniversary day of the death of Dr. Jose Rizal, the greatest Filipino that adorns the pages of our history. For the life, the work, and the ideas of Dr. Rizal bring to our memory the initial awakening of our people to become conscious of an urgent need for national identity, that stirred our pride for national self-respect, and that aroused our sense for freedom and independence. People in our country and outside began to be really aware of the social, political, and religious abuses and shortcomings of the Spanish domination of the Philippines only after Jose Rizal

had exposed in his novels and other writings the intolerable conditions which our nation had been made to suffer in hopeless silence and in seemingly endless agony.

It was mainly because of the perceptive mind of Dr. Rizal that the events of 1872, which marked the martyrdom of Burgos, Gomez, and Zamora, gave rise to the resolution of some Filipinos to begin the work of putting an end to the vicious, the pernicious, and the tyrannical policies and practices of a decadent European power.

The intolerable conditions prevailing in the Philippines under that regime were boldly and graphically described in the *Noli Me Tangere*, the first novel of Dr. Rizal. The strong measures of criticism and disapproval of those conditions were subtly suggested with bitter sarcasm and caustic comment

in his second famous novel *El Filibusterismo*. The Spanish government and the religious authorities in our country were quick to place a complete and absolute ban against their entry into these islands. These restrictive official orders only enhanced their popularity increasing the eagerness of the Filipinos to read them in spite of the threat of severe punishment on all readers.

These novels together with his essays and letters to various persons in this country and in Europe directly provided many of the active Filipinos with motivating ideas that became the basic source and inspiration for some petition for redress of grievances, which when ignored rose to violent action. It may be rightly and reasonably claimed that without the works of Rizal, it would have been impossible for the Philippine Revolution to break out under the impetuous Andres Bonifacio and the impatient Emilio Aguinaldo first against Spain and then against the United States. It would have not been possible for Mabini to

participate in that Revolution under the banner of Aguinaldo and to issue his manifestos and decalogues for popular consumption.

In truth we cannot deny that without the work of Dr. Rizal expressed not only in words but also in deeds and sacrifices, the plan of a revolution could not have been considered much less hatched. Unfortunately, events proved that it was hastily carried out against the prudent, wise, and far-sighted advice and statesman-like counsel of Dr. Rizal; and as a consequence, the revolution eventually ended as an aborted enterprise.

That Rizal was a man of great ideas is accepted by all, Filipinos and foreigners, friends and enemies. But unlike many men with brilliant ideas but without the courage and manhood to face dangers they may occasion, he was ready to stand of his announced principles even to the extent of being shot and murdered in cool blood by those who could not or would not face the naked truth.

We Filipinos of today should continue with unceasing ardor to refresh our memory of the deeds, the principles, and the teachings of Dr. Rizal under the conditions that existed in our country which were dramatically depicted in his writings. We cannot afford to forget them lest they will re-appear to plague our country again with their evils. The sense of pride and self-respect could condemn us as ingrates unworthy of the sacrifice Rizal suffered for the purpose of realizing individual liberty and national independence.

In his work on the *Indolence of the Filipinos* Rizal describes the general practice of bribery and exploitation carried out thru official abuse and red tape victimizing mercilessly the people who have to deal with government officials whose services are solicited for needed or required governmental and administrative action. He declared that a government is established not for the benefit of officials but for the good and protection of the people. This is a basic prin-

ciple of democracy. A government position should be sought after not through a hypocritical and false gesture for public service when in reality what the applicant is after is to enjoy the emoluments and perquisites attached to the office, or to make use of its power and functions to enrich the official directly or indirectly as it has been happening in many cases in our own time. To him and to all persons of his persuasion, the government that tolerates official conduct and practice designed for peculation and money-making should be destroyed peacefully if possible, but, if not possible, violently and firmly thru revolutionary methods. Such an organization is not a government for the people but a government for office holders and bureaucrats. It is a millstone that hangs around the neck of the nation and hinders its progress.

In the art of government, the interest of its officials should not be taken into account. It is only the interest of the country that has to be upheld at all cost.

Rizal criticized the intervention of church authorities in government activities. He was particularly uninhibited in his condemnation of the friars who had a decisive influence over the local government administration and over the decisions of the central government over questions that were purely secular in nature. Controversies between Filipinos and religious orders affecting property rights, civil matters, and personal affairs had to be ultimately decided by church authorities directly or indirectly. The Philippine political system was in effect a form of theocracy. The civil authority was substantially subordinated to the ecclesiastical power. The abuses committed by the avaricious Spanish priests were left uncorrected no matter how injurious they were obviously perpetrated and how unjust, even inhuman, they were in their nature and results. Driven out of their landholdings, Filipinos were allowed to suffer when their authors were the friars or the tools and agents of these privileged persons. The vic-

tims were helpless. The father of Rizal himself was deprived of the land and its products by order of these men. His mother was persecuted and thrown in jail. His brother-in-law was so hated that when he died, his body was denied interment in the ordinary burial grounds and so had to be buried in what we know to be the potter's field, the burial ground of criminals and suicide victims.

These ideas of Rizal critical of the practices prevailing in this country supported his conviction in the absolute necessity of the principle of the separation of Church and State.

The axiom oftentimes repeated in free and democratic societies that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely is pretty well exemplified in the record and in the position of the Spanish clergy in the Philippines during Rizal's time and for hundreds of years of Spain's rule in the Philippines. Arbitrary power tends to abuse and corruption. Spiritual beliefs and religious rituals taught

and used to promote fanaticism when added to wholesale ignorance and pietism produced superstitious practices; and when taken advantage of by those enjoying political power they reduced the people under these circumstances to a condition of physical, moral, political, and spiritual bondage. If in their midst there should appear a few men and women who advocated the spirit of freedom and the value of education, these men and women were branded as *filibusteros* and public enemies who should be hunted down as traitors to be imprisoned and executed.

