

DEC 1957

Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

JANUARY
1957



50 CENTAVOS

CONTENTS

Articles

Neutralism Is <i>Not</i> Possible	Carlos P. Romulo	4
Rizal's Frustrations	Juan Salcedo, Jr.	12
What I Like About the Philippines	George F. Malcolm	17
Princeton and My Father	F. Scott Fitzgerald Lanahan,	21
There's a Future in Coops . . .	Cornelio M. Ferrer	25
Let's Nationalize Our Music . . .	Eliseo M. Pajaro	29
The Secrets of the Milky Way	Efren Sunico	36
India's Ritual Dance-Drama	Luis Reantaso	39
The Exiles	Bienvenido Santos	51
Hungary's Hopeless Fight .	Felixberto C. Sta. Maria	63
Manila's Pied Piper	Philippines Today	67
Our Monetary Reserves . . .	Miguel Cuaderno, Sr.	70
You Can Build Your Own Home From Dirt . . .	Jorge A. Lorredo, Jr.	78
Flying Jeep		86
Argentina After Peron	G. Pendle	88
A Lake In the Woods	Benigno Manawis	92

Poetry

Nature Song	Ricardo Demetillo	38
-----------------------	-------------------	----

Fiction

The Locked Door	Demetrio S. Camua, Jr.	44
---------------------------	------------------------	----

Regular Features

Are You Word Wise?		20
Panorama Peek		43
Book Review—The Wowan Who Was Poor . . .	Leonard Casper	57
Literary Personality—XXV: Max Jacob		60
Panorama Quiz		81
In the Beginning		83
Philippine Panorama—XXVI: Butuan City		84
Fun-Orama		87

PANORAMA is published monthly by the Community Publishers, Inc., (1986) Herran, Manila, Philippines

Editor: JAIME LUCAS

Foreign contributing editor: Leonard Casper

Business Manager: MRS. C. A. MARAMAG

Subscription rates: In the Philippines, one year ₱5.00; two years ₱9.00. Foreign subscription: one year \$4.00 U.S.; two years \$7.00 U.S. Single copy 50 centavos.

starting this issue:

Your *Panorama* comes in a slightly larger format.

The cover, as you may have noticed, is in full color.

But that isn't all.

There is also a *wider* variety of reading matter: articles of immediate value and enduring significance to the Philippine reader.

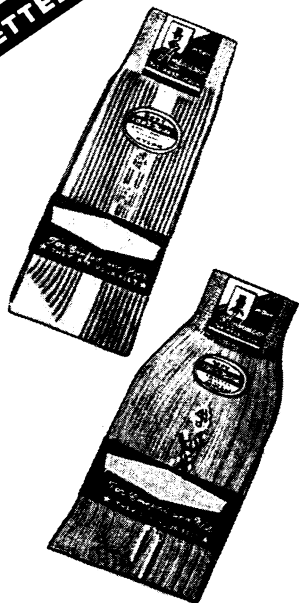
The regular features—fiction, literary personality, cartoon, book review, etc.—are here as usual to challenge or amuse you.

Tell your friends about the *Panorama*. They will like it.

Cling-fit...
Roomy comfort...
with MBHM
"Ambassador"



AMBASSADOR STRETCHABLE SOCKS... stretches from top to toe to fit both leg and foot perfectly... made of all nylon body. Special absorbent Finish-Sole lined with fine DURENE' COTTON-NYLON, reinforced heel and toe.



**SOLD AT ALL LEADING BAZARS
AND DEPARTMENT STORES**

MANUFACTURED BY:

Manila Bay Hosiery Mills

In this issue:

Neutralism Is Not Possible

By Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo

Rizal's Frustrations

By Juan Salcedo, Jr.

The Exiles

By Bienvenido Santos

Hungary's Hopeless Fight

By F. C. Sta. Maria

Let's Nationalize Our Music

By Eliseo Pajaro

Build Your Own House From Dirt

By Jorge A. Lorredo, Jr.

Nature Song

A poem by Ricaredo Demetillo

NEUTRALISM IS NOT POSSIBLE

By *CARLOS P. ROMULO*

Philippine Ambassador to the United States

“What is going on in the world today is not a freshman debate about the relative merits of the horse and cow. We are talking, rather, about the tiger—who does not walk away if you turn your back on him.”



THE PRINCIPLES enunciated by Thomas Jefferson are as valid today as they were when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. To many leaders of nations newly free, and of those struggling to be free, the name of Jefferson is a star shining in the dark night. To them Jefferson is not just a great American who played a stellar role in the emergence of your country; he is a symbol of hope to men who struggle to throw off the harness of oppression.

But I wonder whether all of

the new leaders of emerging nations, while invoking the principles of Jefferson, really understand him—whether they all comprehend the essence of what he believed and taught. Occasionally we see them use his name as they throw off one imperialism, but remain blind to the danger of another and more perilous imperialism — of Soviet communism.

Jefferson believed in human dignity, in the freedom of man. He did not believe that one could stand aside when freedom was threatened. To Jef-

person freedom was something to be won. And it could not be won or maintained without taking sides.

During the Asian-African Conference held at Bandung in April of last year, President Sukarno of Indonesia and other Asian leaders spoke eloquently and with reverence of the ideas of the men who made Revolutionary America. They invoked the names of Jefferson, of Washington, of Paul Revere. They saw, and rightly so, in the gathering power of 20th-century Asia, a special affinity with the 18th-century American revolutionaries.

But they did not always reveal their understanding of the message that came to us of this

century from your forebears of another era. Some of the participants at the Bandung Conference used the names of illustrious men of 1776 to justify a stagnant neutralism in these days of conflict between Soviet imperialism and democratic freedom.

No man, no nation, wanting to be free or to remain free, can be neutral today. Neutralism assumes, by the very meaning of the word, that there is some good in both sides, some evil in both sides. Neutralism means that one can stand aside and let others fight out the great issues of modern man. Neutralism is the wife who watches the bear chase her husband and who'd say impartially, "Go it



husband. Go it, bear."

Is it really possible to stand aside today? Is it really possible for anyone anywhere, to be a neutralist?

If there is little difference between freedom and totalitarianism, then the answer is yes.

If there is no important difference between being a free man and being a slave, then the answer is yes.

If slave labor camps, ridicule of religion, suppression of free ideas and thinking dishonesty and duplicity in human affairs, idolatry of a man as a hero and a patriot for over a decade and then suddenly debunking him as a murderer and a traitor — and this by his former associates and accomplices — if all these mean nothing to us, then the answer is yes, we can stand aside and be neutral.

BUT NO man who has read Jefferson or Madison or Adams, and has understood their words, will ever be convinced that they would be neutralists today. There is no room for choice, if we believe in the dignity and freedom of the human being. We must take sides, whether we be Filipinos, or Americans, or Indonesians, or Indians, or anything else.

We must take sides — because our love of freedom forces us to do so. We must take sides — because our hat-

red of oppression gives us no choice.

Any nation that seeks to be neutralist is telling the world that it does not recognize the meaning of Soviet imperialism or the way of democratic nations.

We are sometimes told that it is all very well for a rich, powerful, highly developed country like the United States to carry on the fight against Soviet imperialism, but that poor, weak, newly born nations cannot afford such a luxury. We are reminded of America's own history of avoidance of European entanglements throughout much of the 19th century.

Leaving aside the question whether this is an accurate description of America's history, we have a right to wonder whether those who use this argument know what time it is. The year is 1956 — let them remember that. The century is that of the hydrogen bomb — let them remember that.

The world of the 20th century is not the world of the 18th and 19th centuries.

In those days there were no H-bombs.

In those days there were no intercontinental missiles.

In those days there were sailing ships but no planes.

Perhaps even more important, in those days the capture of men's minds was not the

goal of any nation. Neither France nor Britain, in their stately and bloody quadrille of power politics, was out to fasten a straightjacket on the minds and spirits of men.

In those days there was no plan for the enslavement of men by the use of terror and the multitudinous techniques of subversion.

Only a man who refuses to open his eyes would think that there was anything in the 18th or 19th century to compare with the monsters of the 20th century: fascism and communism. Fascism led to the World War we have not yet recovered from.

Communism prepares for world conquest, whether by war or by the clever uses of cold peace.

To fail to see the difference superficial as well as basic, between the United States of America and the Soviet Union is to dispute the facts of life of this century.

Is it possible to conceive that Thomas Jefferson, alive today, would be neutral between his credo and the Soviet philosophy?

Yet we find some of the Asian and African neutralists, and European as well, using the principles of America's great men of freedom as argument for neutralism.

What Jefferson and Washington said about colonialism,

about man's freedom, is as true today as it was in the days of the American Revolution.

The subjugation of man is as wrong today as it was then.

The evils of colonialism were bad then. They are bad today.

But to use the desire for freedom from an old colonialism to blind oneself to the menace of the new colonialism, communism, is to play the ostrich.

It is worse, for the ostrich has only himself to lose. The neutralist leader today endangers all his own people and the rest of the world as well.

WE KNOW now that self-government is the natural state of organized man. It is compounded of self-knowledge, self-respect, and self-control. It is the product of love for one's homeland and for one's countrymen. But it will not work at all without an overriding love of that abstract idea — liberty. You cannot have proper government without liberty, and you cannot have liberty without proper government.

