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Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

SEPTEMBER
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Crisis Over the Suez

What is Nasser up to?

Filipino English

By Dolores S. Feria

Relax—and Live Longer!

Here's how

I Crossed the Sahara on Foot

Asia and the Atom

A great future—maybe

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50 CENTAVOS



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Nasser shows his iron hand



Crisis Over the Suez

LAST JULY 28 President Gamel Abdel Nasser of Egypt, ending a fiery three-hour speech in Alexandria, proclaimed the nationalization of the Suez Canal. With one stroke he started the latest upheaval in the Middle East. Recent reports indicate that the crisis may yet explode into a shooting

war, although more optimistic observers see in it just another trouble that will pass away.

Nasser's dramatic pronouncement was the culmination of a series of economic and political pressures, partly generated by Egypt's own machinations. The story of the Suez seizure in this sense really begins several years back.

The Suez Canal, a 106-mile waterway cutting across Egypt to join the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, was built 87 years ago. In 1875 Queen Victoria of England, upon the urgings of her prime minister, bought 44% of the stocks of the Suez Canal Co. The purchase, roughly amounting to 4 billion pounds sterling, made England the biggest single stockholder of the company and therefore the controlling power. But the Suez Canal Company was incorporated under an Egyptian charter and most of its scattered stockholders were French. The board of directors were mostly French and British.

For several years, until the Nasser seizure last July, the operation of the waterway had been a profitable venture. To give an idea of the volume of business handled, the canal had a gross income of \$99 million last year, \$31 million of which was net profit.

Then four years ago Colonel Nasser overthrew the corrupt

Farouk regime of Egypt and assumed the reins of government. Two years ago the British, apparently recognizing the irresistible tide of nationalism in the Middle East and hoping to stabilize the political situation in that area by winning Egypt's friendship, agreed to withdraw her troops from the canal area. The last British soldier was withdrawn from the ring of bases around the canal a year ago.

For a brief while Egypt nurtured an open friendship with the West, avoiding any overt act of fraternization with the communists. This policy of friendship bore fruits. A few months ago, the United States and Great Britain offered to help build the Aswan Dam on the Nile. A gigantic project, the dam was to cost 1.3 billion dollars and would supply Egypt's underdeveloped areas with tremendous electric power. It was also calculated thereby to improve considerably the country's economic status. According to the Western plan, outright aid for the building the dam would amount to \$60 million, as a start, and to about \$200 million in the form of loans.

SOMETIME AGO, to the dismay of the West, Nasser was discovered flirting with Khrushchev and Bulganin. Soon Egypt was open-

ly welcoming communist profers of aid, even accepting Russia's vague promises of help in building the Aswan Dam. This proved too much for the United States. Immediately the Western powers, led by the U.S., announced they were withdrawing their proffered help.

It was a blow to Nasser. Evidently he had overplayed his hand. Faced by a worsening economy, and the prospect of losing his political prestige at home, Nasser had to think fast. There must be a solution to a quandry—but what was it?

The answer came on July 28, and the whole of Egypt and the Arab world praised him to the skies for his bold decision.

"This money is ours," shouted Egypt's strong man. "The Suez Canal belongs to us and it is built by Egypt and 120,000 Egyptians died building it!" Egypt, he continued, needs the income from the canal for building the Aswan Dam.

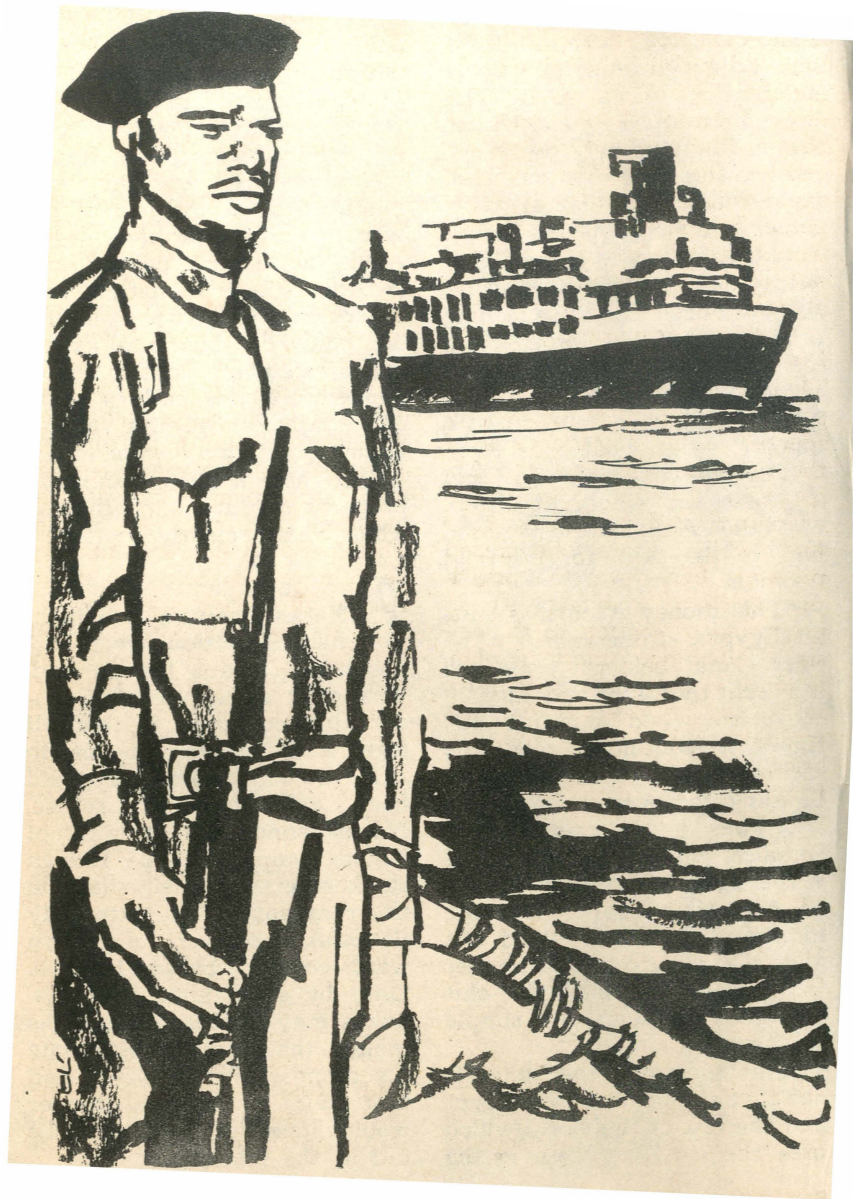
It was a statement which sounded almost logical in its desperation. The dam has to be built, but Egypt lacks the money. The West would not give the money. But neither would Soviet Russia. So—this was the solution. As simple as that.

Unfortunately, the issue is not that simple, both for Egypt and the rest of the world which uses the canal. There is the

moral issue involved. While only a few would deny that nationalization is justified in principle, there are many who would see the danger of committing injustice in the implementation. Asia and the Middle East, since the end of the second world war, have awakened to the compelling and legitimate force of nationalism. A nation's economy is undoubtedly the most vital aspect of its existence; political independence means nothing without economic freedom. Thus is nationalization justified.

But there is such a thing as property rights, and this is what Nasser clearly violated.

IT WOULD SEEM then that Nasser's seizure is a high-handed action which ignores the means for an end. The only excuse possible under this condition is that all legal and peaceful means to achieve the desired end had been exhausted. Of course, Nasser announced that Egypt would compensate the foreign stockholders for their share in the company. It is extremely doubtful, however, if such words could be backed by cash. Only by some kind of hokuspokus may Nasser produce the money that could substantiate his promise. For if Egypt had that sort of money, Nasser would have not done what he did in the first place.



Added to Nasser's difficulty is the fact that most of the pilots and technicians who operate the Suez Canal are foreigners. If they should quit, as they threatened to do so recently, the operation of the canal would be virtually stopped. Egypt in such a case would be helpless and the canal operations would be paralyzed.

Nasser's desperation therefore is no excuse for his deed. That is not to say that Egypt's sovereignty should not be respected in the consideration of the question. In fact the 22-nation London Conference which was called on August 16 and which Egypt boycotted precisely laid down the principle of Egypt's sovereignty in proposing a solution to the crisis. Called the American plan, it enumerated five principles in suggesting a solution: (a) removal of the canal from politics; (b) fair return for Egypt from the canal's operating revenues; (c) efficient operation of the canal as an international waterway in both peace and war; (d) fair compensation for the former canal company; and (e) respect for Egyptian right of sovereignty over the canal.

The situation is further complicated when Soviet Russia's role in the affair is analyzed. All along the Soviets have been openly encouraging Egypt in her nationalistic aspirations.

But Russia is not without her own selfish motives. It is becoming more and more clear that the Kremlin hopes to profit from the ferment in the Middle East. This she hopes to achieve by playing up the Arab world against Israel and the West. The Suez crisis is another opportunity for the Soviets to draw Asia and the Middle East nationalism against the frightening background of western imperialism. To put it in another way, the Suez Canal issue is tailor-made for Russia's ambitions in this region and can be made a suitable springboard for greater influence and prestige in the Middle East. And all this may be achieved without too much risk of provoking war.

In the London parley it was Russia, expectedly seconded by India, which opposed the settling of the problem without Egyptian's consent and participation. The terms laid down by the United States—a nation which is naturally suspect in this case but which has tried to be neutral—seem reasonable enough. That is not gainsaying the fact that even the U.S., affected as she is by her alliance with France and Great Britain and directly by the eminent closure of the Suez Canal has her own ax to grind. But Russia's opposition appears to stem mainly from her desire to be a friend to Egypt.

She appears too eager to drive a wedge between the Arab world and the Western nations.

THE ECONOMIC value of the Suez Canal cannot be overlooked in the whole scheme. Competent observers have advanced the opinion that all this fuss is not over the Suez Canal itself but over oil in the Middle East. The statement seems reasonable and can be justified by simply looking at the economic facts. Easily 67% of oil supply in the world comes from the Middle East: from Iran and Arabia, and from as far east as Pakistan. The ready market for this oil lies west of the Suez Canal into continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States. Closure of the Suez Canal would mean practically blocking the life-line of Britain and France. The only other feasible route from the oil fields of Arabia to the west is around the Cape of Good Hope, which is easily 4,000 miles longer than the Suez Canal route.

From another angle the economic value of the Egyptian waterway is equally impressive. With or without the oil, the canal carries the greater bulk of the East-West shipping traffic. In 1955, for instance, 14,666 vessels of all nations with a tonnage of 115,756 passed through the canal. The

Philippines itself ships half a million tons of copra annually through this route, and it would otherwise be impossible to sell the commodity in Europe at competitive prices, if shipped through the Pacific Ocean.

It is thus apparent that Egypt's desire to control the canal and its revenues is based on purely economic necessity. Even suggestions that a parallel canal be constructed across Israel have not frightened Egypt, for she knows that such a venture had crossed the minds of the western nations years ago. They had invariably given up the idea because of its impracticability. Besides, what assurance would there be that such a canal, if constructed, would not meet with the same fate and trouble as the Suez?

This line of thinking suggests still another point: Egypt cannot indefinitely hold on to her temporary advantage. This is mainly because operation and maintenance of the canal is obviously beyond her ability in the technical and financial sense. The canal has long felt the need for widening and enlarging in order to meet increased tonnage. Such would require a tremendous capital outlay which Nasser cannot supply. Added to this is the fact as already mentioned, that Egyptians have not been train-

DULLES ON SUEZ

WASHINGTON, July 30—Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told newsmen Sunday that the seizure by Egypt of the Suez Canal "strikes a grievous blow at international confidence."

Arriving here from South America, Dulles said he had "nothing to say" about a possible trip to London to confer with British and French officials on the situation.

Dulles said:

"I have been particularly concerned with the Egyptian action in purporting to nationalize the Suez Canal Company. Such action strikes a grievous blow at international confidence." He added:

"The action could affect not merely the shareholders, who so far as I know, are not Americans, but it could affect the operation of the Canal itself."

without publicity or propaganda, in the interest of resolving the deadlock.

So far it would appear that negotiations on the Suez crisis have been carried on in a remarkable atmosphere of peace. There has been much gnashing of teeth, in doubt. Egypt on her part has taken belligerent steps, including the mobilization of her reserves. France and Great Britain have similarly sent their warships steaming into the Mediterranean, and their soldiers trooping to Cyprus, provoking Soviet Russia into announcing that the Egyptian would "not fight alone" in case of war.

These are only threats which are probably normal in the situation. Optimistic observers still believe that the Suez crisis, like the Korea, Indo-China, Berlin and the Formosa crises, would pass away.

Already there is a move to elevate the question to the United Nations, which should properly be the final arbiter of the controversy. President Nasser, despite the bravado he has displayed, seems to be willing to come to an amicable settlement. The events in the next few weeks will tell whether there will be war or continued tension in the Middle East. The chances are there won't be any war.—F. C. STA. MARIA, from the *Philippine Journal of Education*.

ed sufficiently to operate the waterway.

A concrete result of the week-long London parley was the agreement to create a five-nation committee to transmit to Cairo the solutions suggested in the conference. This committee is composed of Australia, Ethiopia, Iran, Sweden and the United States. It has already agreed to hand to the Egyptian ambassador in London a note inviting President Nasser to top-level talks. It has also decided to make a secret approach to Nasser,

Folk Music of the Philippines



By SIXTO D'ASIS

DESPITE FOREIGN musical influences and the scattering of Filipinos throughout over 7,000 islands, a number of native folk melodies have survived, according to Esther Samonte-Madrid in the *Diliman Review*. Filipino folk music, reflecting the spontaneous expression of group ideas and feelings, is distinct from music of other Eastern countries.

Two separate types can be recognized: the native music of the civilized Filipino (Ilokano, Tagalog and Visayan—all of Malayan stock) and the music of the mountaineers or non-Christian tribes.

Leopoldo Yabes, treating Ilokano song forms as literature, once divided them into the *dalot*, performed as a battle of wits alternately by a man and woman usually at a wedding or baptism, to the five-stringed accompaniment of the *kutibeng*; the *pamulinawen*, or love song (which Yabes calls pre-Spanish but which Mrs. Madrid claims has Spanish rhythm and tonality); the *dung-aw* or death chant, praise of the dead interspersed with requests and advice; invocations of the forest spirits, *mangmangkik*.

The purity of Tagalog music is somewhat harder to ascertain, their region being that of the commercial centers most influenced by other countries. However, as Raymundo Banas pointed out years ago, even such influence is not uniform, Spaniards from different parts of Spain inhabiting different parts of the archipelago and modifying local music in a complexity of diverse ways.

The Tagalog *kundiman* is retrospective and intense, like a typical Spanish love song. The *kumintang*, a nocturne, is accompanied by violin or guitar; strangely enough, this song pro-

bably began as a war song, but has become a song of rest. Its sweeping rhythm comes from its long association with a folk dance, in which a man and woman took turns sipping from a cup of *sasa* (nipa palm) wine.

A SOMEWHAT similar dance resembles the "ring shout" of the African Negro, although it is less frenzied and less religiously ecstatic. The Tagalog dancers hold hands in a circle, whose center is a flag and a glass of wine around which they dance to "the sound of tambourines and spirited clapping." From time to time, they sip the wine until all are drunk.

Felipe Padilla de Leon lists also home-labor songs, *diona* and *talindaw*; the rural *indulanin* and *dulayin*; boat songs, *sularanin*; war songs, *dupayin*; and the recreational *hiliraw* and *bilikungkung*.

The Visayan folk song is perhaps the most sensitive to natural beauty; and southern love songs flow with lyricism. In the Visayan *balitaw*, passionate and plaintive, a man and woman sing a love ditty; they dance around each other until the man's proposal is accepted. The *balitaw* is the direct offspring of the Tagalog *awit*.

Of the mountain folks, Negrito music is the most primitive and largely vocal, rather than instrumental. The three types of Negrito songs are the

amba, for general delight; the *uso* or love song; and the *undas*, funeral songs. However primitive, Negrito music is less monotonous and barbaric than that of the savage African tribes. The words are both impromptu and occasional, that is, timely.

The courtship song, *uso*, is a musical conversation sung alternately by four women accompanied by two gongs. Writes Mrs. Madrid, "The rhythm is in simple quadruple time, the beats being marked on the first and the third by a sharp hand-clap. The dancers sing alternately. The other two performers give a sharp hiss on the second and the fourth counts, occasionally varied by a sharp 'da' instead of 's-s-s.' At frequent intervals, those singing the musical conversation exchange parts with those who give the musical accompaniment without interrupting the movement of the dance."

The *undas* are dramatized by the bereaved sitting in the middle of the hut to which villagers bring gifts of rice and other staples, singing as they come and go. Rhythm, basic to mountain music, is set by the *bansi* or flute, copper gongs, and *barimbo* or Jew's harp.

THE IGOROTS, a more advanced people capable of weaving, metal work, soil-tilling and the domestication of ani-

mals, exhibit a less primitive music: "Their vocal music concentrates its interest and emphasis on a single tone. There are short melodic excursions along the line of least resistance, returning quickly to this fundamental tone. This music shows evidence of mental control and concentration. The Igorots never sing the same melody a second time."

The sternness of the Igorot way of life discourages improvisation. The rhythmic content of their music seems an expression of physical impulse—labor—rather than of emotion.