May all of us on this memorable occasion pledge ourselves to a faithful adherence to these ideas and teachings of the greatest Filipino as the guiding light of our march towards national identity and fulfillment.

RIZAL'S IDEAS

1. As a man, as a human being, Rizal was an individualist. More than just a believer, more than just a nominal follower, he acted and lived in accordance with his own personal convictions based upon facts he himself perceived and upon principles and ideas supported by his knowledge of science and history.
2. He was guided by his own personal understanding of what was right, or good, or true, or rational. Consequently, he avoided dogmatic practices which he considered the normal handmaiden of orthodoxy in religion, the handy tool of party politics, the basic cause of social separatism, and the usual stimulant of arrogant racism.
3. All these phases of Rizal's character made him less of an orthodox Catholic and more of a free Protestant in his religious views and life and yet he was not wholly prepared to embrace Protestantism in spite of the fact that by becoming a Protestant he would have been able to marry the accomplished daughter of a prominent gentleman in London but by his unwillingness to become a Protestant as she was. Taking into account his liberal ideas on individual freedom and religion, Rizal

placed himself side by side with a Unitarian, had he been in contact with Unitarian friends or their views. This would have happened had his travels in Europe taken him to some communities in Transylvania or had he been a student of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson and of such other Bostonians as John Adams and

John Quincy Adams and other American Olympians, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and such famous historians as Bancroft, Parkman, Motley, and Prescott; or with scientists at that age such as Charles Darwin, Agassiz or Priestley. — VGS (*delivered over the Silliman Station on April 30, 1968*)

LAWS

If you laid all our laws end to end, there would be no end.

It is impossible to tell where the law stops and justice begins.

— *Arthur Baer*

- How this impressive information book began and developed.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

Four times has the whole affair been on the verge of bankruptcy. It has suffered different ownerships, including Sears, Roebuck and Company twice. It has been accused of English bias, American bias, heresy, and anti- and pro-Catholicism. Two full-length books have been published to denounce it. During the whole of one six-year period, two joint proprietors battled through courts and lawyers.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* will be 200 years old this year. It first appeared in December, 1768 in Edinburgh, Scotland, represented an ambitious undertaking, even though it was a small beginning compared with the hundred pounds of knowledge which is the current edition. It was the first of 100 installments to be brought out weekly, priced at sixpence, and designed to be bound eventually into three volumes.

The founders were Colin Macfarquhar, a professional printer, and Andrew Bell, already a noted engraver although he was only 4'6" tall and grotesquely misshapen. The two men needed an editor, and they picked 28-year-old William Smellie, a printer whose parents had wanted him to be a corset-maker. Smellie was paid a mere 200 pounds for his three years of work, which included writing the bulk of the three million words in 2,689 pages. Where inspiration failed, he cribbed freely from Benjamin Franklin, Hume, Locke, Voltaire, and Johnson. Later in life, he proudly told how he'd done the job: "with pastepot and scissors."

The second edition was edited by James Tytler, who had dabbled in the professions of the church and medicine and spent quite some time in a debtors' sanctuary, plus a good deal more in any tavern where he could

get credit. His hobby was ballooning, and he made the first successful hot-air flight in Britain. Despite his failings and eccentricities, he was a brilliant editor and a fluent and facile writer.

The *Britannica* grew fast. The first edition sold some 3,000 copies. Twenty-six years later, the 18 volumes of the third edition needed a printing of 13,000 although the proprietors had to wait for profit from Volume I to finance the writing and printing of Volume II.

Americans could get the *Britannica* cheaper than the British, for as each new part appeared in Edinburgh, a copy was brought and put aboard a fast ship. Sometimes proof sheets were stolen. Of course, the dedication to George III and the title word "Britannica" were removed, and engravers substituted their own signatures for Bell's. The pirated set sold for a third of the cost of a genuine work, and hundreds of thousands were purchased. George Washington tried to win a set in a lottery, failed, and paid \$6 to buy one.

Financial problems had been plaguing successive owners for years when an aggressive, walrus-moustached American called Horace Hooper leased the selling rights for the *Britannica* and approached the London Times (which was also near insolvency) with a curiously un-British proposition. The Times was to be paid for running several hundred columns of flamboyant advertising, offering the encyclopedia at a nearly 60 percent price reduction, and keeping each one-guinea down payment as commission. A cautious 800 copies were reprinted, but two months after the start of the campaign, sales had reached 4,300. Although the purchasers of the cheap sets were delighted with their bargains, there was much displeasure among traditional readers of the dignified *Times*, many of whom had purchased their encyclopedias for the full price with no nonsense. A retired member of parliament wrote to Hooper: "You have made a damnable hubhub, Sir, and an assault on my privacy with your American tactics."

Undeterred, Hooper and the Times sold 100,000 *Britannica* sets in 10 years.

During the campaign, Hooper bought the whole concern, and before long the encyclopedia was being produced and edited in America, to the lasting horror of British users. But worse was to come: In 1920 Hooper sold out for more than a million dollars to Sears, Roebuck, who doubtless thought that reference books would be as easily sold as gingham dresses.

Sears lost \$1,800,000 within three years, sold the firm to Hooper's widow and her brother, then bought it back again. Two days after Pearl Harbor, the board chairman of Sears was lunching with William Benton, advertising executive and vice-president of the University of Chicago. "Bill," he said, "I'll give you the *Britannica*." After a year of negotiations, Benton, who failed to interest the university in acquiring full ownership, acquired the company under an arrangement that was to earn more than \$30 million in royalties for the university.

For those who wonder how the present 28,000-page work compares with William Smellie's paperback, E. B. published last November an exact facsimile of the first edition. It reads as a curious mixture of dictionary, gazetteer, and do-it-yourself manual. That first edition had 14 pages on "Electricity," a century before Edison made his lamp work. Smellie seemed uncertain if California (sic), "a large country of the West Indies," was an island or a peninsula. Virginia "may be extended westwards as far as we think fit." Andrew Bell's 160 copperplate engravings were exquisite; obviously he chose not subjects that *needed* illustration, but those that would be fun to do. Only six sets of the first edition are known to survive complete, for the 40-page article on "midwifery" was so realistically illustrated that George III is said to have ordered the offensive matter torn out.