That is why I am disturbed by the new neutralism which accepts the old fallacy that liberty is a sometime thing—like the curate's famous egg, good in spots. There is, I fear, a real danger that we may be placing a higher premium on straightforward nationalism than on



straightout devotion to freedom.

Our new Asian nations have a nationalism of their own. But no nationalism can be good, lasting or strong unless it is constructive. For a people to develop and maintain a healthy nationalism is both good and normal. But a nationalism which is destructive is a nationalism which will bring ruin down on the heads of those who lead it into darkness.

For a nation to gain its independence in the name of freedom and then refuse to defend freedom is a negation of true nationalism.

The Dutch, the French, the British colonial powers had faults. Refusing to understand the tremendous urge of great peoples for self-government, they stayed so long that they had to be removed, sometimes forcibly.

But if Dutch or British or French imperialism was wrong, how wrong then is Soviet imperialism!

To arrive at independence from Holland or France or Britain and then to become appendages to the Soviet imperialism is to negate and then destroy the freedom that the peoples of Asia worked and suffered for.

Never in the history of man has there been an imperialism so destructive of the free spirit, so ruinous of man's yearning for self-respect, so cynical about the

dignity of the individual, so designed to degrade men rather than improve their lives, as the imperialism of the Soviet Union.

This is the big fact of life of our century.

If freedom is worth having it is worth defending. There are various means of defense of freedom. Defense can be by speech, by writing, by education.

But it may also be necessary to defend freedom by arms. And that fact some of our Asian friends don't seem to have grasped despite the fact that the Bandung final communiqué, after a prolonged discussion, decided that one of the cardinal principles we are pledged to follow is "respect for the right of each nation to defend itself singly or collectively in conformity with the Charter of the United Nations."

Today's neutralists are men who seem to have been misled by Soviet propaganda, which attacks the free world by picturing Russia as a friend of the new nations of Asia and Africa.

THE ACTUAL purpose of the Soviet imperialists is to destroy the free powers, not to gain freedom for the colonial peoples. The true nationalist leader understands this — he should understand it instinctively. He wants freedom for his people. He knows that

Communism will give them a deadly slavery. He does not equate the Soviet Union with the free world. He does not insist that the conflict between the Soviet Union and those nations which are still free is no concern of his. He does not say, "I shall walk on the other side of the street."

Instead he says, "I am for freedom; therefore I am against communism."

Some neutralist leaders say to the free world: "We want your help. Give us food. Give us know-how. Give us capital. Give us the tools, and we will build our freedom. But do not ask us to be your partners. We do not want you to give us arms. We want no military assistance. For we are neutral between you and the Soviet imperialists. It is only a matter of degree between you and the Soviet."

I suggest that this kind of appeal is not neutralism, but suicide. The differences between the free world and the Soviet world are not academic. They are real.

What is going on in the world today is not a freshman debate about the relative merits of the horse and the cow. We are talking, rather, about the tiger — who does not walk away if you turn your back on him.

If the neutralists, including some of those patriotic and high-minded leaders who have

done so much to help their nations attain freedom, believe in what they have told their people, if they believe in those magnificent principles so nobly enunciated by Jefferson, then they cannot be neutralists.

That is why every nation newly free ought to be glad to obtain military assistance to maintain its freedom. It takes maturity to see that, in our time, we preserve our private independence by recognizing the public interdependence. We of Asia—children of the world's oldest cultures—must now achieve a new and speedy maturity. We must choose our partners, and we must accept the responsibilities of partnership with the NATO in the West, SEATO in the East—these are the tools of freedom. We must use them and strengthen them.

That is the heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the Asian leaders today. It is a responsibility they dare not shirk. If they do, all the anguish and struggle and hopes of their people for freedom will be in vain.

The new imperialism which today smiles and bows and tips its hat in courtesy is not interested in Asian freedom or African nationalism. Soviet imperialism is interested only in the advancement of the Soviet Union and the suppression of

those ideas which are the basis of the free world, the hope of oppressed people everywhere. It does not allow a special category for those who would be neutral, any more than Hitler or the Japanese did in World War II.

That is the message that Tho-

mas Jefferson and his fellow rebels give to Asia — and to the world—today. The message is clear enough: Take sides. Freedom is precious — defend it. It is not cheap, or easy, or neutral. It is dear, and hard, and real. Take sides—or you will lose it.

* * *

Before It's Too Late

BECAUSE it makes a glib and simple picture, we like to think of the world situation today as a precarious and explosive balance of two irreconcilable ideologies confronting each other; which precarious balance, once it totters, will drag the whole universe along with it. That's not so. Only one of the opposed forces is an ideology. The other one is that simple fact of man: that simple belief of individual man that he can and should and will be free. And if we who are still free want to continue so, all of us who are still free had better confederate, and confederate fast, with all others who still have a choice to be free—confederate not as black people nor white people nor blue or pink or green people, but as a people who are still free; confederate together and stick together too, if we want a world or even a part of a world in which individual man can be free, to continue to endure.—WILLIAM FAULKNER.

*

Rizal's Frustrations

Great, but human

WERE Rizal living today, he would be just a few months over 90 years.

Of these, he had lived only the short span of 35 and yet, what crowded and fruitful years they were. In the past 55 years since his death, Rizal has been so much the object of hero worship on the part of his countrymen and others, that it would be difficult to find a phase of his life which has not been the subject of deliberate and careful studies. Retana, Russell and Rodriguez, Laubach, Palma and Ozaeta, Quirino, Osias, Lopez, Arguelles and Hernandez—all have written full-length biographies of the hero, not to mention the innumerable writers among his own countrymen as well as foreigners, who have dealt with some aspects of his career.

A more polyfaceted individual has not been registered in the annals of history. A con-

By JUAN SALCEDO, JR.

siderable number of Rizaliana has been accumulating these many years, but like the proverbial needle in the hay stack it would be difficult to find, unless it be as a passing remark, anything regarding his struggles and his failures and how he overcame them.

Rizal had an inquiring mind and you will remember how, as a mere boy, he strolled along the shores of Lake Bai near his native Calamba, wondering what could be there on the other side of the lake or whether people were also living in suffering as in his old hometown. Fortunately for his later biographers, Rizal had been very methodical since his school days, and consequently we have a record of the more important events of his life. While we owe to Craig some

fragment of his autobiography, as published in his "Rizal's Own Story," it was the two Barretos, Alberto and Tomas, who gave us the original autobiography of his early childhood, from 1861 to 1878.

This early autobiography is probably first to many of his principal events of life from his copious writings, the materials are rather disconnected and fragmentary, to say the least. It lacks the cohesion and continuity necessary for a formal autobiography.

One of his many disappointments in love is found within the pages of his early work. He relates the story of how he fell in love with an attractive young lady, then a student in the Concordia College. As was customary in those days, there was no formal declaration of love, but by means of innuendoes he was able to convey to her his intimate sentiments. These were reciprocated on the part of the lady, although at that time, she was betrothed to one of her cousins, following the nineteenth century tradition among many Filipinos to have a wedding prearranged by their own parents.

There were unhappy loves. Rizal courted Consuelo Ortiga y Rey, the lovely daughter of a high official of the Spanish-Philippine Administration, for whom he wrote the exquisite poem "A La Señorita Consuelo

Ortiga y Rey," but he discovered that his very good friend,LETE, was at the same time madly in love with her and his chivalrous spirit would never betray a friend. His marriage with Nelly Boustead would have ended in realization, had not Rizal, at the last hour, balked at her one condition that he turn Protestant. He was deeply attached to one of the Beckett sisters according to Don Antonio Regidor, but he had fled to the continent because he did not want to mar her life by what he considered as a mere infatuation on her part.

Leonor Rivera, whom Rizal had immortalized in his **NOLI ME TANGERE** as the lovely *María Clara*, following the maternal command, had married an Englishman during his absence abroad, Retana, the first biographer of Rizal, solemnly declared that Rizal's many frustrations in love were due to the fact that he discarded all earthly loves to become wedded to the cause of his Motherland—Filipinas.

IN HIS studies, Rizal repeatedly met with disappointments. He was never a wonder child, but he was endowed with a very strong will and a good memory that tided him over these difficulties. We read in his biography that while a student, he apportioned his time in such a way that he was

always busy far into the night and when nature was about to overcome him and frustrate him at his achieving a preconceived daily goal, he devised means by which to keep himself awake. He had no natural inclination for music but through constancy and practice, he was able to master the flute. Incidentally, we have now two musical pieces ascribed to his authorship.

Would it be necessary to recall his other failures? One of the most elaborate projects was the colonization of North Borneo for the persecuted people of Calamba. He had conceived the idea in Hongkong and had followed it up when he was in Dapitan. Everything was ready, all the conditions had been agreed upon. The British government had given consent, but the approval of the Governor-General was necessary for any group of men to leave the country and settle in a foreign land. The Government disapproved the project and so his dream of a Utopia vanished.