Igorot songs may be divided into two forms: the sacrificial, religious ceremonial; and the lighter, swinging, more melodious songs. Before sunrise the songs are short; in the evening they tend to be long and protracted, often jesting crudely about persons of the opposite sex. The most sophisticated form is the *dain*, a drawling solo punctuated with short choral utterances.

The Moros of Mindanao and Sulu have elaborate rhythms, coordinated almost by accident: "There is no idea of consouance among their instruments but by repetition in concert, they have come to coincide eventually at certain points."

The chief Moro instrument is a series of gongs, whose non-lydic phrases are inventions of

the moment but always wild and sweet, passionate and prolonged. There is a noticeable variation between the musical style of the lake-dwellers and

their sea-faring brothers—as one would expect, folk music always being the idiom closest to the particular manner of living in a given place and time.

* * *

An Igorot Folksong

SAB-ATEN COMA GASAT . . .

Sab-aten coma gasat sic-a

Saludoen coma gasat sic-a

Kanig cabegio de bowan

Kanig ca-anos de labi

Mengasing taco,

Mengasing taco.

Translated:

MAY FORTUNE MEET . . .

May fortune meet you,

May fortune greet you;

Lovely as moonshine,

Kindly as night.

Let us rejoice,

Let us rejoice.

* *

I Crossed the Sahara on Foot

*About a daring adventurer
who tried the impossible
and lived to tell about it.*

By F. COLAABAVALA

I WANTED to trek the desert for the thrill of it, for the record, and to find a nomad tribe in its ageless setting. At first, the going was smooth and the novelty of crossing the Sahara alone was stimulating. But after some miles with the sun beating down with increasing heat as it rose, and the pack on my back growing heavier with each mile, I began to wish myself anywhere but in the Sahara, I had gone too far to turn back, and plodded on and on.

Hotter and hotter the hours passed: tiredness turned to ache, the water bottle bumped heavily against me with every step. I took deep draughts easing its weight and my thirst, until promptings that I might yet value its contents beyond gold stayed my drinking. The heat was blistering now — no shade, no tree or shrub was in sight. Only the harsh brittle sand, and everywhere the view stretching away devoid of landmarks to the inexperienced traveller.

I walked for miles and miles through the waste, miles of blazing white nothingness. I kept following footsteps ahead of me, until I discovered that they were my own. I was walking in circles. The only sign of life I saw an occasional lizard, and whenever I turned over a boulder I found a scorpion or two.

I tore off my sleeves. I groaned and turned my aching eyes skyward: from a cloudless blue the sun blinded down on me, circles of light round it like the inside of an oyster shell. So bizarre was the scene now to my aching brain that I felt I could stretch out my hand and stroke the sky: I tried, and the ground rose up to meet me. I lay exhausted, thankful for even the hot desert floor to rest upon. I knew I could go no farther with my load. I cast off my luggage and retaining only the water bottle, I set off, refreshed a little from the rest.

AT ONE part in the desert the heat was intensified to produce an ocean of silver shot with prismatic colours; all about me the sand had a faint sheen of colour, and towards the west and the south a column of light-grey smoke rose—my imagination, or a mirage caused by the warm air from the desert sand raising into the furnace atmosphere.

It was breathtakingly beautiful, and for a moment I just stood there, seeing the scene as a panorama without absorbing the details. To the left, or the right or behind, or whenever my eager gaze turned, I thought I saw oases, a moving flock of sheep or camels on the horizon glare: insubstantial mirages that came and went, now expanding, now contracting.

Late into the afternoon, with the sun dipping down in the sky, the air became cooler. I felt thankful for the closing of the furnace door and plodded on, until suddenly the *ghibi*, the sand-and dust-laden wind of the desert, blew from the south. From the clear sunlight the world shifted, swiftly changed into howling chaos; the winds screamed and drove sand like a blinding shroud across the face of the desert. I fell behind a hump of sand, screened my face and mouth as best I could, and huddled close to the ground. I reached for my water bottle—the sand had swallowed it up.

At last a fate kinder than I could expect guided my path across a group of Bedouin tribesmen. Never was a man more thankful to see his fellow creatures! They gave me water from a water hole, which was incidentally only ten feet away—it was covered with a stone. I quenched my thirst, was very

sick, and passed out once again. When I regained consciousness I was in agony—the skin of my arms was peeling off.

I travelled with the Bedouin for some days. By various ways I progressed into Tunisia, and to the oasis of Ben Ghardia,

which is about twenty miles from the Libyan border, and finally entered Libya on a donkey. As good an introduction, I guess, as any to the land where the calendar goes back for generations and people dress as in biblical times.

* * *

ANCIENT GREEK SHOPPING CENTER RECONSTRUCTED

RECONSTRUCTION of the *Stoa of Attales*, a two-storey colonnaded shopping centre built in Athens about 2,000 years ago, is half-way to completion, according to an announcement by the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. The original building was donated to ancient Athens by Attalos II, king of Pergamos, who had studied in the Greek capital.

Funds for the reconstruction work, which will be completed in 1957, are being supplied by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, and by contributions from individuals and groups in the US. The building will be used as a museum to house numerous finds recently made in Athens.—UNESCO.

* *

It Depends

"Now, Mr. Blank," said a temperance advocate to a candidate for municipal honors, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take alcoholic drinks?"

"Before I answer the question," responded the wary candidate, "I want to know whether it is put as an inquiry or as an invitation!"

*

East Visayan Rice Rituals



IN SAMAR and Leyte, pagan superstitions still are visible in rural areas, although they are not as thoroughly and widely observed as in pre-Christian times. Only in Catholic strongholds like Tacloban and Palo, for example, (according to Father Richard Arens, SVD, in the *Philippine Sociological Review*) is *anito* worship almost eliminated. Otherwise, the practice of Filipino farmers still resembles that of their ancestors who made offerings to sun, moon, rain, thunder and lightning as spirits responsible, especially at planting and harvest time, for successful crops. Particularly dead ancestors were invoked to guard the fields; and *encantados*—white fairies dwelling in big trees or other select places—were propitiated with food.

By *L. Crisologo-Santos*

Today, says Father Arens, in Kawayan (northwest Leyte) it is not unusual for a farmer, intending to clear a new rice field, to get permission of the spirit already dwelling on the land. Only after the spirit has been pacified by the death of a succulent pig and a white rooster, can the clearing proceed.

If a farmer senses the presence of black spirits (*agtas*—unlike the *aghoy*, magic dwarfs who make friendly visits to men, whistling to signal their coming: an *aghoy* will eat a man's food but not sleep in his house; he likes only peaceful humans, and makes himself useful by finding lost articles), the farmer will turn his clothes inside out at once to deceive the

agta so he can make his way to a herbolario. The herbolario (*tamabalan*) visits the field at sunset, throws sacrifices into the forest, and commands the *agtas* to leave. Then the farmer may continue his work.

Sometimes (in Pastrana, central Leyte) a farmer politely asks the *encantados* to leave — or mentions the name of his enemy “so that the *encantados* would move to his enemy’s place and molest him.”

One barrio, 45 kilometers from Abuyog and available only by *sakayan* or *banca*, still has an elaborate ritual of *anito* worship. (Their contact with more Christian people of the towns is likely to be only once a year during Lenten season.) Before the planting season, friends and relatives are invited to a meal. But the most delicious viands and drinks are offered to “the spirits of their dead and to the invisible owners of the land” where the planting will occur. Only then do they return to the farmstead for their own celebration.

If, on the following day, the farmer finds that plenty of food is still left in the field, he will not proceed for fear that the spirits are displeased. If most of the food is consumed, he calls his helpers and the planting begins. Similar spirit placation can be observed in Pastrana and Burauen; in Samar —

Punishment

In Balangiga, if the son of the master of ceremonies, a hereditary function, refuses to succeed his father after his death, because of education or position, the farmers expect spirits to punish him. He will be blinded or crippled, or his face will rot.

Darangan, Basey, Homonhon, and Balangiga.

BALANGIGA makes variations in this ceremony. There, when the field is cleaned, a master of ceremonies having extraordinary powers (supposedly hereditary), places rice and a cooked male and female chicken on a small table facing the rice field and prays to God for the dead (who are to share the rice) and invokes aid against the evil spirits (who are to feast on the chickens, which then fly away with them. Whatever is left after five hours, the master of ceremonies and his family eat. The next day, planting begins.

After the planting is finished, the farmer throws a handful of rice in all directions for “the animals and insects which intend to taste my plants. I hope that you defend my plants from harm, and watch over my plan-

tation until harvest season so I can serve you once more in payment for your goodness and cooperation." When the plants are seven inches high, the farmer puts a drop of red-rooster blood on each corner of the field and asks the spirits to care for the plants. This is called *pagpunas*.

Should the rice anywhere not grow well, the *tamabalan* may set out food, apologizing to the local spirit and the soul of the former landowner. In other places, *pagluon* is practised: a kind of incense, *camangyan*, burnt in a coconut shell is carried around the field while the farmer prays to St. Isidro or the spirits. Or an only son may burn animal skins at the rice field's corner and place lysol on the boundaries; then, at twilight, he traverses the field three times.

Should the rice be plentiful, the farmer builds open fires, fed with wood deep from the forest, around the field to keep away envious spirits.

At harvest time, the wife of an owner's most trusted tenant makes *suman* from a few gantas. These, together with strong tea, chocolate or tuba and a cooked chicken or pig, are brought by the tenant as master of ceremonies (*paratikang*) to the field. He and his assistants taste every kind of food to reassure the spirits, then leave it for them to enjoy. Other Visayans have slightly varying customs; in Basey, Samar, spice and salt which the spirits supposedly dislike, are omitted.

Although many of these barrio people are baptized Catholics and venerate only God, they are afraid of these powerful spirits as well and want to "play safe."

* * *

Up-to-Date

Politician—"Did your paper say I was a liar and a scoundrel?"

Editor—"It did not."

Politician—"Well, some paper in this town said so."


Editor—"It may have been our contemporary down the street. We never print stale news."

*


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. *peter*—(a) to come to nothing; (b) a mineral; (c) to induce; (d) a mine.
2. *staunch*—(a) stout; (b) long-drawn; (c) firm and constant; (d) a margin.
3. *berate*—(a) to estimate in cost; (b) to reduce in price; (c) to scold; (d) to ignore.
4. *default*—(a) to blame someone else; (b) to fail in contest; (c) to admit one's defects; (d) to protest.
5. *anent*—(a) concerning; (b) various; (c) discount form; (d) near.
6. *peruse*—(a) to trick; (b) to examine closely; (c) to use again; (d) to subject to.
7. *decry*—(a) to cry aloud; (b) to deny; (c) to open forcibly; (d) to discredit.
8. *skein*—(a) a quantity of yarn or thread; (b) hardened milk surface; (c) skiing platform; (d) a disease of the liver
9. *prance*—(a) to swagger or bound from the hind legs; (b) to iron out; (c) timber; (d) loud conversation.
10. *ebony*—(a) in shape of an oval; (b) hard and heavy wood (c) porcelain surface; (d) heavy furniture.
11. *recant*—(a) to retract or revoke; (b) to pour slowly; (c) to recount (d) to return to.
12. *abound*—(a) hilly; (b) to be windy; (c) to be in great quantity; (d) surveyed territory.
13. *senile*—(a) very sensitive; (b) rowdy; (c) having the characteristics of infancy; (d) having the traits of old age.
14. *prostrate*—(a) lie flat on the ground with face down; (b) wide open; (c) absolute; (d) openly hostile.
15. *simmer*—(a) apparent but not real; (b) to perspire profusely; (c) to be on the point of boiling; (d) lofty as a peak.
16. *apode*—(a) two-legged animals; (b) animals with tentacles; (c) a music piece; (d) animals without feet.
17. *misnomer*—(a) unknown location; (b) a wrong name; (c) a miss; (d) an elegant remark.
18. *mentor*—(a) a wise counselor; (b) one who meditates; (c) group of old men; (d) a tailor.
19. *rebate*—(a) to reassess; (b) to dispay; (c) remission of back payment; (d) taxation.
20. *invoke*—(a) to cite as example; (b) to appeal to for support; (c) to gather together; (d) to enter into.



Filipino English



*Let us accept the local version
for what it is; it is not
American standard English, and
should not be.*

THE FIRST TIME I ever heard what is sometimes deprecatingly termed Filipino English was many years ago in a college classroom in the United States. A foreign student whom I later learned was from the Philippines was reciting in a series of pleasant, almost bird-like intonations. It is true that we had to prick up our ears to catch the unfamiliar rhythm, but no more than one must to catch British English, Australian English, or even deep South U.S.A. English. From my first introduction to Filipino English I was completely charmed by its distinct individuality. That it

By *DOLORES S. FERIA*

did not sound like Western English was its virtue and fascination.

Years later I expressed this viewpoint to a colleague in the Philippines who reacted in utter horror. How I, an American English teacher, could find anything either desirable or normal in the way that oral English has emerged in the Philippines was incomprehensible!

It is English on the educated level to which I refer, with its ever-present use of several Spanish vowels for their English equivalents and its jogging

intonation pattern borrowed from the dialects. Here we find the natural and unique expression of the cultural patterns from which English has emerged in the Philippines. And how else could it have emerged on such a large scale within fifty years? To have produced approximately 13 million English speakers within two generations is in itself an Asiatic phenomenon.

To imply that standard English (and by that is usually meant American standard English) should be superimposed on our local way of thinking and expressing ourselves in English is both naive and unrealistic.

At a recent university convocation, a distinguished British official addressed a group of students in his highly polished style of English. Ninety percent of the group were pathetically unable to understand him. However, to suggest to this English gentleman that he modify his speech to a more "standard" form of English would be nothing short of monstrous. Conversely, Americans have developed a stubborn pride in their abrupt and forthright manner of intonation. No one is subjected to more ridicule than an American traveler who returns from Europe with an "Oxford" accent.

A SURVEY AMONG college freshmen at the State University reveals that in an average class group only 70% find English to be a language in which they can read easily. The remaining 30% prefer to read in some other language. Of this same group only 30% stated that they have the facility to think in English, and therefore probably speak English more or less continuously.

What of the average English speaker throughout the Philippines?

To begin with, he has probably never heard English actually spoken by an Englishman or an American except in the movies. Very few have actually conversed with a native-born speaker of English in their entire lives. This process of being completely cut off from the main source of the English tongue would in itself produce a hybrid language.

Let us accept Filipino English for what it is. It is not American standard English and it never will be. Spoken English in the Philippines is the offering of three diverse cultural strains: Malayan, Spanish, and American. Unfortunately, the latter, in spite of loudly expressed fears to the contrary, seems to be the most skin-deep. Therefore it is hardly likely that the purely American pattern of oral expression will serve to better the

cultural confusion that now exists, any more than hot dogs and coca cola will rectify the nutritional needs of the Filipino people. The fact that some indication of national identity has been preserved in the manner by which a Manilan speaks English is to be regarded as fortunate, not deplored as "bamboo English."

Filipino English's most obvious need is for purification. The most striking difference between the superior quality of English spoken by the pre-war generation and that heard today, is not the intonation pattern, but the confusing mixed sentences of English interpolated with dialect. The conservative oldster would have said: "I cannot find my book." From the front row of every classroom comes this utterance today: "I cannot find my kuwan, nalang."

There are several reasons for this increasing mixture of dialect and English which is sometimes ludicrous to listen to. We must not underestimate the individual's whole psychological reaction to the use of the English language. To a certain extent he feels emotionally and socially inhibited by the use of English speech.

I HAVE OBSERVED time and again the pathetically stiff characteristics of most all-English speaking social gatherings.

Later in the evening as the group loses its inhibitions and little clusters of dialect begin to punctuate the affair, sparkle, zest, color appear by magic. Dialect is resorted to because it gives a certain lift and vitality to the speaker's personality which as yet English can not supply.

A second factor in the urge to complete English sentences with dialect phrases is the actual dearth of certain kinds of words in English which correspond to dialect expressions which the speaker feels a need to use. Evidently, Westerners are simply inclined to be more matter of fact and less gesticulative in their everyday utterances.

In time, a Filipino idiom in English will develop out of sheer necessity, just as American idiom developed because Old World idiom had no meaning in American life. This process is being very much delayed, delayed because either too little English is spoken at all, or the Filipino speaker evades the problem of finding his own idiom appropriate to his own feelings and culture by simply substituting idiom from his preferred dialect.

But before any of these things can be accomplished in school or elsewhere, a better motivation is needed for speaking English at all. We implore students to speak better Eng-

lish because it will give them educational polish and they will acquire an international language. Occasionally the unkind scorn of "How would you like foreigners to speak your language the way you speak theirs?" is resorted to in desperation.

Understandably, none of this makes sense to the average Filipino. An individual likes only that which he can do easily and well and American English is not simple.

PERHAPS IF he could feel that he is not just speaking English, but that he is part of the developing structure of a new expression of English—Filipino English—then perhaps prodding will be unnecessary. He will speak because it is his English, on his own level of experience and emerging from his own culture. Then he will feel an understandable pride in dev-

eloping another linguistic skill, not despair and indifference.

It is high time to popularize the move to make the Filipino child bi-lingual before he is of school age. Many educated families now do this as a matter of course, since pre-school age children are natural-born linguists and can easily learn several languages if exposed to them. It is from this bi-lingual group that the greatest cultural strides will be accomplished in developing a distinct English for the Philippines. Virtually all of our better writers, thinkers, and public figures belong to this group now.

Let us therefore accept the fact of Filipino English for what it is: the linguistic expression of the strange blending of East and West, and give it serious encouragement for what it must eventually become: a vigorous and unique expression of the English tongue in Asia.

