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# Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

## DANGER IN FORMOSA

*How close are we to the  
next world war?*

Philippine Primitive Art

Religion in Russia Today

A Pure Filipino Tongue?

By Dr. CECILIO LOPEZ

*An authority views our  
muddled language problem*

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*The Magsaysays I Knew  
The Barong Tagalog*

Book Review by LEONARD CASPER

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## *Our neighbor's house is on fire*

**T**INY FORMOSA island, less than one-third the size of Luzon, may hold the key to the next world war.

This is no longer speculation. It is an awful possibility which, in the face of repeated communist threats, has the free world worried. At any moment the expected may happen: Red China may invade this Nationalist stronghold. In that event the United States, who is committed by pact to the defense

of Formosa, will try to stop the Reds. The ensuing fight will trigger off a global war, with the United States and Russia as main protagonists.

World War III can start as easily as that. There is no question about it. Formosa is on the Communists' timetable. The Reds have said so. It is only a matter of time—the Reds' own good time. And if they are taking their time, it is not because they are afraid

of the U.S. Seventh Fleet that has zealously guarded the strait in the past several months. It is because of something else.

Red China will invade Formosa under any or both of two conditions: first, if and when she is assured of Soviet Russia's unconditional support in the event of an enlarged war; second, if and when the free world, through dissensions and intrigue, forces the United States to "go it alone," as was the case during the early phase of the Korean war.

Judging from recent developments, Soviet Russia is not inclined to pursue the cold war to an open conflict with the Western powers. It is extremely doubtful if she would support Red China in a showdown. But that does not mean she is not willing to abet a U.S.-Red China war, as long as she can officially keep out of it. In fact Russia would give all-out aid to Red China short of direct involvement.

But Red China's Chou En-lai is too smart to fall for that Soviet bait. He would want iron-clad guarantees from Comrade Malenkov in the event of a world war. He knows it would be a fight to the finish, just as he is convinced that without Soviet support Red China stands no chance against the West.

With regards to the second condition, the newly concluded Paris and Seato accords point to a new unity among the free nations which has the communists frankly rattled. There had never been such unanimity among the Western nations. Even in the United Nations assembly, where many an issue has divided the democracies, the voting during the last session was generally clear-cut and decisive: it was the *free world* against *Soviet Russia*.

Would the United States "go it alone" in Formosa? Not likely. There is little prospect for a repetition of Korea. And Communist China knows that.

The real likelihood of a communist strike at Formosa therefore lies in the alteration of the status quo. That is, at the first fatal sign of weakening on the part of the free world either through Soviet military superiority or dissension among themselves, Red China would jump at Formosa.

As long as Chou En-Lai's threats remain threats, peace may continue for sometime on this side of the world. But it is an uneasy peace. For one thing, fighting in Korea may resume without warning; or the communists may decide to test the democracies' defenses along the Thailand-Vietnam-Burma fronts. One can never tell.

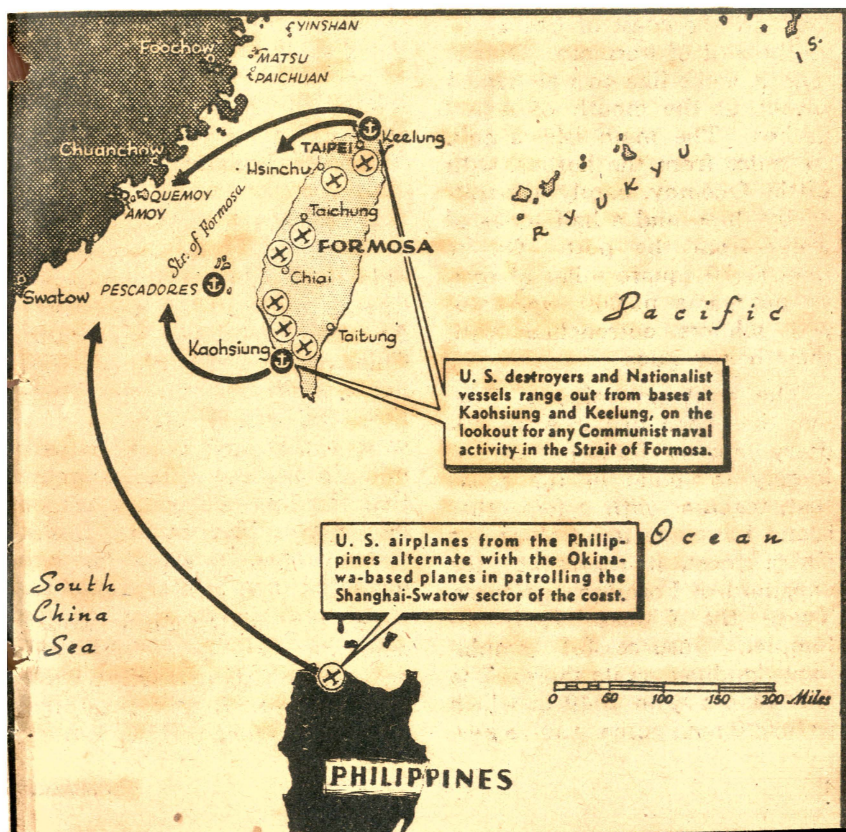


For another, the "neutralization" of Formosa may be violated by Chiang Kai-Shek himself, who has impatiently sat out a protracted war all these years, with half a million well-fed troops raring to go. In fact, Generalissimo Chiang might have crossed the 125-mile wide strait to the mainland months ago, had not the United States cautioned him against the pe-

riils of such a venture. For without American support, a Nationalist invasion of the mainland will certainly fail. And the United States is not willing to risk a third world war even to retrieve China for the free world.

**T**HUS the situation in Formosa has reached a stalemate, with occasional skir-

*Danger zone embraces area within 250 miles radius of Formosa*



mishes between the exiled Nationalists and the Chinese Reds.

A few months ago the tentative lull was broken by a sudden and intensive bombardment of the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy by Red artillery on the China coast. Cleverly timed with the South East Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) conference then opening in Manila, the flare-up succeeded only momentarily in drawing world attention from the crucial meet.

Quemoy is a tiny, bleak island off the coast of China, directly west of Formosa. On the map it looks like two elongated specks at the mouth of Amoy harbor. The main isle is only six miles from the harbor, with Little Quemoy barely separated by three and a half miles of water from the port. On its treeless 70 square miles of rock sit out some 60,000 well-equipped soldiers entrenched with their heavy guns.

The strategic value of Quemoy has been disputed by military experts. Its importance is largely symbolic in the sense that, together with a few other island bases scattered along the China coast, it represents the vanguard of Formosa's defenses. Twice the Chinese Reds attempted unsuccessful amphibious landings on its shores. The first time was in 1949 in which a 15,000-man force was repuls-

ed. The second one was in the following year with a much smaller contingent. With the reported massing of 150,000 enemy troops on the coast, a third—and stronger—attempt may yet succeed.

More recently the communists, in a what is probably a diversionary move, concentrated their artillery attack on far-off Tachen island, which is 200 miles north along the coast. They have also made trial landings here and on nearby Wuchiu. It is possible that the invaders merely want to make a test case of these smaller bases. If they succeed there, Quemoy may follow easily. And then, perhaps, Formosa.

**C**HIANG Kai Shek's anxiety is quite understandable, especially in the face of Chou's renewed pledges that Formosa "will be liberated." Chiang knows the strategic advantage of the "hit first" policy, and would gladly try it were the United States to permit. In any event, he estimates that the loss of Quemoy would be a severe blow to the morale of his people. It would be "losing face" in a military manner.

So the Nationalists would maintain their precarious hold on these off-shore islands even at great cost. Significantly, the newly concluded U.S.-Nation-

alist China pact is vague on the matter of American defense of these far-flung islands. Quite possibly, the United States regards their importance as minimal in the over-all strategy of defense.

At any rate, it might be wiser for Chiang to inflict the greatest damage possible on communist mainland installations and promptly pull out. By withdrawing to the Formosan mainland, the Nationalists can

shorten their supply lines considerably and concentrate their defense effort where it will count most.

This move will also leave the U.S. Seventh Fleet unhampered in its patrol work on the strait. For in the event of an invasion, it is the Fleet that may save Formosa. It is not Quemoy or Tachen. — *F. C. Sta. Maria, from the Philippine Journal of Education, December 1954.*

\* \* \*

## *A Lesson in Simple Style*

**T**HE BIRD THAT I am going to write about is the Owl.

The Owl cannot see at all by day and at night is as blind as a bat.

I do not know much about the Owl, so I will go to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the Cow. The Cow is a mammal. It has six sides—right, left, an upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it send the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end of the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass.

—*Essay by a 10-year old child; Reprinted from Plain Words*



*The Ifugao granary guardian idol (bulol) is perhaps the most expensive and most difficult to obtain. Its construction requires the holding of elaborate ceremonies, beginning with the time the tree from which the idol will be carved is hewed.*

# Philippine Primitive Art

For 2,000 years Ifugao and Lanao arts have resisted Westernization. Will they yield to present-day commercialism?

**T**WO indigenous Philippine arts that have survived the systematic destruction of the Spaniards are Ifugao wood carving and Lanao brass work, carving and design painting.

Although the materials, the tools and the general economic outlook have something to do with the forms that these two arts have produced, religion and its accompanying system of myths, deification and legends are the important sources of their limitations and formal designs.

Ifugao wood carvings have a certain degree of subjectivity which Lanao art works do not possess. Lanao art is abstract both in design and purpose because it draws heavily from the organic models that myths and the Mohammedan religion have

established. Lanao art is also more purely decorative and architectural than Ifugao art and is more generally used in houses, boats and monuments than in individual pieces and utensils for daily use.

## *Utilitarian Art*

Nearly two thousand years ago, a band of Indonesians landed on the shore of Lingayen and pushed their way up the river valleys to settle in the mountainous regions of Baguio. Aside from their religion and rice-terrace culture, these people brought with them the art of wood-carving.

Their carvings were, to a great extent, basically utilitarian. They carved figures and designs on their spoons, bowls, two-tined forks, alpenstocks, mu-



sical instruments, smoking pipe and spear shafts. They had also elaborate stands, pedestals and bases carved with animal and human figures. These objects have religious as well as mechanical utility.

The Ifugaos are polytheists. R. F. Barton has listed more than 1,500 Ifugao gods and deities. While they have not constructed an orderly pantheon, as have the Greeks and the Hindus, their gods could be roughly divided into 40 classes. Principal divisions are the hero-ancestors, nature gods, magical forces and powers, gods of Ifugao technology, gods of various diseases and afflictions, and deifications of fears, hopes, appetites and emotions.

### *Ifugao Deities*

**P**ROFESSOR H. Otley Beyer, however, has distinguished three main groups of Ifugao deities: a few really generous and helpful gods, a large group of spiteful and evil gods and still another large group of gods, neither good nor bad, in whose honor many "welfare" ceremonies are held in order to

keep them indifferent.

Although the pantheon of the Ifugaos does not have a supreme god, the Ifugaos have one god-image that could be called an idol, the *bulol*, or the granary guardian idol. Images in human form are called *tatagu* and the *bulol* is the spirit that is supposed to inhabit the *tatagu*. These images are carved in pairs, representing the god and his wife, in squatting position. They are made of narra and are a foot to three feet high. They are kept inside the rice granaries and are taken out only during the harvest and during ceremonies for peace.

From the point of view of collectors of Ifugao carvings, the *bulol* is the most difficult to obtain and the most expensive piece. Ifugaos are afraid to sell these idols. If they could be sold, the price is usually very high because their construction and consecration require the holding of many expensive ceremonies, beginning with the time the tree from which the idol will be carved is hewed.

There is another group of



Lanao's Sari-manok

deities who are regarded as the guardians of the village. They are the *bihang*. They are carved from the trunk of a large fern tree and sometimes from sandstone. The images of the *bihang* are large. They are placed at the entrance to the village. They have a reputation for viciousness and bodily afflictions are generally ascribed to them.

A group of minor guardian deities are the *pili*, the guardians of property. Their images are small and usually accompanied by the figure of a dog. They are carved out of soft wood or molded in clay. Their anger can cause boils and sore eyes and they must therefore be appeased from time to time with offering of betel nut or sacrificial fowl.

The deities of war are the *hipag*, represented by figures of pigs, dogs, crocodiles, lizards or snakes. Before a head-hunting expedition, these figures are bathed with blood and then carried in baskets with stones. The ceremony is supposed "to make the enemy's feet heavy."

Ifugao images are generally carved out of red narra or out of a fine-grained but less hard reddish wood called *gutmu*. The block is shaped with a *bolo*, but the actual carving is done with a small knife and a

little gouge. For polishing, the native carvers use the sandpaper leaves of a plant called *aplah* (*pakiling* in Tagalog). The figures are blackened with soot and years of handling give them a fine hard gloss.

**THE BEST** of these carvings have all the elements of good statuary—economy, emphasis, rhythm of line and mass and proportion. They usually exhibit a certain *naivete* which makes even the *erotic* pieces childlike and natural.

In Ifugao carvings there is a total absence of motifs from the vegetable world as well as all geometrical designs which are largely stylized floral designs. Ifugao art is anthropomorphic and animal.

It is also interesting to note that although the Ifugaos are primarily an agricultural people, they attach to hunting a ritualistic significance. Most rites in the Ifugao religion begin with an elaborate hunting ceremony. In their art, this accounts for the "preponderance of animal forms."

There is also a taboo against "fish-forms" among the Ifugaos. They believe that at certain seasons, to partake of fish or vegetables is offensive to the gods.

Among the peoples of the Philippines, the Ifugaos perhaps

are the only ones who regard art as a necessary part of life. Among the Mangyans, Visayans, Tagalogs and Moros, with the exception of the Lanaos, art is regarded as an offshoot of leisure and a certain degree of economic stability. The art of the Ifugaos has preserved their ethnic identity.

### *Lanao Art Religious*

**A**LMOST in direct contrast to Ifugao art, Lanao artists use extensively plant and geometric designs. With the exception of the *sari-manok* design, there is no direct figural representation in Lanao art. This sort of thing is proscribed by the Mohammedan religion. The Mohammedans worship only one God, who permeates the whole of nature, and the Koran forbids the faithful to make any image of Him.

Although strictly the taboo extends to vegetable forms, the Lanao Moros have conveniently overlooked this and produced beautiful stylizations of flowers, vines and trees.

To be able to use natural forms, the Mohammedan artists must "de-nature" them. In Lanao art this is evident in designs which show animal origin. As an example, the open, angular cuts at the end of projecting house beams, and also

at the ends of various projections parts of boats and musical instruments are "de-natured" representations of a crocodile's jaw. The designs on a serpent's hide and the carabao horns, in their "de-natured" forms, occur frequently in their art.

Both Lanao and Ifugao art are basically utilitarian; the artistic skills of their people are applied to objects in everyday use. It appears that the "art for art's sake" attitude is in disrepute among them.

Racially, the people of Lanao and the Ifugao region are not very different. They are of the Malay blend stock, with the Indonesian predominating. But while the Ifugaos have lived for two thousand years in almost complete isolation, the Lanaos settled on an accessible region—an isthmus-like connection between eastern Mindanao and the Zamboanga peninsula—and thus were subject to cultural influences. Arab and Indian traders are supposed to have introduced the Mohammedan religion and its art to this people.

### *The Sari-Manok*

**I**N ART, the Lanaos were faithful to the Islamic tenets of exclusion of animal forms. The only deviation is the *sari-manok* design. This de-

sign, though not naturalistic, is almost a direct figural representation of a rooster.

There are several stories told about the origin of this beautiful piece of art.

We are told that in times long past the sultans used birds to carry love letters to the ladies they love. The sari-manok is a stylization of such a bird.

It is, however, also told that a certain sultan of Lanao had a daughter called Sari. During a birthday celebration of his daughter, a beautiful rooster suddenly appeared. Then as mysteriously as it had appeared it disappeared and Sari vanished with it. For years, the Sultan and his people waited for the girl's return, but at last the Sultan gave up and he asked the people to design a bird—which he called sari-manok—that would immortalize his daughter.

The sari-manok is a principal motif in the wedding ceremonies of the Lanao Moros.

Another difference between

Ifugao and Lanao art is in the use of color. While the Ifugaos use only soot to color their wooden pieces, the Lanaos paint them with vivid colors. Every decorative design, whether on wood or cloth is painted in five or more colors.

Metal work—as in kris, dagger hilts, scabbards and vases—is generally inlay of silver and gold on black. Brass is the most common metal used because it is “unfriendly to rust and looks like gold.”

Both Lanao and Ifugao arts are now in danger of commercialization. The increased demand for these art pieces has induced artists to mass-produce. Progressive methods in carving and metal work are being taught to them by missionaries. If these people are not made aware of the ill-effects of commercialization, Ifugao and Lanao arts, which generations of their artists have protected, will become vulgar and later on lose their social and cultural significance.

\* \* \*

The history of the world is but the biography of great men.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

\*

# Young Japan Goes to School

IT IS NOT an uncommon sight in Japan today to see six-year old children trooping to school and carrying books. At the age when children of other nations are still allowed to play and take it easy, the Japanese government assiduously rounds up its youngsters for training.