New delights are found in every edition. "Balloon Tyler," in the second edition, wrote a splendid article on flying in which he suggested

that it would soon be as common for a man to call for his wings as for his boots. The ninth, nicknamed "The Scholars' Edition," is still considered by some connoisseurs to be unsurpassed. All sorts of familiar names spring up from the lists of contributors: Presidents Herbert Hoover and John F. Kennedy; Macaulay, whose articles on Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and John Bunyan appeared until recent editions; Houdini, who contributed on conjuring; Sir Walter Scott, on drama; Gene Tunney, on boxing; Lawrence of Arabia, on guerrilla warfare; Orville Wright, on his brother Wilbur. There are now more than 10,000 contributors, and the editor has a permanent staff of more than 200 to help him keep track of who is doing what.

Hundreds of articles must be revised annually. One literally earthshaking event caused last-minute revision in dozens of articles; enormous earthquakes under the Himalayas altered the lengths of dozens of rivers, even the heights of mountains. George VI's death entailed a

staggering number of revisions. Not only had there to be an article on the new Queen; every mention of "King's Counsel," "King's Cup," "God Save the King," and dozens of unindexed "Kings" had to be changed. Worst of all, the Queen Elizabeth who died in 1603 had to have a Roman "I" squeezed in after her name in 40 articles. The first use of the atom bomb necessitated an examination of 500 articles from "Alchemy" to "Uranium."

The editors compromise between British and American spellings. "Honour," "labour," and so on retain the "u" except in specifically American references such as "Labor Day"; in exchange, the British "ph" is not used in words like "sulfur." "Encyclopaedia" firmly retains the "ae" diphthong. The only visible difference between the two countries' editions is on the dedication page; in the British printing the reigning monarch comes *before* the American president.

The *Britannica* has had its share of criticism. In 1917, Willard Huntington Wright's

book *Misinforming a Nation* accused it of being "bourgeois, evangelical, chauvinistic, distorted, and unfair." Much later, physicist Harvey Einbinder spent five years investigating many editions before he published *Myth of the Britannica* in 1963. He criticized the *Britannica's* factual acceptance of many legends — Washington and the cherry tree; Paul Revere's ride to Concord; and the antiquity of Paul Bunyan, who was, says Einbinder, created by an imaginative adman in 1914. (All three items have now been corrected.)

Russians, Americans, Malaysians, and British have called the *Britannica* an anti-Russian, anti-American, anti-Malayan, and anti-British, respectively. The biggest complaint of all, as might be expected, has been on the topic of religion. At least once, the author of an article has been formally accused of heresy.

Small inaccuracies of fact are frequently spotted by the experts, and gratefully acknowledged by the editor. A date miscopied, a misprint

of "not" for "now," could wreak havoc on someone's Ph.D. thesis.

Quite often, someone writes into claim that he is the first person to have read a set right through (which no modern E.B. editor claims). As far as is known, the speed record is held by a retired minister, who took three years. Only one man claims to have read it twice — C.S. Forester, creator of *Hornblower*, who read two different editions. Perhaps no life has been more changed by perusal of the *Britannica*, however, than that of a bookbinder's apprentice who in the early 1800s chanced to read some loose pages of a primitive article on electricity. His name was Michael Faraday.

Sets have been delivered in crates on the heads of African porters, along Mongolian tracks by wheelbarrow, by camel through the Middle East. When Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship was crushed and abandoned in Antarctic ice in 1915, he and his men salvaged a volume of the *Britannica*. His diary records his reading of "As-

syria" and "Babylon" before the work was finally put to use for smoking, lighting fires, and other immediate needs.

Today, in all free countries of the world, some 3,000 men and women are constantly at work to push with all deliberate gentleness, the 36 million words that can, so it has been said, constitute "a man's sole library." E. B. men carefully guard the figures, but industry sources estimate the print figure at well in excess of 100,000 sets a year, 20 per-

cent exported, with Japan alone taking much of this.

The small paperback venture of 1768 has become, apart from governments, the world's biggest publisher of hardback books. Although the encyclopedia's ownership, editing, and printing are now set in Chicago, it has this year renewed one of its old links. The new editor-in-chief, Sir William Haley, was for 14 years editor of the London *Times*. — *By J. A. Maxtone Graham in the Think.*

JUDGE'S QUALITIES

Four things belong to a judge; to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.

— *Socrates*

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Perhaps the time has already come when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day — the *American Scholar*. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk and strut about so many walking monsters — a good finer, a neck, a sto-

mach, an elbow, but never a man. In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is Man Thinking. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking. In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

The first in time and importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning to itself. Therein it resembles

his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he can never find — so entire, so boundless. He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal, and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his own attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself" and the modern precept, "Study nature" become at last one maxim.

The next great influence of the scholar is the mind of the Past — in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to

the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The writer was a just and wise spirit; henceforward it is settled the book is perfect. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, Locke, Bacon have given. Hence, instead of Man-Thinking, we have the book-worm. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. One must be an inventor to read well. There is creative reading as well as creative writing.

There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. I do not see how any man can afford to spare any action in which he can partake. He who has put forth his total strength into

fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source.

It remains to say something of his (the scholar's) duties. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amid appearances. Free should the scholar be — free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquility, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that, like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep

his courage up. Yes, we are cowed — we the trustless.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country. I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state. One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. That which had, been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of the household life, are timely topics.

Another sign of the times, also marked by an analogous

political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Every thing that tends to insulate the individual — to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is him, and man shall treat with men as greatness. This confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. Is it not the

chief disgrace in the world, not to be a unit; not to be reckoned one character? Not so, brothers and friends — please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. — *This Phi Beta Kappa Oration was delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson before the Alpha Chapter of Massachusetts at Harvard University, August 31, 1837; abridged by Frank P. Graves.*

MEMORY AND JUDGMENT

Everyone complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgment. — *La Rochefoucauld*

- The Ph.D. degree does not necessarily indicate high ability or deep learning and educational competence. This is the opinion of famous educators and profound scholars.