On the promise of aid on the part of Don Mariano Cunanan, wealthy friend from Pampanga, he outlined the establishment of a "Colegio Moderno," the curriculum of which would compare favorably with any of its class anywhere in the world but other more important matters drew his attention, among

Rizal's World

"Of the world into which Rizal was born a few generalizations can be made. One is that there was, generally speaking universal peace. This cannot be said, however, of the United States where a major war had just begun. Again, in many countries of Asia, European imperialism was rapidly extending its control and influence. Many a country in South and Southwest Asia had fallen victims to the aggressions of European imperialism. Nationalism had just achieved a notable triumph in Europe in the unification of Italy. Within the next decade the world was to witness another notable triumph—the unification of Germany. The ideal of democracy as a way of life was still far from practical realization. There were then however, good indications that humanity was moving progressively towards the attainment of that ideal."

—Nicolas Zafra

them the growing discontent of the people against the ruling class that Spain had sent to the Philippines.

He came back to Manila from Hongkong, leaving his "Colegio Moderno" unrealized and a lucrative practice behind. Once in Manila, he tried to establish "La Liga Filipina" for which he had prepared a constitution. This was a cooperative association aiming at the

economic progress of the Philippines, but his deportation to Dapitan again frustrated his noble intent.

While an exile in Dapitan, Rizal conceived the idea of converting a large portion of his estate into a great park after the style of those that he had seen in Europe. With the consent and cooperation of his jailer, Commandant Carnicero, he laid out his plans and began to execute them with the aid of his former teacher in the Ateneo, P. Francisco de P. Sanchez, S. J., and of his pupils, some twenty in number, several of whom have achieved distinction later in public life.

He began the water works with hardly any material on hand except his ingenuity. He used the big rocks that were lying about and made lime out of sea shells which were abundant along the seashore. With these, he built up the dam, and using the fluted tiles from a ruined house, he lined up the open canals with them. Making use of discarded gin bottles, he made terracotta for his underground pipes.

When years later an American engineer, F. Cameron, then in the service of the Department of Mindanao and Sulu, examined minutely the brainchild of Rizal, he was astonished to find how a man with scanty means at his command could have built such a mo-

dern water system capable of supplying a population of over 5,000 people.

IN THE TOWN plaza he was to built a relief map of the country in eight quadrangles beginning with that of Mindanao. This map must have been carefully made out because he was able to make certain corrections on the maps of the time of the coast line of the great island from original surveys that he had made of the region. But hardly had he finished this when his collaborator and former teacher P. Sanchez was called back to Manila bringing with him all the instruments that were necessary for the comparative determination of the contour of the land and the accuracy of the coast lines. And so to his chagrin, Rizal completed only one out of the eight sections as originally planned, leaving the rest unfinished.

At one time, Rizal conceived the idea of writing on the Philippines which was then a "terra incognita" even among the Spaniards. He wanted to portray the Philippines as it was then, telling the beauty of the scenery and her immense natural resources, but when he called a meeting among Filipino students, then in Madrid, in order to apportion the work among themselves, he found out that the great majority

wanted to write on the Filipino woman.

So, he had to give up the idea. Henceforth, he was to rely only on himself for his future projects. Some years la-

ter, he was to astonish the Philippines and the world and bring fear to guilty consciences by the publication of his masterpiece, the NOLI ME TANGERE.

* * *

Farm Tilt Winner

PRESIDENT Magsaysay awarded a "pony" tractor to Cornelio Feliciano of Terigsing, Condon, Isabela, for topping last year's winners in the nationwide 100-cavan per hectare contest among rice farmers.

In ceremonies held at Malacañang, the President paid high tribute to the awardees who had shown the world that they could raise rice crops that yield more than 100 cavans per hectare.

The contest, sponsored by the Soil Science Society of the Philippines, is the second annual affair and it bettered the previous year's record by several cavans.

Cornelio Feliciano harvested 177 cavans, five gantas and three chupas per hectare against 163 cavans harvested by Pedro Villanueva, last year's winner.

President Magsaysay also suggested that the winners impart some of their practical knowledge to students by giving lectures in agricultural high schools and colleges all over the country. Magsaysay suggested that in next year's contest, students in the agricultural schools and colleges should take part.

*

What I Like About the Philippines

By *GEORGE F. MALCOLM*

*An oldtimer and great friend points
out the bright spots*



I LIKE the Philippines because of the respect and courtesy shown elders, shown the members of the church, shown the family and shown the government.

I like the Philippines also because of the women. After all these many years, I still think the women are the best men in the Philippines. We have innumerable examples today of songs for women, all of them indications of your culture. We have also, for instance, a fine lady who has spoken to you about the public service in our neighboring countries. Her mother-in-law recently was deeply honored,

and I was happy to be there because there was the older generation, as also the younger generation, of women setting the ideals for the men of the Philippines.

I like the Philippines also because of the emphasis placed on education. Filipino young men and women are anxious for education. They will make every sacrifice possible to be educated, and then they will go forth to be good men and women. Of course what we want them to do is to fit their education into what is needed in the Philippines and that is the great problem here in the Islands: to have education join-

ed with the problems of the Philippines and the Filipinos settle their own problems.

I like the Philippines also because of the fine judging that you have in the courts. I especially like what has been done in the Supreme Court. I want to tell you frankly and honestly that the present Supreme Court is even better than the old Supreme Court to which I belonged. It is thus because of what is in your Constitution which protects the courts at the present time and makes the Supreme Court absolutely independent of all political influence. And so the courts decide cases against the President, against Congress and thus protect the people and still protect the Constitution.

The problem with the courts is that while they do not lack in judicial acumen, all too many judges do not seem to know how to conduct the courts as administrators should. The result is that courts do not open on time; cases are not decided promptly and there is congestion in the courts. You can double and treble the number of judges in the Philippines and still you will not relieve this situation. Judges should remember that judging is not only handing down cases but judging is also administration for the benefit of the people.

THE NEWSPAPERMEN — those who reflect public opinion — never let me down once in all the many years that I was here. I never heard of a newspaperman who had violated my confidence. I have always been treated fairly by them, and that has been especially true on this visit. Here in the Philippines you have many newspapers and I am delighted to see that they do not succumb to mere advertising — they are independent and they lead public opinion, so that today there is public opinion in the Philippines.

I am happy also to find in the Philippines that now you must be self-sufficient. You have survived the solicitude of Spain, of the United States, and Japan. And having survived all of these solicitudes you now find that the only people who can save the Philippines are the Filipinos. That is true absolutely. I want you to understand that while it is all right to cooperate with the rest of the world, while it is all right to have these relations with the U.S., with the other countries about you, you must learn that the only people who can save the Philippines are the Filipinos.

I am also happy to see in the Philippines that you are losing your colonial mentality. Now, that is something which you do not find in other countries. In

the United States let an English countess, baroness or lady, or anyone of those persons, come in there and the Americans bow and scrape as if there is something remarkable appearing on the scene. Let also some great author — Dickens, Shaw — come in the US and let him insult us, and the more he insults us, the more we applaud.

Once, the same was true here in the Philippines. There have been some of my fellow countrymen who have thought of themselves as governors-general; yet many of the Filipinos applauded them vigorously.

I am also happy to see here in the Philippines that Philippine and US relations continue, that in the main they continue now on the basis of reciprocal relations, on the basis of equality. That is as it should be. Because if you fall, the Americans fall at the same time. We are all in the same ship, we all have to defend that ship, or we will sink with it.

Lastly I am glad to see in the Philippines that this is the age of young men. I have been here through three generations. First there was the Spanish-trained generation... and that is disappearing. Then came the first of the American-trained generation, about which I had something to do, and even that is disappearing. I have seen many of my own students first go into Congress, where they are a majority, later into the executive department, and now they are in the Supreme Court and in the courts.

But even these are disappearing in the sunset of life and now it is for the new generation to take over. Ramon Magsaysay is an example of that generation. These are the men with new vision, the men with new enthusiasm, the men on whom the safety and future of the Philippines will depend.

It is for you young men to carry on.

* * *

One of Us

Patient (at lunatic asylum) — "We like you better than the last doctor."

New Doctor (flattered) — "How's that?"

Patient — "You seem more like one of us."

*

Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words given below should be in your reading vocabulary. That is, you should be able to recognize them, although you may not be able to define or actually use them in writing. Select the proper definition for each, then turn to page 82 for the correct answers. Fifteen is passing.