Japanese children are required by law to complete a six-year free education. It is this system of compulsory education which accounts for the high percentage of literacy in Japan, considered one of the highest in the world.

Under the school law of Japan, a child's school age begins the next day after his sixth birthday. He can present no excuses such as overcrowding of schools or the lack of school buildings because the Japanese government has enough *Kakumin Gakko* (the Japanese for

elementary school) all over the country. Neither can he study in a private institution because that requires special dispensation from school authorities and which involves an elaborate procedure that often tests the mettle of busy Japanese parents.

This system of compulsory elementary education has raised to 99.6% the number of children enrolled in public schools. In 1944, a survey showed that out of 10,641,153 children of school age, 10,619,558 were actually enrolled.

The guardian, who is responsible for the child for six years until his graduation from the elementary grades, sees to it that his ward does not miss a day of the 235 minimum days in a school year. The child stays in the elementary school six hours a day from Monday to Friday and three to four hours on Saturday morning. Class-



# HOW THE JAPANESE YOUTH THINK

(A Postwar Survey)

<i>Nature of superiority over Japan</i>	<i>U.S.</i>	<i>Gr. Brit.</i>	<i>France</i>	<i>Germ.</i>	<i>USSR</i>	<i>S'erland</i>	<i>D'mark</i>
Science and Technology	71%	55%	38%	77%	63%	42%	26%
Intellectual values . . . . .	14%	23%	55%	17%	14%	12%	10%
Standard of living . . . . .	18%	16%	19%	18%	5%	14%	12%
Political evolution . . . . .	7%	22%	10%	3%	19%	29%	14%
Economic evolution . . . . .	11%	11%	7%	8%	14%	15%	67%
Spiritual values . . . . .	5%	14%	7%	11%	5%	6%	2%
Other particulars . . . . .	6%	3%	4%	2%	3%	9%	0%

room work lasts for forty minutes, with a ten-minute interval between periods. Today, classes are co-educational.

**T**HE curriculum of the six-year elementary education has undergone a drastic revamp under the Allied occupation. For one thing, all subjects which had to do with the promotion of militarism and ultra-nationalism have been abolished. For another, the emphasis in the curriculum has been directed toward the importance of freedom and democratic participation. Where the spirit of strict obedience to the state existed before, the spirit of academic freedom and independent thinking now exists.

Under the new curriculum the Japanese child in the elementary grades studies reading,

arithmetic, science, music, physical education, calligraphy, drawing and handicraft. A new integrated course, social studies, has taken the place of the separate subjects of morals, geography and Japanese history. Before the surrender of Japan, geography, morals and Japanese history were made the tools of the school officials to inculcate the ideas of the supremacy of the Japanese race and its destined duty to rule over the other Asian countries under the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere program.

After graduation from the elementary grades, the Japanese child either stops schooling or continues his secondary education. From grade six, he enrolls in the three-year lower secondary school which is equivalent to grades seven,

eight and nine in American schools. Stressing the importance of personality development, the lower secondary school also trains students to participate actively in community life. In line with these objectives, the school offers vocational training.

Having finished the lower secondary school, the child now qualifies for enrolment in the upper secondary school. Also three-years in length, this school offers grades ten, eleven and twelve. With a view to providing simpler technical education, the upper secondary offers technical courses.

**I**N ORDER to encourage more students to pursue secondary education, the Japanese government provides free tuition to boys and girls alike. A recent law extended the period of compulsory education from six years to nine years, giving the child a chance to take up three years of secondary education, but this has not yet been put into effect.

This 6-3-3 plan in the school system in the new Japan is a big improvement over the old system and is more democratic.

Before the Allied occupation, secondary education was discriminatory and limited to a few. Schools were divided into an exclusive middle school for boys, a girls' high school and a technical school, each differing in objectives. Pursuance of higher education was also difficult since the Japanese had to undergo preparatory university training before he could be admitted to any university.

The system before was similar to the European educational system which provided for 14 years of school before any child could enter the university. Today in Japan, graduation from the upper secondary makes one eligible for entrance to any university.

While the Japanese government should be credited for its remarkable compulsory elementary education program, credit should also be given to the U.S. Education Mission to Japan in 1946 which laid the foundation for the present educational system. The Japanese child today stands equal with the school child of other countries when it comes to the educational opportunities offered by its government.

\* \* \*

*An expert looks into our controversial  
language problem and disagrees  
with the purists*

# A *Pure* FILIPINO TONGUE?

By Dr. CECILIO LOPEZ  
*Acting Director, Institute of National Language*



**T**HE SECRETARY of Education has made this clear: he would interpose no obstacles to the leaders of the movement who would purify the National Language and would leave the purification of the language to the votaries of vernacular literature and endemic culture and civilization; but he would without hesitation adapt in the National Language terms which have already acquired universal stamp all over the country, be they Spanish or English, to facilitate intercommunication among Filipinos and hasten the propagation of the language.

With this policy, the present administration of the Institute of National Language is in full accord.

Is a language better or worse off for adopting desirable aliens to citizenship? As a parallel to human beings, no language is "pure," as no race is "pure," except perhaps in very few minor and backward tribes and their languages which have remained beyond the pale of civilization. It is true that the spectre of linguistic "purity" rises periodically to haunt ultranationalists.

The late Mustapha Kemal Pasha undertook to purify the Turkish language of foreign words, especially Arabic and Persian, but the task proved impossible, since they constitute over one-half of the Turkish vocabulary. Linguistic purification, to a certain degree, is in operation today in Soviet Russia, but the results are not im-

pressive. The Italian Fascists tried to eliminate certain international terms from the Italian vocabulary because of their supposed foreign source and replace them with "Italian" equivalents, with the ludicrous result that they ended by using words of Germanic or Greek origin.

After the first world war, the Germans under the Weimar Republic started to replace French borrowings in German with "German" words. Until now I am not sure that the Germans have found a word for "restaurant," which is French. On various occasions, purists have tried to purge the English language of foreign words and replace them with Anglo-Saxon equivalents. One slogan adopted by these purists was: "Avoid Latin derivations; use brief, terse Anglo-Saxon monosyllables." The joke is on these nationalists because the only Anglo-Saxon word in the entire slogan is "Anglo-Saxon."

**I** REMEMBER an incident in 1938 or 1939 when Don Jaime C. de Veyra, then director of the Institute of National Language, and I, as secretary and executive officer, went to report to President Quezon the completed grammar of the Institute,

as provided for by law. I was lugging the ponderous volume in de luxe binding with flaming letters "Balarila ng Wikang Pambansa" on the cover. We were ushered into the office of President Quezon. After taking our seats, Don Jaime informed him of the purpose of our call. Gently and tenderly, like a mother handling her new-born infant, I laid down the volume before the president.

Before this call, I had the luck of meeting a former private secretary of the president who, upon learning of our call, gave me hints on how to behave in his presence and what signs to watch. That was the first time I met President Quezon face to face.

After a few moments of electrifying silence, I noticed the tell-tale signs: the bushy brows dancing up and down, the face taut and as red as ripe tomatoes. President Quezon was eying the flaming letters. Then he leafed leisurely through the pages and closed the volume again, his eyes still glued to the flaming letters.

Don Jaime was very quiet. That was quite understandable considering his views on the "Balarila" as expressed in the concluding quatrain of his "Pro-

logo" to it, which reads as follows: *Con estas cosas que digo/ y las que paso en silencio,/ a mis soledades voy,/ demis soledades vengo.* But as for me, my breath stopped; I felt empty in the stomach; the office was comfortably cool, but I was perspiring.

Mumbling "ba...la, ba... la," the president suddenly burst, staccato fashion, in down-to-earth colloquial Tagalog: *Anitong I...neto?*" During the interregnum of suspense, I had been stealing glances at President Quezon. Don Jaime being still very discretely silent, I managed an answer in a voice as coming from beyond the grave "*Gramatika po...*" Another rapid-fire outburst: "*Bakit di pa sinabing gramatika? Hindi maari ito, Jaime! Gumawa ng iba!*" Everybody knows how practical a man President Quezon was!

**L**ANGUAGES, like cultures, are rarely sufficient unto themselves. They must continuously

draw from outside sources from either a neighboring or culturally dominant language, for the expansion of new concepts or the designation of imported thoughts and goods. The careful study of such word-borrowings constitutes an interesting commentary on the history of a country. It indicates the various culture-waves that had left a deposit of loan-words in its language; and the extent to which the country owes its cultural ideas to some other country.

Thus, from the study of the vocabularies of the Korean, Japanese and Annamese languages, one can perceive and evaluate the influence of early Chinese culture; from the Sanskrit and Pali of Thailand, Burma, and Cambodia, one can infer the hold that Hindu Buddhism has had in those countries; and from the preponderance of Greek terms in the Latin language, one can appreciate the relation between Greek and Latin cultures.





When art, music, science, religion, law, or any such product of man's ingenuity and labor passes the border of one speech area, it carries along its own vocabulary from the region of its birth. It takes less time to appropriate terms than to invent new ones for the expression of ideas or objects not native to the speakers.

**P**ERHAPS the reason why the English language has become easily international is its wealth of adaptations from numerous languages of the world to the extent that, according to some linguists, only about 25 per cent is left of Anglo-Saxon in its vocabulary. To cite only a few examples, English has been enriched by such borrowings and adaptations as anthology, metropolis (Greek), ability, ardent (Latin), bureau, restaurant, garage, camouflage (French), hamburger, kindergarten, frankfurter (German), moccasin, toboggan (American Indian), abbot (Syrian), cacao (Mexican), barbecue (Haiti), amuck (Malay), bush (Danish), candy (Sanskrit), camel (Hebrew), betel (Portuguese), bark (Swedish), both (Irish), banjo (Negro), chow, kowtow, tong (Chinese), boss, dope, Yankee (Dutch), bazaar (Persian), billow (Icelandic), alche-

my, algebra, arsenal (Arabic), banana (Guiana) and booby mosquito, calaboose (Spanish). American English even borrowed from the King's English such terms as club, cocktail, match and rugby.

Spanish has been likewise enriched, as *acolito*, *acustico* (Greek), *abierto*, *abogado* (Latin), *abalorio*, *aceite*, *aduana*, *ajedrez* (Arabic), *acre* (English), *adonai* (Hebrew), *aginaldo* (Celtic), *agavanso* (German), *agojia* (French), not to mention those from Central and South American countries; even *arigue* is from Tagalog.

It is common knowledge that the Japanese language borrowed heavily from Chinese, but the nationalistic Japanese did not hesitate to enrich their language by adaptations from other languages. From English have been borrowed *bisuketo* (biscuit), *kakutero* (cocktail), *gurasu* (glass, that is, drinking glass), *kaaten* (curtain), *moga* (modern girl, that is, flapper); from Portuguese, *tabako*, *biroodo* (veludo), *hurasco* (frasco); from Dutch, *koppu* "tumbler" (*kop*), *koohii* "coffee" (*koffie*) and so forth.

What would happen to Tagalog, the basis of our national language, if we were to purify it and replace the numerous adaptations now in current use with "pure" Tagalog? What

will happen, to mention only a few examples, if we eliminate such words as dalamhati, lualhati, tanghali (Malay), alam, paham, salamat, hukom (Arabic), anyaya, bighani, bisa, biyaya, budhi, diwa, likha, mukha, palibhasa, sidhi, sinta, bathala, diwata, sampalataya, maharlika, kudyapi, wika, salita, katha, tula, lathala, asana, kahubha, gansa, usa, mandala, sutla, halaga, mutya, tingga, kuta, pana, sandata (and hundreds more, all Sanskrit), ate, kuya, bihon, mike, miswa, sotanghon, tokwa, toyo, pansit, petsay, luriat, tinghoy, timsin, siyense, lipya, hupaw, suki (and many more, all Chinese)?

How shall we replace the hundreds upon hundreds of Spanish words which we have adapted in the Tagalog language? And the numerous words of American-English origin brought over here by American culture and civilization?

I must admit that until now I have not found replacements

for such picturesque terms as diyobon (English jaw bone) and bulakbol (English black ball) and its telescopic derivative bulakbulero, with the Spanish depreciative suffix. Is there as picturesque and as unambiguous an expression to substitute for the Tagalog threat, in which the dominant elements are Spanish, as: "Oras mo na, todas ka!" Would you waste time thinking of "pure" Tagalog for oras and todas, or, if you believe in discretion as the better part of valor, wouldn't you rather start moving?

The announced policy of the Secretary of Education to adopt in the National Language terms which have acquired universal stamp all over the country to facilitate the intercommunication among Filipinos and help hasten the propagation of the National Language, is a wise and practical policy. Every right-thinking Filipino should give it unstinted support.

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## A SOUND CAR

He had answered an advertisement offering a secondhand car, and was being given a trial run.

"It's sound in every part," commented the would-be seller.

"So I hear," was the reply.

\*

A newly painted sprawling house now stands where they used to live. The place is so altered that the First Family wouldn't recognize it—if they came back.

## *Our Neighbors, The Magsaysays*

By AMELIA L. LAPENA

**I**N POINT of geographical distance, the nearest that we have been to the Magsaysays was before they moved to Malacañang. They used to live on Manga Avenue in Sta. Mesa, a quiet little neighborhood of some fifty roomy cottages with white fences and wide gardens. The people who live there are mostly foreigners—Spaniards, Americans, Germans, Dutch, Chinese; only a few are Filipinos.

Manga Avenue which cuts through the place is a paved road bordered by all acacias with thick over-reaching branches that shade the whole street. In the afternoons, it would be alive

with boys on bicycles, hopscotching girls in crisp pinafores and fair-haired toddling babies ciutching at their amahs' pantaloons.

It was some six months before the election that the Magsaysays moved into the neighborhood. They stayed in a modest white and green cottage. As soon as they came to stay, the place swarmed with people who came in cars or trugged Manga Avenue on their bare feet. These people would sit on the benches in the garden or on the grass, and the garden would always be full. If we took Altura, the back street, we would catch the smell of dung

of carabaos and goats, gifts from thoughtful Zambaleños, no doubt.

We rarely caught a glimpse of "the gracious lady of the house," as people of the neighborhood used to refer to her. Mrs. Magsaysay used to drive by in a modest Chevvie. Even then, shaded by an open fan, it was hardly possible to see her face. But we used to see her children and her husband, a friendly sort of a fellow who smiled at almost everyone.

One early Sunday morning we met him on our way to church. He was riding a jeep which was so full he had to sit on the front seat with four other men, half of his body out. He waved at us and we waved back. We thought the men crowded tight inside the jeep looked like bodyguards. If they were, it was funny that the object of their safe-keeping should be out front and so exposed.

On the eve of the elections, the road before their house was lined with cars. The garden and the front porch were full to overflowing, as trucks bearing soft drinks and beer came in and out of the driveway to unload. A loudspeaker blared the Magsaysay Mambo far into the night. Some young men near our place, who made it their business to make a round of the

all the candidates' houses, went over to the Magsaysays'. For days after, they talked of nothing but the mountains of sandwiches and the rice cooked by the cavan.

Mrs. Magsaysay came down to our precinct the next day in order to cast her ballot. She was wearing a rust-colored dress, with flowers embroidered on the bodice. Ramon, Jr. and some women were with her. She stood under the glare of the sun and smiled for the photographers who hovered around her like bees. Then she looked up shyly at all of us and the little children who lined the street.

A small company of soldiers moved into their backyard when the results started to pour in. They set up tents and flood lamps. For days the rice cake stands along the road leading to our place were filled with soldiers.

THE last time we saw the whole family was after Mr. Ramon Magsaysay delivered his message at the Luneta as President of the Philippine Republic. The whole family was in an open car; the long black presidential car followed behind them, empty. The motorcycle cops were pushed to the sides of the street. President Magsaysay was standing

on the front seat, shaking all hands extended towards him from the people lining the street. He could have been uprooted bodily from where he stood had Ramon, Jr. and another man, seated on the back of the front seat, not held him down by the waist. Mrs. Magsaysay had both of her hands dug into her son's belt and her two daughters held on to her.

They all looked tired and bewildered but happy over the wild upsurge of reception. It was a never-to-be-repeated sight. The sleeves of the President's barong Tagalog were in shreds as he extended his hands to us.

Some men came later to Manga Avenue to get the family's belongings. The street and the garden seemed to have died all of a sudden; empty bottles, paper bags, napkins, pennants, and posters littered the

place, until a man came to sweep them away.

The green and white cottage stood quiet and empty for months. Then one day, truckloads of cement bags and hollow blocks were dumped into the place. First, some men dug a narrow ditch across the backyard and erected a tall wall. After the wall, the wood and iron sheets came and carpenters started pulling the house down.

A newly painted sprawling house stands where the Magsaysays once lived. It is a near house with white walls and mustard yellow window shades and doors and a huge side carport. The place has been so altered that except for the trimmed gumamela hedge and the old driveway out front, even the Magsaysays would miss it if they came around. That is, if they would come around at all.