THE PH.D. OCTOPUS

As early as 1903 William James was concerned lest "The Ph.D. Octopus" crush its true spirit of learning in the universities. His observations and comments reveal so well the timelessness of some issues of graduate study — and they are set down with such style — that they deserve lengthy quotation:

"Graduate schools are still something of a novelty, and higher diplomas something of a rarity. The latter, therefore, carry a vague sense of preciousness and honor, and have a particularly "up-to-date" appearance, and it is no wonder if smaller institutions, unable to attract professors already eminent, and forced to recruit their faculties from the relatively young, should hope to compensate for the obscurity of their officers of instruction by the abundance of decorative titles by which those

names are followed on the pages of the catalogues where they appear. The dazzled reader of the list, the parent or student, says to himself, "This must be a terribly distinguished crowd, — their titles shine like the stars in the firmament; Ph.D.'s, S.D.'s, Litt.D.'s, bespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it from a pepper caster."

"Human nature is once for all so childish that every reality becomes a sham somewhere, and in the minds of Presidents and Trustees the Ph.D. Degree is in point of fact already looked upon a mere advertising resource, a manner of throwing dust in the Public's eyes. 'No instructor who is not a Doctor' has become a maxim in the smaller institutions..

"America is thus as a nation rapidly drifting toward a state of things in which no man of science or let-

ters will be accounted respectable unless some kind of badge or diploma is stamped upon him, and in which mere personality will be a mark of outcast estate.

"Our higher degrees were instituted for the laudable purpose of stimulating scholarship, especially in the form of "original research." Experience has proved that great as the love of truth may be among man, it could be made still greater by adventitious reward. The winning of a diploma certifying mastery and marking a barrier successfully passed, acts as a challenge to the ambitious; and if the diploma will help to gain bread-winning positions also, its power as a stimulus to work is tremendously increased... But the institutionalizing on a large scale of any natural combination of need and motive always tends to run into technicality and to develop a tyrannical Machine with unforeseen powers of exclusion and corruption.

"To interfere with the free development of talent, to obstruct the natural play of supply and demand in the teaching profession, to fos-

ter snobbery by the prestige of certain privileged institutions, to transfer accredited value from essential manhood to an outward badge, to blight hopes and promote invidious sentiment, to divert the attention of aspiring youth from direct dealings with truth to the passing of examinations, — such consequences, if they exist, ought surely to be regarded as draw-backs to the system, and an enlightened public consciousness ought to be keenly alive to the importance of reducing their amount...

"Is not our growing tendency to appoint no instructors who are not also doctors an instance of pure sham? Will anyone pretend for a moment that the doctor's degree is a guarantee that its professor will be successful as a teacher? Notoriously his moral, social, and personal characteristics may utterly disqualify him from success in the classroom; and of these characteristics his doctor's examination is unable to take any account whatever...

"The truth is that the Doctor-Monopoly in teach-

ing, which is becoming so rooted an American custom, can show no serious grounds whatsoever for itself in reason. As it actually prevails and grows in vogue among us, it is due to childish motives exclusively. In reality it is but a sham, a bauble, a dodge, whereby to decorate the catalogues of schools and colleges...

"Men without marked originality or native force, but fond of truth and especially of books and study, ambitious or reward and recognition, poor often, and needing a degree to get a teaching position, meek in the eyes of their examiners, — among these we find... the unfit in the academic struggle for existence. There are individuals of this sort for whom to pass one degree after another seems the limit of earthly aspiration. Your private advice does not discourage them. They will fail, and go away to recuperate, and then present themselves for another ordeal, and sometimes prolong the process into middle life...

"We know that there is no test, however absurd, by

which, if a tittle or decoration, a public badge or mark, were to be won by it, some weekly suggestible or hauntable persons would not feel challenged, and remain unhappy if they went without it. We dangle our three magic letters before the eyes of these predestined victims, and they swarm to us like moths to an electric light.

"The more widespread becomes the popular belief that our diplomas are indispensable hallmarks to show the sterling metal of their holders, the more widespread these corruptions will become. We ought to look to the future carefully, for it takes generations for a national custom, once rooted, to be grown away from."

Not only observant but prophetic as well. Jame's proposals for checking "the hold of the Ph.D. Octopus" were threefold: first, let the universities give the doctorate "as a matter of course ... for a due amount of time spent in patient labor," like the Bachelor's degree: second, let the colleges and universities "give up their unspeakably silly ambition

to bespangle their lists of officers"; and third, let able students bypass the degree when it interferes with their own independent study and let the faculty protect such students "in the market-struggle which they have to face." All of this in 1903. — *By Bernard Berelson in the Graduate Education in the United States.*

CONFERENCES

A conference is a gathering of important people who singly do nothing, but together can decide that nothing can be done. — *Fred Allen*

- Appropriations for Philippine public education in 1968 under the administration of President Ferdinand Marcos.

EDUCATION EXPENDITURES AND SCHOOL ENROLLMENTS

Such perennial problem areas as classroom and textbook shortages can be achieved in record time. This hope was born when President Marcos signed into law the special education fund act which assured the department of ₱105 million a year in addition to its yearly budget. The law would set aside one per cent (₱87 million) of the real estate tax and a portion of the tobacco stabilization fund (₱19 million), for public education projects.

Aside from this, a ₱24-million permanent trust fund for private education has been put up from a portion of the special war damage fund. The amount, to be invested in worthwhile business ventures, is expected to grow to ₱107 million in ten years while the principal funds earnings are poured

into various scholarship projects of private schools.