1. *abjure*—(a) to renounce or reject; (b) to imagine; (c) to defeat decisively; (d) to order.
2. *restive*—(a) improbable; (b) lazy; (c) pertaining to the rest of group; (d) inactive.
3. *inculcate*—(a) to diminish in value; (b) to teach by repetition; (c) to place on top; (d) to reveal or expose.
4. *impale*—(a) to become pale; (b) to remove forcibly; (c) declare illegal; (d) to confine or hem in.
5. *puerile*—(a) childish or trivial; (b) disposed to bad humor; (c) secretive; (d) continuous like rain.
6. *lisp*—(a) to paint imperfectly; (b) to put on the list; (c) stammer; (d) to discount.
7. *recoup*—(a) to compensate oneself for loss; (b) to rearrange; (c) to change in appearance; (d) to stay again.
8. *sprightly*—(a) full of fear; (b) distant or unknown; (c) disposed to believe in spirits; (d) briskly or spiritedly.
9. *domicile*—(a) wife or husband; (b) a place of residence; (c) a bachelor girl; (d) a turret or dome.
10. *spur*—(a) to contradict; (b) to make furious; (c) to incite or urge; (d) to make strong.
11. *enervating*—(a) weakening; (b) giving energy or strength; (c) pleasing; (d) reviving.
12. *impasse*—(a) a blind alley; (b) a negative inspiration; (c) a wide gap; (d) a scolding.
13. *amass*—(a) to bring to trial; (b) to concentrate; (c) to gather together; (d) to improve considerably.
14. *conjure*—(a) to connect loosely; (b) to call upon or entreat; (c) to bestow or give; (d) to prevent.
15. *pliant*—(a) flexible; (b) resembling a plant; (c) disorderly; (d) a complaint.
16. *ornery*—(a) hard to manage; (b) pleasing to the ears; (c) like a child; (d) unyielding.
17. *gimrick*—(a) a wise saying; (b) a magician; (c) a tall towerlike building; (d) a tricky device.
18. *em*—(a) a short message; (b) unit of printer's measure; (c) a unit of work; (d) a telegram.
19. *thaw*—(a) to keep cool; (b) to deliver; (c) to melt or dissolve; (d) to impose on.
20. *quiescent*—(a) without ambition; (b) at rest or quiet; (c) sick; (d) undisturbed.

PRINCETON AND MY FATHER



BY FRANCES SCOTT FITZGERALD LANAHAN

I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER, although experts say the thing is a psychological impossibility, lying pink and gurgling in my crib while my father* chanted "Going Back to Nassau Hall" into my infant ear, in a vain effort to change me into a boy so I could go to Princeton and play on the football team.

I have in my possession a letter I wrote to Santa Claus some seven years later. "Dear Santa," it begins, "Please may I have this Christmas a set of Lionel trains, and may I go to Princeton when I grow up. If you don't think I'm nice enough to have both, please give me the Lionel train."

At the age of thirteen I accompanied Daddy to the Yale-Princeton game. I was sitting

blinking in the stands, in the days when Princetonians still faced the sun thoughtfully chewing on various articles in my purse, when I let out a shriek. "Daddy," I screamed, "I've swallowed a safety pin!"

"Daughter," he said calmly, "I don't care if you've swallowed a sewing-machine. Pepper Constable has the ball."

A more recent and still more painful memory is the occasion of my first date. I had spent six weeks carefully making out a list of conversational topics. I had rehearsed, over and over, each sentence, timing it so as to stretch out over the required number of minutes. The young man walked in, was introduced. He was going to Yale, he told my father. I shall never forget sitting silent while their discussion became more and more heated. By eleven there

* See Panorama, Jan. 1956: "F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Morning After."

wasn't a Triangle show left un-discussed, there wasn't a detail of the honor system overlooked. I guess the boy knew when he was licked—he is at Princeton now.

Most people belong all their life to Kappa Kappa Gamma, or the Hunting Set, or Boston Back Bay. My father belonged all his life to Princeton. Any graduate was welcome at the house; any undergraduate was questioned in great detail. He followed the athletics, the club elections, the *Princetonian* editorials. He kept chart which showed what had become of the class of '17. He hardly ever went to Reunions, and he constantly deplored the club system, but I believe that Princeton played a bigger part in his life as an author and as a man than any other single factor.

"Reading poetry," he wrote to me about two years ago, "isn't something easy to get started on by yourself. You need at the beginning some enthusiast who also knows his way around—John Peale Bishop performed that office for me at Princeton. I had always dabbled in 'verse' but he made me see, in the course of a couple of months, the difference between poetry and non-poetry. After that one of my first discoveries was that some of the professors who were teaching poetry really hated it and didn't

know what it was about. I got in a series of endless scraps with them so that finally I dropped English altogether.

"Poetry is either something that lives like fire inside of you—like music to the musician or Marxism to the Communist—or else it is nothing, an empty, formalized bore around which pedants can endlessly drone their notes and explanations. *The Grecian Urn* is unbearably beautiful with every syllable as inevitable as the notes in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or it's just something you don't understand. It is what it is because an extraordinary genius passed at that point in history and touched it. I suppose I've read it a hundred times. About the tenth time I began to know what it is about, and caught the chime in it and the exquisite inner mechanics. I can never read through without tears in my eyes; likewise the *Pot of Basil* with its great stanzas about the two brothers; and *The Eve of Saint Agnes* which has the richest, most sensuous imagery in English, not excepting Shakespeare. And finally his three or four great sonnets, *Bright Star* and the others.

"Knowing those things young and granted an ear, one can scarcely ever afterwards be unable to distinguish between gold and dross in what one reads. In themselves

those eight poems are a scale of workmanship for anybody who wants to know truly about words, their most utter value for evocation, persuasion or charm. For awhile after you quit Keats all other poetry seems to be only whistling or humming."

THE WORD Princeton, the name Scott Fitzgerald, conjure up the same picture in so many peoples' minds:—of station-wagons by swimming pools, of breakfast cocktail parties, of jazz and one continual New Year's Eve. "Charming, snobbish, superficial," is the trademark applied to them by scoffers. They have a right to say these things.

Daddy wrote himself: "Though I loved Princeton I sometimes felt that it was a by-water, that its snobby institutions were easy to beat and to despise and that unless I were a natural steeplechaser or a society groom I'd have to find my own private intellectual and emotional life. Given that premise it is a lovely quiet place, gentle and dignified and it will let you alone . . .

"It is the last two years in college that count. I got nothing out of my first two years—in the last I got my passionate love for poetry and historical perspective and ideas in general (however superficially) that carried me full swing

into my career."

Just as those who go to Princeton know its essential dignity, know the hard work and hard thinking that is done there every day, the high standard of education that it holds, so those who read *The Great Gatsby* or *The Last Tycoon* carefully, who knew my father well, or who look at one of his manuscripts, realize how much sweat, how much heartbreaking effort, how many painful hours of work under the most adverse circumstances went into the realization of his literary dream, his seemingly effortless prose. "Work," I quote again, "is dignity and the only dignity. I never want to see again in this world people who are brought up as idlers, who bring ruin to themselves and to others."

Towards the end of his life my father wrote me several letters which disprove the statement of some of the more absurd obituaries that he was suffering from some sort of "morbid despair."

"Once one is caught up into the material world not one person in ten thousand finds the time to form literary taste, to examine the validity of philosophic concepts for himself or to form what, for lack of a better phrase, I might call the wise and tragic sense of life.

"By this I mean the thing that lies beyond all great ca-

reers from Shakespeare's to Abraham Lincoln's, and as far back as there are books to read—the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure,' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle. Having learned this in theory from the lives and conclusions of great men, you can get a lot more enjoyment out of whatever bright things come your way . . .

"What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd never relaxed

or looked back—but said at the end of *The Great Gatsby*: I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing.

"What I am doing here (in Hollywood) is the last effort of a man who once did something better and finer."

How close his early work is to the hundreds of stories about debutantes and rich boys, about the "streamlined" country club set, which cram our magazines! And yet he is as far removed from his imitators as *Crime and Punishment* is from *Crime Stories* magazine. —Adapted from the *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

* * *

ENGLISH LESSON (UNLIMITED)

*If you talk of the trip you have taken,
Would you boast of the bread you have BAKEN?
If you sigh for the hopes you have lost,
Would you fight for the girl you have CHOST?
If you mention a thing you have seen,
Would you speak of your friends as AGREEN?
If you want your pet dog to be fed,
Do you wish your front lawn to be WED?
You hear of a man who is shot,
Then why not a bank that is LOT?
You gossip of folks you have known—
Do you cry, "Oh, how much it has SNOWN?"
More examples? Don't be pedagogical—
Our language never is logical.*

— WILLIAM EBEN SCHLUTZ
Illinois Wesleyan University

There's a FUTURE in Co-ops

By CORNELIO M. FERRER

THE IDEA of cooperation implies the spirit of mutual protection, helpfulness, democracy in action. In the Bible we read:

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor.

For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.— Ecclesiastes 4:9-10.

The Philippine cooperative movement is comparatively much younger than the cooperative movement in the West. However, the idea is deeply embedded in the social customs of our people, particularly among the rural people. The importance of the *bayani* system (rendering service free) in land cultivation, harvesting,

and construction of houses is quite marked. Fishing by *pukot* (seine net)—the *pasinaya sa pamukutan*—is traditionally a community effort in fishing villages all over the Philippines. Both customs are strongly and intimately linked to the Philippine family system.

The following are chronological steps taken by the Philippine government on cooperatives:

1907—the first attempt to pass a bill on Rural Credit Cooperatives but disapproved by the Philippine Commission.

1915—Act 2608 was passed as the Rural Credit Law. Agricultural Credit Cooperative Associations were organized under this Act. Only a few of these

cooperatives succeeded. The failure is attributed to: (1) mismanagement, (2) lack of proper leadership training, (3) money borrowed was misused—for fiestas, vices and luxuries, (4) defective scurities, (5) politics, (6) lack of trained personnel, (7) inadequate compensation for officers, (8) inadequate supervision.

1927—The Cooperative Marketing Law enacted. By 1939 some 160 cooperative marketing associations were organized with a total membership of 5,000 farmers. This movement again failed: (1) lack of sufficient working capital, (2) defective management, (3) inadequate marketing facilities, lack of understanding of the aims and true purpose of the movement.