* * *

Any Title Limerick

*There was a young fellow named Weir
Who hadn't an atom of fear.*

He indulged a desire

To touch a live wire.

(Most any last line will do here.)

*

B & K

at Oxford

Applause and boos for Russia's goodwill-touring twins

By JOHN PHIPPS

WHEN I arrived back at Oxford the first piece of news was that B. and K. were coming. They were to visit my college. The previous Saturday, when I was at home, the Coventry Ukrainians were out: yellow leaflets thrust into people's hands, pointing out the hideosities of Moscow. At Oxford, the visit was discussed as a sort of joke. Sinister men were seen in college, looking through windows, fingerprinting, making secret reports on the dons. But the general attitude was off-hand. We were used to tourists. The lawns were mowed, some seats painted. Yet something was lacking.

The Saturday came. Most of the college had examinations in the morning, so few of us had time to spare for thoughts of the visit till the afternoon. But before 3:20 a number of undergraduates had collected

by the gate. Dons were not so much in evidence, still, most of them happened around.

The flag was pulled down to half mast by someone; the Home Bursar, an army man, hastily pulled it up again. The college was unnaturally calm; all other tourists had been excluded and only members were allowed inside. The angular figure of the President, in cap and gown, could be seen at the open gate. Through the gate we glimpsed the pressed faces of the crowd. Then somebody blew the Last Post on a trumpet. The black cars drew up. The President stepped forward.

Next thing was, you might say, anti-climax. The figures, quite short, hatless, in double-breasted suits, were coming down the path. Three or four

newspaper photographers went before, turning and snapping them, like little dogs on a walk. They passed the waiting undergraduates, raised their hands. Then we knew what we had forgotten. We had not composed our faces. What is the correct way of greeting, as a crowd, men whose purposes are unclear, whose smiles suspect, who are, they say, despots, tyrants, a species of beast? Especially when they smile, wave, bring gifts, look human.

We clapped or were silent, curious. We didn't know what to do. Then someone noticed a tall, bearded man amongst them. A long, silky beard, he had. "Rasputin." Laughter. And that began it. Everybody followed the Russians, all round the college. An undergraduate who had been studiously reading *War and Peace* threw down the book and followed. An eminent Fellow said "Where are the brutes now?" and went to see. In the cloisters, they were practically jostled. They could not complain about not getting access to the public. They could have shaken hands with me several times.

They walked all round the college. They saw the lawns and the buildings and the blossom. They saw A.J.P. Taylor in a window of New Buildings

and he saw them. They even went into the chapel. They signed an autograph—the ancient history tutor, he whose clear eyes see right through the pretense and propaganda of the Roman Empire, right to its corrupt heart—his son got the signature.

They congratulated the weather. They asked about the beater a boy from the choir school was wearing. They were told about the singing on the tower on May morning, and asked why. An undergraduate said "hello" in Russian. Bulgandin lightly patted his cheek. Instantly a reporter asked what he had said, then, "Where did you learn your Russian?" They came to the gate again. The President. B. and K. all got safely out, but by this time the retinue of Russians was not to be distinguished from the accompanying mass of members of the college. The gateway was jammed. An anxious official asked, "Are all the Russians out?" It was by no means obvious.

But outside was the crowd, most cheering, some booing, some singing "Poor Old Joe". Leaflets were thrown, and over all the evil roar of the Thunderbirds of the motor-cycle police, like a chorus of hellhounds. Our hate complexes revived.—From the *Listener*.

What Do You Know About CEREBRAL PALSY?



Keep their spirit whole!

NEARLY FIFTY years ago, a story called *The Little Lame Prince* was written and it enchanted its readers, young and old. The little Prince never walked and spent his childhood, unwanted and unloved, locked in a dark, lonely tower. Then his fairy godmother gave him a magic cloak and in it he sailed across the sky, found his kingdom, won his throne and with it he won the love and affection of all his subjects. Crippled as he was, he managed to live happily ever after. And the story lives on as a favorite still, not because it is about a Prince who was lame. People appreciate and sympathize with the child who is lame.

Some day, somewhere, another story may be written which will begin . . . "Once

By **BARBARA WHITLEY**
Member, Board of Directors,
Cerebral Palsy Association of Quebec, Inc.

upon a time there was a little boy and he had Cerebral Palsy . . ."

The chances are that its readers will stop then and there to ask, "What on earth does that mean?" And that question must be answered before the readers will appreciate and sympathize with the rest of the story. Because the story will be different, somehow. The little boy, like the little Prince, will be much like all other little boys, but his story, like the Prince's, will need special understanding.

Once that understanding is there the little boy's story will be as enchanting as the other.

It will far surpass the Prince's story in adventure and pathos, and what is more, it will be true. There will really be no need for it to start, "Once upon a time . . ." It could begin, "Today, right around the corner from you, there is a little boy who has Cerebral Palsy." So, for the sake of that little boy, as well as for their own, the reader's question must be answered.

"What does Cerebral Palsy mean?"

A doctor might reply that the little boy has suffered damage to the motor centers of his brain. This damage can occur before birth, at birth or at any time thereafter, as a result of brain hemorrhage, sever head injury, etc. It is not contagious nor is it believed to be an inherited condition. Cerebral Palsy, the doctor would explain, is a crippling condition with varying results. It may mean jerky and involuntary muscular activity; it may mean extreme rigidity of one or more part of the body; it may mean lack of balance and sometimes, but only sometimes, it can mean mental disability. Any of these results and more, or a combination of all of them, can be the outward signs of Cerebral Palsy.

A NEIGHBOR might exclaim that the story could easily be about the poor dear lit-

tle spastic down the street. The one who can't walk. The one she gave a candy to, and the child nearly choked because he can't swallow very well, either.

The little boy's parents would explain in terms that are more detailed but easy to understand. They might explain that he could never crawl as other babies did, that he could walk only with leg braces of leather and steel, and when he became tired he used a wheel chair. Or, if his legs were not affected, perhaps his hands and mouth couldn't adapt themselves to the usual motions of feeding and playing, dressing and talking.

Then the parents would show special spoons, special cups, special plates and trays. They would point to carefully constructed toys, a button-board to help stumbling hands learn to button a small boy's jacket, a blowing game to train lungs for breathing and small mouths for speaking, eating and simply staying closed.

Parents can answer the question in a variety of ways. They might point to a standing table, if the little boy was one whose rigid muscles would not permit him to stand erect. They might tell of hearing aids, eye-glasses, neck and head braces, for Cerebral Palsy can mean a bewildered variety of disabilities.

The parents' answer would

not be limited to this display of special equipment. They could reply by telling of their anxiety for their son and of their hopes for him. They could tell of their hours of patient training — training of themselves as well as of him. They had to learn to accept this handicap just as he has had to accept it.

They had to learn not to blame him or themselves. They had to learn neither to smother him with too much affection and spoil him, or reject him because he was not exactly like other children. They had to learn how to help carry out the treatments recommended by his doctors and nurses.

They would tell with a special pride of the first steps he took alone, or of the day he fed himself without spilling his food. They would remember the day he reached for a crayon and managed to grasp it without his small, flailing arm first knocking it from the table. And while the parents of every child can and do boast of the same achievements, behind the tale of the little boy's triumphs would be his story. And every triumph would be a new adventure.

His doctors, nurses, therapists and his parents have worked tirelessly to make his story worth telling. Later his teachers will help, and his friends and his employers. He

has had a whole team of fairy godmothers, and their magic cloak has been their encouragement, their teaching, their patience and their love. And he himself has been the team's most important member. For even with all this help, he has had to learn to do the things for himself.

He has had to learn not only to lift the crayon, guide the spoon, move his legs, but to concentrate, study and remember exactly how to make those simple movements. None of them came to him naturally or automatically as in other children. He had to learn to make his arms and legs do what he wanted, despite some confusing signals, or no signals at all, from the damaged motor centers of his brain.

*A*N AUTHORITY on Cerebral Palsy, Dr. Winthrop Phelps of Baltimore, has compared the learning of normally automatic activities for Cerebral Palsied children to learning to play the piano for a normal child. A normal child automatically establishes the functions of walking, talking and feeding without being actually taught. He has to be taught to play the piano. He has to study and practice in order to be able to play a tune.

A child with Cerebral Palsy must be taught in the same way to do everything that is

dependent on the affected area of his brain, and like the children who study piano-playing, his learning results in varying degrees of facility. He may learn to walk, for instance, so well that his handicap is unnoticeable. He may just be able to move about a small room. In either case, he has triumphed over his handicap and so written a new chapter in his story.

And as the succeeding chapters are written they may tell of his going to school and college, unless his handicap has resulted in severe mental disability. However, statistics tell us that less than 50% of the Cerebral Palsied are so affected. Statistics show, too, that 75% of all Cerebral Palsy cases are educable, some having a very high degree of intelligence, some average, some below average, but able to respond to teaching. So, the little boy will probably go to school, and perhaps to college.

The final chapters of his history may tell of his becoming a successful writer, a doctor, a singer, a social worker, a businessman. There are Cerebral Palsied persons in all these fields. On the other hand, he may simply develop enough skill to support himself in a manual trade. He may attend a special school and then join a group of other handicapped persons in a sheltered work-

shop, where methods, time schedules and equipment are geared to his abilities. Whatever the story, like the little lame Prince, he need not remain forever in the dark tower of his infirmity.

In Canada, as in England and the United States, as well as in many other countries like the Philippines, there is a growing interest in the condition known as Cerebral Palsy. Medical attention is being focused on new treatments, new techniques, new equipment and clinical research.

Parent Associations can do a great deal to publicize the whole story of Cerebral Palsy. They can seek not only special medical and educational services for their children, but public understanding, as well. They can make the public to understand that a child with facial contortions or with no control of its drooling saliva is not necessarily a helpless idiot; that a man with a lurching gait or fumbling twisted hands is not necessarily a drunkard; that inability to pronounce words clearly does not mean an absence of mind behind the words.

There was a time when Cerebral Palsy cases were locked away in dark rooms, objects of shame, or they performed on street corners, and as court fools-objects of mirth. A form of awakening came when spastics, as they were first called,

became objects of pity and concern. Today there is a bright future for most of them, thanks to the team. And the general public becomes part of the healing team when the Cerebral Palsied boy and girl take their place in the community as best they can—when they come down from their dark tower.

Coming down from the tower needs courage. Always there will be the need for all that extra effort, that enormous concentration they have learned to apply to every moment. There will be new situations to face, new surroundings to become used to. There will be new people to meet. They will find a sea of new faces, mirroring all too clearly curiosity,

distress, and, too often, distaste. They will be specially sensitive to all this.

They must learn to triumph over the faces too, and only then will they ask for help. They will want no special understanding. They will have emerged from their training, still crippled in body, but intact in spirit and in hope. They will ask for help in keeping that spirit whole. For if their spirit becomes handicapped, then they will be crippled indeed.

“Wither he went, or who went with him, it is impossible to say. . . . But one thing I am quite sure of, that, whatever he is he is perfectly happy. And so, when I think of him, am I.”

* * *

DRINKING WATER FROM THE SEA

A SCOTTISH engineering company has been asked to add another set of sea-water evaporating and distilling equipment to the four sets they are building for the Netherlands West Indies island of Aruba. The Aruba Executive Council placed an order in February for the company to build four sextuple-effect evaporating sets for a plant capable of producing a total of 8,000 tons of fresh water a day. The fifth set will raise the capacity of the plant to 10,000 tons a day. Work is well in hand and the original order is expected to be completed next year.

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The Secret of Mabini's Greatness

By FERDINAND MARCOS

EVERY year we pass through the ritual of remembrance of our patriot-dead. Every year we weave for them garlands of rose and word and offer to their memory mick parades and protestations of our faith.

But seldom, in all this ritual have we remembered the symbol of our national greatness—seldom have we remembered the sublime Paralytic, Apolinario Mabini—the brain of the revolution.

Perhaps because his frail figure does not blend with the rancous and brazen propaganda of our day, he is forgotten and unsung.

Our hope is that we emulate his life and our quest—to learn

the secret of his greatness.

What quality has set his life in the heroic mould of martyrdom? By what fire was he set aflame to blaze in the glory of immortality? What virtue sustained him in his darkest hour? What was his strength?

We scan the lives of all our heroes—and they had a common virtue in uncommon quantity—daring. We see them all—laughingly, casually brave. Their love for life was great but their capacity for dying without grief was deeper.

Among them in the forefront is Mabini. To most it is hard to choose between life and death. But he has made his choice and made it without the pomp and ceremony of momentous decisions.

These heroes mock the very gods themselves—pursue them to their lair and wrest from

This article is adapted from a speech delivered recently by Liberal Representative Ferdinand Marcos of Ilocos ~~87~~

their restraining hands, the verdict of their own death. And dying they smile in graceful abandon.

From Lapulapu to Diego Silang, Rajah Matanda to Gomburza, Rizal to Quezon, Luna to Roxas down the long line of patriot—dead to Bataan, Corregidor and the guerrillas—bold and daring men they all were as their warrior fathers had been bold and daring before them.

Was this then the key to Mabini's greatness?

No, for as he must have known and as all men learn in war, often mere physical courage is cheap.

What then was his secret virtue? Was it patience? Mabini, more than other men was compelled to be patient by the tyranny of circumstance.

I can see him tied to his bed while lesser men moved about him in the godly prowess that is man's legacy. In the futility of idleness I can feel the discontent within him rising. He must have protested against his destiny — against the waste of his young years in the never ending cycle of non-productive days.

The overpowering feeling of lost opportunities and a violent distaste for the cause of it must have gripped him.

The years rolled past him without happiness. While others danced and laughed

through life, he lay in the loneliness of his bed.

Indeed Mabini was patient as he curbed his frustrations from turning to hatred and bitterness.

But every man who is a man is patient. The starving, grim and dying men of Bataan and Capas, the guerrillas in the mountains were patient.

So this was not the ultimate quality in the great man.

Was it his youth? But all of our heroes from General Gregoria del Pilar who was barely twenty, to Quezon past sixty—were young. Theirs was the death not alone of a today but of many tomorrows—the end not only of living but also of dreaming. Death claimed not alone their mortal shells but also all their hopes and illusions.

This was not the virtue that marks Mabini with distinction.

Perhaps it was faith, faith in himself, in his people, in his country. But everyone in that noble throng of those years had faith. Like the bamboo, they kept rooted to their beliefs in freedom and democracy. Like the bamboo they bent with the storm of adversity only to spring into erect strength with the soft winds of freedom.

He had all these virtues and more. Not the brilliant badge of courage alone sets him aloft above us—not only the lost dreams and illusions of his

youth—not the indestructibility of his faith nor the eternity of his patience.

7 THESE virtues are pearls that are strung in honor and distinction around the neck of only a few. But for this honor, there must be another sublime quality. This quality was in Mabini. And the thread on which these pearls of immortality were for him was a fierce passion for self-abnegation—the lack of ambition for one's self—the deep moving religion of unselfishness—the devotion and the pouring of one's life and even honor and happiness for country and people.

So that in his code, self-adulation—any form of self-laudation—any distinction that broke the unspoken vow of anonymity was a form of cowardice.

To him, bravery then was the stern command to greatness in anonymity—goodness without claim for reward.

I can see him banished to Guam after a most inglorious failure. Then in his return, the new conquerors offer him the highest judicial position in the new government.

Then did he rise to his full stature of heroism and greatness. When peace had returned to his country, when the surrender to the new idea and the new master was no longer ig-

noble—he reaffirmed his ideal of self-abnegation and denied himself this glory of the new era.

He shall be remembered for this self-denial more than for his achievements.

This then is the secret that we seek. After achievement no claim for distinction, after glory no demand for power.

This then is greatness. This then is bravery. This is immortality.

But in this day of remembrance, Mabini rises from his grave. He rises today and as a specter haunts the living for a debt unpaid.

He rises today as the conscience of the Filipino race. And as that conscience he hurls this charge: "The Filipino, both leader and common man, has lost the spirit of sacrifice. The Filipino is petty, small, selfish. He has lost the greatness of anonymity."

What answer shall we give?

What answer you who constitute the Filipino race? What answer shall we give this frail man with the questing mind?

What answer you who have made of every routinary performance of legal duty and achievement for ostentatious pride and display?

What answer you who have built their fame and legend with the spurious material of the written and spoken word?

What answer all of us who

have sought glory for ourselves alone?

What answer you upon whose ambitions the nation's welfare is endangered?

What answer you who think of self and self alone?

What answer the men whose nationalism has been opportunism and convenience?

Answer not in words alone—for they would sound inadequate.

Mabini of the humble heart would mourn some more—I can hear him say:

“I am the dead reborn

I am the thousand deaths
and lives you asked for
only few,

I am one of the unknown
dead, the little men who
shared,

Of grief and pain in silent

tears.

Ours was the bitter sigh to
end the lonely years

The thousand hopes and
dreams.

Spring to life and yet to-
day remain untold.”

Answer me not with your
tongue but with your heart.
Answer the questions of your
history.

Awake to this—my legacy
of the broken song and the un-
finished life. Awake to my
hope and dream that you will
sing that song and finish my
life for me.

Awake, you nation for
whom destiny, may not wait.
Awake and follow the path of
sublimity. The road to free-
dom is the road to sacrifice.
The road to greatness is the
road to anonymity.