The education budget, having increased by 13.45 per cent over that of fiscal year 1967-68, now stands at ₱781,596,011. This, plus the new appropriation laws and the expenditures of the private institutions, bring to more than ₱1 billion the country's investment in education.

But while the national allocations grow bigger, so does the magnitude of the problems to be solved!

This year, as in previous years, the problem of accommodation could not be completely coped with. Thousands had to be packed in large classes so it could not be said that children of gradeschool age were turned away from the schools for lack of room.

Despite the ₱34 million added every year for 12,000 additional classes in the national budget, thousands of schoolchildren could not be assured of accommodation for weeks after opening day.

Enrolment for this school year swelled by 8.48 per cent, placing the total student population at the 9.7-million level. The country's total enrolment, as education officials point out, is bigger than the total national populations of any of the following European countries: Sweden, Bulgaria, Austria, Finland, Denmark, and Switzerland.

The special education fund, as programmed by the department, will buy ₱44 million worth of additional grade one classes, equivalent to about 15,000 classes at ₱8,400 each. By June next year, officials hope, the problem of accommodation will be almost completely solved.

Along with this proposed expenditure is a plan to build 30,000 new classrooms through the mass-production of the so-called Marcos-type schoolhouses. If this target is reached before the fiscal

year ends, the total number of new classrooms built by the Marcos administration will be 68,000; or, as education officials like to point out, 5,400 per cent more than the previous administration's classroom production record ("only 810 classrooms").

And for this school year, some ₱13.4 million has been set aside for textbooks alone. The amount is expected to buy 3.9 million elementary and high school textbooks, cutting down the national shortage (11,131,000 textbooks) by 28 per cent.

Corpus said that the ₱105-million special education fund will be spent as follows: ₱44 million for extension classes; ₱10 million for textbooks; ₱20 million for salary standardization of department personnel; ₱5.5 million for vocational and general high school equipment; ₱2 million for government scholarships; ₱3.5 million for athletics; and ₱5 million for barrio high schools. *From The Manila Times, December 27, 1968 issue under the title "The Times in '68" by Romeo del Castillo.*

■ How a person can achieve real success in life.

MY CONQUEST OF SCARECROWS

I am one of those heirs who inherited a fortune after years of poverty and reckless living. This inheritance came as a result of a death I had no cause to regret. The man who bequeathed riches to me was my former self. He died of selfishness, pessimism, fear, worry, vain regrets, envy. But this old Vash Young wasn't wholly bad, for he left me a great store of courage, contentment, patience and freedom from harmful appetites. I took this inheritance out into business and it has made me successful beyond my hopes.

As the old Vash Young I was an advertising salesman in New York, where, despite turmoil and sourness inside me, I managed to make a living while failing to make a life. I hadn't the faintest idea of how happiness was to be achieved. Those were drinking, drifting days. Once I sank so low that I planned to have a look at

the next life, in the belief that it could not be worse than this one.

But one day this idea popped into my mind:

"Suppose you owned a factory. Would you manufacture in it only stuff you do not need? Would you deliberately operate it in such a way to make it harmful to you, the owner? Well, you do own a factory, a thought factory. You are owner, superintendent, night watchman. Nothing can come out of it except the products you yourself design.

"A thought factory! That's what you have inside you," I said to myself, "and you have turned it into a junk factory. Take a look at your products. Fear, worry, impatience, anger, doubt. Your factory is a menace to yourself and a nuisance to others."

Obviously! Why hadn't I seen that before? My next step was to make a list of

qualities that seemed ever-enduring: Love, Courage, Cheerfulness, Activity, Compassion, Friendliness, Generosity, Tolerance, Justice, Nine magic words! Night after night I sat alone with these words, fixing them in my consciousness, deciding what do with them. *Reflect them in my conduct*, that's what I would do. They are all positive. They are dominant. They are stronger than their opposites. Live these words! That was the way out of the muck in which I had been groping.

First of all I decided I must do something to vanquish fear. All my life I had been afraid. The thing I feared most was loss of my job. I decided to call the bluff of this great bully, fear. I quit my job with nothing saved. Deliberately I brought about the condition I most feared.

There is no finer sensation in life than that which comes with victory over one's self. The morning after I found myself jobless, with less than \$100 and with a wife and daughter trusting me to care for them, I had not one feeling of fear — only elation, ro-

mance, joy at a new start in a new world.

I started from scratch, as an insurance salesman, the most highly competitive of occupations. I had to stop thinking about myself, forget the past, leave the future to care for itself and concentrate on today. Doubts tried to creep into my mind, but every time a negative thought came I thrust it out of my consciousness and thought of something worth while. This is a habit any one can acquire. Try it. At first the unwholesome thoughts will struggle, but they are not strong enough to win.

For a time my household was hard up, but we were happier than we had ever been before, for we were fighting and winning a series of battles. One of my first fights was to cut out all habits which seemed to be harmful. I found that liquor, coffee, tea and tobacco all could be dispensed with, so within the space of a single day I cut these things out of my life. It wasn't easy. It took reason and understanding to win the day. Dominion over

these habits was a great victory for me. A great victory almost always makes subsequent victories easy.

A second battle was to get rid of self-centeredness. For there came a time when our condition was desperate, and I wavered and had to check myself sharply. "When you are keenly conscious of your own needs, do something for somebody else!" I demanded. So every Sunday for the next year I went to a hospital on the East Side of New York and sang for the crippled children there. Before that year was over, I had money. By refusing to put money first I had hit on a profitable program.

A third fight was my determination never to undertake any business venture if my happiness would be in the least disturbed in case it failed. When my dominion over disappointment was entrenched, I still had a bad temper to lick. A trivial adventure did that and was worth millions to me in happiness. After working very late one night, I dived into the subway, dog tired, eager to be in bed. The guard of a waiting train

slammed the door in my face. There would not be another for 15 minutes. I felt hot anger sweep over me. I started to yell at the guard, but then I stopped. Why burn up what little energy I had left? Looking around, I saw a woman leaving the station with a baby and a suitcase. I asked if I could help her, took her suitcase, hailed a taxicab, drove her to her destination. Then I started home, two hours after I had missed the subway train. My fatigue was gone and I was very happy. I had put myself through a course of discipline by doing something for somebody else.