\* \* \*

## *Too Big A Cast*

The Hollywood film director who had his thoughts taken up with other matters returned to the studio for an interview with a distinguished author. The director sat down and absent-mindedly took up what he thought was a manuscript, but what, in reality, was the local telephone directory. This he studied gravely for some moments before saying:

"Say, this isn't a bad story, but you'll have to cut down the number of characters."

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# RELIGION in Soviet Russia Today

By IVAN BILIBIN

**A**NTI - RELIGIOUS rumblings have been growing louder in the Soviet Union from the beginning of last year. In January there was the report of the reopening of the Museum of the History of Religion and Atheism in the building of Kazan Cathedral in Leningrad, with a special section attached for organizing lectures in the countryside. Articles in the press have been appearing with greater frequency on the prevalence of the celebration of religious rites among the younger generation and, in some cases, contrasting the attractions of a church wedding

with the drabness of a Soviet registry office. The recent publication of an article in the *Pravda* has put the whole subject of religion and anti-religion on a higher level, and it has been followed by a barrage of anti-religious propaganda in the press and on the radio of an intensity unknown since prewar days.

## *The Russian Orthodox Church*

Some revealing facts about the present position of the Russian Orthodox Church were reported by Dr. Heinemann, president of the All - American Synod of the Evangelical Church, who had been visiting Russia lately at the invit-

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**One thing appears  
certain: if you  
scratch a Russian  
hard enough, you'll  
not find an atheist**

---

ation of the Patriarch of Moscow.

He said that religious services in the big towns were so well attended that the churches were not large enough. There were 55 churches functioning in Leningrad for 4,000,000. Religious services were celebrated every day. Eighty percent of all newly born children were baptized at the wish of their parents. The finances of the Church were derived entirely from the contributions of the faithful, and a priest's average income was 50 percent higher than that of a skilled worker. The clergy whom Dr. Heinemann met all professed loyalty to the present regime.

To those who have not been following church events in Russia during and after the war these facts may well come as a shattering revelation. To those who have, they may be summed up in the words: "no change, slow progress continuing."

There are plenty of other indications of this slow progress. Take one at random: last year's report on the state of the theological schools of Leningrad—the Academy, for advanced theological studies, and the Seminary, for the training of ordinands. The total number of pupils in both institutions last year was 396 as compared with 320 the year before, showing an increase of 76. There are, in

all, in the Soviet Union two academies and eight seminaries.

Take another indication: soon after the end of the war the Metropolitan of Leningrad had the chance of recovering one of the famous churches of the former capital but could not afford to do so because of the prohibitive cost of repairs. Last year, on the other hand, the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchy* reported that repairs on one of the most famous of Russia's medieval cathedrals, the Assumption Cathedral in Vladimir, including restoration work on Andrei Rublev's frescoes was being carried out at the expense of the Church.

The reason for this abundance of church funds is simple. Before the war taxes on churches were exorbitant. During the war the taxes were reduced to a bare minimum, but the habit of contributing generously persisted. Postwar collections are taken not in plates or boxes but in large receptacles which look like laundry baskets.

So much for the material side of the picture. On the spiritual side, there is the question which is invariably asked now about any aspect of life in the Soviet Union: has there been any change as a result of Stalin's death? Is there any sign of the easing of tension, of a breath of fresh air? There was a theory

## COMPARATIVE FIGURES

### The Decline of Religion in Prewar Soviet Russia

<u>Total No.</u>	<u>1917</u>	<u>1941</u>
Churches	46,457	4,225
Priests	50,960	5,665
Deacons	15,210	3,100
Bishops	130	28
Monasteries	1,026	38

(Postwar figures are not  
available)

that the Soviet Government's wartime and postwar policy towards religion should be credited personally to Stalin, and that he would have gone further if his hands had not been tied by the Communist diehards. In the light of this, could the present anti-religious course be regarded as a post-Stalin development?

"*Journal of the Moscow Patriarchy*"

IF THE tenor and contents of the Church's official organ is any indication, then a perusal of this year's issues of the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchy* will not support such a pessimistic view. To begin with, the journal appears with far greater regularity than it did in Stalin's time. The 12 allotted issues never failed to appear in any year, but their publication was often held up for months.

The same applied to the *Church Calendar*, which sometimes did not appear till Easter. Now, this has changed and publication is punctual. The difficulties which the Church has

to face in carrying out its missionary work were stated in thinly camouflaged language in the January number:

The material published in the journal has become considerably more interesting and independent, and the political element has been much reduced. The journal contains articles on a wide range of subjects, including the problem of Christian reunion. It is, in fact, a very helpful and comprehen-

sive magazine for a practising Christian.

In an unbeliever who may happen to lay his hands on it, it might well arouse curiosity, especially if he is disappointed with the spiritual fare supplied to him by Soviet ideology, and he may even find some material—an article on the life of a saint or an exposition of the teaching of some father of the Church—which could lead to his conversion. No direct attempt, however, is made to convert him by challenging the spokesmen of the atheist State on their own chosen ground of natural science. This, presumably, would be “religious propaganda,” a right not provided to the faithful by the Soviet Constitution.

The argument of natural science is placed in the foreground of the present campaign against religion. It figured prominently in the last big anti-religious offensive which was launched in 1937 as a result of the fiasco of the census of the population held that year, which was intended to be a nationwide manifestation of atheism and turned out, in fact, to be a profession of faith by a far larger section of the population than the Soviet Government had expected.

At that time, however, which was the time of the great purges, there was a much more formi-

dable weapon than that of natural science: the charge of counter-revolutionary activity. “Spies in cassocks” was the heading of one of the anti-religious articles that appeared in the Moscow press, a heading which reflected the mood which then prevailed. The anti-religious campaign was accompanied by another wave of persecution and large-scale arrests of clergy.

### *Fencing with Phantoms*

IN THE present anti-religious campaign the part of the “spies in cassocks” is played by “the wicked machinations of the Vatican.” But the Vatican is far away, and the Soviet anti-religious propagandist is, in fact, fencing with phantoms. This anti-Vatican campaign might, of course, adversely affect the small Roman Catholic minority in the Soviet Union, despite the publicity given to the freedom of worship which they are said to enjoy in Moscow’s foreign language broadcasts, mostly to Catholic countries like Italy.

As far as the Orthodox Church is concerned, however, the contrast between now and prewar days is very marked. As a result of the Church’s war effort the counter-revolutionary charge has been withdrawn and there is no indication of its be-

ing renewed. In the light of this one may well understand why the Russian Orthodox Church has taken great care not to become associated with any foreign religious movement in any way connected with politics.

The removal of the counter-revolutionary charge leaves the Soviet militant atheist with two weapons: the argument that religion is a "remnant of the capitalist past," that it can have no soil to thrive on in Soviet conditions, and the argument that it is opposed to science. The first argument begs the question why religion has survived in Soviet conditions for more than 35 years, especially as the pretense that it prevails mainly among the older generation has been tacitly dropped.

This leaves the last remaining weapon, that of natural science. The samples of scientific argument against religion which are now published and broadcast are so unbelievably naive that one can well understand why the Church is not seriously worried. The whole argument boils down to a refutation, based on nineteenth-century data, of views on the origin of the world held by churchmen in the Middle Ages; that the earth is the center of the universe, that hell is situated in its bowels. The emergence of new stars is used as an argument against the divine crea-

tion of the universe. No attempt whatever is made at a philosophical justification of the materialist outlook; this is just taken for granted.

In spite of anti-religious material which is being put out at present there is plenty of criticism of an attitude of "appeasement" towards religion, coupled with warnings not to offend the religious sentiments of believers; and plenty of appeals for an improvement in the contents of scientific atheist propaganda without any indication of the lines on which this improvement should be carried out.

**T**HERE ARE a few points in the present campaign which may be regarded as new. There is, for instance, a clearer implied admission of the progress of the Church. The familiar claim that "the great majority of the Soviet people have freed themselves from religious superstitions" was presented in a more guarded fashion in the *Young Communist* periodical last April: "Tens of millions of workers in the U.S.S.R. believe neither in gods nor in religious fairy-tales." Religious youth is no longer composed of odd individuals but is a "backward section" of the younger generation.

Another new feature is the increased attention paid to the important part played by the celebration of religious rites, a

function in which the Church is well within the strictest interpretation of the Soviet Constitution. In the *Young Communist* article referred to above, the attempt is made to prove that all Christian rites are heathen in origin, and the claim made that religious feasts are usually accompanied by drunkenness. One may well imagine that the drafters of the Soviet Constitution imagined that they held the trump card by reserving for themselves the right to conduct anti-religious propaganda and allowing the Church only the freedom to celebrate religious rites.

The influence of the Orthodox Church manifests itself in page after page of Russian literature. It can be found in books published in Moscow today. In a collection of essays by the nineteenth-century educationist Ushinsky, whose works have been set up as a model by no less an authority than the late President Kalinin, the Soviet reader can find a passage in which Ushinsky expresses a

*"We do not believe in God..."*

**I**S THERE such a thing as Communist ethics? Is there such a thing as Communist morality? Of course there is. Often it is made to appear that we have no ethics of our own, and very often the bourgeoisie accuse us Communists of repudiating all ethics. This is a method of shuffling concepts, of throwing dust in the eyes of the workers and peasants.

In what sense do we repudiate ethics and morality?

In the sense that they were preached by the bourgeoisie who declared that ethics were God's commandments. We, of course, say that we do not believe in God, and that we know perfectly well that the clergy, the landlords, and the bourgeoisie spoke in the name of God in order to pursue their own exploiters' interests. Or instead of deducing these ethics from the commandments of God, they deduced them from idealistic or semi-idealistic phrases, which were very similar to God's commandments.

We repudiate all such morality . . .  
—Lenin, from *Collected Works*

wish that "no Russian child should ever be deprived of the holy, joyful, and educative influence of the Orthodox Church."

*Lomonosov and the Book of Psalms*

**T**HE BEST example, however, of the dangers which Soviet atheists have to face when they seek allies in the Russian past is provided by

their treatment of that genius of the eighteenth century, Lomonosov — poet, philosopher and scientist—who was closely associated with the foundation of Moscow University in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth and whose name this university now bears.

In the preface to a selection of Lomonosov's philosophical works published in Moscow in 1950 it is stated:

The Creator has given mankind two books. In the one He has manifested His majesty, in the other His will. The first book is the visible world He has created, in order that man, looking upon the immensity, the beauty, and the harmony of His creations, should acknowledge the omnipotence of God according to the measure of perception which has been granted to him. The second book is the Holy Scripture. In this book the

Creator's good will towards our salvation is manifested . . . The mathematician is ill advised if he seeks to measure the will of God with a pair of compasses. So, too, is a doctor of divinity if he thinks that one can learn astronomy or chemistry by the Book of Psalms.

There has been some speculation in the countries of Western Europe as to what would happen if you scratch a Russian. One thing appears certain: if you scratch a Russian hard enough, you will not find an atheist. Emelyan Yaroslavsky, the high priest of the Militant Godless movement in its heyday, realized this only too well when he remarked shortly before the war: "It is impossible to build up communism in a society half of which believes in God and the other half is afraid of the devil."

—from *The Listener*.

\* \* \*

## *Its Rewards Are Distant*

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the influence of example.

—Samuel Johnson

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A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

—Francis Bacon

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## Are You Afraid of Old Age?

“...for childhood and youth are vanity.”

**T**RULY THE light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun: but if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have not pleasure in them: while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

—from the *Ecclesiastes*



# One Boy, One Bike: and Sweden

*Ted's adventures included shaking  
the hand of the King*

A TRIP TO Sweden, land of his birth, would cost \$850. Besides, Ted Berg was only fifteen, and most of his traveling had been by bike, on his early-morning paper route. Yet this boy from America's west coast decided that the dream which had accompanied him day and night since the sixth grade should be given a chance to come true.

During the summer's bean harvest, he had earned one-eighth of what he needed. Besides, he had mowed the lawn of the local radio station. But he had no real hope until he was hired as a regular paper boy, at \$40 a month.

Meanwhile, his parents tested him, to be sure that he would be self-reliant enough to be trusted on his trip alone.

Ted had to make arrangements for his own reservation and passport. During a test trip with his brother, he was mistaken for a runaway and picked up by the police. That was only one of many difficulties. The most serious was the steamship line's last-minute refusal to let him travel without a guardian. However, when they finally understood his story, they relented.

Ted Berg's three months in Sweden were even more than he had dreamed. Children laughed at him at first, in a friendly way, because he wore a maroon corduroy coat, a color reserved for girls in Sweden. Even people who could not speak English were kind to him, calling taxis for him when it rained and making their famous

coffee in his honor. (They could hardly believe that he had never drunk coffee before in his life.)

After he had bought a new bicycle in Goteborg, Ted traveled from youth hostel to hostel, those little inns stationed in many countries for the convenience of just such tourists. Usually, in Sweden, the inn was a farmhouse where beds could be rented from friendly old people. The price of a night's lodging was 1.50 kronor, or 60 centavos. His cheapest meal was 44 centavos. The friendship encountered, of course, was priceless. One man even gave his belt to Ted to help him hold tight his bicycle pack!

For the midsummer national dances, people in their traditionally bright-colored costumes rowed their long boats to the scene of the festival. However, it had been too well advertised. Ted felt lost in a crowd of 40,000 tourists around the maypole. He much preferred the small celebration held up in the hills, in a shepherd's cabin. Here was the Old Sweden his parents had promised, with its copper pots, snowshoes, old rifles, the long wooden horns used to call cattle, and the hut on stilts for storing cured meat away from the wolves.

Ted was fortunate enough to be invited to watch King Gustav VI dedicate a monument in Rottneros. In fact, as one of eight photographers allowed to meet the king on his arrival, he managed to get a close-up of the king from only six feet away. The Swedish he had practiced now proved useful. He addressed King Gustav who shook his hand—and began to speak with him in a wonderful British accent!

LATER he met Nisse Karlsson, 1948 Olympic skier. Then, traveling south, he saw his father's country—the castles of Trolleholm, the Gota Canal, the modest home and rolling woodlands of Greta Garbo's farm.

His godmother's house was one of the neat red ones fenced with rock, in the farm hill-country overlooking the *viken* (stream) that emptied into the Baltic sea. The little red *stuga* where he had been born looked older and more deserted than ever. The pole which had been propped in the living room to hold up the sagging roof had sunk through the floor. But, as promised, the circular tile fireplace and the built-in wood cooking stove were still there, if unused. So too was the "snorebox," the pull-out wooden bed.

Originally, Ted's baggage had weighed twenty-one pounds only. When he finally started home, however, his pack was jammed with souvenirs for his family. There was a tablecloth for his mother, a costume for his sister, a sword for his cousin, woodcarvings, a cuckoo clock, and a sackful of wooden shoes. His new friends had giv-

en him, also, Swedish phonograph records and a bust of the young crown prince. And, of course, the bike that had served him so well. Ted Berg's heart was jammed even tighter with its newest possessions: the memories of the place where he had been born and where now he had been allowed, in one summer, to grow up, "on his own."

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## *Two Ways of Saying It*

*Hamlet's Soliloquy as Written in Jargon:*

TO BE, or on the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavor of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions on the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from, that of death; and with the addition of finality the former might be considered identical with the latter: so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences; not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature.

(By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch)

*As Shakespeare wrote it:*

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished.

Most confidence tricksters have only one "unfailing" method which they work to death—on numberless victims

## The Fine Art of Swindling

A SEEDY-LOOKING man in his forties entered a government office in Manila recently and talked to the clerks who were enjoying their noon break. He had a story to tell. He came to the city three days before in search of a job. Finding none, he wanted to return home to the province, but couldn't because he had no fare money. To make matters worse, his wife was sick when he left. He had four children, all minors.

The clerks, naturally, could not help him. They were hard-pinchd themselves. Why not try the welfare agencies? Or Malacañang maybe? A lot of indigents have been helped that way.

He had tried one or two welfare agencies, according to him. It would take time, even just to fill out forms. And Malacañang was "too much" for him. He had to go home quickly. But, fortunately, he had bought four units of sweepstakes tickets

the day he arrived. Would the clerks buy them? He fished out of his pocket ₱4 worth of crumpled tickets for the next sweeps draw.

This was charity the easy way, the office staff thought. They chipped in to buy the tickets. And the man left after thanking them profusely.

There was nothing crooked about the deal. Nothing, except that the seedy-looking man was a ticket vendor. He did not have a sick wife, and his children, if any, were not minors. He lived right in Manila, where he had sold hundreds of tickets the past several years with his unique salesmanship.

It was a form of swindling, no doubt. But can the police arrest a man for "selling" tickets? No one ever reported him to the authorities. You wouldn't bother, yourself, would you?

This unusual technique of selling is only one—and probably the mildest—of several types of swindles perpetrated

daily in the city. If your business takes you out of your home, chances are you will be a victim of one of these swindle artists sometime.

**A** MORE common but often successful trick is the fake ring deal. Its victims are either *provincianos* or the uninitiated in the city. Like most rackets, it preys on the instinctive greed of otherwise honest people, who would grab the first opportunity to make a quick profit.