*

Dog Eats Dog

“The Eastern hatred of taking animal life is extremely shocking to some English people, whose love for animal finds its most natural expression in “putting them to sleep”; but anyone who has loved an animal must feel gratitude for the way an eastern vet will fight for its life, long after it would have been condemned in England. On the other hand, when animals are not wanted, they are horribly left to die: some thirty years ago, when Constantinople was intolerably dog-ridden, the dogs of the city were collected, over a period of three weeks or a month, and marooned on the waterless island of Oxyaea. The Marmora resounded with their howling, and those who sailed near saw new arrivals being set upon by the others, who tore them to bits and drank their blood. Such a purge had taken place before, in the 17th century.”—*Robert Liddell, ENCOUNTER.*

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RICE: ASIA'S STAFF OF LIFE



Goal is greater production

THE RICE PLANT, native to India, has been cultivated throughout Southeast Asia since remote antiquity as a cereal grain. Rice is mentioned in Chinese records dating back to about 2800 B.C. Today it still remains the single most important food crop of the whole area, and green fields of rice ripening beneath the tropical sun mean both a livelihood and the sustenance of life to millions of Asians.

Thus from planting time until harvest, the growth of rice is watched with eagerness and anxiety, for good crops mean full rice bowls, and poor crops mean hunger. But there is more going on today than just watching and waiting and hoping for good crops. Throughout the free countries of Southeast Asia, government agencies and technical advisors are working with

the farmers to increase the production of this all-important crop.

To Thailand, rice is much more than a food crop for domestic consumption; it is the country's chief export and basis of foreign credit. About 90 per cent of the cultivated land of Thailand is used for rice growing, which has been the main occupation of the people of Thailand since time immemorial.

The majority of the Thai farmers who produce rice are small holders owning their own land. By rigid selection and preservation of the seed and careful cultivation over the years, they have achieved such a high quality for Thai rice that it has long commanded comparatively high prices in the world market.

Thailand has a well-developed and organized system of irrigation in most areas, which provides sufficient water to grow two crops of rice a year or a yearly rotation with vegetables or tobacco. Some mechanization is now being used in Thailand, but the buffalo is still essential, even on the larger farms, for plowing corners, carting and odd jobs.

A MAIN EFFORT of the government toward increased yields has been through the sponsorship of insect control projects. Pesticides used in the rice fields are distributed free, and the necessary equipment to spread them is loaned by the government.

Burma is also a major exporter of rice. The main rice producing area of Burma is the fertile Irrawaddy Delta, though rice is also grown in most other parts of the country on a subsistence basis.

The vast acreage of riceland in the delta zone is a monument to the sustained efforts of millions of Burmese farmers working only with water buffalo and simple, locally-made plows and implements evolved in their own way over the years. Without mechanical devices or elaborate equipment, they cleared, flattened, drained and organized the freshwater swamp terrain, and created one of the world's

greatest rice growing areas.

Indonesia is another large rice producing country, though the quality of the rice grown deteriorated during World War II. To meet this situation, American specialists have been working since 1951 with the Agricultural Research Station in Bogor to help develop a pure, high-yielding seed. Already one-fourth of the farmers on Java are using improved seed which gives 15 to 20 per cent higher yields.

As an inexpensive insecticide, many Indonesian farmers now use nicotine dust, formerly thrown away by the cigarette factories.

An ingenious method has been developed to supply needed water for the terraced rice-gelds so commonly seen on the hill and mountain slopes of Javaa, Bali and Sumatra. With bamboo as the main construction material, water-wheels are constructed to pedal the water up from the streams, while bamboo water conduits joined end-to-end conduct the water even to the farthest plot. Bamboo waterlocks are planted across small streams to overflow water onto the fields. Water basins are dug over the slopes with water conditioned to flow down at will across the mud walls of the rice plots. In this way, bi-annual crops of rice interspersed with some vegetables are

made possible in many parts of the islands.

THE BALINESE, who have the reputation of being the most efficient rice-growers in the archipelago, raise two good crops a year with such success that they have more than sufficient for their needs. Agricultural experts attribute these fine results to the intensive striving of the Balinese for improvement, their cooperative agricultural societies and their system of seed selection.

Malaya, where much of the land is used for rubber production, is making efforts to increase its rice production. At present, it produces roughly one-third of its population's requirements. To increase production, the Drainage and Irrigation Department of the Government of Malaya has undertaken 46 irrigation schemes involving hundreds of thousands of acres. Also, power mills are being erected to encourage largescale rice production.

Like Malaya, the Philippines is working toward self-sufficiency in rice. Production is being increased by expand-

ing the area under rice cultivation, modern methods of rice culture, increased use of fertilizers and improved irrigation facilities.

A Filipino farmer named Margate has devised a rice planting system similar to that successfully used by the Japanese. Under the Margate system, about one-tenth as much rice is needed for seeding as required by other methods of rice planting. Of particular importance to the success of this system is the careful selection of full, healthy grains for planting. Only one or two seedlings are planted in hills spaced half a meter apart. This system has been known to produce 95 to 100 cavans (55 kilo sack) per hectare.

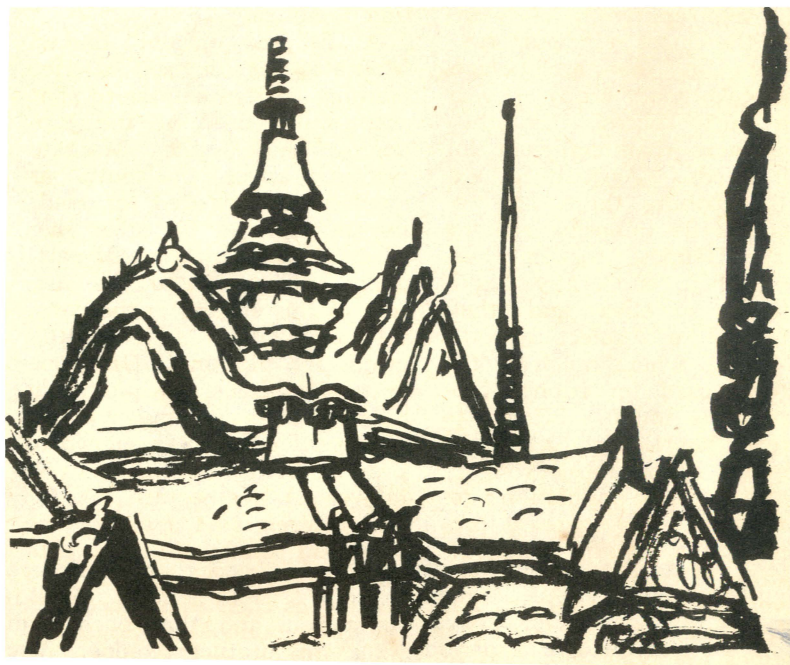
A bigger rice crop is the need and dream of all the people of the world who depend on rice as their main food. In the free countries of Southeast Asia this dream is being increasingly realized as steps are taken to increase irrigation facilities, provide mechanization to clear new land for cultivation, improve the seeds used for planting and to establish cooperatives for processing and marketing.

* * *

"What was the Age Pericles?"

"I am not sure, but I reckon he was about forty."

*



India's Religious Caves

SOUTH OF THE barren plains of the Rajasthan desert in peninsular India lie the green valleys of Ajanta into whose hills are carved chapels and monasteries, with unforgettable frescoes described by Leticia Ramos, daughter

By **CRISOSTOMO RADA**
of the ex-consul to India, in the *Diliman Review*. During the 2nd century B.C., when Ajanta was one of the gateways to Indian trade, its monks min-

istered to travelers. Then its name became obscured by the jungles until British soldiers re-discovered it in 1829.

Miss Ramos objects to the term "caves of Ajanta" accepted in art scholarship; impelled by the strength of their faith in Budha, architects and sculptors, not nature, chiseled these tremendous works out of living rock. At a time when Brahmanism, with its high-caste priests, was becoming too speculative, too remote from people, Buddha brought religion back to the problem of daily living. Between the two extremes of self-gratification and asceticism, he taught the golden mean of self-control; the enlightened self, having learned how much of the world is illusion, follows the understanding to peace and a higher wisdom. These were the beliefs that fired the imagination of the men at Ajanta, whose 29 excavations were made over a period of 900 years!

The Hinayana era — 2nd century B.C. to 2nd A.D. — was the more conservative and exclusive in its thinking. Although his followers tried hard to emulate Buddha, it was believed that only the master ever was able to arrive at complete spiritual illumination. Moreover, no man had time or means to be concerned with anyone's salvation but his own. Mahayana Buddhists (3rd to 7th century



A.D.) believed that all sincere disciples could achieve full illumination, and that each man was his brother's keeper. The difference is evident in the two arts: Hinayana chapels and monasteries are austere; Mahayana, exuberant and ornamented.

ACCORDING TO Miss Ramos, a chapel (*chaitya*), has three aisles leading to a semi-circular arch marking an altar, or actually a dome-shaped *stupa* with royalty-signifying umbrella shapes on top. *Stupas* originally were sepulchres for great rulers; the Buddhists adopted them as

symbols for the Enlightened One, an object of worship: "The hemispherical dome of the *stupa* also came to mean the arching vault of heaven and the pinnacle of stone umbrellas, the several stages which eventually lead to nirvana."

Chaitya No. 19, constructed during the Mahayana period, serves Miss Ramos as an example. Its facade (holding several carved statues of Buddha in different positions) is 38 feet high, 32 feet wide. The interior is 46 feet high, but only 24 feet wide. Fifteen richly-wrought pillars, each 11 feet high, divide this interior into a nave and aisles. On top of the 22-foot *stupa* is a kiosk, or *harmika*, containing a saint's relics, three

umbrellas and a vase, towering almost gothic fashion. Light falls on the *stupa*, in a play of shadow-designs, from a traditional large, horseshoe-shaped window.

A more massive and majestic *chaitya* is No. 10, whose barrel roof is supported by 39 pillars and the dimensions of whose hall are 85½ feet in length, 41 feet in width, 36 feet in height.

During the long excavation of Ajanta, such *chaityas* were used as halls of learning as well as places of worship. Next to the *chaitya* is the monastery (*vihara*), a central hall surrounded on three sides by monks' cells, each nine feet square, with a bed cut out of rock. Later, these *viharas* served also as chapels. In some monasteries, a sanctum in the rear wall contains a large image of Buddha.

Writes Miss Ramos:

The Buddhists never got tired of depicting their beloved master in the many facets of his teachings. The Hinayana Buddhists did not portray the Buddha image directly in stone. Instead, they symbolized his presence by his footprints, the umbrella, the *stupa* and the Wisdom-Tree. The Mahayanists carved his image directly in stone.

One of the most common and perhaps the most impressive of all the Buddha positions is the *dhyana-mudra* that is, the position of bliss which comes from the absolute harmony between the human and divine will through the conquest of position and desire. Buddha,

AJANTA WOMEN

"Keep away from women, do not look at them, for they are dangerous, their Master has said long ago. And yet we have here women in plenty; beautiful women, princesses, singers, dancers, seated and standing; beautifying themselves, or in procession. The women of Ajanta have become famous. How well those painter-monks must have known the world and the moving drama of life, how lovingly they must have painted it, just as they have painted the Bodhisattva in his calm and other-worldly majesty."

with his legs crossed in the lotus posture, radiates the peace and radiance which passes all understanding.

In the *abhaya-mudra*, the Buddha imparts protection and assures his disciples that the evil of existence is not to be feared. Buddha is also shown lying down in death, his face, however, untouched by mortality. This posture is plastical-ly unsatisfying because the torso of the Buddha is conceived on very flat lines and lacks a fullness of modelling. Another sitting posture of the Buddha is the *blumisparsa-mudra*, where the Buddha touches the earth with his fingers. For the Mahayana Buddhists, this position meant that the attainment of Bodhi, or enlightenment, can be achieved by affirming life on this earth. They interpreted Buddha's teaching by grasping the fact that the earth is the foundation of one's spiritual experience, and the attainment of *Bodhi* has first to come through living the life of the here and now, not through a premature gazing towards heaven.

Sixteen of the 29 excavations contain wall paintings, whose style has affected even Ceylon, China (during the T'ang dynasty), and Japan. Even much modern Indian painting slavishly imitates the stylized, almond-eyed Ajanta woman with her languid lotus in hand. The Ajanta frescoes flourished during the reign of the Guptas, 320-486 A.D., a time of liberation of the imagination through humanism.

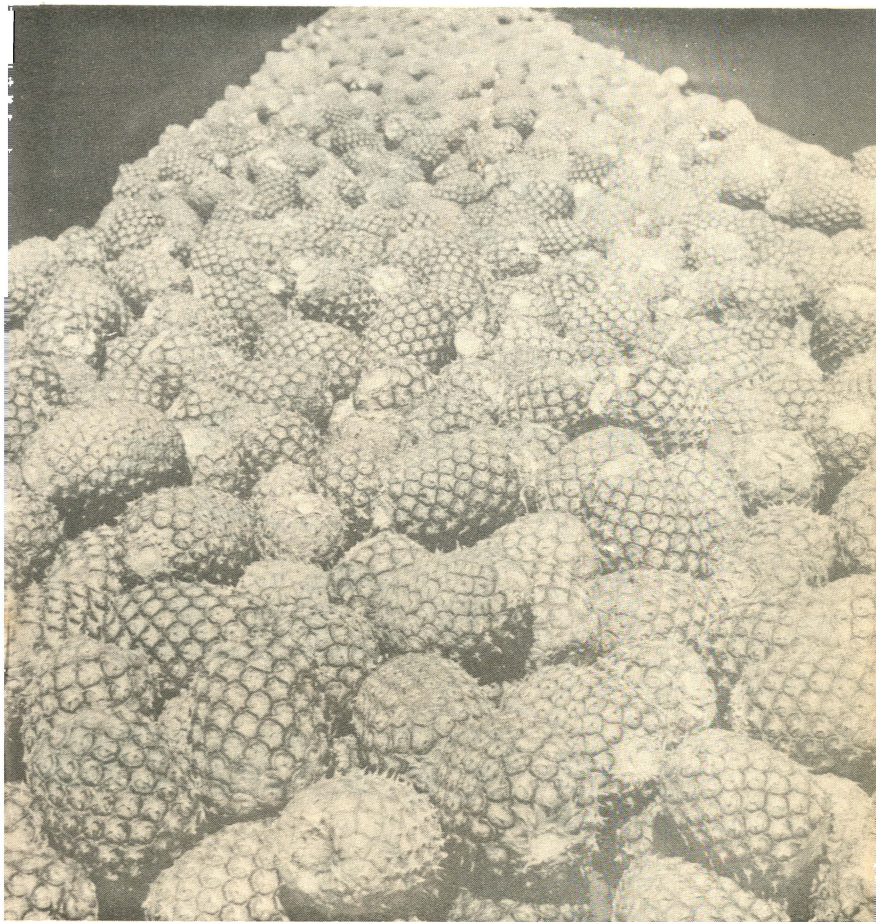
Until their recent restoration, such frescoes were the home of birds, and insects; and moisture filmed in the paintings. In 1920, the wealthy Nizam of Hyderabad put a team of Indian experts at the disposal of the Italians who restored the paintings and cemented broken plastre.

IN THE PROBLEM of the painters' identity, Ananda Coomraswamy has written:

The possibility of monkish workmanship is not absolutely excluded, but it is far more probable that painters permanently attached to the foundation were employed, or that a guild of painters *orchitrakarsreni* was called in, as in secular practice, the wall surface being divided into equal parts, and a share allotted to each painter. The custom of allotting equal shares to the several painters might possibly facilitate the recognition of different hands at Ajanta; but on the other hand, we have the case of an old painter who could not do as much as was expected of him. In many cases, we can visualize a party of expert painters at work, and with them a sprinkling of pupils acting as assistants.

The frescoes tell Buddha's birth-legends and his rise to glory, in a spectacularly human drama, with a sureness and yet a reverence which multiplies the sense one has today of the confusion of a more modern India, its spirit temporarily retracted.

Panorama Peek



IN BUKIDNON, there are rivers of pineapples leading to canning factories that serve households all over the world.



**OLD
RECORDS**

By
Ernesto A.
Mendoza

THEY WERE old records. He had not played them for a long, long time now and they were out on the glass-covered top merely because he had only three albums and these three he had filled up, even to the extent of putting two records in one envelope. They had always remained on the glass-top with no one bothering to lay a hand on them except the maid who usually dusted the upmost record with one light sweep of her rag whenever she chanced to be cleaning the cabinet.

They are beautiful records, he thought, as he stared at the stack. And memorable, too.

There was the time when he was in third year high school and everybody seemed to want to have a party, a dancing party, and nobody seemed to know how to dance. So they had a meeting and the meeting went on for a whole hour but they never seemed to get anywhere. Finally, the big boys at the back began shouting, "Let's have the party!" but the little fellows in the front were also shouting, "Let's have an excursion!" and the little fellows were called sissies by the big boys at the back. But finally they had the party and each paid three pesos and they held it at the house of one of their classmates. The party did not come off very well but it was a novel experience. The big fel-

lows were saying, "It was boring, we should not have come."

On Friday evenings, when there were no classes the following day and again on the next, he brought classmates home with him and they would practise dancing until about eight o'clock at night when everybody felt hungry and just had to go home because they had not asked permission from their parents to stay out late and their mothers would worry about them. They would rest for a short time while the phonograph played *Guitar* or *Shotgun* or *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Then somebody clapped his hands in harmony with the beating of the music and then everybody else did it until they forgot all about going home.