The subject of fear is a favorite of mine. Fear is the greatest enemy of most persons. Every friend I have has lost something because of fear. Read biographies and you encounter frequent accounts of combats with fear, for men about whom biographies are written usually are those who overcome this emotion. Few persons go through life without at least one big chance. The fact that so many do not grasp it is due more often to fear than to any other

thing. "Never strike a sail to fear," says Emerson, and every man who has occupied a commanding position has said the same.

No man has ever had a harder fight against fear than I had. There is not a doubt nor a dread nor a sick sensation. I have not suffered. Most people are afraid of something, but I was afraid of almost everything, including mice, thunderstorms, teachers, physical encounters. In my first days as a salesman I often became so nauseated as I contemplated my next calls that I lost my food in the gutter. Literally that is true. Not once, but time after time, due always to fear. I have prayed — how I have prayed! — that my prospects would be out of the office when I got there.

But one day I stopped and spoke to myself. "You miserable coward!" I said. "You set out to do a job and you crawl out on it. Go and see those men!" And I called on every one of the men I had dreaded to call on, I had delightful talks with some of them and went home happy.

When I was a boy farmers used scarecrows in their fields. Timid birds, seeing the flapping of an old coat on crossed sticks, would fly away, but now and then a wiser bird would come down and enjoy a feast, using the scarecrow as a perch. Since I became tired of being a fool, it has occurred to me time and again that the fears of life are nothing more than scarecrows. Realization of this is the heart of the fortune I inherited.

This inheritance, as I have said, requires that I do everything possible for my fellow humans. I try. I have made it a rule these past ten successful years to devote less than half of my time to my own affairs. A considerable part of my happiness comes from these extra-official duties. I give each Saturday to people who are in trouble. The fortune which I share with people who come to me on "Trouble Day" is really my religion. This is what I think religion is:

It is saying gratefully in the morning, "Thank you, God, for what I have," instead of, "Please give me a lot more."

It is trying to make somebody happier for the day before leaving home.

It is pausing long enough in the morning to telephone to some friend who may need a word of encouragement. In doing this you develop the habit of thinking more of others than of yourself. The results will surprise you. As an insurance salesman, for instance, my plans differ radically from the standard plan of selling. I always submit a policy smaller than I think the man should take out, and let him raise it. That makes him feel comfortably. My idea always is to make a man on whom I call glad that I came. This I do as a matter of ethics. It is just a fine break of life that in some cases business follows in the wake of considerate conduct.

Again, religion to me is planning for the day more constructive work than we can possibly do. It is the exercise of constant dominion over harmful emotions and false appetites. It is telling

other people of things they have done which merit praise. It is development of the "giving" habit instead of the "getting" habit.

Finally, religion to me is living now, on this earth, as nearly as possible the life we imagine the next one to be. Selfishness, pride, greed, envy, fear, worry, hate and anger undoubtedly do not exist in the heavenly state. Heaven is unquestionably made up of such positive qualities as love, courage, cheerfulness, generosity. We can be in Heaven right here on earth by living these qualities. Life becomes almost automatic once you have tapped their sources of strength. It is silly for a poor mortal to buck the stream of life. I have sought out its current and have sought to flow with it. That stream is impelled by those positive qualities, and it is the fortune they have brought me that I'd like to share with all. — *By Vash Young, condensed from "A Fortune to Share"*.

- Values worth pursuing: Loyalty, Love, Responsibility.

CHOOSING LIFE

A young man in Sartre's book *Age of Reason* felt that he had to reject all the values that were part of his culture in order to obtain a true sense of freedom. When he found that he could not steal some money in a given opportunity, he concluded that his efforts to escape from his class were in vain. Freedom eluded him. "I am a bourgeoisie," he said to himself. "I couldn't take Lola's money. I was scared by their taboos." Sartre's idea is that in order to be a free authentic individual, he would have to be able to do anything he desired to do at the moment without feeling any restraint or guilt. Of course, all of us feel restraints and guilts at one time or another, but the pendulum is now swinging towards the idea of Sartre. With the concept that you should do what you please when you please without worrying about the consequences to

others, we are finding a drift in our society towards meaninglessness.

Even though Sartre has many disciples in our growing hedonistic society, there are, in my opinion, some obvious values and truths that are above the whims and wishes of the individual. Unless they become the standards of our lives, we will not be happy people nor will our community be a hopeful place in which to live. The *Book of Ruth* (in the Old Testament), though a mere four chapters, carries insights concerning these values. It is surrounded in a section of the Old Testament that stresses violence, hate and war, yet like a flower that comes out of the parched field after a rain, Ruth stands as an example of what men work towards. Ruth shows loyalty to her mother-in-law. She forsakes her own blood family, her

own land, and stays by the older woman who needs her. Ruth displays love. When her mother-in-law, Naomi, tries to persuade her to leave for the better life that she might have in her own land, Ruth replies, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I shall go." A deep analysis of Ruth demonstrates the values that we must seek and live by in our lives. They are LOYALTY, LOVE, and RESPONSIBILITY! It further demonstrates persons above nationalisms, unity

above racism, with ethical choice instead of aimless drift.

How often have we failed these values in our lives? How frequently have we forgotten that these are changeless? How often have we neglected to emulate them within our family, church and community? Even when times do not seem bright for us, and we tend to think of what we want at the expense perhaps of others, let us decide to go the way of Ruth. With her, let us choose life! — *Rhys Williams in November 8, 1968 CLF letter.*

SADNESS OF AGE

What makes old age so sad is, not that our joys but that our hopes cease. — *Jean Paul Richter*

- A child's behavior and life are greatly determined by the kind relationship between father and mother rather than by the education and economic status of its parents.