1939—Formation of Consumers' Cooperative League of the Philippines (private entity): no report.

1940—Cooperative Law passed. National Cooperatives Administration created, later

changed to National Cooperatives and Small Business Corporation. The war came and this government entity died a natural death.

1953—Birth of the Agricultural Credit and Cooperative Financing Administration (ACCF-FA).

THE COOPERATIVE movement is a tested system, a great success in the West. All that we need to see it succeed in the Philippines are character, training and a separate, strict cooperative law.

Type of Cooperatives

1. *Consumers' Cooperatives.* The most common type, all are consumers and can readily qualify for membership. The main aim of consumers' cooperatives is to provide members with high quality products at lowest possible prices and with essential, gratifying services.

The special feature is the "saving refund" returned to the members at the end of the year: the "profits" realized after deducting operating expenses and setting aside for reserves, is returned to members in proportion to their purchase.

2. *Farmers' Cooperative (Marketing).* This type is organized according to the crops produced in the community, like rice growers' cooperatives,

tobacco growers', etc. The farmers' cooperatives lay special stress on improvement of crops and subsequent sale at the best price obtainable in the market. In the division of "profits," the basis is the crops turned over to the farmers' cooperatives for sale. However, they also engage in procurement of consumer goods for the use of the members: clothing, agricultural implements, fertilizers, etc.

3. *Credit Cooperatives.* A credit union is organized: (a) to promote the habits of thrift by requiring all members to save something each payday or at regular intervals; (b) to grant loans out of these accumulated savings to members for provident and productive purposes; (c) to train the members in the wise use of money. The credit union is a miniature bank and can be run by ordinary people. It is a cooperative savings and loan business, owned and managed by the members themselves.

4. *Industrial Cooperatives.* There are local industries that can be developed and improved the cooperative way: the cloth-weaving industry of La Union, Ilocos regions, Panay island, and Batangas; the mat and hat weaving industry of Bulacan, Pangasinan and Tayabas; and the shoe making industry of Rizal.

5. *Service Cooperatives.* Mutual aid and insurance coopera-

tives, medical cooperatives, automobile insurance cooperatives, utility cooperatives (electricity, light and telephone), etc. render services rather than provide commodities for their members.

Of the five types, the credit union is probably the most popular and easy to organize. This type is urgently needed in the Philippines to combat usurious practices in every rural community. Some of the biggest landlords in the Philippines are also money lenders. Sixty per cent interest is not uncommon. Here in Manila the poor borrow five pesos on Monday and repay six pesos on Saturday—25% per week or an annual rate of 1040%!

Banking institutions in the Philippines are practically limited to large cities. Credit facilities are made available only to those who can offer "sound securities," and with the usual red tape.

7 HERE ARE now 125 credit unions in the Philippines, which have made total loans of 1½ million pesos to their members. If we consider five per cent per month the average interest paid by the Filipino people, the credit union saves its members ₱60,000!

A cooperative credit society is an association of persons on equal footing. The object of their union is to obtain as a

body, funds which they could not obtain singly. Loans will be made only to members, and the money is to be spent in a prudent manner for purposes which are either productive or necessary.

The ten most successful Philippine credit unions in 1948 followed sound business practices: standardized forms were used, there were regular reports of all officers, and close follow-ups of delinquent loans. The defunct credit union had failed to maintain contact with other credit unions in their area. The *ningas kogon* spirit had claimed its usual share.

Finally, it may be observed

that the perennial failure of credit unions and other types of cooperatives results from an inability or a reluctance on the part of interested groups to avail themselves of indigenous institutions linked to the Philippine family system—the *bayani* and *pasinaya sa pamukutan* systems. All too often there is a tendency, almost an enthusiasm, to graft on Philippine society inappropriate foreign institutional patterns. It would appear that cooperatives would have more of a dynamic appeal if they were oriented around the traditional rural family system.—Adapted from *Philippine Sociological Review*

* * *

Coating Machine

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

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

*

Let's Nationalize Our Music

Franz Liszt showed the way

By Dr. ELISEO M. PAJARO

NATIONALISM IN MUSIC is a movement that started in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It was a revolt that started in the young European nations with no musical tradition against the imitation of the music of other countries possessed of an older musical tradition. Specifically it was a reaction against the supremacy of German music within the younger nations. This new feeling now gave the new nations the incentive and inspiration to utilize and depend entirely on their own musical resources—their folk music and dance rhythms and their national history and traditions. These would be the basis on which they would create a music of their own.

In music, there are two kinds of nationalism — the conscious and the unconscious. A lead-

ing contemporary musicologist offered to define the distinction between these two types. He said that “conscious nationalism is based on folk music and popular song, which were influenced by the rhythm and melos (melody) of the language,” and unconscious nationalism as an “automatic reflection of a people’s inherent peculiarities, a musical manifestation of their soul.” Nationalism in music, therefore, is a reflection of the character, psychology, social customs and aesthetics of the people themselves.

The folk music of a country is the “unconscious expression in melody of the racial feelings, character, and interests of the people.” It may be a lullaby a love song, or a wedding dance. Whether it is composed by one man or is the product of the

composite effort of a few, or whether the composer is known or unknown, is immaterial. What is important is that a folk song is spontaneous music on which the cultural development of its own people may develop because it draws its inspiration and materials from its own environment, which makes it typically an expression of life itself. This quality gives it enduring value.

If nationalism in music can be credited to one man, the honor would undoubtedly go to Franz Liszt. He was the one who originated the idea of national music schools and directed his efforts towards encouraging the musicians of other countries to devote their time to the study of their own folk music so that they could eventually create the music that would express their own national feelings. Some of these musicians who came under his nationalistic influence were Glinka, whom he called the prophet of Russian music; Grieg of Norway, who did more than anyone else to establish a Norwegian national style; Smetana of Czechoslovakia, who was the founder of the national school of Czech music; Albeniz of Spain, whose works based on Spanish themes like *Iberia* and others stamped him as a nationalist of high merit; and Cesar Franck and Camille Saint-Saens of France, who sparked the

spirit of nationalism in their country by founding the *Societe Nationale de Musique*. National Music Society, which aimed principally to promote the performance of French music by French composers.

The magnitude of Liszt's influence was well expressed by the critic G. Jean-Aubry when he said: "The perspicacity of Liszt, his careful supervision of certain young people, his insatiable curiosity, his indefatigable apostolate throughout Europe made of him the awakener of the musical national conscience."

IT WAS this same spirit of nationalism, which, in later years, impelled musicians to devote their lifetime studying the folk music of their country. Bela Bartok, the leading Hungarian composer, together with Zoltan Kodaly, spent forty years of his life researching on Hungarian folk music. Out of these indigenous materials, he created music immortalizing the beauty and the national character of Hungarian life. Sibelius, the foremost composer of Finland, as a nationalist, drew from the Finnish folk poetry and mythology composing such masterpieces as *Finlandia*, *The Swan of Tuonela*, *Pajola's Daughter*, and so forth.

Social revolutions and political disasters also contributed in sparking the spirit of na-

tional consciousness. Chopin, who grew up in the midst of political unrest, upon learning that Warsaw had been taken by the Russians, gave vent to his feelings and composed his famous *Revolutionary Etude*. The Civil War in America inspired the creation of a number of patriotic songs such as the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, *Dixie*, *Rally Round the Flag*, and so forth.

The situation in America, however, is rather unique and different from other countries. We are, of course, familiar with the fact that America is called a melting pot and rightly so. Its civilization and culture represents the blending-together of ideals, habits and customs of practically every race in the world. We would, for instance, still hear the pure English folk songs in the mountains of Kentucky, Vermont, and Tennessee, the French creole songs in Louisiana and the Spanish songs in Southern California. Together with the borrowed songs however, there developed music that was truly American — such as the lumberjack songs in Maine, and the cowboy songs in Texas, Oklahoma, Montana, and so forth.

The primitive music of the American Indian had been the object of much research by several American musicians such as Henry F. Gilbert, Arthur Farwell, Arthur Nevin, Charles

Wakefield Cadman and others. Indian themes may be found in the music of many American composers like Edward MacDowell, Gilbert, Griffes, and Cadman.

The Negro Spiritual, which was immortalized in the Stephen Foster songs pictures Negro life, his sorrows, and his joy. The sadness of the music reflects the Negro's experiences in adjusting his life to the alien customs of his white brother. Describing the Negro spirituals, H. E. Krehbiel said, "They contain idioms which were transplanted hither from Africa, but as song, they are the product of American institutions; of the social political, and geographical environment within which their creators were placed in America, of the influences... and experiences which fell to their lot in America."

Close on the heels of the Negro Spiritual came jazz music. Jazz, being an American invention, is known all over the world as American music and has taken its place as part of the American tradition. Although musically, it may not overly possess any permanent value, and although it has from time to time proved harmful to the morals of people everywhere, it has however influenced a number of American composers as shown in some of their works. George Gershwin's

Rhapsody in Blue is a typical example.