Too Young must be in that stack, he thought. And also *I'd Rather Die Young* which started off with the guitar strumming and which reminded him very much of cowboys he saw in movies squatting silently around a campfire at night when one of them would be crooning a sad prairie song and strumming a guitar at the same time. They are old records, he thought. But beautiful, although he had not played them for such a long time. He never seemed to have enough time: not even to listen to records. He would listen to them someday.

HIS MOTHER and his Aunt Clara were talking in the other room. He didn't like the way they talked about him. It was as if he were an old man now and he had to go out and earn money. And now that he wasn't working and he was staying home, they were making him feel guilty. He had wanted to work before and that was before graduation. That was what everybody in school seemed to want then: to go out and work and get a salary at the end of the month and feel responsibility. If he was employed and got a salary, he was responsible. And if he was responsible, he was a man.

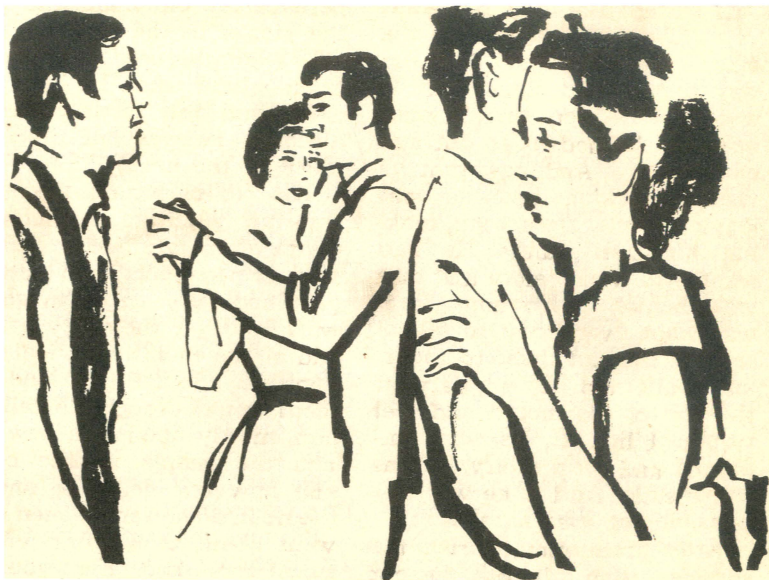
After graduation, during the summer that followed, he got a little job filing cards in his father's office. He stayed in the office through all those hot days. He didn't like staying in an office during hot days. He didn't like it at all. But he had to stay anyway. Finally, it was June and the people who had gone up to Baguio and those who had gone to the provinces where they said the breeze was cool in the evening and the afternoons were not so hot came back to the city feeling the way they felt before they went away. He quit working then. His father did not mind it very much. He wasn't doing much anyway and nobody felt the difference when he stopped coming to the office: except

perhaps the old man who was the janitor in the building and with whom he used to converse at noontime when he had just eaten and felt terribly sleepy although he was not tired (it must be the heat).

His old classmate who had gone away during the summer right after graduation came back very smart and intelligent and very eager to go to work and get their pay at the end of the month and feel responsible. Sometimes one of them would drop in to talk to him, mostly about the new job and the people in the office and how one felt like one of them: like the family-men who went about their work with a stern face and the younger men who were always smiling and looking happy although they struggled through life just as everybody else did. As his friend talked, he wanted to tell him how foolish it all was: how during the two months that he had stayed in a hot office in the middle of a big city he had been thinking.

Youth comes only once when the world gives you a bunch of keys and you go down many passages and open many doors and step into separate dream-worlds. Once it goes it does not return. People must grow old. Responsibility comes with age. But until then . . .

He tried to tell his friend how foolish it all was: this do-



ing a man's work so early in one's life; but his friend did not seem to be listening and when finally his friend said good-bye and after he had passed out through the door he still did not understand.

HIS MOTHER and his Aunt Clara walked into the room. They approached him.

"Antonio," his mother said. "I wish you would decide what you are going to do."

"Aw, Ma . . . later on," he said.

"I was talking to your father last night and we both think it's about time," she said.

"I'll think about it, Ma."

"Your cousin Bobby has a good job and he has been working since last summer. Even the son of your Aunt Clara, your second cousin, is already working."

Aunt Clara was laughing, her gold teeth showing, although Antonio did not know what she was laughing at.

"Oh! Carlitos is a fine boy!" Aunt Clara was saying and this time she laughed louder.

"They have land in Mindanao, you know," his mother explained. "She knows you took up agriculture and she was asking me if you'd like to go out

there and help."

"I'll think about it, Ma," he said.

"That's what he always says when we ask him," his mother said to Aunt Clara.

"It's all right though." Aunt Clara was laughing again. "I was only thinking he might want to do something."

His mother looked at him. "I don't know. He doesn't seem to be very interested."

"Maybe he's too young after all," his Aunt Clara said. "When they are young they think only of playing and dancing."

"Maybe," said his mother, "but they have to work sometime. And I think Antonio's old enough.

"Aw, Ma . . . I'm only twenty-one," he said.

"Your Aunt Clara is leaving by next Thursday," said his mother.

"I'll think about it, Ma," he said. And then he asked to be excused and he went out to buy cigarettes.

No, he couldn't tell them what he thought. He tried telling it to his old classmates and not one of them listened to him. It was useless, he thought. They would never understand how youth can come only once and after that never come again and therefore you must not throw any part of it away. You are young at one time: for the first twenty or twenty-one or twenty-two years perhaps and

then you are a man.

When Aunt Clara said, "Maybe he's too young after all," maybe she understood him a bit. But he did not like the way she said, "When they are young they think only of playing and dancing." It was true enough: at least everybody seemed to say the same thing about young people; and maybe he felt the same way too. (It was just the way she said it that he did not like.) When young people are old enough they must be responsible and work and live the lives of men: that was true too.

He would think about Aunt Clara's proposition though. He would give his mother that one satisfaction at least. He had promised to do so. There would be another scene maybe when he told her he wasn't planning to work yet. He still had the end part of his youth to hold on to. He would hold on to it and be happy about it. Someday he would no longer be young. That's when he would start being serious and responsible.

WHEN HE got home he found his younger brother downstairs dribbling a basketball on the shiny tiles.

"Hi, Ging!" his brother greeted him as he walked in.

"C'mon," he told his brother. "You can play outside, can't you?"

"Aw, you used to do this before, Tony."

"You're dirtying the floor."

His brother laughed. "You've dirtied the floor much more often than I have . . . even Ma says so . . . when you used to practise dancing."

"Aw, that was a long time ago," he said.

His brother stopped bouncing the ball on the floor and went to the kitchen. From where he stood, Tony heard the refrigerator being opened and then the faint noise its motor made when the refrigerator was open. The noise ceased after a while. His brother came back to the room with traces of water on his lips.

"You know," his brother said, "Ging called up when you were out."

"What did she say?"

"She's not going to the party tonight."

"Did she say why?"

"She said she feels out of place."

"Just because the people there are from high school?" Tony laughed.

"You'll outdance all of them, Tony," his brother said.

"Maybe."

"Yes you will. Mama was telling Aunt Clara how well you dance."

"Yeah? Well, did you shine my shoes?" Tony asked.

"Not yet. I'm going out to play basketball with Junior."

Then somebody whistled outside and Tony watched his brother run to the door and down the steps of the stairs, one by one, until even his head had disappeared.

So she felt out of place, he thought. That was foolish. He did not feel out of place. He did not see why he should. But then, maybe she really was old. And come to think of it, he could not remember her telling him how old she was, at any time, and he had never bothered to ask her. Yes, maybe she was old. People say girls mature quicker than boys. That was probably why she felt out of place. He could not find any other reason. Only young people love to dance and play.

His brother came running back into the room. He was panting.

"Tony!" he said, "how about playing with us? We're lacking one man."

"I don't feel like playing," Tony said.

"Aw, c'mon. Just for a while. You've always played with us before." His brother had gotten hold of his hand.

"Some other time maybe."

"Junior's brother is with us. He's asking you to come over. C'mon!" His brother started pulling him towards the door.

"But I don't feel like playing!"

"Okay," his brother let go of

his hand, "I'll tell them you don't want to play with us any more."

"No," Tony said as his brother started for the door. "Tell them I don't want to get tired. I'm going to a party tonight."

His brother left disappointed. Tony had not wanted to disappoint his brother. He just could not play basketball when he didn't feel like it. That thing about his not wanting to get tired because of a party was fiction. But that was the only reason he could think of at the moment and he thought it was good enough. (He could have said he had to think about the proposition of Aunt Clara. But that was much too complex. He might have to explain and he didn't want to.) He had not wished to lie. It was his brother who made him. He said he did not feel like playing: that was the truth.

WHEN HE went to the party that night, it was drizzling slightly. His Aunt Clara was laughing and telling his mother how foolish young people were to go out at night in the rain to attend a dance. But he went anyway and he took a taxi and reached the place without getting wet although the taxi got caught in the traffic and he arrived late.

There were many people. When he went in, he had hoped to see some of his old class-



mates but after a while he knew they weren't there. The faces he found himself staring at were strange faces: except two or three perhaps whom he remembered seeing on the campus when he was still in school. He must have met most of them before, he thought, somewhere, somehow. Only he had failed to notice them and he could not remember now.

He turned when he heard a familiar voice behind him. It was Tessie and she was talking

with somebody but she smiled when she saw him. When the boy left she approached him.

"Hi, Tessie," he said.

"Hello. It's good you came." She was smiling.

"Have you seen any of my old classmates?" he asked.

"I haven't been around. But why not start dancing?" Then two girls and several boys entered the room and Tessie asked him to excuse her and she hurried to meet the group.

There was dancing now. The music was all right. He liked it. The phono must be Hi-Fi, he thought. It was a new song he had been hearing over the radio. These new records are all right, he thought, just as good perhaps as the records he had at home.

There were many boys: many more boys than there were girls. And whenever the disc-jockey played a sweet piece, all the girls were taken. But that was usually the case in most of these parties, he thought. Nothing unusual about it. When he smelled cigarette smoke, he remembered he had a pack with him and going to the corner near the window, he lit one.

Start dancing now, she had said. No, not now. He would wait a while. Later on perhaps. There was plenty of time. Let the high school boys dance first: this was their party anyway. He stood in the corner blowing

smoke towards the ceiling.

When the boys who had been talking and laughing around him went away to crowd near the chairs where the girls were sitting, he knew it was getting late.

The couples were going back from the floor to the chairs. The music stopped. They must be putting on a new record, he thought. It was a mambo. Only two couples rose and walked to the floor this time.

The other boys were clapping as the two couples started to dance.

The record was all right too. He remembered hearing it somewhere a week ago. It was new. He listened carefully to it now and he watched the two couples like everybody else. This was an exhibition, he thought.

He used to do it before. In their class parties everybody else was shy or did not know how to dance anything except slow pieces and when things got dull, they put on a mambo record and his classmates called on him to "give an exhibition." He complied (he had to) and he took his partner and he had to wait because the girl looked around and asked, No one else? But he assured her it was all right, that it was only for a short time anyway and he took her hand and they finally winded up on the floor dancing while his classmates clapped and

hooted and shouted, Some more arte!

Standing in the corner now, almost alone because it was getting late and the boys had gone nearer the chairs where the girls were sitting, Tony thought how differently these exhibitionists danced. But maybe it was the trend now. Changes must come, he thought.

They played slow pieces now one after the other and Tony watched the boys crowding and jostling in front of the chais each time a new piece started playing and everytime a record ended. He did not want to go into that crowd. He did not care. Looking at the girls, he thought they were too young.

He had said before that he would dance later on. Well, this was later on and he did not feel like dancing.

When they began serving refreshments he didn't take any and he went to the verandah instead. It was cooler there and quiet and all he heard was the faint drawl of voices from inside. After a while he decided to go home. There was no drizzle: only the puddles as he walked carefully on the driveway in the dark and when he reached the gate he got a taxi almost at once.

"Wet night," the taxi driver said.

"Uh-huh," he muttered and settled back in the cushioned seat.

He heard the swishing of rainwater under the tires as the car sped, and the laugh of the fat driver at one time when another taxi drew alongside and tried to race him but was left behind. He laughs just like Aunt Clara, he thought. In his mind he heard his Aunt Clara laughing in the room that morning. She talked a lot, this aunt of his. He remembered she laughed lightly when she said young people think only of dancing and playing. Young people think only of dancing and playing, he repeated to himself.

Nobody was awake when he got home. He was alone downstairs. He had thought he wanted to go to bed at once; but he did not feel sleepy now. He walked around a bit, listening to his heels clicking sharply on the tiles. Smoke? No, he did not like the taste of tobacco in his mouth when he woke up in the morning.

As he walked about the room, he saw the radio-phono and the records on top and he thought he would play some of them until he felt sleepy, softly though: he didn't want to wake anybody up. He took the top record from the pile. It was *Too Young*. He put it on. He started the turn-table going. He watched the automatic arm rise and fall slowly on the edge of the record. He heard the first sounds as the

needle and the record came in contact. No, that wouldn't do. He quickly turned off a bit of the treble. That would eliminate the scratches, he thought. A record with scratches is no good. The music gets distorted and it hurts the ears. But the sound was still unsatisfactory. He turned off more of the treble. He turned the knob all the way. Finally he thought: it was useless. He took off the record.

He pulled one out from beneath the pile. He tried to play it but it was just as scratchy and painful to the ear as the last one. He put on another and

another and another. They were all the same.

The records at the party did not sound like these, he thought. But they were new. These are old. Records must get worn-out sometime. There was nothing anybody could do about it. He took off all the records and put them back on the pile.

He was sleepy now. He would go up to bed. He went up the stairs slowly and painfully without looking back. Tomorrow he would go down to that farm and work. There was no doubt now. Not anymore.

— From *Heights*.

* * *

A UNIVERSITY FOR THE BELGIAN CONGO

A UNIVERSITY with the same rights and privileges as those in Belgium is to be established in the Belgian Congo, following a decree signed by King Baudouin last November. Known as the University of the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi, the new institution will be autonomous, with its own rector and academic council. The administrative council, to be composed of representatives from universities and similar establishments in Belgium, will define the general policy to be carried out by the rector and the academic council.

The headquarters of the university will be located in Elizabethville, but various schools and faculties are to be established in different parts of the territory, according to special needs.—UNESCO.

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Relax—and Live Longer!



IN THIS AGE of tensions and anxiety, the usual prescription is “rest, recreation and relaxation.” The experts agree that the three R’s are necessary for physical well-being and mental health. And with all the labor-saving devices, more people have more time to take it easy.

But the problem is there: people find it hard to do the

By **EFREN SUNICO**

three R’s. Edwin Diamond, of the International News Service, gives us what experts say on the matter.

Dr. Alexander Reid Martin, chairman of the American Psychiatric Association, notes: “The complete inability to relax even for a moment is a

common complaint and evidence of neurotic disturbance.”

“Most people have no idea what true relaxation is, much less how to relax,” says Dr. Edmund Jacobson, a pioneering physiologist. “As a result we get mental disorders and physical symptoms like ulcers, colitis, high blood pressure, insomnia, irritability.”

Dr. Thurman B. Rice avers: “We are living at a rapid race these days, and as a result our people are dying before their time of various degenerative diseases—organic heart disease, arterial disease, apoplexy, nephritis (Bright’s disease). The rapid pace and tensions the psychiatrists cite are known and experienced by all of us.”

A Chicago study reveals that people worry about life’s comparatively little things more than cosmic issues like atomic annihilation. They are preoccupied with mortgage payments, job advancement and business worries, fading youth and beauty, old age insecurity, family health, and happiness.

Diamond notes that offices are becoming like homes and homes are beginning to resemble offices. Businesses have adopted home touches for the office and housewives have borrowed industrial techniques to aid in the performance of daily tasks.

Efficiency experts and human engineers maintain that the

tense, nervous housewife or employee is the ineffective worker. Hence, music is piped into factories, private art collections hang on office walls, muted colors have been introduced into heavy industry, and splashing fountains greet visitors at the newest industrial plants.

A ST. LOUIS business executive strongly believes that worry-relieving breaks in business routine should be made just like any other appointment during the day—and should be kept. With a wry sense of humor, Curtis suggested ten rules which are all possible steps to heart attacks:

1. Your job comes first—personal considerations are secondary.

2. Go to the office evenings, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.

3. Take your briefcase home in the evening. Review the day’s worries.

4. Never say no to any request.

5. Accept all invitations to meetings, banquets, and committees.

6. Don’t eat a restful, relaxing meal—plan a meal-time conference.

7. Regard recreation as a waste of time and money.

8. Don’t take all the vacation time you are allowed.

9. Don’t delegate responsi-

lity; carry it yourself.

10. If you have to travel, work all day and drive all night to keep the next day's appointment.

One third of our lives is spent in sleeping, but this does not mean we are getting eight hours of necessary rest each 24-hour day. Sleep experts say: "Sleep is not the same as rest: we can sleep without getting needed rest and we can rest without going to sleep. What counts is the kind of sleep we get rather than the number of hours of "shut-eye": quality counts more than quantity."

In sleep everything goes on as when we are awake only at a slower, reduced pace. The highest brain level functions are practically suspended; the entire body slows down—heart beat, metabolic rate (the continuous building up and breaking down of the cells), deeper and more regular breathing, reduced glandular activity, and relaxation of the body of muscles.

Psychologist Seigle recommends a "regularized routine and a suitable environment" for inducing sleep:

1. A certain amount of moderate fatigue following a day with moderate exercise—and try to go to bed at the same hour every night. Above all, relax every muscle, nerve, and thought.