FAMILY INFLUENCES ON PERSONALITY

We have found in our guidance study group that the relationship between parents bears more largely on children's behavior than such things as the educational or economic status of the parents. In fact, the marital relationship appears to be more important than any other factor. Food-fickiness, over-dependence, attention-demanding, temper tantrums, and urinary incontinence are recruited more consistently from homes where an inharmonious parental relationship exists.

Since the marital adjustment is so important to healthy habits and sound personality in the child, the teacher may ask, "What of it so far as I am concerned?" If she has good sense she knows that it is completely outside the limits of her function to intrude into the

highly inflammable area of husband-wife relationships. But some general knowledge of the sources of strain and bafflement may give her tolerance of both parents and child, and may help to breed tolerance in them.

In our group, we found that while similarities of educational and economic background were the rule in marriage, this was not true of temperament. The reserved, dignified person with a marked sense of privacy tends to marry the outgoing, extraverted person. Apparently a large element of romantic allure lies in a temperament different from one's own, and yet it may be baffling to understand and adjust to.

A mutually satisfying sex relationship brings enough support to make such adjustments seem relatively mi-

nor, but when erotic tensions exist all sorts of minor items are saturated with strains projected from them.

Another factor, closely related to marital adjustment in its influence on children's behavior, is the degree of parental agreement on disciplinary techniques. This is never complete, both because the parents vary in temperament and because all of us are greatly influenced in our ideas about discipline by our approval or disapproval of the techniques used on us as children. Where parents have not accepted these differences and real strain or friction exists over discipline, we find the child showing insecurity or anxiety.

Child behavior is also affected by the child-parent relationship. A mother may be baffled by an emerging personality unlike her own or by conflict in herself, or because of the trying domestic situation to which her child ties her. She may be reliving through her child the tensions of her own childhood. She may be merely too acutely aware of the importance of the mo-

ther-child relationship, hectic, self-conscious, poring over the latest undigested words from child psychology, and mental hygiene propaganda, anxiously seeking advice and authority. Regardless of the cause, if she is anxious and uneasy in her relationship to her youngster, she increases the likelihood of unfortunate response patterns from him. What she needs is a practical program that will help her see herself and the child objectively — to appreciate which of his characteristics are modifiable and which are not. What she does *not* need is criticism of herself or her child. An intolerant teacher can easily add to the tension of an already tense relationship.

The psychological environment of the child also varies enormously according to his mere position in the family. The first child has a monopoly on affection, and many children are so dislocated by the advent of a new child that they have marked changes of personality and show gross misbehavior in their futile attempts to get back their monopoly.

A younger child, too, has his problems. Older children place him in an inferior role with respect to achievement. If the older child is a boy, the younger may constantly feel inadequate intellectually and physically and carry these attitudes even as an adult. If the older sib is a domineering girl, he may carry deep-seated resentment of women into adulthood. If the older sister is protective and maternal, he may have fewer adjustment problems as a young child but continue most of his life handing on to childish dependent patterns that retard his emotional maturity.

All these relationships modify the other relationships within the home. If permitted by circumstances and good luck, the child becomes a youngster who is fun to know and teach. If poor original equipment, bad health, or straining intra-family relationships exist,

then the child, a victim of circumstances, may become for the teacher a thorn in the side.

Understanding breeds tolerance. Where teachers have knowledge of the whys of a child's behavior, greater sympathy and patience are possible, and a more intelligent contribution to the child's training. But no teacher can know more than a few of her children and their homes. She can't depend on understanding as the basis of sympathy and tolerance. She must learn to accept the fact that children and parents vary greatly in attractiveness, and perhaps when they are particularly trying she can remember to stand by with tolerance while they struggle, with the equipment which heredity and experience have given them, against the pressures of life. — *By Jean Walker Macfarlane, Director of Guidance Study, Univ. of California, in the Childhood Education, Oct. 1938.*

A TECHNICAL VIEWPOINT ON THE AQUINO CASE

Mr. Justice J. B. L. Reyes and Mr. Justice Fred Ruiz Castro, the two members of the Senate Electoral Tribunal whose stand on the celebrated case of Senator Aquino was motivated by purely legal considerations, are probably the loneliest persons in the country at the moment.

For in the face of the raucous and seemingly triumphant argument that 4-million voters had expressed their endorsement of the young gentleman, from Tarlac, the two Justices must be wondering how and where it will all end. Theirs must be an overpowering desire to know where a clear and definite line can be drawn that will divide the rule of law, on the one hand, from the rule of the people's voice, on the other.

Four million voters casting their ballot for one man is

truly an impressive manifestation of popular approval, and it takes more than average courage to ignore it. But the Constitution in its entirety was approved almost unanimously by the whole electorate, including women, in 1935. This means that the provisions governing the age requirement for senators were ratified not only by 4-million but also by almost everybody who was qualified to vote in 1935.

The crux of the controversy in the Aquino case is over the legal interpretation of the phrase, "at the time of the election." The insistence of Justice Reyes and of Justice Castro, that this cannot mean or refer to any other time but the hours in which the adult citizens of the country cast their vote on the day of the election has been summarily dismissed by the defenders of Senator

Aquino as too much of a quibbling over a technicality.

Is it really nothing but a technicality?

If a correct interpretation of the provisions governing the age requirement of a senatorial candidate is a technicality, why is it that the enforcers of the law and the courts are always ready to punish a voter who is discovered to be less than 21 years of age at the time that he exercises the right of suffrage? Why is it a technicality for those who make the laws and an implacable rule for those who must obey those laws?

Let us go further and see what a disregard for the so-called technicalities of the law will lead to. If a man of thirty-four years presents himself as a candidate for a seat in the Senate and wins by an impressive majority, what is his status when, on the day of his proclamation, he is still a week or two before 35? Surely, he cannot qualify as a member of the Senate.