The great significance of the nationalistic movement in music that began in the nineteenth century and which spread continuously to several countries was two-fold. First, it brought about a consciousness that music can have permanent value and meaning to a people only if it expresses their inspirations and feelings, and reflects their character, psychology, social customs, and aesthetics—hence their own way of life. Second, that a borrowed music, however significant and meaningful it may be to its country of origin, would be at its best an artificial means of expressing a people's aspirations and feeling, since it would be alien to their character, psychology and social customs, and, therefore, may only prove harmful and retarding to their musical growth.

As a young nation the Philippines faces among its multifarious problems the development of a musical culture that is Filipino in all its aspects, based on Philippine material that breathes of Philippine life. Our country has a rich musical heritage of folk songs and folk dances.

Dr. H. Otley Beyer's "Manuscript Sources in Philippine Ethnography," the late Justice Norberto Romualdez' "The Psychology of the Filipino," which devoted a whole chapter

on Philippine music and Musical instruments and the writings of the late Epifanio de los Santos, Prof. Antonio J. Molina and a few others attest to this. The history of our struggle for freedom and independence is full of incidents and events that should be immortalized in music. The Battle of Mactan, the Dagohoy Revolt, and the Cry of Balintawak are but a few of these historical events worthy of the attention of the Filipino composer. Our legends and folklore are so many and deserve to be retold through music.

Before the war, individual attempts have been made to collect Philippine folk songs and dances. Mrs. Emilia Reyes-Cruz, as far as I know, was the first one to put out a volume of Philippine folk songs. The late Justice Romualdez, and possibly a few others also did some collecting. In 1934, Dr. Jorge Bocobo, who was at that time President of the U.P. formed a committee to collect folk songs and folk dances. This committee travelled and visited a number of regions and tribes both in Mindanao and Luzon. Since I had the privilege of accompanying the members of this committee when they visited the Ilocos region, I can attest to the competence with which they conducted the job assigned to them. Colonel Antonino Buenaventura, Mrs.

Francisca Reyes Aquino, were in the committee that visited the Ilocos. The amount of folk songs and dances that they collected is a good sample of the wealth of folk music that we have in our country. But then, they hardly had tapped our musical resources since they made the trips only during the summer months. When President Bocobo left the University, the project was discontinued. Since then, no other attempt by the U.P. that I know has been made to undertake any research on Philippine music. Our present musical leaders do not seem to realize its importance. Or if they do, they have not done anything about it. As a result, we know so little of our music. While our neighbors like India, Japan, Indonesia, Burma and others have concentrated their efforts and abilities to the development and propagation of their own musical culture, we have shamefully neglected our own. For instance, out of the 134 or so subjects offered at the U.P. Conservatory of Music there is not one on Philippine music. When the curriculum for the Institute of Asian Studies came up for discussion in the University Council a few months ago, an inquiry was made as to why no course on Philippine music was included. The chairman of the curriculum committee informed the the council that the Conserva-

tory of Music had been asked to formulate a course on Philippine music, but that nothing had come out of the request.

In the light of this dismal situation, I propose that a Department of Philippine Music be established at the U.P. Conservatory of Music, to undertake among other tasks the collecting and compiling of Philippine folk songs and folk dances, together with native Philippine instruments, and all other studies and researches on Philippine music. For example, a good subject for study would be to find out whether our customs and habits are influenced by our music, or whether it is the other way around, or both. The significance of this type of project is four-fold: (1) the collection and classification of folk music including the native instruments used in their performance and the dances and other rituals connected thereof; (2) a proper evaluation and classification of the customs connected to these rituals; (3) a thorough analysis of influences involved in the corresponding music, and (4) it may lead to the solution of another problem, that is, whether traits and qualities common to our music and customs and to the music and customs of our neighbors may prove that they came from a common origin. This type of research will need the help of an anthropologist,

since it involves not mere collecting of materials but also a thorough study of their origins.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT significance of a study like this is that the collection of primitive instruments of the various tribes in the Philippines may lead to the formation of an indigenous, but truly Philippine, orchestra composed of genuine Filipino instruments. This may sound fantastic but it is possible. If Indonesia has its own *gamelan*, the Philippines can also have her own, manned by Filipino musicians playing Filipino instruments.

Not so long ago, Silliman University was given a liberal grant by the Rockefeller Foundation to be spent exclusively for collecting Philippine folk music. There is at present a team doing this work in Mindanao. The University of the Philippines, I am sure, can also tap the resources of several foundations should it decide to establish a Department of Philippine Music. And this is something that has to be done now since we are losing a lot of these valuable primitive music as civilization creeps into our remote barrios.

In consonance with the spirit of the times in the Philippines, where Congress and the Executive Department have adopted for their theme today the perfection of the national

sentiment to pervade all aspects of social life, let us not neglect to develop Philippine music since music is a form of art that expresses national feelings. Love of country springs from a love of one's own. Our young people should be made to grow in the consciousness that they have a music of their own, typically and truly Filipino, and capable of expressing their desires and aspirations.

We have often been accused of aping America and we are branded—with some degree of truth—as a people with a colonial mentality. If we expect to win the respect of the rest of the world, especially of our neighbors, we have to develop a national personality that is Philippine in every way.

If one of our objectives in education is to make better Filipinos of our children, then we must begin to realize that we cannot accomplish this objective with the aid of foreign material, especially if that material has, by actual experience, proven to be harmful to the morals of people, young and old. Another thing to consider in the use of foreign material in teaching is, that too much use of them may alienate our children from the cultural traditions of their own country.

I am not against the teaching of foreign music, since a lot of the classical music that has come to us belongs to the whole

world, hence is universal. However, I feel that the immediate need of the Philippines today is to discover more of our own music — the folk songs and folk dances, so that like Russia and Poland and Hungary and others, we may eventually evolve a type of music that is truly Philippine in every way. This, I believe, is a commitment that every Filipino musician, especially our musical leaders cannot evade nay, should not evade.

There is a French saying: "It is necessary for each one to cultivate his own garden." Let us therefore learn our lesson from the example set by other countries in their quest for a music that is truly their own,

by developing a Philippine music with a native accent. Like Hungary with her *czardas*, Poland with her *polonaise* and *mazurka*, Rumania with her *doinas*, Greece with her *kleftika*, Italy with her *tarantella*, Spain with her *jota* and *fandangó*, Cuba with her *rhumba* and *habanera*, Mexico with her *danza*, America with her *negro spiritual* and *jazz*, France with her *bergerette*, Germany with her *landler*, Russia with her *roundelays*, Finland with her *runes*, and Norway with her *halling*, let the Philippines be proud of her *kundiman*, *kumintang*, *balitaw awit* — her lullabies and her dances and let us, Filipinos learn to "cultivate our own garden" of Philippine music.

* * *

Sonic Nuisance

SONIC "BOOMS" caused by supersonic flight are being investigated at Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology. While the booms probably cannot be eliminated, the scientists hope to be able to specify altitudes and speeds for certain meteorological conditions at which damage may be eliminated. Cases have been reported of jet plane-caused sonic booms shattering windows, shaking dishes off shelves, and annoying residents and pedestrians.

*

The Secrets

of the MILKY WAY★



A SCIENTIST by the name of A. C. B. Lovell reports in his *Listener* article on the latest and biggest radio-telescope which job is to pick up radio waves that are reaching the earth from regions of space far away from the solar system. The instrument looks like a circular bowl 83 feet across, mounted so that it could be trained on any part of the sky.

There are three big ones of this radio-telescope; one at Bonn, another at Harvard, and one more at Dwingeloo. These three have been built at considerable cost for a definite purpose. Whereas many of the radio-telescope pick up signals from space on the wavelengths used in television, these three work on a wavelength of only 21 centimeters. It is the wavelength on which the hydrogen gas in the space between the stars sends out radio waves.

By EFREN SUNICO

It took years to develop the right equipment; then in the spring of 1951 scientists in Holland, America, and Australia announced simultaneously that they had succeeded in detecting this exceedingly weak radio emission from the hydrogen clouds in the Milky Way.

Although the large optical telescope reveal the details of the furthest parts of the universe they are powerless to penetrate the dust clouds which obscure the structural details of the 10 billion stars which constitute our own galaxy or Milky Way system. The hydrogen radio emission is a spectral line, that is, an emission on a very restricted wavelength, and it became possible to measure the relative motion of the hydrogen gas with respect to the solar system by observing the

change in wavelength of the line.

Lowell believes that the uncertainty about the structure of Milky Way system has been known for many years that it probably contains 10 billion stars distributed throughout a vast space in the form of a flattened disc. This system is enormous. Light travels 186,000 miles every second, and yet it would take 100,000 years to travel from one side of the disc to the other.

ASTRONOMERS, according to Lovell, are anxious to find out how these great numbers of stars are arranged within this disc. In the remote galaxies the arrangements vary. Some have their stars arranged in great spirals, emerging from a central hub. These are known as spiral nebulae, and the only nebula outside the galaxy that is visible to the naked eye, the nebula in Andromeda, is a classic example of this form. Others appear to have a more uniform distribution of stars and are known as elliptical nebulae. The amount of dust and gas between the stars in these nebulae differs greatly amongst the various types, and it is believed that they represent different stages in the evolution of stars and galaxies from the

primeval dust and gas.