The operation is simple enough. A casually dressed man approaches a likely victim on the sidewalk and mutters, "How lucky that boy is!" Invariably the prospective victim asks who and why. Or, if he is indifferent, the trickster hastily adds: "He just found a huge diamond ring. A well-dressed lady who alighted from a car must have dropped it."

Seized by curiosity, the bystander is easily led on by the swindler, who "obliges" by bringing forth the lucky "finder." A nervous-looking waif of seven or eight now stands before the bystander. The following conversation ensues:

Trickster: Where is the ring? You had better sell it to this man before the owner comes back and reports to the police.

Boy: No, sir. I am going to

give to my mother. (Here he flashes an expensive-looking diamond ring in a black velvet case. It is tagged ₱1250.)

Trickster: Your mother might think you stole it, and whip you. Sell it to this man...

Showing keen interest, the bystander who of course carries a much smaller sum than that, protests that he can't afford it. But the go-between, pretending to talk above the boy's head, suggests that the latter might part with it for much less. "He has no idea of its real worth, you know." He also suggests that he would buy the ring himself had he the cash. In fact, he had offered to go get the cash, but the boy wouldn't wait.

The noose is now tightening around the poor sucker's neck. Looking over the ring closely to make sure it is genuine, he decides it is worth taking a chance on. Actually, he couldn't tell between what is phony or not, but he doesn't want to give the impression that he is naive.

The usual ending of the story is a sad one for the bystander, who parts not only with all his hard-earned cash, but his wrist watch and other valuables besides. In return he gets paste jewelry worth ₱5. A few are not even that lucky. When one victim excitedly opened the box at home, he found only a pebble.

These are facts in police blot-

ters. Yet most victims of this racket, which naturally has many ingenious variations, do not report to the police. They are afraid of publicity.

**M**OST confidence tricksters have but one "unfailing" method which they work to death over a period of years. But they hatch their operations with the greatest care, with not a detail overlooked. These schemers resent being identified with the common thief or robber; they are "artists" in their own right, who are jealous of their skill. They have a professional reputation to uphold.

Only recently a Chinese merchant was the victim of a slick band of operators. A man walked into a store and asked for the *kabisi*, or manager. In low tones, he explained that he had a case of Stateside cigarets for sale at a very cheap price. He said that he was willing to deliver the goods that night and come back in the morning for the payment. In the meantime, the Chinese could check on the genuineness of the cigarets. The deal was closed.

As arranged, the man delivered the stuff at the appointed time. Finding the goods in order, the merchant paid in full the following morning.

In a week's time the man was back. This time he had

two cases of cigarets. The same terms, except that he needed part payment that night. The Chinese agreed. The usual delivery was made, the cigarets hastily checked, and the payment made.

The seller had gone only a few moments when two plainclothesmen swooped down on the store. Identifying themselves properly, they placed the quaking *kabisi* under arrest. The evidence was there. It would mean confiscation of the goods, a fine, or perhaps even a jail term for the Chinese. Afterwards, deportation maybe—who knows?

All told, the Chinese merchant coughed up with ₱3000. Had he bothered to check the cases thoroughly, he would have discovered sawdust in more than half of the cartoons of "cigaret."

A racket like this is almost foolproof. Alien business men would avoid a brush with the law at any cost, especially when their hands are unclean.

One grim racket which flourished before the war was the buying of unclaimed corpses. The trickster would "redeem" a body at the morgue and give it a very cheap burial. The payoff was this: during the three or four nights' wake, gambling was held openly under the nose of the police, who would not disturb people in such "solemn"

ceremonies. Usually the operator netted a tidy sum in *tong* after all expenses were deducted.

**S**WINDLING will flourish as long as people will be people. As the great Barnum once put it, a sucker is born every minute. The surprising thing about it is that even so-called educated people fall victim to tricksters. Police records all over the world are filled with stories of gullible tourists who have bought enough of Venus de Milo's "missing arms" to make her an octopus, or "antiques" turned out by the hundreds in some dim-lit shop.

But it is in times of "boom" that slick operators have a field day. During the local mining boom in the late thirties, hundreds of thousands of stocks and

shares were traded in favor of "gold mines" that did not exist. All an enterprising swindler needed was to stake some barren mountain, incorporate and sell worthless stocks. Some were caught, but those who got away literally made millions.

Of recent memory is the man who reputedly made the fabulous sum of ₱7 million in various swindles before the law caught up with him. By his own admission, he had posed as everything from sanitary inspector to banker—and mulcted all classes of people in the process. When he was finally slapped in jail on a fantastically long term, he got out through the influence of a certain politician. Even at that, it is said the intermediary did not get all the money promised him. He was swindled.

## ATTENTION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The PANORAMA will give a prize of ₱10 for the best and ₱5 for the next best essay on any problem of national or international significance. The best essay will be published in this magazine.

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

# Panorama Quiz

One mark of an educated man is the possession of a reasonable fund of general information. The highly specialized individual who knows nothing outside his own line may be dubbed an "expert," but will certainly be boring company. Try yourself on the following questions, then turn to page 77 for the correct answers. A score of seven is good.

1. A famed impressionist painter who died recently was: **A. Cezanne; B. Matisse; C. Lebrun; D. Degas.**

2. *N'est-ce pas* is, of course, French meaning: **A. a false step; B. isn't it so? C. never; D. not necessarily.**

3. The King James version of the Bible was named after James I of England, just as the Douai version was named after: **A. a 16th century theologian; B. a Dutch printer; C. a Latin translator; D. a city in France.**

4. If you saw a car in Manila with the initial plate number 24, you would know that it is registered in: **A. Nueva Ecija; B. Laguna; C. Catanduanes; D. Dipolog.**

5. A mouse is what many a housewife would gladly do without, but a mousse is: **A. a delicious, puffy pastry; B. a trap; C. a deer; D. an elaborate dress decoration.**

6. If a botanist at dinner asked you to pass the *Musa sapientum*, you should pass him: **A. the salt; B. sliced tomatoes; C. banana; D. rice.**

7. A top communist rebel recently killed by government troops was: **A. Capadocia; B. Taruc; C. Castillo; D. Balgos.**

8. Under Philippine laws the milkfish or *bangus* is considered: **A. an agricultural product; B. an imported product; C. a forestry product; D. a manufactured product.**

9. Of course it can't happen, but if you had 1,000,000,000,000,000 dollars, you would have: **A. a trillion; B. a quadrillion; C. a quintillion; D. a sextillion.**

10. A strong proof that Filipinos are lovers of freedom lies in the historical fact that during the Spanish regime revolts totalled: **A. about 1,000; B. 8; C. 30; D. more than 100.**



# How to Fall Out of Love

An English poet of  
the 17th century ad-  
vises his friend  
against marriage

Jack,—

Though your disease be in  
the number of those that are  
better cured with time than pre-  
cept, yet since it is lawful for  
every man to practise upon  
them that are forsaken and giv-  
en over, which I take to be  
your state, I will adventure to  
prescribe to you; and of the in-  
nocence of the physic you shall  
not need to doubt, since I can  
assure you I take it daily my-  
self.

To begin methodically, I  
should enjoin you to travel; for  
absence doth in a kind remove  
the cause, removing the object,  
and answers the physician's

first recipes, vomiting and purg-  
ing; but this would be too harsh,  
and indeed not agreeing to my  
way. I therefore advise you to  
see her as often as you can, for,  
besides that the rarity of visits  
endears them, this may bring  
you to surprise her and to dis-  
cover little defects which,  
though they cure not absolutely  
yet they qualify the fury of the  
fever. As near as you can, let  
it be unseasonably, when she is  
in sickness and disorder; for  
that will let you know she is  
mortal, and a woman, and the  
last would be enough to a wise  
man. If you could draw her to  
discourse of things she under-  
stands not, it would not be  
amiss.

Contrive yourself often into  
the company of the cried-up  
beauties; for if you read but one  
book, it will be no wonder if you  
speak or write that style; varie-  
ty will breed distraction, and  
that will be a kind of diverting  
the humor.

I would not have you deny  
yourself the little things, for  
these agues are easier cured  
with surfeits than abstinence,  
rather, if you can, taste all; for  
that, as an old author saith, will  
let you see

That the thing for which we woo  
Is not worth so much ado.

But since that here would be  
impossible, you must be content  
to take it where you can get

it. And this for your comfort I must tell you, Jack, that mistress and woman differ no otherwise than Frontinac and ordinary grapes; which, though a man loves never so well, yet if he surfeit of the last, he will care but little for the first.

I would have you leave that foolish humor, Jack, of saying you are not in love with her and pretending you care not for her; for smothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humors are best and safest vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your rival still; that will secure you from one way of loving, which is in spite; and preserve your friendship with her woman; for who knows but she may help you to the remedy?

A jolly glass and right company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way, it is but Apocrypha) woman is resolved stronger than wine, yet whether it will be so or not when wit is joined to it, may prove a fresh question.

Marrying, as our friend the late ambassador hath wittily observed, would certainly cure it;

but that is a kind of live pigeons laid to the soles of the feet, a last remedy, and, to say truth, worse than the disease.

But, Jack, I remember I promised you a letter, not a treaty; I now expect you should be just, and as I have showed you how to get out of love, so you according to our bargain, should teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistress Howard; but for that I must tell you beforehand that it is in love as in antipathy; the capers which will make my Lord of Dorset go from the table, another man will eat up. And, Jack, if you would make a visit to Bedlam, you shall find that there are rarely two there mad for the same thing.

Your humble servant,  
JOHN SUCKLING \*

\* One of the famous English Cavalier poets, Sir John Suckling (1609-1642) is noted for his devil-may-care attitude as well as for his light verses. He was very wealthy in real life, and threw away a big fortune at cards. Once he gave his King one hundred horsemen that cost him 12,000 pounds. His most famous line perhaps is "Why, so pale and wan, fond lover?"

\* \* \*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.—*Duc de la Rochefoucauld.*



## The Father

By GODOFREDO M. ROPEROS

**I**T was very dark when he came into the house. Only the small room was lighted by a kerosene lamp on a squat table beside the bed. She was lying in the bamboo bed, propped up by a pile of pillows. She was very pale. Her eyes were closed. She did not seem to notice his presence in the room.

He stood beside the bed, looking intently down at her. His arms dangled awkwardly by his sides as if

they were misplaced outriggers of a boat. He shook his head and closed-opened his eyes as if to drive away the stupor that seemed to clot his mind. He had been drinking since early morning that day.

He shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. He did not know what to do. She started to writhe. Her hands slid down to the edge of the bed and held on fast as she moaned and twisted. He knelt beside the bed and tried futilely to do something. He was afraid even to touch her. There was nothing he could do. He sat down beside the bed and waited for Oray Dolang to arrive.

Darkness had veiled the house like a black cape drawn over a mourning face. Far out into the night, he could hear the waves grumble as the wind drove them against the reefs at Kabitoonan Point. Their sounds were like the voices of drunken men rising and falling in frenzy.

He lay his head on the edge of the bed, his face turned away from her, so that the smell of liquor in his breath would not disturb her. He wanted her to smile as she did yesterday when he told her that he had decided to go to the sea and work with Carpo and Doy Jesus in Iya Solang's fish corral. But last night he had come home drunk again. He wondered why he resented her when he was drunk. He had slapped her and pushed her into the narra bench by the window. And she was heavy with child!

Her face broke into an ugly frown again. She gripped the edge of the bed with her shaky hands. She twisted like a snake moving through a deep field of lush talahib. He rose and sat on the bed. He reached for her shoulders and held them firmly. Sweat raced down his face and glinted under the light of the kerosene lamp.

"Oh Dino, help me," she mumbled inaudibly. Her eyes were closed tightly.

"Are you all right, Senen?" he asked softly.

She opened her eyes. "Oh God," she said, and began to cry.

He reached for the white towel at the foot of the bed and wiped her face. Dragging wooden sandals crossed the yard to the stairs of the house. They hit the

steps with hurried thuds. Dino came out of the room. Oray Dolang was coming up the house through the pantaw, taking off the panyo around her. Oray Dolang was his only relative nearby. Another woman followed her. She had a black leather bag.

"How is she, Dino?" Oray Dolang asked. "I left as soon as the boy you sent arrived. I brought Mrs. Pontiras with me," she went on without waiting for his reply. "How is she, Dino?"

"She is suffering much," he answered, looking at Mrs. Pontiras. He had heard of her. She was the town's midwife.

The two women followed Dino into the room. Mrs. Pontiras placed her black bag on the chair at the foot of the bed. Senen was squirming with pain. Dino fidgeted with his stringy fingers.

"Is it worsening, Senen?" Mrs. Pontiras asked.

Senen looked at the midwife. She nodded.

Mrs. Pontiras held Senen's hand and felt her pulse, then her head. She pressed and patted Senen's enlarged belly. The midwife glanced at Oray Dolang who was staring expectantly at her. Oray Dolang turned to Dino.

"It is her time, all right," she said.

"Boil some water, Dino," Mrs. Pontiras said.

"...and porridge on the other stove, too." Oray Dolang added.

Dino rushed to the kitchen without saying a word. His hands and feet were very cold.

He started to kindle a fire in the two stoves. He watched the fire grow and eat up the bamboo splits and dry coconut leaves. The flames lapped at the small drops of water on the sides of the two spots. They looked like thirsty tongues licking the wine that had spilled down the sides of the mouth. He felt thirsty. His throat was dry.

The fire was ablaze now, leaping and pirouetting like drunks dancing in glee over at Iya Sarya's tuba stand in Kabitoonan. He peered out through the window in the direction of the sea where the waves lashed relentlessly at the Kabitoonan reefs. It was very dark. He was afraid to leave the house.

**9** YA Sarya's was where the fishermen and the fish vendors met every day. It was also where he would wait for Carpio and Doy Jesus to arrive from the sea and ask for a free sumsuman to go with Iya Sarya's wine. Every day he was there, and almost every day, too, he came home to Senen drunk.

Senen cried again. Her voice lanced into his ears like a spear thrust at a cornered cuttlefish in the sea. Her voice rose above the crackling sound of the fire in the stove. He stood up and took a coconut shellful of water. The coolness of the water trickled down his parched throat and overwhelmed his belly. He remembered that he had not eaten since noon.

He had gone to Kabitoonan very early that morning without eating his breakfast. He was aware of what he did to Senen the night before. She was not yet awake when he left. He disliked her when he was drunk.

The fishermen had already arrived with their morning catch. Doy Jesus with Alex, Carpo and Carding broiled half a dozen tulingans. Dino looked at the fish being soaked in a bowl of pepper-filled vinegar. He sat down with them. Before noon the fishermen would be going back to the corral again.

"Are you coming with us, Dino?" Carpo asked.

Dino shook his head. He had said he would go with them. Senen had been prodding him to go with them, perhaps to stop his idleness, at every opportunity she found, but although he had promised to go, he kept putting it off. He had really no sincere intentions of going to the sea. He liked to eat the products of the sea, but he could never bring himself to get them himself. He disliked the sea, the putrid smell of uncooked fish, the tang of the sea sipping into his mouth as he swam. Yesterday he decided to go with them, but he changed his mind. The fishermen left without him. He was too drunk to go anywhere.

He went to sleep on a wooden bench behind Iya Sarya's store. When he woke up, it was already dusk, and he was sober although his head was giddy and light as if he had been swimming all day. He thought of Senen. She had cried the night before. She had thrust

her grown belly in front of him, daring him to kill her so as she would not have to suffer anymore. He had laughed. A loud laughter that echoed through the night like thunder. He thought it very funny. Senen looked like like a bloated butete stranded on the sand dunes.

**D**INO blew at the fire on the hearth. His head seemed to crack into two. He threw more dried coconut leaves into the flame. He spat through the slits in the bamboo floor.

It was almost seven o'clock when he reached the house that evening. It was lighted only on one side. He wondered what Senen was doing in the room. He stood for a long time in the yard, staring at the house. He tried to clear his confused thoughts. The air was quiet. He went up, opened the door slowly and tiptoed into the room. The kitchen was dark and the hearth cold. In the room, Senen was lying in the bamboo bed, sweating profusely with the woolen blanket drawn up to her neck. He had ran out of the house and sent the son of a neighbor to fetch Oray Dolang. He wondered now whether his quarrel with her the previous night had anything to do with her travail. He started to fidget with his stringy fingers. He looked at the narra bench by the windows. Its smooth surface glowered under the light of the fire from the kitchen.

"Is the water boiling already, Dino?" Oray Dolang called from the room.

Senen moaned. Mrs. Pontiras comforted her. She told her that it was always the case with first-borns.

"Almost, Oray," he answered back.

"Well, then, hurry it up—give it more fire," she said. She had stuck her head out of the door. Dino saw her head with the greying hair. It looked like an empty sea-shell with streaks of black and tuba-red across the back.

He placed more bamboo splits into the fire. The flames rose instantly again, wiggling lithely as in a wild dance. Outside, the night was penetratingly silent and lonesome. He settled down in front of the hearth and stared at the fire. He could feel the heaving of the bamboo room as the two women walked back and forth inside it. Their voices were like the waves at low tide.