2. A moderately-filled sto-

mach—one of the things that keeps you awake is a stomach a little too empty that sends grumbings to the brain and inhibits relaxation. On the other hand, exotic, heavy, or ice-cold foods make bad pre-bedtime snacks. (Some doctors suggest no more than a glass of milk or a small bowl of cereal.

3. Fresh, but not necessarily cold air and a reasonable amount of blanket warmth—abrupt changes of temperature during the night prevents sound sleep.

4. A darkened room. In our culture, we are accustomed to sleeping at night. Workers on night and swing-shifts report they can only sleep when they duplicate the established "night-time atmosphere."

5. Familiar sounds and sights. The importance of this was borne out during interviews with persons who recently moved into the suburbs. They couldn't get used to the "country sounds" such as crickets.

6. Comfortable bed and mattress. The Veddahs of Ceylon sleep on the ground. The Maoris of New Zealand sleep squatting on their heels with a mat tied on their neck to keep out the rain.

7. A room with consistent, restful decor. Certain colors are known as exciting, others as cold. Choose warm, quiet tones—those with a lot of white in

them. Distractions such as flapping shades and inappropriate pictures on the wall should be avoided.

SEIGLE CONCLUDES "In general, you cannot sleep unless you are relaxed and comfortable. There are as many ways of achieving these states as there are individuals. What we have suggested are merely generalizations to which each person must add and adapt and integrate with his or her own systems of responses."

In a series of scientific relaxation steps, Dr. Edmund Jacobson of Chicago prescribes, the chief target is the head muscles, particularly those related to seeing and speaking. Try this eye un-tensing procedure:

First, wrinkle your forehead, then frown; then gradually unfurrow the brow, taking care not to wrinkle your forehead

in trying to smooth your brow. Next, shut the eye lids tightly. Gradually loosen up on them until winking has become infrequent or absent. Then, with the eyes still closed, "look" to the right, left, and forward. Then try to let your eyes "go" — don't try to look in any direction.

Dr. Alexander Reid Martin points out that people are afraid to relax because our society's goals have for so long emphasized a "gospel of work" that taught us play had to be "justified" in some way before it could be enjoyed. As a consequence, Dr. Martin reports, many people, especially city dwellers, suffer from what he terms "Sunday Neurosis" — an inability to use free time, together with positive signs of physical upset on weekends.

In short, Dr. Martin urges: "Play leisurely, not compulsively."

* * *

Point of View

A communist census official asked a grizzled villager his age. "I am twenty-seven," was the reply. This was so obviously false that the official suggested the old man might have miscalculated his life span.

"Well," said the old timer. "I'm really sixty-five, but these last thirty-eight years — you don't call that living, do you?"

*

Moby Dick*

By LEONARD CASPER

IN "THE DOUBLOON," a late chapter in *Moby Dick*, a gold coin is placed on the mast, to be awarded the first man to sight the white whale. Just as that coin has a separate meaning for each mate, so too is it unlikely that the whale has any simple, single allegorical meaning for author and reader. What is of dramatic importance in the progress of this novel is, rather, what it seems to mean to each character.

Moby Dick is so vast a character that, like a typical Whitman poem, part of the philosophy underlying its creation is that it *must* escape full and final comprehension. The tedious, authentic catalogue of whales is integral to this novel about conflict between man's inquiring imagination and the realms of absolute knowledge whose circumference always slips beneath distant human horizons. We know so much—and so little: that is the human condition.

Ahab's tragic flaw is that he cannot accept this condition, this necessity of trial and constant failure. He refuses to acknowledge that he is a human being, fallible, limited. Recurring reference is made to his delusions of divinity: his body is described as having a lightning scar like a fallen angel's; he is named after a proud Biblical king who was finally thrown from his palace window and eaten by dogs; and he is made an Egyptian perhaps to suggest that his monomania is an endless quality in mankind's vices; with each gam (a meeting of ships at sea) Ahab sheds one more layer of humanity, until having destroyed sextant, compass, log and line, and completely dominated by diabolism, he defies lightning again

* Herman Melville, *Moby Dick* (Modern Library: New York).

and forces his crew to swear to kill the whale or die in the attempt. Wedallah, his shadow, is an objective representation of the blackness of his claim on heaven.

Whatever Moby Dick is *in fact*, to Ahab he is divinity itself, with all the usual attributes of a god: he is visible at opposite ends of the globe simultaneously, he seems omniscient and omnipotent—but he is not all-loving. Ahab considers him his rival; he must kill the whale that deprived him of his leg, in order to prove his worth in the circle of deities. Ironically, of course, he proves only his own mortality.

BECAUSE he is not subject to the same delusions, the narrator Ishmael survives the wreck of the Pequod. His closeness to primitive Queequeg and his other shipmates (clearly seen in the chapter where, squeezing whale sperm with them, he feels the strong bond of humanity) rescues him for us. Melville's movement from his personal point of view to an omniscient narrator is gradual and credible, because of this very brotherliness in Ishmael. Yet, precisely because he is human, Ishmael also feels that desire to declare his worth above vegetable and stone which in Ahab has been magnified to monstrosity. Symbolically, Ishmael is the lost son for whom Rachel cries in the wilderness: everyman senses that he is an alien in this world and longs for the mothering paradise he lost. But he does so not as Aham does, with the same pride that cast Lucifer and Adam from happiness; but with humility; and not singly, but in the company of his brothers. Ahab rejects man and God alike. Only himself will he worship.

Slowly, with all the time of patient eternity, Ishmael scrutinizes the universe, he strikes through one mask after another in search of truth—what is man, O Lord, that thou shouldst be mindful of him?—thus carrying out the suggestion of Father Mapple in his sermon. No man can avoid his duty, any more than Jonah could: to seek the truth and speak it in the face of falsehood.

This is the secret knowledge of Ishmael. He recognizes how free will works with chance and necessity to weave the mat of our life. Ahab, by contrast, lives and dies by the narrowest of concepts. More and more he thinks himself destined; he fails to realize that he has willed his own fate. By trying to be more than human, he has extinguished his human splendor.

Dominador Ilio: The Waiting Paper-Weight

The sonnets took a wife

WHEN DOMINADOR ILIO showed his poems to Paul Engle at Iowa's creative writing workshop, he was invited to attend classes; and although he already had the maximum for the semester—as a graduate student in hydraulic engineering—he came to listen. Until that day, the highest course in English he had was “English for Engineers, a two-unit course, which consisted of writing letters of application, business letters and technical reports.” But refusing to be a poet would have been like refusing air entrance to his lungs.

Ilio had always taken for granted his becoming an engineer (he is now secretary to the College of Engineering, at the state university) because of his love for mathematics. At the same time, he could not help being a writer: “I write, knowing my limitations, just to make peace with myself.” A lady librarian in high school let him browse in the bookstacks; and without commenting on his writings, told him not to stop.

During his early college days he published anonymous poems in “Jennifer’s” column in the *Sunday Tribune* and the *Philippine Collegian* (“Once in a class in railroad curves, before the instructor came in to class, one of the bigger boys stood up and read with evident mockery a short poem I had in the Collegian. The other students joined in, in teasing me. I just sat tight-lipped, although inside of me I recoiled and hated them all.”).

* This is the twenty-first of an exclusive *Panorama* series on leading literary personalities the world over, written by an authority on the subject.

He had more success with an autograph booklet filled with sonnets which he gave to a young girl—later his wife.

“Shortly afterward, A.V. Hartendorp accepted a short piece for the *Philippine Magazine*. The check for five pesos that I received was the first money from my writings. An obscure magazine, *The Commonwealth Advocate*, was the first to publish my short stories. And then, just two days before I turned twenty-one, *The Sunday Tribune* carried my short story, “Pastorale,” with a handsome illustration. Before classes opened in 1938, Lyd Arguilla had published two of my short stories in *Graphic*. The U.P. Writers’ Club admitted me a member in July 1938. And for that school year, I became the literary editor of the *Philippines Collegian*, succeeding Ester Alfon.

“Working in the press was fun. The literature page never lacked contributors for there was in the U.P. a group of young writers who wrote consistently.

IN THE YEAR I was in the jungles of Mindanao and in the first years of my teaching in the college of engineering, I published very little. I wrote a lot again when I was in the mountains of Panay with the guerrillas. In the bivouacs we wrote poetry between encounters with the enemy. We even put up a few typewritten numbers of a guerrilla literary monthly which we called ‘The Vigil of Freedom.’ After liberation in 1946, Johnny L. Raso collected our guerrilla poetry in Panay into the book, *The Guerrilla Flower*, from which Manuel E. Buenafe reprinted ‘Capicho’ and ‘Camp Agsasaging’ in the anthology, *The Voice of the Veteran*.

“Behind a teacher’s desk again in 1946, many reminiscences of the war got written. And this time I met N.V.M. Gonzalez who was editing the *Saturday Evening News Magazine*. I learned much from my contact with N.V.M. In the U.P., then, there was little literary activity. However in the College of Engineering, the few writers there organized themselves into an informal group called The Prodigals. We put out a literary magazine called *Horizons*.”

When the state university sent this Capizeno to Iowa for graduate studies in hydraulics, he was determined not to let himself become interested in anything else. But he met other Filipino poets—Ric Demetillo and Edith Tiempo—and before long his work appeared with theirs in *Poetry* magazine.

Former President Tan of U.P., himself an engineer and

playwright, often joked about the *pensionado* who could not be drowned in hydraulics; yet after the publication of *Six Filipino Poets* and Ilio's *The Diplomat and other Poems*, Dr. Tan only half-jokingly suggested that perhaps Ilio should come across campus and teach versification to Liberal Arts students. The secretary replied that "like the diplomat in one of my poems, my hands are 'chained to bulky paper-weight' on my desk." Yet to an engineer-poet, the impossible only takes time.

* * *

Gas Turbine School

PUPILS from over thirty countries and seventeen air forces have attended courses at the School of Gas Turbine Technology at Farnborough near London. This emphasizes the world-wide recognition that in this new and rapidly developing sphere, Britain probably possesses more fundamental knowledge than any other country and certainly equals the world in ingenuity of design.

The school was founded in 1944 to instruct Commonwealth personnel in the application of the gas turbine to aircraft propulsion. During the war the gas turbine developed rapidly from Sir Frank Whittle's prototype but since 1945 the widening of its application to industry has increased, and with it the scope and curriculum of the school.

The school seeks to teach gas turbine technology and to encourage the technical instruction essential to the adequate staffing of the gas turbine industry which is rapidly growing at home and abroad.

Because of its many applications and the variety of fuels which it can convert to mechanical energy, the gas turbine is probably the most versatile source of power yet devised.

No other prime mover system is suitable alike for high speed aircraft and locomotives, ships, power stations and process power—the conversion into mechanical energy of heat which might otherwise be lost in various industrial processes.

*

The Dead Sea Scrolls

The proof is in the prophecy

By **ROGER LLOYD**

IT IS TRUE that except for Anarctica almost all the earth's surface has now been explored and mapped, but it does not follow that the age of spectacular discoveries is over. Chimneys and attics still sometimes yield the original texts of masterpieces, and in caves all over the Middle East the written relics of biblical history have recently been found.

The little Bedouin goat-herd boy who idly threw a stone into a cave on the shore of the Dead Sea on a spring morning in 1947 and broke an old jar with it, and then found in the jar long wrapped manuscripts written in unfamiliar characters, had no idea at all of the value of his find. But they looked unusual and interesting, and so the goat-herd and his

friends carried them about with them as they moved nomadically on their unlawful occasions of dodging the Transjordan and the Palestinian Preventative Officers. For if they were goat-herds, they were also smugglers: in the Near East the two occupations are generally one.

In Bethlehem they sold their contraband to one merchant, and, being now tired of carrying them around, they dispose of their scrolls cheaply to another. This merchant had no idea of the value of what he had bought, but the old writing looked rather intriguing so he took it round to the Abbot of a Jerusalem monastery. What that abbot held in his hands

was nothing less than the first sample of the now world-famous Dead Sea Scrolls.

Palestine from 1947 to 1950 was not the quietest place in the world, and scholarly archaeologists were apt to find themselves and their caves suddenly in the middle of a battle; and if they kept clear of stray bullets, they still remained the sport of governments all feverish with nationalism for whom the possession of historical relics as famous as these was a matter of nationalist prestige.

It is not easy to summarize what these scrolls contained. Briefly, they give a vast amount of new light on the way of life and the teaching of the ascetic Essene monasteries both in the centuries before Christ was born, and also in the total social dissolution of Jewish life in the Roman siege and destruction of Jerusalem forty years after Christ died and was raised to life again.

But the interest and importance of these scrolls is not merely archaic. They touch upon and surround with gleams of a fresh light the living issue of the origins of Christianity. Many of the sayings of Jesus about the principles of human behavior are almost exactly anticipated in the scrolls. They are full, too, of anticipations of the coming of an heroic, messianic figure called "The Teacher of Righteousness," who, when

he comes, is to be conflict with "The Wicked Priest."

THE SCHOLARS think they have identified this Wicked Priest, but they do not agree on the identification. They think that the Teacher of Righteousness is a kind of class-name for a whole series of messianic figures, and that though he holds the full Christian morality, he so lacks the originality of Jesus and makes none of His tremendous claims that no identification of the Teacher with the Redeemer is possible.

The Bedouin goat-herd gave the world of scholarship its clue, and all these discoveries are the patient work of scores of archaeologists on the material found in such abundance in these Dead Sea caves. What they find are pieces of old leather and parchment.

These range in size from morsels as large as your hand, which may include a whole column, to crumbs with a single letter. The fragments are set out on long tables in a large white-walled room. In color they range from the darkest brown to an almost paper-like paleness, so that they give the impression of autumn leaves that have lain in the forest all winter. The ones that are being studied have been flattened under glass; but before they can be thus smoothed out, they have to be rendered less brit-

tle by being put into a "humidifier," a bess-glass containing moist sponges. Then they are cleaned with a camel's hair brush, dipped in alcohol or castor-oil.

Sometimes the ink comes off with the marly clay of the caves. Sometimes they flake at the touch of the brush, and have to be backed with tape. Sometimes they have turned quite black, and are photographed with infra-red rays and examined through a magnifying glass.

So laborious is the archaeologist's assessment of his new material. And as his industry is so much his patience be. The harvest of fragments is by no means complete in their hand. Hundreds of these fragments are in the hands of nomadic Arab tribesmen, who cut the long pieces into strips, thus trebling the price of each piece. All over the Middle East they are still being hawked round for sale.

THE WHOLE story is certainly a great romance of scholarship. But what effect will these discoveries have upon the living faith of Christians? Mr. Edmund Wilson (*The Scrolls From the Dead Sea*) is a great journalist, quick, vivid, but not profound. He is trying to estimate the worth

of a work not yet done, when he declaims so confidently the effect of the scrolls upon living Christianity.

He complains that "New Testament scholars have almost without exception boycotted the whole subject of the scrolls" — and then he goes on to give vivid pictures of this Christian scholar and that working on them, remarking that many of them, in Christian orders, have been "inhibited in dealing with such questions by their various religious commitments." But this is trying to have it both ways at once. I think he is sensing a nervousness which is not there.

For really there is nothing new in the suggestion which the scrolls make with irresistible power that Christian ideas have an historic pedigree which goes back far behind Christ. If the scrolls anticipate so many of His sayings so does Deuteronomy and the whole of the Wisdom literature.

The surprising thing would be if a find of this magnitude failed to be relevant to a great historic religion which had its origins in these parts of the world. Certainly there is nothing in these scrolls, as Mr. Wilson describes them, which at any point casts doubt on the creeds, and much which seems to confirm them.—Adapted from *Books* (London).

THE ATOM AND ASIA'S FUTURE

*To a large extent the economic
and political security of Asia depends
on the outcome of the spectacular
rise of atomic energy*



By H. F. PRIOLEAU

WE ARE ALL aware of the swift political, economic, and social changes that have taken place in Asia and Africa during the past few years.

More and more rapidly, many of the younger countries in this area are embarking on programs of industrialization that, sooner or later, will bring greater productivity and a better living standard for their peoples. In this connection one cannot help but be impressed by petroleum's increasingly significant role in the steadily strengthening economies of these new nations.

These swiftly moving events are of the utmost importance to us in the oil industry because they offer a continuing challenge to our adaptability and our determination to grow with the new Asia and to assist in the steady advancement of its people. Therefore, it is important that we keep up with what is going on—follow closely the trends of current events that will, directly or indirectly, affect our planning.

One of the most spectacular developments of recent history, and one that should ultimately have great meaning for Asia and Africa, is the rapid emer-

gence of nuclear energy as a potential source of industrial power and as an all-purpose tool for industry and science. Only yesterday, figuratively speaking, this new form of energy was born. Yet at the Geneva Conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy last August, the world's nuclear specialists looked into the future and foresaw dramatic benefits for mankind soon to be wrought by this remarkable breakthrough on the scientific front which occurred scarcely more than a decade ago. Already we are well launched into the Atomic Age, and the layman's mind is hard pressed to understand all of the new peaceful developments and benefits that nuclear fission or fusion may bring the world. I want to emphasize the word "peaceful," because I feel that the nonpeaceful aspects of the atom may have crowded the good news about its peaceful applications and potential benefits off the front pages of the world's press.

Energy Demands Are Increasing

THE FIRST thing we should appreciate is that all students of world energy problems agree on one point—for the next quarter-century there will be an unprecedented increase in energy requirements in all

parts of the world. Thus, an observer for the National Planning Association at the Geneva Atomic Energy Conference reported:

Energy requirements to 1957 and 2000, world-wide and by countries, were the ambitious subject of the first three days' papers. They indicated that requirements for all forms of energy are likely to continue rising at a substantial rate; by 1975, annual needs may be two or three times the 1942 level, and by 2000, perhaps four to six times.