Although we know all this about the distant regions of space, Lovell says, the Milky Way has hidden its secret behind dust clouds that lie between us and the central regions of this system of stars. Circumstantial evidence points that the Milky Way has a spiral galaxy like the Andromeda nebula but the investigations in Leiden have placed the question beyond doubt. It is now known that our own galaxy is made up of at least five spiral arms, winding like a giant octopus round the center, and that the earth is in an unprivileged position out in one of the arms.

Lovell observes that many people discuss how the universe came into existence. One possibility he points out is that it started expanding from the primeval super-dense bubble about seven billion years ago. The trouble is that no one has been able to produce any experimental check on this idea, since the optical telescopes take us back only about one billion years. He believes that the new radio telescopes are going to take us back just that much further in time and space, so that we can study the universe in its critical evolutionary phases.

* * *



Nature Song

*The sun, workman and lover with the potent kisses,
Fondles the orchard and paints a fabulous yellow
Melon and mango, as he drapes the vines
And stirs with warmth the green desire of buds.
In the fields, the farmer sows the seed; nurtured
By earth, the mother with the great brown belly,
It will spring to the air, brisk corn or sapling,
Its firm swath bearing the lush urge of harvest.
Morning is a flame-tree in the grove of weather;
And joy, a quail on heaven's speckled eggs.
While the young goats frisk the grass for dewdrops,
The children race, tossing bouquets of laughter.
They run to chase the dazzle in their eyes,
Brushing the wingtips of the dragonfly
Before one falls, bruising a stone with cries;
And her playmates crowd, sobered by anguish.*

— RICAREDO DEMETILLO





India's Ritual Dance-Drama

FAUBION BOWERS is best known to the Philippines as an occasional visitor with his wife, Santha Rama Rau* As an expert on the Indian dance, he was one of the few "foreign" contributors (born in Oklahoma, he served

* See "Green Turmoil of Forests," *Panorama*, December 1955.

By *LUIS REANTASO*

MacArthur during the occupation of Japan) to *Perspective of India* in which Bowers wrote of Manipur's dance, drama, music and opera.

Manipur is encircled by nine mountain ranges, home of the Nagas, in northeast India at

the lower range of the giant Himalayas. Many Nagas still go naked and hunt heads; others, according to Bowers, are even unfamiliar with the use of fire. In the center of such barbarism is the civilized valley of Manipur, whose people's fair skin and Mongolian features link them with the Tibetans and Burmese. Above all, they are noted for their Lai opera.

The Lai Haraoba is folk dance in which the whole village participates, a fertility rite intended to keep the land rich. Almost any month of the year, somewhere, the dance goes on, the performance in any given locality being repeated for a whole month each year. In fact, the land is productive; almost nothing is imported, and a few items—rice, indigo, orchids — are even exported down the mountains. The Lai Haraoba is religious necessity to *maintain* that productivity.

Every Manipuri girl is expected to dance as well as to make her own clothes. Dancing is even a required part of the marriage ceremony.

The time for Lai Haraoba varies according to the time that a village's wealth and leisure coincide. Then every female, regardless of age, dresses in the national, formal *panek*, a deep purple wrap-around with tiny woven lines like a

coiling snake (Manpur means "diamond-place," and legend says that a snake-god from earth's center once breathed a mist of gems around Manipur, so struck was he by its beauty). These are family heirlooms that only age can destroy. When a woman dances before the gods, or when a man approaches her, she takes a thin white scarf from her shoulder and puts it over her head. Others wear the "bride's crown" — a gold headband from which silver needles dangle.

According to Bowers, "The old women, widows and grandmothers, have their heads entirely and look rather like Buddhist priests; young unmarried girls trim their hair so as to have long bangs in front which lengthen around the sides until at the back the straight hair hangs down to their shoulders. Around their necks nearly all the women wear sacred rosaries of balsam seeds or strings of little gold beads."

TURBANED men wrap white *dhotis* around their hips and shins and pull the cloth between their legs. Some are bare-chested, some wear muslin over their shoulders. Both sexes use formal caste marks—smudges of andalwood — on their nose and ear lobes. A few will place a design, two

feet heel to heel, on their foreheads along with Sanskrit inscriptions.

Each village has a dance arena, preferably a godown with brass-mask gods before whom the maibis, "possessed ones," begin their incantations. The mask are swaddled in cloth to give the gods a semblance of bodies. Gradually, young girls imitate the *maibis'* dance, then the elders join: the men are last to join. Their gestures signify the relation of personal fertility to the earth's.

Besides dancing, the Manipuri pride themselves on their singing, the men using flasetto freely to increase their range. Their tremolos are reminiscent of the more delicate of Swiss



yodels. Equally developed is their sense of rhythm: Faubion Bowers recalls boys and girls line up in Imphal, waiting for their turn at the public water taps and drumming intricately on their water cans.

Such music and dancing combine in an opera called Ras Lila. Although the opera is just as popular as the Lai Haraba, the average village can only be a spectator in attendance, watching professionals perform to reenact the "divine play" between Krishna and Radha. Before Krishna became mystically enlightened in preparation for his godhood, as a cowherd he dalled often with Radha and her *gopi* milkmaids. To reduce the esnuality of this "divine play," as interpreted by the Manipuri, children from 7 to 13 play the principal roles. Or if adults participate, Krishna is played by a woman.

BECAUSE the Ras Lila is sacred, performances can be given only during the full moon of March, August and December, on a date announced at the last minute by the Maharaja, who gives time just for the erection of a *mandal*, an open hall of straw and bamboo.

Until a few years ago, Moslems were prohibited from hearing the Ras Lila music, *korakora* (white men) were

told that the ceremony did not exist. Even the native Indian, of a subject different from the Manipuri — Chaitanya, Vaishnavite Hinduism — used to be excluded.

Usually a Ras Lila cast has eight people. The situation is simple and repetitive: Krihna's infidelity, Radha's forgiveness, their reunion. But the

performance is long and complicated — colorful, loud and unbearably moving even to the outsider, who often is overwhelmed by this duplication of what supposedly occurs nightly in the heavens. When the worship of sacred fire culminates at dawn, there is a feeling of fulfillment, not of release.

* * *



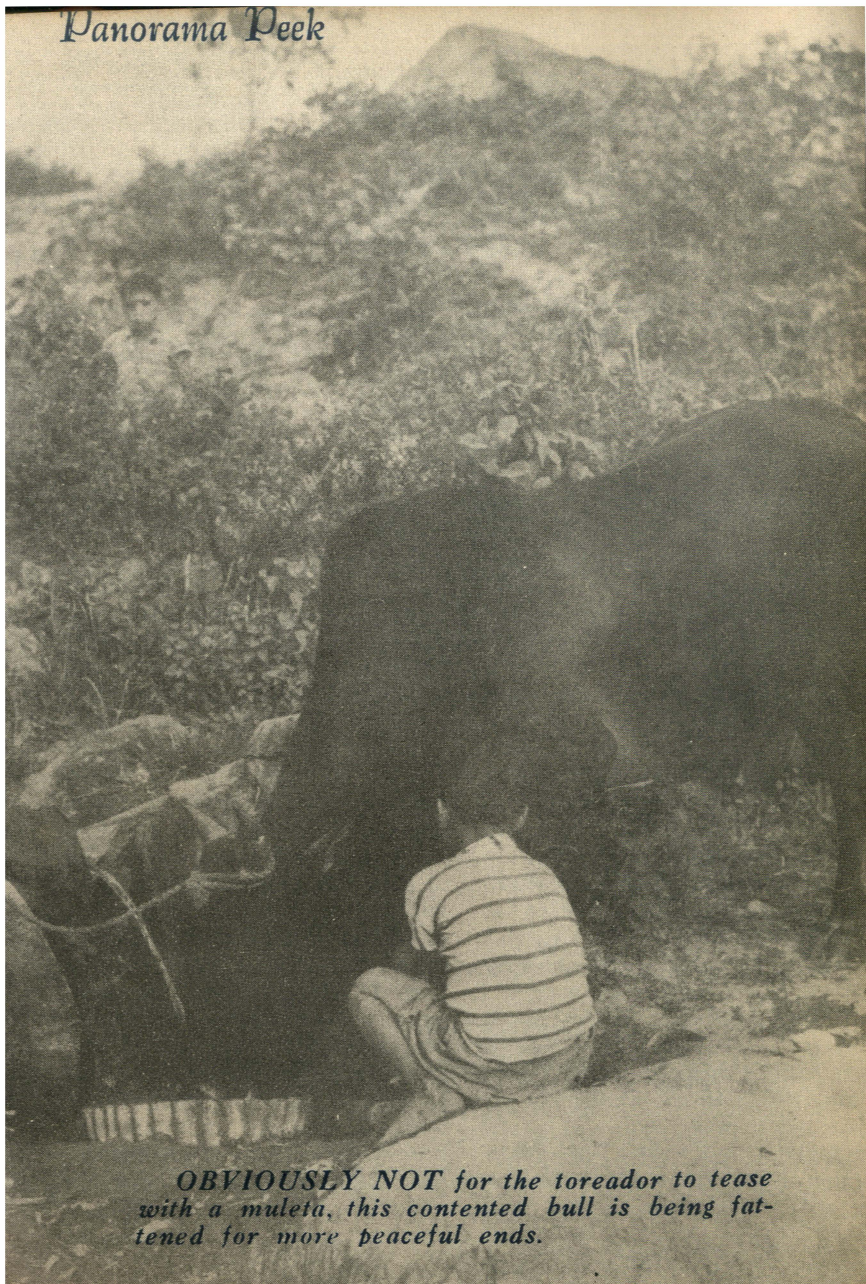
Brazilian Elite

"Brazilians are following in tropical America an old Portuguese method of dealing with non-European peoples and cultures in tropical areas of Asia and Africa—a policy often entirely different from that followed by other European powers in the tropics . . . In Brazil, indifference to the non-European cultures that have already become a part of modern Brazilian civilization was never a characteristic of Brazilian leaders or of the Brazilian political and intellectual *elite*. When Brazil became independent it kept the European royal family that Brazilians had known for centuries as the ruling family of their Portuguese ancestors. At the same time it developed a nobility whose titles were taken not from the Portuguese or from any European language but from the American language dominant among the real natives of Brazil: names of rivers, mountains, trees; telluric names; tropical names."