The night sipped in through the nipa walls of the kitchen. He looked at the darkness hovering above the fire where the flames could not reach it. He felt suddenly lonesome. He was suddenly weak as if he was lost in a boat in the middle of the sea. He fumbled in his pocket for a handkerchief. He blew his nose. He folded and twisted the piece of cloth between his fingers. For reasons he could not understand, he was terribly afraid.

"Put it there in the corner to cool off," Oray Dolang told Dino when he came into the room with the basin of hot water.

"How is your porridge, Lino?" Mrs. Pontiras asked.

He did not reply. Senen was drenched with sweat and crying. She was writhing and groaning. He stepped backwards to the door. He felt clumsy and useless with his hands dangling by his sides like misplaced outriggers of a boat. He returned to the kitchen.

He opened the kitchen door that led into the backyard. The porridge was making sounds like tiny explosions of salt grains thrown into the fire. He had never cooked porridge before. He had never prepared food for Senen. He wondered whether Senen would like it.

**H**E rested his elbows on his knees and held his head between his hands. He thought of Senen. They were married almost a year ago. Her father and mother had objected bitterly to the marriage, but Senen stood by him firmly. He was only seventeen when they got married. Senen was three years older than he was. That was a year ago. He could not understand why she married him. People say that he was too young to marry, and that the wife must be younger than the husband. It did not matter to him. He felt that he could not go on without Senen. His father told him that that was what every young man thought of the girl they believed they were in love with. His mother had died when he was still very young. It was his father who had been telling him things a young man like him should know. But he was stubborn. He did not listen to reason. He felt big and strong and powerful. They got married. But since then they have never stopped  
(See page 88)





Photo by Derrick Knight  
Shell Photographic Unit, London

**IN QUIAPO IT'S RAINING VEILS.** Just outside the walls of Quiapo Church, where every day is church-going day, umbrellas are spread out not to catch rain, but customers. This unique way of displaying veils certainly attracts buyers and allows them to inspect the goods easily.

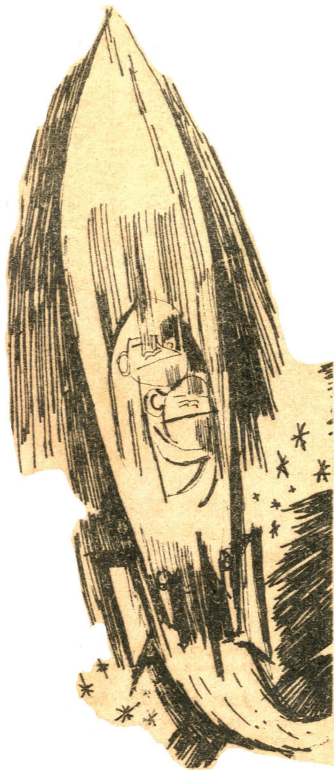
## THE PERILS OF SPACE TRAVEL

**T**HE HOLDERS of the world's record for the highest ascent (190,080 feet) are two rhesus monkeys named Pat and Mike. These two primates have traveled to the edge of the space frontier and returned to exhibit the effects.

Once safely back on earth, Pat and Mike hungrily devoured their ration of bananas and looked warily around for trees to climb, much to the satisfaction of the space medicine men.

Scientists, until then, were uncertain of the effects of altitude, gravity, and speed on the mental and physical processes of living creatures. Some airmen recount that they felt profound loneliness which almost borders on misanthropy at enormous heights. The feeling of having been cut off from the scramble and quarrels of tellurians creates in a flyer the intensest feeling of individual freedom. When Pat and Mike descended with no definite anti-social tendencies, the scientists were naturally relieved.

Although the effect of space travel on the mind of a man is still partly conjecture, the scientists have been able to determine its effect on the human machine.



Major Arthur Murray, who has ascended to 90,000 ft. at 2-1/2 times the speed of sound, and aviation physicians have recorded in detail the changes in physical processes at varying heights.

Space physiologist Hugertus Strughold has commented that one great deterrent to space travel is the limitations of the human body. With Major General Harry George Armstrong, surgeon general of the U.S. Airforce, Captain Ashton Graybiel, a heart specialist, and scores of researchers who eagerly subject themselves to the hazards of low pressure chambers, high-speed centrifuges and rocket-powered sleds, Strughold is studying ways to hold together the human frame for extended space voyage.

**F**ROM sea level up to 8,000 feet, the human body can stand with reasonable comfort the stresses of gravity and speed. At 10,000 to 18,000 feet, the range of vision narrows and extra oxygen is needed. Up to 15,000 feet, most flyers remain conscious without extra oxygen but their physical and mental coordination is greatly reduced. After 15 minutes at 18,000 feet without oxygen, nearly all black out. But before a pilot loses his senses, he begins to have delusions. An example of this was

of a pilot during the second World War who thought he was taking wonderful pictures of Japanese fortifications and deployments. Instead, he had urinated into the camera.

From 18,000 to 30,000 feet, the pilot must have oxygen or lose consciousness in as little as 1-1/2 minutes. At 30,000 to 43,000 feet, a flyer must wear an oxygen mask and he breathes under pressure. This contraption forces the oxygen down his throat and he makes an effort to exhale. A difficult problem in communication arises since the flyer in this condition can utter only words and sometimes only syllables. Then, his blood, when the pressure is released, begins to bubble giving him intense pain. Also, a man cannot whistle and he is likely to suffer from formication — the feeling that ants are crawling all over his body.

At 43,000 feet, breathing under pressure becomes difficult because of the strain on the chest. Up to 50,000 feet an experienced pilot might remain conscious. Without oxygen he would pass out in fifteen seconds. At 50,000 feet, the heart could not longer withstand, even for a minute the strain of an internally pressurized chest. So, the whole body must be kept under pressure either in a suit or a cabin.

One danger at this altitude is the limited range of vision ending in "pseudo-myopia." If his plane is traveling at supersonic speeds he is likely to suffer from "distance scotoma" or failure of a visual object to register instantaneously on the retina of the eyes. The quality of light at this height is also changed because there are not enough dust particles to diffuse it. Even with sunlight all around, the pilot cannot see objects in shadow.

Exactly 63,000 feet is known as the Armstrong line, named after General Armstrong who predicted it in theory and later proved it with animals. At this altitude, without protection, the blood boils, because the air pressure equals the vapor pressure of water at body temperature.

At 80,000 feet, oxygen becomes poisonous because ionizing rays turns some of it into ozone. Ozone eats not only metal and rubber but also human lungs. At this altitude only a sealed and pressurized cabin with its own supply of air and its own climate can sustain life.

Dangerous cosmic rays appear at 120,000 feet. One ray can bore through a man killing a column of tissue of 1,500 to 3,000 cells. If the rays strike the cells of a vital organ, the pilot is done for. Even at this height there is enough air to

create friction, which at supersonic speed, can raise cockpit temperature to 400 degrees to 500 degrees F. To offset the heat, air-conditioning for the ship and heavy heat-resistant gear for the pilot are necessities.

Aside from the dangers caused by atmospheric pressure there are also perils of gravity. A human body subjected to acceleration (used by scientists to mean slowdowns, speedings and changes in direction of motion), feels the stress of gravity or "G" forces. A sudden braking or a jerky starting of a bus that pulls or pushes an unsupported passenger is a common example.

In an airplane, the crew is subjected to acute acceleration in any speed thrust or change of direction. At supersonic speed even gentle turns can force the blood and internal organs of the flyer toward the outside curve of the turn. If the turn is sharp or fast enough to develop a force of two Gs or double the normal force of gravity, the blood is drained from the brain and the heart and the flyer loses consciousness.

A G is a force equal to that of gravity, which makes a free-falling object hurtle down at a speed of 32 feet per second of every second of fall. The human body can withstand two to fifteen Gs depending upon the position and pro-

tection given. Injury is slightest if the shock is taken through the body's smallest dimensions as from the navel to the small of the back. Damage is greater if the impact is taken so that blood rushes from head to foot (positive Gs) and worst of all from feet to head (negative Gs). The experiments of Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Stapp on a rocket sled shows that the human body can stand stresses up to 45 Gs if it is properly protected.

General Armstrong subjected himself to 14 positive Gs and 4-1/2 negative Gs and stayed on to write the results. "The skin is markedly red and congested . . . There are small haemorrhages beneath the skin. The skull seems as if about to burst. The eyes feel as though burned from their sockets, and there is a dry, gritty feeling to the eyelids . . . General reactions are similar to those of one who has suffered a concussion of the brain, and there may be neuromuscular incoordination, and the gait is slightly staggering. . . Mental confusion may persist for several hours."

Dr. Graybiel adds that the sense of balance and posture is also lost and the sense of relation to gravity forces, which is controlled by the tiny otolith organ in the head, is disturbed to such a degree that the pilot might see the leaning Tower of

Pisa straighten up and then lean over backward—resulting not only in faulty coordination but fatal errors in judgment.

But if gravity forces are dangerous, Dr. Graybiel adds that lack of them is equally perilous: "I don't see," he said, "how our heart- and-artery system can function in a weightless environment." He imagines a possible solution: the pilot should create his own gravity forces by flying a slightly curved or zigzag course.

To help man prevail in spite of altitude and gravity dangers, the scientists are devising suits that will replace the skin and vital organs.

The problem of oxygen has been solved although pilots find the oxygen masks awkward and somewhat uncomfortable.

At 30,000 feet level where he needs oxygen under pressure, a flyer needs a pressure suit. If he is in a pressurized cabin or cockpit, the suit is only an insurance—in case the cabin pressure fails accidentally.

The U.S. Air Medical Services have improved the partial pressure suit by eliminating the discomforts of stiff knees and clubfingers. The partial pressure suit is worn with a pressurized crash helmet and the two are joined to give an almost full pressure suit, still leaving

the hands free. But this suit will not give as much protection against bends or the boiling of blood as an overall pressure suit.

Another type of suit is needed to counteract the effect of gravity forces. "G suits" do that by restricting the flow of blood. The G suit looks like a pair of close fitting overalls, with five rubber bladders: one over the belly, two over the thighs, and a pair around the calves. Automatically inflated, these check the flow of blood toward the feet, and they can be deflated for level flight.

Captain Charles F. Gell of the U.S. Navy believes that the answer to G forces is not a suit but a reclining seat. At the Johnsville Air Development Center in Philadelphia he has experimented with tilt-back models which would enable a flyer to take the stresses fore and aft instead of up and down. But this makes for difficulty in seeing out and attending to the controls.

On top of a G suit and a pressure suit, the pilot wears a quilted rug to protect him in case he is dumped into the ocean. To give the wearer of this modern armor reasonable comfort, a built-in air-conditioning unit is installed which requires

two sheets of rubberized nylon quilted together, with two sets of air holes. A hose from a valve near the pilot's navel hooks the suit into the plane's air-conditioning system, and cooled air passes through small holes around his body. Warmed and spent air escapes through larger holes and a set of valves.

Over all this, the walking human igloo is required to pile assorted hardware like parachute pack, a shoulder harness, an under-arm life preserver, a knife, a flashlight and an aluminum pistol. The pilot is equipped for almost any danger but he is miserably uncomfortable to fly a plane.

And then there is the problem of eating and the elimination of body waste. Except for the old "motorman's pal" which allows him to urinate while in flight, the pilot cannot empty his bowels. Food juices can be taken in only through a pipe.

Most of the equipment for space travel are still faulty. The scientists are continuously studying ways to simplify them and increase their working efficiency.

They are confident that in the coming years men can make longer journeys in space.

Says General Armstrong: "If monkeys can do it, we can learn to do it too."





## Children of the Ash-Covered Loam

By Leonard Casper

*In a sinking world, women and children first*

**I**N HIS INTRODUCTION to this book, Francisco Arcellana says of Gonzalez that "He has lived according to a design and he has written consciously from that life." Although the statement is not elaborated, the short stories themselves indicate the author's clear, sober, and firm dedication to the Filipino experience.

He writes of those who make of volcanic ash a sacred tabernacle to house their human love. The threat of the volcano, the crippling part of man, is always present, mitigated by the love which must make violence come to proper terms. Gonzalez' characters are believable, a race of common men, without being reduced to the usual (for-export-only) stereotyped lovers of *tuba* and cockfights, and haters of spinster chaperones. Although they may believe in the *anting-anting* and the *anitos*, his characters are interesting not because they believe themselves instruments of some dark misfortune, but because in the midst of suffering they assert their worth, and care

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\* N. V. M. Gonzalez, *Children of the Ash-Covered Loam and Other Stories*. Manila: Benipayo Press, 1954.

bravely for one another. Consequently, they have such a full and handsome dignity that no reader will be ashamed of his attachment to them.

Even the experience of children is respected. The title story itself, as well as "Lupo and the River," are told from the point of view of very young boys. With a gradual increase of wisdom not unlike the quiet oncoming of another season or the slow freshening of a woman's growing body, Tarang encounters the source of life, the sacred mystery of reproduction. He finds it with equal amazement in his mother, the new rice in a *kaiñgin*, a littering sow. In the second story, Pisco has revealed to him, with this same ease of unrolling experience, the damage that can be done man's innermost heart by a girl's careless and uncaring feelings. Finding the man whom he half-feared but still admired dead in the heart of a fish trap, Pisco is suddenly forced to be grown up.

These two initiations into birth and death are lovingly and honestly handled. They are filled with youth's sense of wonder: the sense of those strangely beautiful moments that overtake us in life, fill us with awe and then as suddenly with the feeling of awful consequences. We grow away from the garden of our first innocence; we grow through guilt, but guilt redeemed by the saving grace of occasional beauty. In retelling this ancient theme, N.V.M. Gonzalez has outdone even that growing-child's classic, John Steinbeck's *The Red Pony*.

The same sensitiveness, the same breadth of feeling are displayed in all the other stories. Miss Inocencio, the lonely schoolteacher of "The Blue Skull and the Dark Palms" is tempted to accept the school inspector's offered protectiveness. Instead she chooses to stay loyal to the young dead guerrilla, Pepito. Love does not prevent suffering. It only seals off complaint.

**M**ARTA, IN "The Morning Star," is another example of uncomplaining love. She blames no one for the fact that she is about to bear an illegitimate child in a strange wilderness, with its father irretrievably beyond their reach. Instead, she accepts the company and comfort of an old sailor and a mute, so that her pain and even the loss of the child are bearable. Here the birth



and death themes of the first two stories meet: these are necessary conditions of life, and Marta, however physically unlovely, is morally attractive for having endured so well the full human burden.

This is the burden that Elay, the servant in "A Warm Hand," reaches for in the dark night. It is her sophisticated selfish mistress who struggles to make herself the center of attention on their sea voyage. But it is simple Elay who finds an answer to her own desire; who finds that she is wanted.

The sophisticate recurs with Mrs. Bilbao, the woman in "Where's My Baby Now?" who cannot grasp her failure as mother and wife. Her time is filled with clubs and lectures and the Women's Social Action Committee. She has only public responses, but no private feelings except irritation remaining.

The final story compares life, with its weight of death, to the condition of war. As her husband dies, aboard ship among strangers and the haste of a busy merchant-world, a young life is tortured by her feelings and by their lack of feeling. Just as she and her suffering are impaled by the ruthless headlights of a dockside jeep, so the whole story is framed unmercifully by the curious but ultimately disinterested tone of the narrator, a minor ship official. The result is painful irony.

It is the fully beating heart, human awareness and compassion, that N.V.M. Gonzalez has laid open in this volume. In children and plain women he has found his finest centers of sensitivity. When his women lack feeling, the story structure comments on the fact and criticizes through its irony. The carefulness of Gonzalez concern for his work and his people makes clear why, last summer, he received the first Republic Award of Merit.

\* \* \*

Black as the devil  
Hot as hell;  
Pure as an angel,  
Sweet as love.

—*Recipe for coffee.*

# THE *Barong Tagalog* COMES OF AGE

—and it's taking the country by storm!

●

**I**N JUSTICE to the delicate artistry of the flimsy poised-as-in-flight butterfly sleeves of the *terno*, the *barong* Tagalog must emerge as it is today: thinly woven, delicately-embroidered and distinctively beautiful. Both the *barong* Tagalog and its mate, the *terno*, having safely passed through the usual precarious stops of transformation, are now accepted symbols of the grave and sensitive Filipino soul.

An offshoot of a mixed Chinese, Mohammedan and Spanish influence, the *barong* Tagalog came into its definable form somewhere in the 18th century. Even then, its present cut could be foretold. The *barong* had undergone gradual and cautious changes, most of which meant simply the culmination of a ruffle here and there or the shortening of its length.

Long-sleeved like a Mohammedan jacket, flapping like a Chinese coat and having a collar and cuffs traceable to European shirts, the only claim the *barong* can have to its having evolved from Filipino imaginativeness is the native material the Filipinos have chosen it to be cut from and the distinctive lines of embroidery fluttering down on almost the entire length of its front.