But suppose a tumultuous happening engineered by the

candidate's adherents occurs and Congress cannot assemble on the day stipulated in the Constitution to make the necessary proclamation. Suppose that it meets, say, six months after the thirty-fifth birthday of the candidate. Surely, those who voted for the retention of Senator Aquino will say that our fictitious but not impossible candidate qualifies.

If they do, and by the logic of their argument they will, then the length of time of the election is not the interval between election day and the day of proclamation as they claim but something indefinite, something influenced and controlled by extraneous forces.

It is not seemly to think that this was in the mind of the framers of the Constitution. If this was, then the ultimate development will be what William James once called "a booming confusion." A Constitution that is interpreted in a manner that will lead to "a booming confusion" can hardly be called such.

Finally, if our Justices and Judges and Senators and Re-

representatives were to allow themselves to be guided in their interpretation of the Constitution by the number of votes that a legislator receives, what difference would there be between the justice meted out by our courts and the justice rendered at a Communist public square?

At such a place, the process is brief and thorough. The prosecutor, with his hand grasping the neck of an abject ideological sinner,

cries, "Is this man guilty?" And the mob cries back, "Yes!" "Shall we kill him?" the prosecutor asks. And the mob answers in unison, "Yes, yes kill him! And so, the poor wretch is killed.

Let not legal technicalities be denigrated. Oftentimes, they constitute the little safeguards which in their totality impart order to the chaos of our lives. — *I. P. Soliongco, MC: 21-XII-68*

AGE AND TIME

In youth the day are short and the years are long; in old age the years are short and the days are long. — *Panin*

HOW DENISE DARVALL LAUNCHED THE HEART TRANSPLANT ERA

Late on a Saturday afternoon just a year ago — on Dec. 2, 1967 — an ambulance raced with sirens wailing up the hill to Cape Town's huge, sprawling Groote Schuur Hospital.

Inside lay Denise Darvall, a pretty, 25-year-old brunette, with severe head injuries suffered when a car knocked her and her mother down in a nearby street, Mrs. Darvall was dead. Denise was dying.

To the overworked doctors and nurses on duty in "Casualty," it seemed just another tragedy in the endless harvest of fatal weekend accidents.

But the death of Denise Darvall was to launch mankind on one of its greatest medical adventures.

The doctors knew nothing could be done for the dying young woman. They took

her father, Edward Darvall, to a waiting room and put to him a blunt but gentle request:

"There is nothing more than can be done for your daughter," he was told. "You can do us, and humanity, a great favor by allowing us to transplant your daughter's heart into a dying man."

Sobbing, the father agreed and "the year of the heart transplant" was about to begin.

The death-watch on Denise Darvall started. Elsewhere in the hospital Louis Washkansky, 55, was being made ready to become the subject of world's first heart transplant. From the moment a few hours later, when news of the operation was released, the names of Denise Darvall, surgeon Christian Neethling Barnard, and Washkansky

were to dominate the headlines of the world.

Washkansky's wife Ann said, "A miracle has taken place."

Every day brought new reports of Washkansky's progress. Two days after the operation all intravenous tubes had been removed and Washkansky was breathing without assistance and taking his first solid food. The first-X-ray pictures of his new heart were made and Barnard, said, "indications are that it is functioning properly."

Washkansky was still in an oxygen tent but this, Barnard explained, was to help to protect him against infection.

Washkansky's leg swelling — the result of his heart condition — went down considerably, and a diabetic sore on his heel was healing. He laughed and joked with the doctors and nurses attending him, and sent his love to his wife, who like all outsiders was still barred from seeing him to reduce the danger of infection.

The surgeon was still worried about rejection of the new heart, but by Dec. 6, when Denise Darvall was cremated, Barnard was confident enough to say, "if Washkansky maintains his present improvement I would be prepared to let him go home in three weeks and then treat him as a home patient."

On Dec. 7 Washkansky was wheeled out of his ward and taken to the hospital's radio therapy section. From behind the clear plastic walls of the oxygen tent, he waved cheerfully at passing nurses and doctors.

That night Washkansky coined a phrase that was to become famous. Dr. Bertie Bosman of the heart team took a sterilized microphone into the ward and asked Washkansky: "how do you feel about being such a famous man now?"

"I'm not famous," Washkansky replied not his usual cocky self for once. "It's the doctor that's famous — the man with the golden hands."

In the next few days Washkansky had his first face-to-

face press conference with a French doctor who was writing for the Paris newspaper *Francesoir*, was visited several times by his wife (who said: "he's looking better than I've seen him look for two years") and was doing arm and leg exercises in bed.

On Dec. 9 he showed slight rejection signs — a small rise in his white blood corpuscle count. The doctors were concerned but not worried, saying this was to be expected and was, in fact, later and far milder than they had feared.

Dec. 14 saw Washkansky taking his first walk — slowly he made his way from his bed to an armchair on the verandah of his ward, where he sat down and enjoyed the warm summer sun. Doctors reported his diabetic

ulcer had healed completely, and there were no further signs of rejection.

Washkansky spent much of Dec. 16 sleeping quietly, ostensibly because he had been tired out by the previous day's activities. His wife happily outlined her plans for him when he was discharged from the hospital.

That evening, Barnard released some shocking news: Washkansky was ill. He had developed pneumonia in both lungs.

Washkansky lived for only 18 days but he became famous, not only because of his courage in volunteering to be a guinea-pig, but also because of the fighting spirit he showed. (*UPI Cape Town, South Africa*) — MC: 21-XII-68.

Philosophy and Greatness

which nerves all civilized effort. Mankind can flourish in the lower stages of life with merely barbaric flashes of thought. But when civilization culminates, the absence of a coordinating philosophy of life, spread throughout the community, spells decadence, boredom, and the slackening of effort. — *By Alfred North Whitehead, in Adventures of Ideas pages 104 — 105.*

INJUSTICE

Injustice is relatively easy to bear; what strings is justice.

— *N. L. Mencken*

There is a period of life when we go backwards as we advance.

— *Jean Jacques Rousseau*

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