Similarly, in an article on world energy resources, the Economic Research Department of the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York noted that in the United States alone the demand for energy rose more than 60 per cent in the 20 years from 1930 to 1950. A continuation of this rate would mean a tripling of United States energy requirements by the year 2000.

How do recent energy consumption figures relate to the countries in Asia and the East where oil men operate? The answer is something like this: On a per capita basis, annual energy consumption in the United States is at a rate roughly equivalent to 37 barrels of fuel oil for every man, woman, and child. Western Europe's energy consumption, similarly expressed, is 10.5 barrels per capita. But for the free countries of Asia, which have nearly a

third of the world's population, the energy requirements average only about 1 barrel of fuel oil per person per year.

Now, obviously, that figure is capable of tremendous expansion for the very reason that it is so low. As industrial production expands, we can expect to see energy consumption shoot up like a skyrocket in the underdeveloped countries.

Under the guidance of alert and progressive leaders, most of those countries are making every effort to balance their economies, which have been overly dependent on agriculture. For one thing, they are improving their agricultural productivity through irrigation, rural electrification, and the use of farm machinery, and this will help release the valuable manpower of Asia from the drudgery of mere subsistence farming. In addition, most of the Asian nations are now pushing industrialization programs. Their rate of growth in the use of energy for commercial purposes is faster than that for any other part of the world except Latin America. It is challenging, I think, to look forward to the tremendous potential market for energy products when the development of these countries gains further momentum.

The Growing Importance of Petroleum

So much for the energy picture in general. Now what about petroleum's place in the scheme of things? The most recent studies of petroleum supply and demand underscore the fact that petroleum's share of the growing energy market in the parts of Asia and Africa has steadily increased. It went from 11 per cent in 1929 to 19 per cent in 1953. If we project the estimated annual growth rates into the future, these studies anticipate that by 1975 petroleum will fill about 30 per cent of these energy needs, with coal and hydroelectric power having a correspondingly lower role.

Needless to say, even the most careful estimates could be affected by abrupt political changes or by further scientific breakthroughs in one field or another. Today coal is still the leading source of power in this area, contributing about two-thirds of the commercial energy consumption to petroleum's one-fifth. Nevertheless, at this point in history, virtually all economists agree that the energy tide, on a world basis, is running in favor of oil. Hydroelectric power, which was overtaken by petroleum a few years ago, now is in third place, accounting for only about 10 per cent of the total.

In the offing is the great,

but still commercially unpredictable, new force of nuclear energy. How fast is it likely to come? How long will it be before it begins to play a significant part in the total energy picture? Our own economists in the company have examined these questions, and in their recent study they had this to say:

It is already clear that the economic advantages of nuclear power can be substantial in such countries as Japan, India, and the Philippines, where transportation costs are heavy; there can be no doubt that technical development will rapidly extend the areas where nuclear power will be economically attractive.

Once we have enough technically trained specialists available, the application of nuclear energy on a commercial scale may come with surprising speed. I doubt that very many people in this part of the world are fully aware of the strides that have been made in this direction, and I would like to point to several developments that have taken place in the past 36 months which, to me, appear significant.

Nuclear Energy Will Help Asia

ONLY A LITTLE more than two years ago, in December, 1953, President Eisenhower proposed before the United Nations General Assembly that the nations of the world pool their atomic knowledge.

Then came the Geneva meeting. Finally, this April, twelve countries, including the United States and Soviet Russia, agreed to set up an International Atomic Agency, in association with the United Nations. This agency generally follows the President's original idea. It is designed to gather atomic materials and techniques from producing countries and make them available for peaceful purposes to nations lacking nuclear resources.

Today, nuclear energy is already beginning to work for the benefit of mankind. It is manifest in two major forms—first, as a *power source*, and second, as a *tool* in industry, medicine, and agriculture.

When the atom is applied to Asian needs, one of its basic purposes will be to provide electrical energy in the power-strained areas of the world. It is possible—again, given the technically trained manpower—that the peoples of Japan, India, and other Asian nations may see reactor-powered electricity on a large scale some years before we in the United States do.

It is true that we already have a few such plants in America. Generators built by the United States Atomic Energy Commission as pilot plants now light office buildings. By 1957 the reactor at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, will be producing

enough power for a city of 100,000 people. In the United States, however, the cost of electric power from oil, gas, coal, or water is so low that nuclear energy cannot yet begin to compete with them on a commercial basis.

But many areas of Asia and Africa are, in terms of power, practically virgin territory. In a number of regions, costs of power developed from traditional energy sources have risen to such an extent that the atom is in a position to compete with them.

Looking a few years into the future, we may imagine portable reactors being carried to remote areas of the Eastern Hemisphere by flying boats or helicopters. These nuclear power stations would be established, for example, at the sites of copper, tin, or manganese deposits—or near petroleum and natural gas fields. The atom would then lend massive and virtually unlimited fueling energy to speed the process of getting Asia's valuable resources out of the ground.

The Atom's Promise for Civilization

When we consider atomic energy in its second peacetime aspect—as an industrial, medical, and agricultural tool—we need not look forward years into the future. For these im-

mediately practical uses of the atom have not had to wait for costs to come down. They are in the service of mankind today.

It has been said that we are now, in our nuclear research, only at a point comparable to the beginning of the electrical age in 1752—the year that Benjamin Franklin sent up his kite to be struck by lightning. Even if this proves to be true, the atom's accomplishments to date are still impressive.

We are told, for instance, that radiation techniques have advanced medical science 25 years ahead of the stage it would now be in if nuclear fission had never been achieved. Radioactive isotopes not only treat cancer directly and much more efficiently than radium but they have also become a prime tool for diagnosis of many ailments through the use of radioactive tracers. In agriculture, radioactive phosphorus is helpful in studying the chemical action of fertilizers and their effect upon the soil and crops. Here are some other significant research projects: studying the process of drug absorption by the body, the efficiency of soaps, the sterilizing and preserving of food; studying how radiation affects hardness and strength of metals, and how the irradiation of plastics improves their quality as building materials. "It may be

possible," said an Atomic Energy Commission official last year, "to synthesize food and fuels from (chemical) elements and energy. This single accomplishment might well change the conditions of human existence more drastically than all the work in the field of nuclear-powered ships . . . and electric generators."

This, of course, is visionary thinking, yet it is based on a solid scientific foundation. Think of the extraordinary industrial advances that have come about through research and development in the petroleum industry since 1933. The atom has already shown us that it has the capacity to create a vastly expanded industrial scene in areas of operation within a similar period of time.

Projects Are Beginning in Asia

NOW MOST of these early developments have taken place in Western factories and laboratories, but it won't be long before important nuclear projects are under way in many Asian scientific centers.

Early in January of this year, Professor Homi J. Bhabha, chief of India's Atomic Energy Commission, who was also chairman of the Geneva Conference, announced that India's first atomic reactor, under construction in Bombay, would be completed this summer. The plant, he

said, would meet India's needs for isotopes to be used in medical and industrial research. He noted that the United States was sending India heavy water for its nuclear research program, and on March 13 the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington announced first shipments of some 129 tons of heavy water, of which India will receive 21 and Australia 11 tons.

Three days later President Magsaysay was advised that the Philippines has been selected as the site for a nuclear research center for Asia. This center is specifically designed to speed the development of peaceful uses of atomic energy for the Asian countries.

As we read this now, ten of the United States' leading authorities on the peaceful uses of atomic energy are on a ten-week tour of 13 Asian countries. Their mission is to make a survey of requirements in connection with the establishment of the new nuclear laboratory in Manila. The scientists have been assembled by the Brookhaven National Laboratory in the United States at the request of the International Cooperation Administration. They are now consulting top-ranking scientists and government authorities in the Asian nations to obtain their views on the organization of Asia's first large-scale nuclear project.

India, Japan, Pakistan, Thailand, and the Republic of China on Taiwan are among the Asian countries now receiving atomic aid from the United States. This assistance takes the form of fuel, such as enriched uranium; laboratory facilities; and general know-how.

A little more than six months ago, in February, the United States gave further evidence that it really means business in offering to share its commercial atomic energy knowledge and materials with other nations. It is a fact that the United States Atomic Energy Commission is authorized to make available for sale or lease *one billion dollars'* worth of atomic fuel for use in nuclear reactors in the United States and elsewhere in the free world. Under this program, half of the fuel, amounting to 20,000 kilograms of Uranium 235, will go to commercial nuclear projects in the United States, and the other half will be delivered for use in similar peaceful nuclear projects in other countries.

This sharing is an addition to the nuclear reactor offered to the Colombo Plan powers and the materials destined for experimental installations in more than 20 countries, including the Philippines and Japan. The United States is also training scientists and engineers from Europe, Asia, and

Latin America in atomic technology. Already 40 of these specialists have graduated from the United States Atomic Energy Commission school at the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago. In a recent class of 32 specialists studying radioisotope techniques at Oak Ridge there were 12 Asian students, compared with 8 from Latin America, 7 from Europe, and 5 from Canada, Australia, and Egypt. These students are now preparing to initiate atomic programs in their own countries.

The Atom in Business

You may wonder whether all of this activity is confined to the preliminary stages of research and experimental development. It is not. A year ago it was reported that more than *one thousand* firms in the United States and Canada alone were using the atom in routine operations.

A listing of the possibilities for the application of nuclear energy conveys, it seems to me, one striking impression—that the atom can affect in some way *almost any business*. If you are a manufacturer of soap, steel, or canned food if you are a farmer, doctor, or rubber planter, it is likely that sooner or later you will have to take the atom into account. Perhaps your product will be im-

proved by radiation, or it may be that some radioactive isotope will become an essential tool in your manufacturing process or research laboratory. The atom may affect your competition, costs, turnover, product quality, and so on.

Practical Uses Are Here

AT ONE oil company scientists have been studying the commercial possibilities of nuclear energy for many years. As long ago as 1938 they were experimenting with uranium (then a mining by-product) as an agent to help prevent corrosion. Since then, as I have said, the oil companies have lent some of their top scientific and administrative talent to the United States Government's atomic energy program.

But in a much more specific sense, atomic energy is finding practical application in the oil industry in many different ways. To name a few:

Oil drillers gain knowledge of the subsurface by measuring the natural radioactivity of underground strata, or by measuring the reflections of artificial radiation from these rock layers.

The flow of different kinds of liquids and gases traveling through pipelines is controlled by radioactive "tagging" of each product. This helps the checker at a pumping station to identify each new product just as it starts to flow through.

In engine test laboratories it

used to take considerable time to determine the wear and tear on moving parts like piston rings. Now this can be done much more quickly by irradiating the parts and measuring the radioactivity of the crankcase oil in which the worn-off metal collects.

The petroleum research center of one company has a new \$250,000 addition at Linden, New Jersey. Deep in the center of this building is a section of pipe about a foot long—containing the most radioactive piece of cobalt known. This cylinder is so dangerous that it must be encased in concrete walls 4 feet thick. Behind a 3-foot-thick lead glass window technicians reach into the radiation laboratory case with pairs of mechanical hands and manipulate test-objects to be bombarded by the cobalt's gamma rays.

Here, in scores of experiments, petroleum scientists are studying the use of radiation to bring about chemical reactions essential to the oil refining process and to the production of petrochemicals. Until now, in fact, oil refining processes have been largely based on heat, pressure, or catalysts, or a combination of these agents. In the future, radioactivity may be able to accomplish the desired chemical changes in the petroleum hydrocarbons which make up crude oil. This would help us

streamline the refining process. In addition, the laboratory researchers expect radiation to help speed up the production of synthetic rubbers, lubricating oil additives, aviation gasoline blending agents, and ingredients of paints and inks. And while these possibilities are of special interest to us, remember that there are many other industries where the chances for new discoveries and improvements may be as great or even greater.

The Vital Factor—Human Energy

In discussing this form of energy in the Far East, it seems

to me I should not leave the subject without mentioning another newly liberated kind of energy that is especially apparent in this part of the world. I refer to the tide of Human Energy of free peoples. With freedom and self-determination there has come a discarding of many of the older habits and customs of yesterday and the resolve to find a happier, more productive life. Through education and broader opportunities for gaining experience, the peoples of the less industrialized countries are acquiring the skills that are the basis of modern society in the world of today.

* * *

When in Finland. . .

PEOPLE often buy flowers in England as etiquette demands that whenever you are invited out for a meal, you take your hostess some flowers, or even just one flower, as they are dreadfully expensive—one stem of lily-of-the-valley costs 2 shillings in January. In winter the shop assistant wraps your flowers up in four or five newspapers to protect them against the frost.

This is all very well, but etiquette also demands that you should offer your hostess her flowers innocent of any paper wrapping, and this calls for pretty skilful sleight-of-hand on the part of the guest: you slip inside the first outer door and hastily unwrap all the layers of newspaper.

Any one who has ever wrapped something in newspapers will know that, at the slightest opportunity, they get bigger and bigger and more and more out of control. You then have to stuff this enormous mass of paper out of sight before your hostess answers the door. As a consequence, I invariably arrived everywhere in Finland quite poiseless, bulging in all the wrong places, and looking definitely guilty, but triumphantly clutching my unwrapped bunch of flowers!—*B. Sinclair.*

River Blindness

River blindness is transmitted by the *Simulium* fly. These flies carry microscopic worms which multiply under the skin of bitten persons, working their way towards the eyes. If the disease is not halted by middle age, the eye tissues are destroyed causing total blindness.

Until a few years ago no drugs were known that could affect these worm parasites in the human body. Now, two drugs have been found that can be used against the disease, but caution is still necessary in any attempt at mass treatment.

One of the most promising methods is by surgically cutting away the nodules. A campaign on these lines, carried out in Guatemala and Mexico, succeeded in greatly reducing the amount of blindness among sufferers.

Another approach is the control of the insect that carries the disease. Investigations into its life and habits have been carried out in Africa by French, Belgian and British scientists. It is now known that the female *Simulium* fly has a most ingenious way of depositing its eggs in the vegetation or on the rocks and stones submerged in the fast-running water of streams and rivers, or even attaching them to a particular species of sweat-water crab. The fly walks directly under the water, undisturbed by the strength of the current and carrying its supply of air between its closed wings.

A recent and striking example of the use of modern knowledge and resources to attack onchocerciasis comes from French Equatorial Africa where, early in 1955, a combined campaign was carried out in the region of Mayo-Kebbi. Here the disease was so serious that an area 30 miles long (50 Km.) by 12 miles wide (20 km.) had been deserted by its inhabitants. The campaign was waged simultaneously on several fronts: control of adult *Simulium* flies by the spraying of insecticides from helicopters; destruction of the larvae in the watercourses by pouring chemicals into the higher reaches in doses carefully calculated to kill the larvae over a distance of several miles; and treatment of infected persons by drugs and by surgical cutting away of the nodules containing the worms.—(UNESCO)

Dr. Jan Karski, Polish refugee and holder of the highest Polish military decoration, the Order *Virtuti Militari*, recently completed a five-month lecture tour under the sponsorship of the United States Department of State. Dr. Karski told a story of the fate suffered by his homeland under communist rule as he traveled through East and West Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Vietnam and the Philippines. Prior to his return to Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., where he is a member of the faculty, Dr. Karski was interviewed by *Free World*. The interview is reproduced here.

I Was a Red Captive

By Dr. JAN KARSKI

Q: DR. KARSKI, are you a *communist refugee*?

A: Yes. I am one of the millions and millions of people now living in the free world who have escaped from communist-controlled areas. I do not use the term "millions" loosely. In Europe alone, from

25,000 to 30,000 persons are escaping from behind the iron curtain every month. That is today. From 1945 to 1955 more than three million Poles, Germans, Hungarians, Czechs, Rumanians, Albanians, Latvians Lithuanians, Ukrainians — and Russians themselves —

fled to the freedom of other countries. One million Koreans have fled communist occupied North Korea in the last three years.

Q: *How many Polish people do you estimate are now living outside your country?*

A: There are around 700,000 Poles now living in the free world. This figure includes those who either did not go back to Poland after the second world war, like myself, or who escaped from Poland secretly—as happens daily.

Q: *Could you safely return to Poland to live if you so desired?*

A: If course I would not be safe in Poland today. The communist government in my homeland is well aware of the anti-red activities I have carried on since my capture on September 17, 1939 by the Russians when eastern Poland was invaded in collaboration with Nazi Germany. I was sent to the Ukraine in Russia where I was confined, together with 400 other war prisoners, in a small building formerly occupied by pigs. I escaped from this unspeakable forced-labor camp, and returned to Poland to join the underground.

Q: *What were your underground activities, Dr. Karski?*

A: I acted as a courier be-

tween the Polish underground and the Government-in-Exile in Europe. I escaped detection for almost four years; I was then captured by Gestapo men under orders to leave only enough of me to be questioned. A doctor, called in to treat me after four consistent days of questioning and torture, helped effect my escape.

Q: *In what way are you now fighting communism?*

A: I have since become a citizen of the United States, where I now live and teach in blessed freedom. I am devoting my life to informing as many people as I can possibly reach—through my university classes, the books and articles I have written and published, and through lecture tours—of the truth about communists. The truth that I know so well through my own personal experiences.