**D**ELICATE without being feminine, elaborate without being too-garnished and well-suited to the warm Philippine climate, the *barong* becomes instant favorite among foreigners fresh on shore and is now well-risen in social esteem among the Filipinos themselves. The rise can be attributed to Mr. Ramon Magsaysay who was sworn in as President of

the Philippine Republic in a cream-colored barong with fine sprays of flowers and leaves.

It is said that as soon as news spread that Mr. Magsaysay had chosen to wear the barong instead of the formal frock at his inauguration, the sale of barong Tagalog in Manila and nearby towns rose to a frantic height. A single store at the Escolta, 24 hours before the inauguration, sold close to 1,000 of this delicate attire.

Priced according to material and elaborateness of embroidered designs, the barong may be had for as little as ₱6 and as much as ₱150. Materials may be seda lina, nylon, jusi, linen, piña, and the fast-becoming popular, ramie, with embroidery by machine or by hand. The high-priced barongs with heavily-embroidered fronts and spattered all over with sprays of flowers and leaves take from two to three days to embroider and demand the highest artistry and needle workmanship.

The barong Tagalog is worn over a *kamesita de-hilo* with sleeves; to wear it over the so-called "sando" is extreme bad taste. White is the most appropriate color although pale grays and blues go very well with the pastel-shaded jusis and piñas.

**T**HE WASHING of the barong requires extreme care. The native cloth is of such delicate weave and fiber that any rough handling would easily pull the weave apart. As a matter of fact, the good care of the barong Tagalog and the terno bespeaks of how excellent keepers Filipino women are. It takes infinite patience to starch to correct uprightness the butterfly sleeves and prevent starch-clogged weave; one must have extreme care in order not to ruffle the weave of the barong.

The best method of washing employed for the barong can be that used for women hosiery. The barong is placed inside a jar with water and mild soap powder and shaken. This procedure is repeated two or three times before the final rinsing. A thin starch is added to the barong to give it a glossy sheen and prevent it from looking limp.

Ironing is done on the wrong side of the cloth, especially when it contains embroideries, or a damp piece of paper is placed over the area to be stretched before the flat iron is applied. Dry cleaning can be the quickest means of cleaning such apparels. But it is expensive.

The barong Tagalog is entering the bright world of colors. Before only red, white and blue flags were embroidered on the the front of the barong during Independence Day, Rizal and Heroes' Day. The modern barong is now dyed blue, green, brown and even bright orange

and yellow and woven with gold and silver threads shaped into huge leaves and bamboo branches. How far this integration of color will go will depend on the whims of the men-folk. As things stand now, the women can only shudder if they go farther.

\* \* \* \*

## *Darwin Discredited*

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree  
Discussing things as they're said to be.  
Said one to the other, "Now listen, you two,  
There's a certain rumor that can't be true,  
That man descended from our noble race.  
The very ideal! It's a dire disgrace;  
No monkey ever deserted his wife,  
Starved her baby; ruined her life.  
And you've never known a mother monk  
To leave her babies with others to bunk,  
Or pass them on, one to another  
'Till they scarce know who is their mother.  
And another thing, you'll never see  
A monk build a fence 'round a coconut tree,  
And let the coconuts go to waste,  
Forbidding all other monks a taste.  
Why, if I put a fence around this tree  
Starvation would force you to steal from me.  
Here's another thing a monk won't do;  
Go out at night and get on a stew;  
Or use a gun or club or knife  
To take some other monkey's life.  
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss,  
But, Brother, he didn't descend from us!"

—Anonymous

# VACHEL LINDSAY:

## Spring Came On forever

*Always as new as the eternal return of  
the planting season, the harvest.*

**J**OHNNY APPLESEED was a man who became a legend because so many people wanted to be like him that, in their minds and wishes, they voted to have him represent them. He moved West ahead of even the American pioneers, ahead of the wagon trains and cattle drovers. Before plow touched soil, Johnny had planted his apple cores so that those who came later might enjoy the orchards of the new earth.

To Vachel Lindsay, who wrote a poem "In Praise of Johnny Applesseed," he was a symbol of frontier democracy and therefore an image of Lindsay himself. Lindsay felt like a brother to all persons he wrote about: General William Booth

who in his own way served Christ's common men through the Salvation Army; Abraham Lincoln whose spirit will haunt the earth until all men are rid of chains; the "forgotten eagle," John Altgeld who dared to pardon three laborers unjustly convicted of an anarchist bombing; and Booker T. Washington, a slave who liberated the mind and pride of his people.

Even more than his idol, Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay was justified in thinking that he spoke for, as well as to, the average citizen.

Lindsay was born in Springfield, Illinois, where Lincoln himself had grown up. Influenced by the artistry of his mother and the religious evangelism of his father, he found it natural to write poetry in an oratorical style and, like the ancient troubadours of Europe, to try

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\* With this issue, Panorama starts a regular feature on literary personalities the world over. The articles are written by authorities on the subject.

to bring his verses in person to the people. In 1912, he walked from Illinois to New Mexico, nearly a thousand miles, carrying neither baggage nor money and avoiding cities. Instead he carried a supply of *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread* which he read and exchanged for food and lodging.

Even after his popularity grew, he preferred reading his poems aloud before groups, to having them read silently by lonely persons. With eyes closed and head thrown back, he chanted; he sang as he read, using the whole range of his "voice of wonder." Sometimes he was accused of cheap vaudevillism, but he never ceased to believe that art could be popularized.

"The American people hate and abhor poetry," he wrote. "I am inventing a sort of rag-time manner that deceives them into thinking they are at a vaudeville show, and yet I try to keep it to a real art."

PARTICULARLY "The Santa Fe Trail" makes clear his attitude towards the merchandise minds of the Babbitts. This poem contrasts, at great lengths, machine-age city culture (represented by the noisy procession of cars racing

westward so quickly that the landscape blurs before them) and the simple rural ways (represented by the sweet song of a bird, Rachel-Jane).

His burly, swaggering man-music had the purpose of leading a crusade for what he called "The New Localism." He honored independent farmers, lords of themselves and of their family lands. Their labor held them under the eye of God who worked out their destinies through ways as mysterious as seasonal change. In "A Net to Share the Moonlight" he asked God to give each man at least enough land to catch some rain.

The fact that nature was less predictable than a factory machine reminded man to be humble and to revere his God. At the same time, life on the farm or in the small village allowed those intimate person-to-person conversations with elemental nature which renew man's hope and faith. Beauty, for Lindsay, was inseparable from a democratic, brotherly, humane civilization.

One of the ironic facts of Lindsay's life was that he traveled from coast to coast, three thousand miles, to tell his fellow men that the greatest good is to stay at home and cultivate one's own garden. In the tradi-

tion of Thomas Jefferson (and therefore opposed to the merchant mind of Alexander Hamilton), he feared over-centralization: too much crowding of crushed average lives in the walled industrial cities and too great an accumulation of political and economic power in the hand of a few autocratic leaders. He believed that an American Renaissance could be born in villages and the school-centered country community.

He dreamed of out-of-the-way places some day inaugurating their own Oberammergau Passion Play and, in fact, a whole calendar of outdoor festivals. The country high school was to inspire local poets, an orchestra, corn-field songs. Many a stopping place, he thought, should become famous not for its importation of foreign curios, but for the making of its own ceramics and wood carvings, its own proverbs. Art should grow from the native habits of the people; it should not be dictated by some few commercial centers.

LINDSAY advised young Americans to wander over the nation, as he had, to find the heart of beauty; then to return to their neighborhoods and, with a circle of their own kind, to make home "more beautiful and democratic and holy with their special art." Social justice had to precede creation of beauty. Because art involves communication, it would necessarily follow from a happy community.

These were the words of a man, part minstrel, part missionary.

His life was not without its pain and disappointments, the least of which perhaps was his inability to pay his electric bills during the depression. Despite his wishes, every town was not his hometown. Like the subjects of his poetry—Booth, Altgeld, John Brown, Lincoln—for a long time he was misunderstood and forgotten. Yet his poetry stayed enthusiastic. It was the springtime part of Lindsay, and in its vigor and human music, it promised to stay in season forever.

\* \* \*

### Common Sense

It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education than to have education without common sense.—*Robert G. Ingersoll*

\* \* \*

# Hail Columbia!

*"...No sincere and earnest seeker after knowledge, of whatever age, sex, race or previous condition, shall be denied the privilege of coming here."*

**B**LASÉ NEW Yorkers found nothing exciting in an advertisement that appeared in the *Gazette* one morning in 1754 which announced the opening of a new college some time in July. This reaction was justified when only eight young men signed up on registration day. The new college did not even have a single building of its own. All that it really had was the conviction that "New York is the Center of English America, and the Proper Place for a College."

When Columbia University (full name: Columbia University in the City of New York) celebrated its bicentennial anniversary last year, it had grown into the nation's fourth largest (25,000 students) and the fourth richest (\$113,859,057.37) in capital endowment.

In its long list of distinguished alumni were three Chief Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court (John Jay, Charles Evans Hughes, Harlan F. Stone), ten New York governors, 14 city mayors and such familiar names as Harcourt and Brace, Simon and Schuster, Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein II. The two Presidents Roosevelt were students in its law school. ("You will never be able to call yourself an intellectual," said President Butler when F.D.R. quit school for politics, "unless you come



back to Columbia to pass your exams.") In the newspaper field, the university also sired such opinion makers as the *New York Times'* Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the *New York Post's* James Weschler and Columnist George Sokolsky.

Columbia occupies a unique place among the outstanding houses of learning in the U.S. Set smack in the middle of New York, it is like an oasis in a bustling but not so intellectually arid city. As a matter of fact, in spite of international prestige it has not for a moment forgotten that it is as much a part of New York city as the neon signs on Times Square. It still draws two-thirds of its student population from a radius of less than a hundred miles from the center of Manhattan.

The din and dust of the metropolis does not bother the university at all. It has even come to regard the endless horn blowing and tire screeching as a stimulus rather than a distraction. Some of its professors serve on a number of the city's boards and, working the other way around, some Broadway actors and directors teach drama at Columbia while corporation lawyers from Wall Street are members of its business college faculty.

It is true that Washington sent his stepson to Columbia and Alexander Hamilton was an alumnus but as late as 1814 the university was being regarded as "a spectacle, mortifying to friends and humiliating to the city."

**E**VEN when bearded President Frederick Barnard took over in 1865, the university still had a hard time living up to its avowed mission. President Barnard instituted such then-revolutionary methods as the honor system, modern languages and the admission of women ("conducive to good order"). But though he was long on ideas, the school was perpetually short of funds. It remained for millionaire President Seth Low and, later, President Nicholas Murray Butler to put Barnard's ideas into practice on Morningside Heights.

President Butler sat on top of the Heights for 40 years (1902-45). His reign at Columbia saw the school expand at an unprecedented pace. His friendship with premiers, pontiffs and princes as well as a long line of men of learning made much of this growth possible. Butler also had such a way with bankers, that Upton Sinclair was led to dub Columbia as "the University of the House of Morgan."

Serving as a core of the university is Columbia College. The school set the American educational system back on the road to general education with John Erskine's humanities courses which is to the forerunner of the Great Books studies in the United States.

The university's professional schools have also exerted some influence of their own. Having awarded the first M.D. in the American Colonies in 1770, it was also the first to set up a school of mines in the United States, the first library training school and the first graduate school of social work.

**C**OLUMBIA'S present faculty under new President Grayson Kirk (who succeeded President Eisenhower) includes a distinguished cluster of scholars, notably two Nobel Prize winners (Physicists I. I. Rabi and Hideki Yukawa) and three Pulitzer Prizewinners (Composer Douglas Moore, Historian Allan Nevins and Poet Mark Van Doren). Also at Columbia are such well-known figures as Critic Lionel Trilling and Classicist Gilbert Highet.

Being located in a melting pot like New York, Columbia University did not escape the fate of being one itself. It is

not strange to encounter along its corridors and its rooms turbans, fez or berets in company with the usual and more common trade mark of the American college campus: flannel slacks and flaming shirts. This phenomenon is no secret to Filipinos, who have turned out from this university's portals by the score, since the early part of the present century. In fact a number of the Philippines' outstanding men in education and business are products of Columbia.

After two hundred years of existence, Columbia has a lot to be proud of, but it is proudest of its School of General Studies, where taxi driver or tycoon can get a complete general education in his own sweet time. Since 1947, some 1,500 students have won their B.A.'s there and some 68% have gone on to graduate studies.

Today, the people at Columbia University regard the School of General Studies as the rounding out of the promise President Barnard made nearly a century ago—that "no seeker after knowledge shall fail to find (in Columbia) what he requires, and . . . that no sincere and earnest seeker after knowledge, of whatever age, sex, race or previous condition, shall be denied the privilege of coming here."

# As the Telescope Cocks Its EYE



**S**LOWLY NEW provinces are opened by science. In the world of the infinitely little and the half alive, visible only through electron microscopes, strange viruses have been discovered which can reproduce like a living organism but can also form crystals like a lifeless chemical substance.

The virus of tobacco mosaic disease is rod-shaped. These slender rods affect one another at a distance as if they were tiny bar magnets. The source of this "long-range force" is still unknown. This virus can be "inactivated" (apparently killed) by chemical processes. Then by a reversal of the process, the dead virus can be resurrected. Furthermore, by experimenting on viruses with amino acids, science has actually succeeded, for the first time, in changing the virus' heredity.

A virus, transformed by the

acids, has transmitted its new character to its offspring. The possible relationship of this fact with the nature of human genes, those submicroscopic particles in living cells which control heredity, is still being explored.

In the even smaller universe of atomic structures, the processes of fusion and fission are already daily knowledge. In the world's synchro-cyclotrons the secret of matter, the binding force of atomic nuclei, is being tested. All atomic nuclei (except hydrogen) contain at least two protons. Because these have positive charges,

Will these questions  
about the world above  
us ever be answered?

they should repel each other violently. Instead they are held together by a mysterious attraction. The theory is that the protons and neutrons exchange charges rapidly with one another. A charged particle is a proton; an uncharged, a neutron. But science has yet to learn what makes the charge fluctuate.

Because of their strategic importance in world politics, atomic and sub-atomic materials are constantly on even the layman's mind. There is a temptation, therefore, to forget the other end of our world, outer space and the cosmos of unknown solar systems. Here are multitudes of new thresholds yet to cross.

The lens of the human eye is one-third inch in diameter; it has a range of 800 thousand light years. The lens of the Mt. Palomar telescope in California is 200 inches in diameter and has a range of one billion light years. This precision camera, more than an eyeglass, is astronomy's present hope for discovering and measuring the outer world, reduced to photographs a few inches square.

**WHAT** questions are the astronomers asking their telescopes?

There is the enigma of "empty" space. Our senses exper-

ience relatively rare bits of matter. Yet Einstein believes that space is filled with a combination of mass and energy.

Is the universe closed, finite in size, with definable boundaries? Is it expanding? Have the heavenly bodies been violently rushing away from each other since their creation, and will they, at some point, turn back upon and destroy themselves?

Almost thirty years ago it was discovered that the bright lines of hydrogen seen in the spectra of distant nebulae were shifted a little toward the red. It was decided that, just as a train whistle's pitch lowers as it moves away, so this "red shift" was evidence that the star-islands were moving away at enormous speeds from our galaxy (the so-called Milky Way of which we are a part). Thus talk began of an expanding universe. Other theories suggested that invisible cosmic dust reddened the light, as moisture crimsons a setting sun.

In our galaxy there are gigantic dust clouds, some sharply defined, like the Horsehead nebula in Orion, and similar in appearance to massive thunderheads.

Present theory holds that our own solar system was formed by the gradual accumulation of matter, through gravitation

## THE NORMAL YARDSTICK

According to Einstein, a moving yardstick grows smaller the closer its velocity approaches that of the speed of light. But judged by a stationary yardstick, here are several round measurements:

Atom's nucleus	$\frac{1}{1,000,000,000,000}$ cm.
Atom's outside diameter	$\frac{1}{100,000,000}$ cm.
Diameter of earth	8,000 miles
Diameter of earth's orbit	186,000,000 miles
One light year	6,000,000,000,000 miles
Diameter of our galaxy	100,000 light years

around dust particles until whole planets were formed.

The Palomar telescope may be able to break through to the inner ring of suns which belong with our own.

**T**HE PROCEDURE is necessarily slow and arduous. The instrument at Mt. Palomar is so delicately balanced that it can be upset by the presence of body heat. No astronomer looks through that great telescope except for occasional checking or relaxation. Instead, the silent camera works, helped by starlight often so faint that a single plate may require exposure every night for a week, before any image is obtained.

The instrument automatically follows the movements of

a heavenly body as it crosses the night sky. An electro-mechanical computer, similar to anti-aircraft weapon directors, makes corrections for temperature, humidity, and refraction of the atmosphere. The results from this 580-ton computer are transmitted to the driving motor, so that the telescope coordinates with a star's slightest change in position.

The only other instrument is man's imagination, the curiosity which takes fire from the challenge of such "impossible" conditions. Particularly does it depend on such skilled imaginations as that of Albert Einstein. His Unified Field Theory is prepared to show that all forms of nature, from atoms to stars, obey the same basic universal laws. For 33 years he explored mathematical logic and finally published 24 pages of equations suggesting the relation of matter and energy, electric charge and field, space and time.

Until the cosmos is better known, his "truth" must remain "official suspicion." The telescope, when its readings are more certain and distinct, will serve this man and every man, at the same time.



Dear Editor...

**P**EERING INTO an editor's mail is a truly fascinating experience. It is an adventure in itself, not unlike fighting through a rummage sale or getting lost in a strange place. Certainly it is as trying as both.

From all parts of the known world trickle into the editor's desk letters which bear on all conceivable subjects—from desiccated coconut to the Constellation Orion. And the editor, who is paid to do something else besides read and answer letters, is generally expected to accommodate everybody.

The most common type of writer to the editor is the "griper" who complains about everything. It may be against poor garbage collection, or nepotism in office, or the unbecoming con-

Even pulling a live kangaroo out of an envelope would not move him.

duct of a government official. It may be serious or trivial. In any case there is a sense of extreme urgency and an air of final authority. The letter is generally phrased in the most vitriolic language available to the writer, or where it commends, it is couched in the most complimentary terms.

But the variety of the editor's correspondence is really as vast as imagination itself. Some readers have the notion that an editor's office is also a weather bureau, an information center,

a branch of the police department and a lonely hearts club.

The calloused, bespectacled editor, however, is seldom surprised. He has so conditioned himself to the unusual that he does not even raise an eyebrow when he receives a letter like this:

Dear Sir:

My desire is extremous to convey my opinions about the opinions of many peoples of National importance. My words will enter as food for thoughts in the realm of your brains. The Japs tried to Japanized us but will failed because they are people of poor psychopathic attainments... Now the Americans are claiming the bases...

Neither does he smile as he comes to the vigorous concluding sentence:

Mr. Editor, we have been playing sheeps for a long time. Let us prove to the world Juan de la Cruz can stand on hisself.

Not all letters, though, are as artistically written as that. The editor sometimes actually stumbles over literary masterpieces which make him wonder why the writer had not devoted his time to producing more profitable stuff.

Sometimes letters are very solicitous. One reader wrote in to ask why So-and-So, whose picture appeared in yesterday's paper, did not look like himself. Another one inquired for the

age, address and occupation of a lady contributor and enclosed a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Or the letter could be bitter. Wrote an irate reader:

Mr. Blankety-bank is masquerading under the beautiful shibboleth of patriotism. His recent actions have all but contradicted his pronounced intentions... He is nothing but an opportunist, one who rakes in while the raking is good.

It is only the editor's alert pencil that averts many an expensive libel suit. From experience and intuition, editors are wary about the genuineness of signatures and addresses. A newspaper has enough problems without courting dangerous law suits.

**I**MPERTURBABLE Mr. Editor is hard to move as a rule. But once a letter took exception. It was painstakingly written in long hand on ruled pad paper, and was like any common correspondence except for its unusual contents. It read:

Dear Mr. Editor:

Perhaps will arise your curiosity about the alteration of two stars. Mere words are inadequate to describe briefly my astronomical experience. Since a boy of twelve... I used to familiarize the stars and ascertain their definite positions in groups. To my wonder, a lost star has unexpectedly appeared on the 12th of this month, after 22 years of absence. It disappeared on April 7, 1924.

## Why Editors Grow Gray Hair

**T**HE society editor of a local daily received the following contribution:

The prophetic high-lights of the day will be the exultant ball, to be calibrated by the melodious and hilarious music of Santos Swingsters and to be consequented by an exquisite refreshment.

Swimming up all the present activities...it brought up much approbation by the Public. Many of the town-folks are claimants of the next domestic affair regarding the precivate. The Bell Trade Act will be devated for between the pro & con devating teams of the club thus giving a chance to the public a chance to create in themselves interest in this matter of national importance.

Where has it been? It is not a comet to be travelling.

On May 4, 1939 a visitor star had appeared on the left side of a triangle, facing the North at a distance of five inches, noticeable by the naked eye. If I am not mistaken, it is about 2,000 miles away...I am anxious to indicate to all astronomers of this world about my new modern way (my self-invention) of arranging the stars to ascertain their positions without using a telescope.

Naturally the editor has to dismiss lightly letters of this kind. He has enough worries of his own, even without star-gazers bothering him with their bad grammar and questionable celestial assertions.

A man wrote from the United States asking information about "a relative" in the country

whom he last heard from before the outbreak of the war. He gave the name, last known address of the party and other pertinent data, and enclosed a \$5 bill "for the trouble, and thanks." The missing person was located and correspondence established between the two parties. It turned out that the two were an estranged couple.

Perhaps the most interesting type of letter-writer is the frustrated Romeo looking for his Juliet, and vice versa. Such delicate cases often find the classified ads section a better medium, although some persist in dragging the innocent editor into their affair. Letters of this kind use a wide variety of technique, some subtle, others down-



right naive. There are those who communicate their sentiments, for instance, in the form of mawkishly sentimental poems complete with a request for dedication. An enterprising young man composed a song, or so he claimed, and submitted it for publication free of charge."

Nothing in the form of mail matter is supposed to upset the editor's digestion. Not even an anonymous letter threatening him with death for something he had printed, or perhaps even pulling a live kangaroo out of the envelope, if that were possible.

**A**MONG the day's mail of the editor once was an envelope containing a postcard wrapped neatly in a white sheet of paper. There was nothing

written on either the paper or the card. But staring dumbly out of the postcard was the portrait of a middle-aged man who looked as puzzled as the editor. The sender of the picture, whoever it was, forgot to say anything.

In the face of these postal adventures, the editor ordinarily remains calm. It's all part of the day's work. But when he starts getting letters that rattle off gobbledygook like "Twenty years ago, Tydings-McDuffie Act brought forth on this land a compromise bounded on a law for the self-determination of our race, conceived in the highest manifestation of authority, and consecrated to lawful concession..." it is time for him to put down the blue pencil and go out for a cup of coffee.

\* \* \*

### *A Conscientious Citizen*

Once the late Professor Vicente M. Hilario of the U.P. department of English amazed the secretary of finance with his meticulous honesty. Not able to pay his ₱0.50 residence certificate because of illness, he wrote to the secretary requesting that he be exempted from having to appear personally, as was the rule. He asked to be allowed to send someone else to pay the the tax for him.

Upon receiving the letter, the secretary promptly dispatched a clerk to the professor's house. In so doing the government spent ₱12.50 to collect a ₱0.50 tax. But it had satisfied a conscientious citizen.

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# DISARM OR BUST

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*An old song is revived  
in the United Nations*

**F**OR EIGHT YEARS the war-weary world has talked about one sure way to peace: disarmament. The end of World War II found the Allies victorious but set for another arms race. As the postwar years advanced and the schism between Russia and the West became wider, the armament race became worse. The deadly atom bomb and the even mightier hydrogen bomb appeared in the picture.

In the halls of the United Nations assembly, the disarmament song has been sung to varying tunes at different times. But it is the same song, and people have gotten tired of it. Whenever the democracies proposed a plan, Russia killed it. Then Russia would offer her own plan, which the democracies promptly rejected.

One day recently, the Soviet Union surprised the United Nations general assembly by proposing a disarmament plan that appeared acceptable. Recognizing an old melody, the West cocked a suspicious ear, but nevertheless listened. They examined the proposal.

The position of the democracies regarding disarmament has been this: (1) a reduction of conventional arms on the basis of norms for each country to be fixed by international agreement; (2) a gradual reduction in atomic strength ending in the destruction of all weapons. and (3) a fool-proof system of international control.

The Western powers have insisted on a simultaneous reduction of conventional weapons first. Then, when both sides had an equal reduced footing, the atomic weapons would be outlawed.

Examining the Soviet proposal, the West discovered that it had substantially improved over the previous offers in one respect: Russia was *not* insisting on an "immediate destruction" of atomic weapons—a step which would leave the democracies at the mercy of a Soviet Russia decidedly superior in conventional weapons.

Here is the plan offered by the late Andrei Vishinsky:

(1) Reduction of conventional arms by 50 percent of

"agreed" norms within six months to a year; (2) creation of a temporary commission under the UN security council to establish of framework for international control; (3) an end to manufacture of atomic weapons and completion of the remaining reduction in conventional arms within six months to a year; and (4) establishment of a permanent control commission with power of inspection to the extent "necessary to insure" reduction of conventional arms and prohibition of atomic weapons.

This plan would remove the main point of disagreement between Soviet Russia and the West, leaving only the thorny question of "effective controls." The plan certainly appeared attractive.

**B**UT skeptical Western diplomats immediately spotted the familiar sour note of Russian propaganda. Or at least, they imagined they did. Coming close in the heel of President Eisenhower's "atoms for peace" announcement, the Soviet offer was suspected to be a countermove to offset the United States' gains in the propaganda war. Eisenhower had recently declared that with or without Russia, the West would go ahead with a workable plan to harness atomic power for

peaceful uses.

In another sense, the Vishinsky proposal may have been another communist tactic to spoil the newly concluded London agreement, in which Germany will emerge rearmed. By insisting on an early debate on the plan, the Soviets could cleverly time the discussion so as to discourage France and the other signatory nations from ratifying the London pact. The Soviets, like the French, reasonably feel uncomfortable about a militarized Germany on their vulnerable left flank.

But this recent disarmament plan, despite a widespread skepticism in the West, was the best prospect for peace to come out of the UN discussion halls for a long time. Until the adjournment of the session, it had a good chance of surviving the round of debates. The latest development was the throwing of the question to a secret meeting of five powers (Canada, U.S., France, Britain and the USSR), who would work out the troublesome details.

Although nothing concrete emerged from this latest disarmament proposal, the future looked reasonably bright. The new melody, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin's may yet entice the world's armaments into the junkyard of peace. — *From the Philippine Journal of Education, December, 1954.*



# TOWERS OF LIGHT

**W**HEN SCUDS cover the face of the sky, the lighthouses begin to blink to sailors caught at sea their message of salvation. Hours before a storm really blows, the lighthouses have already started to keep vigil.

Then when the punishing wind cuts across the violently heaving ocean, nothing will be visible for miles except the spurts of light, regular as pulse beats, that warn the sailor off danger points or else welcome him to a safe port where he can weather the storm.

In a country that depends to a very great extent on shipping, lighthouses are extremely important. Though the Philip-

pinas has many good harbors, her coastlines are also rife with reefs and the sunken foetus of islands.

The early mariners, those who went down to sea before the Spaniards came, were very exceptional navigators. They had memorized every danger point from their place of departure to their destination and thus have navigated without any mishap. They used also very light and very manueverable sea crafts that could sneak past the bruising reefs without peril.

Sea disasters during the Pre-hispanic period are still matters of conjecture to the historian. But we are quite certain that there were several. For how else could we account for the Chinese metal wares found in the graves of ancient Mangyans who dwelt in an area guarded by treacherous reefs and with whom the Chinese merchants had no record of trade, than to the crackup of Chinese junks. Or how else could we explain the Teutonic

features of the Mangyans who live in the southern part of Mindoro, which was never a port of call, than to a marine disaster.

During the reign of the Spaniards, the Philippines was dependent economically on the galleon trade. These incredibly heavy and very clumsy seagoing crates plied secret trade routes between Manila and Acapulco. When high winds drove them out of their accustomed paths they invariably maneuvered for the nearest reef. A year of economic misery was the result of a galleon crackup because the Philippines was allowed only one galleon a year.

When such events decreased the Spaniards' supply of mantillas and brandy, the wise men in the Ayuntamiento decided to build and man lighthouses all the Philippines.

**T**HE FIRST lighthouse established in the Archipelago was the Pasig Light, located on the north end, where the Pasig River meets the sea. This tower was erected in 1846.

The construction of a lighthouse on the island of Corregidor, at the entrance to Manila Bay, was recommended by Governor Enrile in 1835. Its construction was not authorized, however, until 1836 and it was completed only in 1845.

During this period, an extensive program of lighthouse building was approved by the Spanish government. Construction was carried on as rapidly as possible with the result that at the time of the American occupation in 1898, there were 17 lighthouses in operation at the various approaches to the Islands, and also along the principal routes of navigation between the major islands.

During the early years of the American regime, the construction, maintenance and operation of lighthouses, beacons and buoys was under the Bureau of Coast Guard and transportation.

In 1905, a bureau of navigation was created to operate the fleet of coast guard cutters and, in addition, took over the lighthouse service.

In 1913, the service was transferred to the Bureau of Customs and it remained with that bureau until 1918, when the Bureau of Commerce and Industry was created and took charge of the service.

And then, under a provision of the Reorganization Law of 1932, the lighthouse service was transferred to the Department of Agriculture and Commerce. Happily, this department did not pitch the service to another department but lovingly tended its lights.

The Department of Agriculture and Commerce has made

one major contribution to safe marine travel. Before it took over the lighthouse service, the lighthouses all over the country were automatic and unwatched lights. These were not dependable, so they were replaced by 50-foot steel towers that were tended by lighthouse keepers. This was an added expense on the budget of the government but since that time there has not been any record of sea disaster in the Philippines.

**WHEN THE** Philippines became a republic and she acquired, among other things, what Al Capp would call an *aghh!* navy. Well, the Philippine navy is supposed to patrol the coasts of the Philippines in order to discourage illegal entrants, gun and dope runners and smugglers of assorted goods. The Philippine navy is also supposed to take on an occasional sea voyage the land-lubbers of the Philippine Army.

The government thought this was not work enough for even a small organization like the Philippine navy. So the

lighthouse service was turned over to the sailors.

This was a happy decision because the sailors went at their task with vigor. They knew completely the worth and importance of lighthouses. While the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, for instance, was interested in lighthouses only as an added feature to encourage and attract more shipping, the sailors regarded them as towers of life.

Today, there are 237 lights all over the country, 139 of which have been fully rehabilitated. One of the most important and most modern lighthouses in the Philippines is the Tubbataha Light Station, located in the middle of the Sulu sea and about ninety nautical miles from the nearest mainland. This has been installed to serve foreign vessels passing through the Archipelago or entering the ports of the Visayan islands. This light is mounted on a 120-foot steel tower and it is visible at 17 nautical miles in all directions.



The chief of the service is Commander Jose Ojeda. There are 426 men in various lighthouses and 223 in six lighthouse tenders. This is the full complement of the service.

While much yet can be desir-

ed regarding the lighthouse service, sea travel in the Philippines today is reasonably safe. In this year of typhoons, the towers of light have guided hundreds of vessels safely to port.

\* \* \*

## ARE YOU WORD WISE?

### ANSWERS

- |      |      |
|------|------|
| 1 b  | 11 b |
| 2 a  | 12 c |
| 3 c  | 13 a |
| 4 b  | 14 a |
| 5 a  | 15 c |
| 6 b  | 16 b |
| 7 c  | 17 a |
| 8 b  | 18 c |
| 9 c  | 19 b |
| 10 a | 20 b |

## ANSWERS TO PANORAMA QUIZ

1. B—Henri Matisse (French, 1869-1954)
2. B—*isn't it so?* (rimes with LESS PA)
3. D—a city in France
4. B. Laguna
5. A—a delicious, puffy pastry
6. C—banana
7. D—Mariano Balgos
8. A—an agricultural product
9. B—a *quadrillión* (in the U.S. with 15 ciphers)
10. D—more than 100

## DID YOU LIKE THIS ISSUE OF THE PANORAMA?

*If so, why don't you drop us a line saying so?  
On the other hand, if there is any thing you didn't  
like, we would be equally glad to hear from you.*

*We shall give every comment due importance,  
and plan our future issues to your liking.*

*Our next issue comes out the first week of Feb-  
ruary.*

## My Name's Friday

IT IS EIGHT o'clock, Friday evening. In many Filipino homes the whole family would be gathered before their radios, listening to the latest tribulations to harass their favorite soap opera characters. The sobbing and the sighing may go on for a quarter of an hour or a full thirty minutes, but before it ends the younger members of the family shall have fumed and fretted and wished there were two radio sets in the house instead of one.

The reason for all this restlessness is a mild-spoken character who walked into their imagination's living room one evening, less than a year ago, and with a curt "My name's Friday," led them along the most exciting cops and robbers chase they have ever heard over the air waves.

Since that time, Filipino youngsters, like their millions of counterparts in the United

States, have come to regard the brassy "dum du dum dum" introductory music of *Dragnet* as a welcome invitation to a Friday evening's share of thrills and tension as the hero of this radio drama, Sgt. Joe Friday of the Los Angeles Police Department, and his assistant, Frank Smith, follow the trail of heels and hoodlums, crooks and criminals, maniacs and murderers in the slow and deliberate manner of real, honest-to-goodness police officers.

Not even the great Sherlock Holmes or any Royal Mountie ever had as big an audience as Sgt. Friday, whose calm "All we want are the facts, ma'am" has become a conversational staple. Such later day sleuths as Sam Spade and Ellery Queen are overshadowed by Sgt. Friday's sports-coated six-foot frame as he plods Los Angeles streets in quiet pursuit of his prey.