Q: *What recent information do you have regarding living-conditions in Poland today—under the communist rule?*

A: Poland is under communist military domination. A red army of around 600,000 men is armed and equipped—ready to march on orders from Moscow. This army also polices my homeland to prevent underground activities. However, in a way, the entire nation is an underground. I can-

not say more as I would risk endangering those who are fighting for their freedom under the most difficult circumstances.

Q: *Did you meet or talk with Asian refugees from communist-occupied countries during this lecture tour?*

A: Yes. I spent three weeks in Vietnam visiting four refugee camps housing some of the 850,000 Vietnamese who fled the communists in the north. These people left everything behind after seeing communism in operation; they arrived in the free south with the remnants of their former life carried in their hands, and on their backs. They preferred the safety of strange surroundings, and an unknown future, to what they had left behind. I talked to dozens of these people; never have I been received with such friendship. We were fellow-refugees from communist slavery, and not even the language barrier could prevent an immediate understanding and recognition of this bond.

Q: *What future do you predict for these homeless people?*

A: I do not believe that you can kill freedom. These people will one day return to their homeland with safety, and under the protection of a government of their own choice. However, as a Pole, I have

learned this lesson: It is extremely easy to lose your freedom, but it takes a long time and great effort to regain it.

Q: *What steps can the free nations take to safeguard their freedom?*

A: Many of the Asian nations have assumed their independence with pride in the last few years. They must put forth every effort to protect their freedom; they must entrench patriotism in the minds and hearts of their youth; they must build up their strength—not only in the economic and military sense—but in the moral fiber of their people. A nation whose people refuse to abandon their religion and their traditions will never fall—from within—to the communists. Nations all over the world must be on guard against any moral emptiness in the land—in the hearts of their people—for it is this emptiness that the communists seek to fill with their false ideals and propaganda.

The number of people who have chosen to leave the free world to go behind the iron curtain could be counted on your fingers. But more than six million persons have left their homes, walked away from lives to escape communist domination.

New Pipeline for Pakistan



A CROSS POWDERY sand dunes and water-logged rice paddies, a 347-mile-long artery of steel pipe now carries natural gas to speed the industrial development of Pakistan. The new pipe line reaches northward from the capital city of Karachi to tap the Sui natural gas field, recently discovered when workers were drilling for oil.

The long line, 16 inches in diameter, was built in little more than six months. . . With modern pipe-laying machines and 125 veteran American and British specialists directing the work, Pakistani constructors laid the vital new fuel line at an average rate of more than two miles a day and often hit a pace of more than three miles. At the peak of work, nearly 4,000 men were on the far-flung job, including the large forces of Pakistani subcontractors employed to ex-

cavate the trench for the pipe by hand methods through a total of 32 miles of rock. The rest of the trench, in which the pipe is buried to an average depth of 3½ feet, was cut by wheel-type trenching machines.

Two fully equipped and self-sustaining crews of men and machines speeded the laying of the line. Work began at Mile 133 (measured from the gas field) with one crew heading northward to Sui and the other moving southward to Karachi. This starting point was chosen since it lies in the Khairpur desert and allowed irrigated areas to the north and south to dry before the pipe crews reached them.

The country traversed by the pipe line varies widely, from bleak desert to irrigated rice land. Fifty-four canal crossings were made in irrigated farm areas, some of these

canals being river-sized waterways up to 250 feet in width.

The smaller canals were negotiated by boring a passage-way beneath each one for the pipe. Steel piling or Bailey-type bridging was used to support the exposed pipe on overhead crossings of the big canals. Two major river crossings were made—both over the mighty Indus River—by stringing the pipe across the tops of existing barrages, or dams, at Sukkur and Kotri.

The tapping of the natural gas resources at Sui provides a tremendous source of inexpensive power to speed the industrial development of Pakistan. The discovery and harnessing of this natural gas supply has sharply reduced the necessary imports of coal. Natural gas power is giving a great impetus to the industrial development which the new nation of Pakistan has so vigorously encouraged since it became an independent country.—*Free World*.

* * *

Refrigeration on Wheels

A SPECIAL dual-purpose vehicle—a platform lorry with a detachable refrigerator body—has been supplied to a West of England fruit dealer by a Lancashire, England, truck builder.

A driver's cab and a plain lorry platform are built on a 4-ton chassis. The insulated van body is designed to fit over the platform body so that it appears as one complete unit. There are lifting eyes fitted to the roof panel and easily detachable fasteners to secure the van body to the platform.

The cab is coachbuilt, and the body is built entirely of aluminium.

The van body is insulated and panelled with aluminium, with a compartment at the rear to house the freezing plant. Refrigeration is through a 2 h.p. air-cooled condensing unit.—(Leyland Motors Limited, Leyland, Lancashire, England.)

*

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. Your friend who insists he is cut out to be the country's greatest president may not be crazy; he is probably just:
A. a megalomaniac; B. a kleptomaniac; C. a dipsomaniac;
D. an individualist.
2. One thing in common among James Thurber, Bennett Cerf and Robert Benchley is that: A. all are novelists;
B. all dropped down the Niagara Falls in a barrel; C. all are humorists; D. all predicted the fall of communism.
3. The present world population is estimated at: A. one billion; B. two and a half billions; C. six billions; D. five billions.
4. One advantage of the gas turbine engine over the conventional gasoline engine is that the former: A. is more quiet; B. is faster; C. is more compact; D. is more durable.
5. It is not widely known that the Grand Canyon is: A. 500 feet deep; B. 1,000 feet deep; C. three miles deep; D. one mile deep.
6. The fabulous Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, met her death by: A. suicide; B. hanging; C. drowning; D. strangling by her lover.
7. You needn't be a boxing fan to know that the heavy-weight champion of the world is: A. Rocky Marciano; B. Archie Moore; C. Jack Palance; D. Joe Woolcott.
8. One of the following does not belong to the group. Which one? A. Helen Traubel; B. Lily Pons; C. Helen Keller; D. Grace Moore.
9. Who was Lilian Gish? She was: A. The first woman aviator; B. a silent screen star; C. wife of U.S. Ambassador to Britain; D. founder of the Red Cross.
10. In the recent Southeast Asia Film Festival the Best Actor award was won by: A. Gregorio Fernandez of the Philippines; B. Hui Shio Li of Formosa; C. Jiro Nakamoto of Japan; D. Rogelio de la Rosa of the Philippines.

ARE YOU WORD WISE?
ANSWERS

1. (a) to come to nothing
2. (c) firm and constant
3. (c) to scold
4. (b) to fail in contest
5. (a) concerning
6. (b) to examine closely
7. (d) to discredit
8. (a) a quantity of yarn or thread
9. (a) to swagger or bound from the hind legs
10. (b) hard and heavy wood
11. (a) to retract or revoke
12. (c) to be in great quantity
13. (d) having the traits of old age
14. (a) lie flat on the ground with face down
15. (c) to be on the point of boiling

ANSWER TO PANORAMA QUIZ

1. A. a megalomania
 2. C. all are humorists
 3. B. two and a half billions
 4. C. is more compact
 5. D. one mile deep
 6. A. suicide
 7. A. Rocky Marciano
 8. C. Helen Keller
 9. B. a silent screen star
 10. D. Rogelio de la Rosa of the Philippines
-
16. (d) animals without feet
 17. (b) a wrong name
 18. (a) a wise counselor
 19. (c) remission of back payment
 20. (b) to appeal to for support

* * *

Coating Tablets

A COMBINED tablet-making and compression coating machine now made in Britain, has attracted enquiries from pharmaceutical interests in U.S.A., Spain, Germany and Iran.

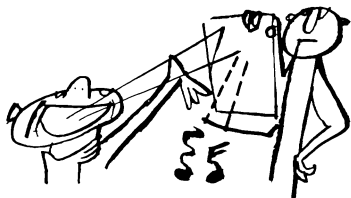
The machine, selected by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research as one of the outstanding British developments of the year in the pharmaceutical field, is a special rotary for producing coated tablets by dry compression. The method ensures that the tablet is quickly covered by a coating, thereby reducing exposure of material to a minimum and avoiding any risk of contamination. Coated tablets can be engraved or embossed and produced at a rate of 20,000 an hour by unskilled labour. Materials, such as penicillin, can now be coated by this dry method.

*

In the Beginning. . .

ANTHEM (a song of praise or gladness)

The Anglo-Saxon *antefen* (which is the neuter plural form of *antiphonon*) originally meant "returning a sound"—not withstanding today's inspiring anthems.



POPE (head of Roman Catholic Church)

From the Greek *papas*, meaning "father," comes this term designating the Bishop of Rome.

GATE (an opening for a passageway)

Today's ultramodern gates owe their humble beginnings to the Anglo-Saxon *geat*, meaning "opening or hole."



SORSOGON: *Bicol Capital*



THE UNINFORMED tourist, travelling south of Luzon by Bicol Express, reaches Albay and majestic Mayon volcano, and stops there. Little does he realize the more rugged but beautiful country that is Sorsogon province which is reached by taking at the train terminal, Le-

gaspi or Daraga, Alatco red buses across hills and zigzag roads. A few hours drive, and the traveller is in the provincial capital, Sorsogon, a quiet peaceful town hugging some thirty kilometers of seafont along Sorsogon Bay.

Sorsogon is chiefly a commercial center, functioning as

it were, like a counter across which practically all the other towns must get the goods they have to import. For Sorsogon is the gateway to all but three of the sixteen towns in the province.

Four blocks constitute the commercial or downtown area of the capital. The rest of the town is sedate and quiet. In 1954 a severe earthquake shook the town and destroyed the cathedral and other buildings, but the rubble had been cleared away and the town is again what has always been, with a beautiful, well tended park, an imposing capitol, a long wharf which also serves promenading visitors and residents enjoying the sea breeze.

The people are deeply religious. At the first sound of the angelus they would pause from their work or play and stand in silent prayer.

SORSOGON province occupies the southernmost tip of the Bicol peninsula, and once included the islands of Masbate, Burias, and Ticao, and many islets. The coast is very irregular, the largest indenture being the Sorsogon Bay. The land is mountainous and covered with excellent timber for ship-building and furniture-making. Rattan grows in abundance in the forests, and a great quantity is exported to Manila and neighboring provinces. Mount

Bulusan, clearly seen from the capital, is an active volcano with an elevation of 1,560 meters.

The climate is noted for its coolness. There are two rainy seasons, one during the northeast and the other during the southwest monsoon as a result, vegetation grows luxuriantly.

The fertile volcanic soil of the province leads the people to engage chiefly in agriculture. The chief products are abaca, grown near the forests, and coconuts along the seashore. Less important crops are corn, sugar, and pili nuts. Rice is planted but much of the cereal is imported for consumption.

Noted scenic spots are the Ginulajon waterfalls near the capital, the wild vegetation and the cataracts along the Irosin River, the medicinal hot springs at Mombon, Bujan, and Mapaso, and the volcano itself which has two craters like Mt. Vesuvius in Italy.

THE EARLIEST step taken by the Spaniards to secure a permanent hold on Sorsogon was the establishment of a mission in Casiguran, a port in Sorsogon Bay. In the years following, Spanish activities spread to Bacon and Sorsogon. The first serious disturbance that occurred in Sorsogon took place in 1649 on the occasion of the Sumoroy uprising in Samar. Influenced by this up-

rising, the people of Sorsogon rose in rebellion and drove away the Spanish friar of Sorsogon town.

A great event in the history of Sorsogon was the invention of a hemp-stripping machine by a priest named Espellargas, about 1669. The invention was made in Bacon, where hemp abounded. The machine was quite well adapted to local conditions.

Many of the galleons that the Spanish Government used in the Manila-Acapulco trade were built in Sorsogon, especially on the Island of Bagatao, at the entrance of Sorsogon Bay. Many of these ships were wrecked while navigating the waters of Sorsogon. These vessels laid their course for Mexico via the San Bernardino Strait, a passage which abounds in dangerous currents, shoals, and rocks. For example, the galleon *San Cristobal* was wrecked in 1733 near Calantas

Rock. In 1793 the galleon *Maggallanes* also ran aground in this place.

LIKE ALBAY, at the outbreak of the Revolution, Sorsogon remained peaceful. Later, however, it came under the Revolutionary Government. For sometime, the prominent military leader was Vito Belarmino. During the last war, the province was held by two rival guerrilla factions. Its liberation by Americans was unnecessary although the Japanese kept a strong marine and air command in Bulan, a progressive seaport at the other end of the province.

Today Sorsogon thrives on, although the market for abaca is poor (it had its boom during the years of the First World War) and the ports only cater to nearby provinces (once with Manila). The old and the new tradition is so blended in Sorsogon town, that the apt term for it would probably be quaint.

* * *

Used to It

"Just why do you want a married man to work for you, rather than a bachelor?" asked the curious friend.

"Well," sighed the employer, "the married men don't get so upset if I yell at them."

*

Fun-Orama by Elmer



"Here's a chair, you'll be taller."

Adlai Stevenson: Hope of the "Eggheads"

THE DEMOCRATS, making no mistake about it, chose Adlai Stevenson to run against Dwight Eisenhower who won in 1952. It looks that the Democrats are taking no chances, and thus selected their most qualified candidate, who is well regarded as the only intellectual among the presidential and vice-presidential aspirants. Stevenson lost in 1952, it is true, but pollsters saw that had he been given more time to campaign (he started late and reluctantly) he would have won. Proof of the effectiveness of the Democrats' drive is their winning the congressional election in 1954.

Adlai himself is an effective campaigner and his speeches



By L. B. MADAMBA

are the likes that have never before been heard. Accepting his nomination at the Chicago convention, he told the delegates: "What this government needs is leadership and truth and that is what we mean to give it."

Speaking of the office to which he aspires, he said: "Its potential for good or evil now and in the years of our lives smothers exultation and converts vanity to prayer." Adlai

was more inclined to talk of issues rather than of personalities, and the tone of his talks is decidedly unorthodox. Considered an excellent conversationalist, he expresses himself lucidly and with vivid imagery. He has a quick and sophisticated sense of humor.

The Democratic presidential candidate was educated in the Bloomington public schools and had a year's schooling in Switzerland. He is a graduate of Princeton University and attended Harvard Law School, later finishing his law course at Northwestern University.

He interrupted his legal studies for a time to serve on the editorial staff of the family-owned newspaper, the Bloomington *Daily Pentagraph*. This journalistic training which developed his already intense curiosity and gave him a passion for detail stood him in good stead later in his career.

STEVENSON is described as a well-to-do man with a highly developed social conscience, a lawyer by profession, and an internationalist by conviction. He was brought up in Bloomington, Illinois, and was exposed to an atmosphere of public service from his early days. His great-grandfather was among the first to propose Abraham Lincoln for the U.S. presidency; his grandfather, also named Adlai Stevenson, was

Vice-President of the United States; and his father served as Secretary of State of Illinois.

Stevenson is a tried and tested public servant as well as a close student of government and foreign relations. The 56-year-old presidential candidate has been active, in the Government and out, in promoting the cause of good government at home and a just and durable peace throughout the world.

"Peace is the most important unfinished task of our generation," he says. "Our mission is the prevention, not just the survival of a major war. . . . There are no Gibaltars, no fortresses impregnable to death or ideas any more."

Stevenson was active in the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, serving once as president of this public educational organization. It was here that he developed his talent for public address. He writes his own speeches in prose, and his delivery is eloquent and persuasive. Many compare him to President Franklin D. Roosevelt as a political speaker.

In the 1930's Stevenson served as legal counsel for two government agencies in Washington, later returning to his prosperous law practice in Illinois. In 1942 he was called to war service as Assistant to the Secretary of the Navy. As a "trouble shooter" for the Secretary, he traveled widely, vi-

siting many theaters of action during World War II.

President Roosevelt named Stevenson chief of a mission to Italy in 1943 to study the possibilities of rehabilitating the social, political and economic life of that country. His report set a pattern for later post-war rehabilitation of war-devastated areas.

In 1945 Stevenson served on the U.S. delegation at the founding of the United Nations, and since that time has represented his country at many conferences of the world organization. He has consistently believed that the United Nations is "indispensable as an agency for concerting policies among the free states" and that it "must remain an indispensable part of U.S. foreign policy."

As U.S. Minister to the United Nations Preparatory Commission in London in 1945 Stevenson acted as chief of the U.S. mission when Ambassador Stettinus was obliged to return home because of failing health. According to a newsman who covered the meeting Stevenson did "what most representatives of foreign countries considered a magnificent job . . . and won himself immense popularity by his tact and his ability to understand the other fellow's viewpoint.

After his tour of duty as a

member of the U.S. delegations to the U.N. General assemblies in 1946 and 1947 Stevenson returned once more to his law practice in Illinois. Shortly after, he was picked by the Democratic Party as its candidate for Governor of Illinois. Campaigning on a "reform" platform, he told the people of his state that "good government is not a gift, it is an achievement." The price must be paid, he said, "in time and energy and mental sweat in order to understand and to inform others of our problems." Stevenson was elected by the largest margin ever given to a candidate for that office in Illinois.

As Governor, he administered a program of constitutional reform, civil service extension, highway improvement, hospital reform, and tax reduction. His opponents concede that he is one of the best governors Illinois ever had.

Stevenson was running again for Governor when he was drafted by the Democratic Party as its nominee for President of the United States. When he lost he prepared to win the next one. He travelled extensively abroad. He delivered lectures and speeches before various organizations in different parts of the country. Nominated again, Stevenson fully backed by the determined Democrats stands to win.

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I Was a Communist Captive
By Dr. Jan Kariski

Book Review by **LEONARD CASPER**
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Nasser shows his iron hand (See pa