**D**RAGNET'S greatest pulling power is its tortuous dedication to realism. As Sgt. Joe Friday—the decent, harassed, hard-working members of the LAPD (Badge 714)—Jack Webb, who stars and directs and produces the show for both radio and television, is so convincingly realistic that not a few real cops have written in to the Los Angeles Police Department to inquire if there is really a Sgt. Friday on the force. Unlike most cops-and-robbers dramatists, Webb displays a rare appreciation for the underpaid, long suffering policeman and his job that he purposely refrains from overdramatizing his tale. However, it is this very lack of artifice that gives the program its own brand of dramatic impact.

The line of crooks, bums, priests, children and housewives who people Sgt. Friday's weekly adventure sound and look as authentic as the battered desk sergeants in any city police precinct. By using this motley group of characters to present actual cases from the files of the Los Angeles police department—and viewing them with a compassion that is seldom witnessed in fictional tales of cops and criminals—Jack Webb comes close to being the policeman's Boswell.

Webb followed a more tortuous and elusive route in his pursuit of fame and fortune than his alter ego, Sgt. Friday. Before hitting easy street, he was an underpaid radio announcer in a Los Angeles station and a bit player in Hollywood (*The Men and He Walked By Night*). A frustrated man who asked for a dependency discharge from the army after having been washed out at an army flying school in Tularo, California, he decided to do something about the whole matter by determining to learn as much as he could about radio and the then still aborning television field. He spent much of his time in the radio studio soaking up information like a blotter and storing them all up in a mind set on making a go of it someday. In Hollywood he also hang around the technicians, learning all the ropes of movie making. The latter experience prepared him for television.

While shooting *He Walked By Night* he met an affable detective sergeant from the Los Angeles Police Department who was acting as technical adviser for the production. From Detective Marty Wynn he get the idea for Sgt. Joe Friday and *Dragnet*. To gather preliminary material for the

first broadcast, he spent weeks on end in the backseat of a radio prowler with Wynn, learning all about real cops (the way they frisked a suspect, the way they kicked in a door, even the way they talked in the abbreviated lingo of the police precinct).

When the final "dum du dum" of that initial broadcast in 1949 faded away from the hearings of its first listeners, Sgt. Joe Friday, alias Jack Webb in real life, was the nation's favorite cop.

FOR ALL of the sweat and devotion that he pours into his weekly shows, Webb's Mark VII Productions get \$27,000 a week out of the annual \$3,000,000 that Liggett & Myers Tobacco Corp. (Chesterfield cigarettes) shells out to NBC. Recently, he sold the rights to 100 finished films of *Dragnet* to the Music Corporation of America for a cool \$5,000,000. Half of this will go to him and the rest to the people who share the rights to the *Dragnet* stories and character with him.

Webb has such a stubborn obsession for accuracy that he works at a pace that finds as-

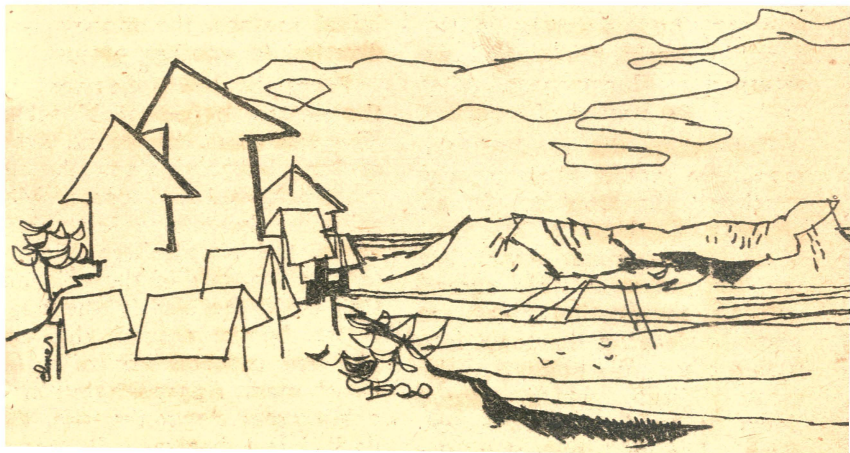
sistants and other co-workers panting hard in trying to keep up with him. The prodigious success of *Dragnet* also caused a few deep scars on Webb's private life. His marriage to Actress Julie London broke up last year and he had to settle a few court cases with two of his former partners who failed to catch up with his head-on rush to fame and fortune.

Not one of these things have caused Webb to slacken his pace. Right after finishing the Warner Brothers movie version of *Dragnet* (in which he also starred and handled the megaphone) he announced his plan for another radio and television series. A mere attempt, the new drama will revolve around the life of jazz musician whom many recognize as a counterpart of a jazz immortal, the late Trumpet Player Bix Beiderbeck.

Just to what heights the notes of this new character will take Jack Webb is still anybody's guess. But if his new instrument ever produces a sour tune, Webb will always have Sgt. Joe Friday to save him from a more dangerous opponent—public apathy.

\* \* \*

He is truly wise who gains wisdom from another's mishap.  
—*Publilius Syrus*.



# Canlaon:

## The Town at the Foot of a Dead Volcano

**W**E RODE nineteen kilometers from the coastal barrio of Bugawenes up a mountain to the inland town of Canlaon, Negros Oriental. Canlaon is a town named after the volcano which towers 7000 feet in the clouds. It is a young town, about seven years old.

Before 1947 when Congress made it a town, Canlaon was a progressive first class barrio, thriving at the foot of the vol-

cano, profiting from the fertile volcanic soil. People from different parts of the province, some from the other islands of the Visayas and Luzon, inhabit the large tract of fertile land at the base of the mountain.

It was almost lunchtime when we reached the town. The bus had climbed a steep mountain on still undeveloped roads. The day before, on the way to the town, our bus was detained

by a heavy downpour. The bus got stuck in the mud. We slept in the bus that night. The next morning, the bus was hauled by a public works grader and we returned to Bugawenes. After an hour, we started off again.

But when we reached the town, we noted that it was worth all the trouble. In all respects, Canlaon is an ideal place for a summer resort. We told the mayor so. He agreed with us, saying that there are plans to develop the town into such a place. We pointed at the green hillside which sloped down gradually from the volcano. We told him that the landscape is similar to Baguio's with the only difference that his town did not have the handsome residential houses of the summer capital.

"Give us time," the mayor, one of the biggest landowners of the town, said. He donated the town site to the government in 1947.

**CANLAON** has a movie-house. It is the only town we visited in the eastern Visayas with one. It runs both Tagalog and Visayan pictures three times a week. It has a large market place made out of temporary materials, for there are plans to build a bigger one. The municipal building is still

made of bamboo. There was already an appropriation for a permanent building, but for political reasons, the money was diverted to another project.

From the town, we went to the nearby barrio of Masolog. This was about the second week of June, but in Canlaon, the climate was cool and clean. Masolog is about nine kilometers away, and about three kilometers up the base of the volcano. One could see clearly the huge crater, barren around the rim like the parched lips of a feverish man. Approximately half a kilometer down the rim, the dark forest begins. It moves down to the base where a clearing stopped it. The people had cleared the base of the volcano and had planted it with root crops and upland rice.

We stayed in the barrio overnight. After supper we looked at the vast plain below. It was unusually beautiful in the bright moonlight, serene and calm.

Next day we descended from the volcano and headed back to town. It was already twilight when we reached the dirt road that led to the first town of Negros Occidental. In a small store by the roadside where we waited for a bus we met a villager who told us the legend of Canlaon volcano.

A long, long time ago, around the foot of Canlaon mountain,

a village had grown. It was a very prosperous village, and the people were happy. But later, they became selfish and greedy. Then there appeared before the people a small, ugly man. The people knew that he was the King of the Mountain, and he owned the large fertile portion of the plain on the other side. He told the people that he was going away, and he wanted them not to touch his lush tobacco land. The people promised because they feared the old man's supernatural powers.

Years passed, and a new generation had taken over the village. It was bruited about that the old man was dead, and would no longer return. Some villagers wanted to take over the land of the old man, but the others refused to go along with them. And so another generation was born. The promise which their forefathers made to the old man now seemed very remote. One day, when the young men could not resist the temptation anymore, they crossed over to the other side of the mountain and entered the land of the old king. They divided it and harvested the plants and planted new crops.

Suddenly, the old king returned. He was very angry. He

denounced the people and told them that he was going to punish them. Soon after the mountains began to rumble. The whole village trembled, the houses swayed. Canlaon volcano was in eruption.

After the villager told the story, the moon rose behind the crater of the volcano. He came out of the store and pointed at the skyline of the mountain which resembled a person lying on its back, with the crater as an enormous navel. We stared at it for a long time, awed by the sight. Then the bus came.

We left the town the next day, still thinking of the villager's story. All the people were killed in the eruption, he had said. We took a last look at the town, at its marketplace, at the nipa houses scattered over the large area. Some day, we mused, the old king may come back. Who knows?

Canlaon is today only a third class municipality, although its income is that of a second class town: ₱34,000. Its population is 16,500.

Back at the seacoast again, we could not help talking about the beautiful city that could rise from the town at the foot of a dead volcano. Some day soon, perhaps. Who knows?

\* \* \*

# In the Beginning. . .



## SATIN *(a smooth, silky fabric)*

Marco Polo called a once great seaport in Fukien Province *Zaitun*, where a silk fabric was made. The fabric now bears its name.

## SILHOUETTE *(an outline drawing done in black)*

Etienne de *Silhouette*, finance minister of France before the Revolution, advocated simple life, so that money could go to the treasury rather than to luxury. The profile is the simplest form of portrait.



## CANTALOUPE *(a variety of melons)*

*Cantalupo*, Italy was the first place in Europe to grow those luscious melons.

# Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words 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, and then turn to page 77 for the correct answers.

1. *anthropomorphic*—a) pertaining to apes; b) man-centered; c) pertaining to a branch of the science that deals with the study of man.
2. *bibliophile*—a) a lover of books; b) a lover of disease-causing organisms; c) a librarian.
3. *palaver*—a) a prisoner; b) an elaborate feast; c) a parley or conference.
4. *chafe*—a) to dissent; b) to warm by rubbing; c) to change color.
5. *comatose*—a) unconscious; b) the excessive use of punctuation marks; c) fat.
6. *energizing*—a) exhilarating; b) dissipating; c) healthy
7. *fetor*—a) a magician; b) a beast in Central America; c) bad smell.
8. *malignant*—a) glowing warmly; b) harmful or malicious; c) bad tempered.
9. *lethal*—a) an injection; b) pertaining to a lease; c) deadly.
10.  *mordant*—a) caustic or sarcastic; b) dying; c) excessive.
11. *pantheon*—a) a wild beast; b) a hierarchy of gods and heroes; c) an ancient Greek sport.
12. *polytheist*—a) one who hates polygons; b) one who believes in multiple-scaled music; c) one who worships many gods.
13. *seedy*—a) shabby; b) full of vitality; c) high in rank.
14. *swelter*—a) to be hot; b) to flog; c) to rein or halt.
15. *thaw*—a) to drag bodily; b) to strike; c) to melt.
16. *enigma*—a) a sure remedy; b) something puzzling or inexplicable; c) an intentional error.
17. *bibulous*—a) addicted to alcoholic drinking; b) big and noisy; c) pretentious.
18. *immolation*—a) anger; b) imitation; c) self-denial or sacrifice.
19. *interment*—a) consignment; b) burial; c) temporary imprisonment.
20. *risqué*—a) a vehicle; b) naughty; c) fond of adventure.

# Mamolo, 12, Writes A Letter

*Manila*  
*December 26, 1964*

Dear Pepe,

We are very excited. My uncle the one from the Province came by airplane yesterday. And he is taking Papa and Mama and Coring and me to the Sunken Gardens this afternoon. As you know the first Gladiators Tournament in our country will open there today. We don't want to miss it, I wish you are here.

My folks, they have been reading the newspapers which said the show will be fun. But my Mama don't like. As you know the bullfights have closed already last year. No more fun, the newspapers say according to Papa. People do not go anymore. And so they show this Gladiators who will really kill each other with clubs and swords. My uncle said he came for Tournament only.

We will stay in a Box, he said. I think that is a special place, no? I am very excited, I wish you are here too.

My Mother said she remembers the first bullfight in Manila 10 years ago. Many people did not like it to come, but it came anyway. When it finally open, the highest people of the Government and the lowest people they were all there. Mama is very wise but she don't like bullfighting. Also Teacher, remember? They said it is cruel. I don't think so. Before, my Papa said he liked basketball and tennis, but there are no more today. Also my mother. Pepe, what is basketball? Is it true there was no fighting and blood in it? How dull, no?

My uncle say if this Gladiators show is good, the Promoters (that is Manager, my Papa said) will bring another show nexttime. More exciting. Persons will be put in the arena and let the big lions eat them. Like in Rome long ago they said. How exciting! But my Papa said, "Will they allow that? That is too cruel, I think." But my Uncle said, "I think they will allow it. The promoters will give the first proceeds to charity, and they will invite the highest people."

When are you coming back to school? Daisy said we have a new Teacher. I hope you come back soon to see the Tournament yourself.

Thank you for the pretty Christmas card. Did you get mine and Corings'? Happy New Year!

Your friend,  
MANOLO



# Fun-Orama. . . . . by Elmer

## ABOUT BULLFIGHTING



*"Quick! Get the fire started."*



*"They are from the SPCA."*

# The Father

(Continued from page 46)

asking for food and money from their parents. He had no job. He had never felt the desire to work.

"You must be strong, anak. This thing was not given to us, we asked for it," he heard Oray Dolang from the room. "It was sweet when still in the making, yes, but this—" Oray let out a deep sigh.

"Wait until it has become unbearable, Senen," Mrs. Pontiras said. "Don't exert needless effort, or you will spend yourself before it comes out."

Dino looked at the starless sky. Beyond the leaves of the tall coconut trees, he could see the brightening skyline, crooked with the uneven contours of the distant Siamong hills. The moon would soon be clearing the line. He lay his head back between his palms. His breathing still smelt of tuba, and his head still giddy.

The night of their wedding, he was drunk. And Senen had cried as she had cried so many times after that. He had lain in bed with her and vomited on the clean sheets which her mother had given them. Senen had to rise and clean him. He remembered pulling her to him and kissed her with his dirty mouth even as she cried and protested. But after that, they were good to each other again. They had been at it until one day when he felt a sudden weight bearing down on him. Something heavy and burdensome pulling him down. He could not pinpoint what it was. And it haunted him. He became afraid—even of Senen. There was even a time when his fear seemed to turn to hate. He felt bound and unfree. That was how he started to drink even more heavily than before.

When Dino looked up at the starless sky once more, the moon had cleared the uneven skyline. But he could not see the moon. Only the silver-edged patches of clouds sailing sluggish across the sky told him that the moon had risen. He cupped his mouth between his palms while the chaos of his thoughts went on. Behind him, the fire had dimmed out and the kitchen was turning dark. His thirst worsened. His throat was dry as the sail of a boat at sea on a summer noon. He wanted a drink very bad-

ly. He looked at himself in the semi-darkness of the kitchen. A father at eighteen!

He rose to kindle the fire in the hearth. When he looked up the sky again, he caught a glimpse of the moon, appearing through a break in the clouds.

He closed the kitchen door. A sudden wail, throaty and choking, broke through the house like a lightning flash piercing the darkness with instant fire. He bolted out of the kitchen.

**7** HE porridge, Dino," Oray Dolang shouted at him above the wail.

He hurried back into the kitchen. He fumbled for a bowl in a basket beside the hearth. It was black with soot. He snatched a ladle from the bamboo rack tied to the edge of the kitchen window and ladle the bowl with the steaming porridge. He left the ladle sticking out of the pot.

He stood by the bed and peered into the spent face of Senen. The steaming porridge spilled onto his palm but he did not seem to feel it. He wanted to run out of the room. He took one step back to the door.

Senen opened her eyes. She stared at him for a long time as if he did not recognize her husband at once. Then a smile, weak and pale, broke through her bloodless lips. He stepped forward instantly and knelt beside the bed. He was still holding the bowl. He did not know what to do with it. Senen motioned him to put it down on the edge of the bed. She reached out her hand. He clasped it between his.

"Senen," he said, his voice faltering with excitement.

"Well, Dino, you are a father now," Mrs. Pontiras said. "The first thing you should do is to go to the sea and get your wife some good fish to brace her up."

Dino nodded meekly. "I'll do that," he said.

Mrs. Pontiras held the baby high from the basin, dripping with warm water. Oray Dolang hurriedly wrapped it in a clean diaper. The baby cried. It flailed its arms and feet inside the wrap as if it were learning how to swim in the sea. Dino reached out to pat the baby's belly.

"Anak," he said softly, as if the sound of his voice would stop the young boy from wailing.#

**T**O leave the old with a burst of  
song,  
To recall the right and forgive the  
wrong;  
To forget the thing that binds you  
fast  
To the vain regrets of the year that's  
past.

—Robert B. Beattie