—G. Freyre

*

Panorama Peek



OBVIOUSLY NOT for the toreador to tease with a muleta, this contented bull is being fattened for more peaceful ends.

THE LOCKED DOOR

By DEMETRIO S. CAMUA, JR.

WHEN I was barely topping the doorknob of my room, my Lolo and Lola often told me that I looked very much like my father. They said that my smiles reminded them of their only son (my father), that my chin and my lips were as firm as his. However, mother would contradict them. She would claim that the only things I had in common with father were my eyes, although mine were a little bit dark brown. But when once I caught her winking at Lola, then I knew she was not telling the truth. Mama only meant to tease me, I thought.

My father was (they asserted with pride) a brave and a great flier and whenever they would talk to me about his exploits as an aviator and particularly about his last flight (that flight from which he ne-

ver returned) I would be so enthralled that my tiny heart would begin to beat faster and my breath begin to tremble. Then I would feel exceedingly envious of him. Suddenly, filled with a very strange unrest, a feeling I could not name, but which I am sure now was a sense of inadequacy, I would run to my room, climb up to my bed and lie there, wondering and thinking about my father. And the more I thought of him the more I felt empty, wishing God would show me my father even for only a brief moment. I could not believe that I would never see him again. Nevertheless I felt his presence there with me. I felt it almost everywhere, especially in those places he frequented when he was only a small boy. I knew he was up there on the hill where he used to fly his



kite or to watch the sun gliding the tops of the mountains to the east, there on the green checkered rice fields trapping birds, and down there on the beach where, in swimming trunks, he loved to build castles out of the warm sand that smelled sweetly of the sea-

weeds, until the noon-day heat of the sun tanned him into a perfect *kayumanggi*. Most of all I felt his presence in the locked room which had been his and which I was never allowed to enter.

Since I was an only child, I had to get used to amusing my-

self alone. I often sat there alone on the hilltop. Under the arched branches of a mango tree with a trunk fully as large as a carabao's body, I would sit in watchful silence while the salty breeze that ruffled the surface of the sea below soothed my face and the setting sun shed a scarlet cloak upon the hills, lighting the tips of the trees like tress aflame and embracing within its fiery radiance the top of the hill on which I sat.

Sometimes I would sit there watching the white foam of the sea lapping against the shore in the evening dimness. The hush of the night would make me feel closer to the darkness, closer to father himself. It made me think of what I would be when I grew up. "One of these days I am going to be like my father, a fighter pilot," I promised myself.

PASSING by there once, Padre Bernardo saw me gazing at the star-lit heavens. The Jesuit Father had just come from the nearby village and was on his way home to the chapel that was about a kilometer away from the foot of the hill. It was already dark and he decided to take a shortcut. The Padre was, mother told me, the one who had baptized me.

He nearly startled me when he sat silently beside me and

laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, it's you. Good evening, Father," I greeted him.

"Good evening, Gil," he answered.

"You have just come from the Mission, Father?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, taking a deep breath.

The tired missionary inhaled and filed his chest with the cool air, the air that was fresh and clean and free from dust. He loved the place, he said. It was peaceful.

"And may I know what a young man like you is doing here at this time of the evening?" the Padre said.

"Nothing. I... I... was just watching the stars," I said.

"Watching the stars? Are you not afraid of the... of the darkness?" he asked.

"No, I am not afraid," I said proudly. "Besides Mama told me that *Wak-Wak* would come to get only the bad boys. The boys who do not say their prayers."

"You say your prayers then?" he asked.

"Yes, with mother. She would not allow me to go to bed unless I say my prayers with her," I said.

"What do you say in your prayers? Do you ask God for anything in your prayers?" the priest asked.

"Yes, for many many things. But I often ask Him to make me just like my father. You

know, Father, I like to fly up there like the birds, up there in the clouds where the angels live, and go higher and higher. Maybe the air there is cooler and you are sure nobody has breathed it before you. And if... ah, if only Papa were alive, he would surely teach me how to fly an airplane. And then I will let you ride with me. will not have to walk. You will not be tired anymore..." I did not finish for Padre Bernardo had stood up.

"Come," he said, "it's getting late. Your Mama may be worried by now."

MAMA had gone in the morning to the city to purchase the things she would need for the town fiesta on the sixteenth of the month. Only *Aling Maria*, who was busy cooking *suman* in the kitchen, was in the house with me. Lolo was downstairs blowing cigar smoke at Teksas' eye (Teksas was his rooster) to make him braver for the coming *pintakasi*. Lola was in the chapel attending to her novena. Alone in the sala I was playing with my favorite toy soldier, Sgt. Prias by name.

I rewound the mechanical soldier and let it go on the floor. Walking like a goose, it went around me once and then marched clumsily towards father's room which had been closed to all of us except Ma-

ma who entered it once a year to clean it.

"Hey, come back here," I commanded the tin soldier. "That room is off-limits!"

But Sgt. Prias disregarded my orders. He went on marching until he could no longer move an inch. He acted as if he wanted to push the door. Finally he lost balance and fell on his side, the small machinery inside his body still running.

"See? I told you it was closed. Look!" I tried to show him it was locked. But when I turned the knob, the door squeaked on its rusty hinges. Mama had forgotten to lock it after cleaning it yesterday, I concluded. Then I began to to feel nervous. Nervous and curious.

The room was dimly-lit by the afternoon sun. I walked slowly and cautiously around. It was filled with possessions. I was born and reared in that house but it was the first time I had gained entrance into this room and seen these things. Every article in that room struck my fancy. On one side stood a shelf full of books. On the other hung a blue faded felt banner with what seemed to be an eagle in the center. There, too, was his study table when he was a college student; how many evenings had Papa sat before it writing Mama love letters? Presently I was staring at a picture that I once

heard Lolo say Papa liked — Papa beside his plane, face tilted upwards and eyes staring at the heavens as if he were daring the thunder and the lightning themselves to come down and strike. Never had I admired a picture so much. I was really proud I was the son of that man in the picture. I felt big and happy.

Below this picture stood a stout *aparador* with ornately carved doors. I reached out to open it but suddenly jerked my hands back when my heart began to beat uncomfortably. I was frightened, but my boyish curiosity got the better of me. I turned the ivory handle very gently so that no one within the house would hear me, and then slowly pulled both doors open. I was spellbound by what I saw. For there before me were his military uniforms squarely folded and neatly piled one on top of the other. On top of the pile was a gray Pershing cap with a wings-and-triple-blades device. I took it out, admired it and tried it on. It was big. In fact it was very big. Someday it would fit me, I thought.

Then I knelt down and buried my face into his uniforms. They smelled of a scent that was strange and pleasant. I liked it because it made me feel brave. The room was no longer strange now. And it seemed to me that Papa had



just taken off for a spin. He would land soon and would let me sit there inside the cockpit of his airplane and touch the controls. I seemed to hear his masculine voice say, "This is a stick. When you pull it, the plane climbs this way — here."

Next to the pile of uniforms were three small drawers carved out of solid narra and be-gilded below the handles with father's initials in Gothic. One

by one I pulled them open as if I were performing a very sacred ritual.

The upper drawer contained a brown book. It was an unusual one, for a key was needed to open it. Later on, when I was in high school, I found out that books like that were diaries. The middle one was filled with many letters addressed to Papa in flowing ladylike script. I knew they were Mama's letters to him. There were medals, a pair of golden wings, a box of bronze buttons and an invitation-to-a-Dodo-dance card in the lower drawer. There were, however, two things that fascinated me most in that drawer, two things that made me feel as if I were an intruder into the enigmatic room. They seemed to tell me that I was yet too young to have entered that it hid. Too young to comprehend. One was the purple and heart-shaped medal with the head of George Washington in the middle. The other was the silver bracelet with these words engraved in that part which would touch the wrist: "To an Aviation Cadet, wherever you are, Ligaya."

I JERKED my head up suddenly when I heard light footsteps in the sala. I turned around. It was Mama: the Pershing cap seemed to have expanded for I felt my head small in it. I felt cold. I tried

to lisp something I did not know what. She merely stood there in the doorway, hurt and offended. I realized I had done her wrong. But upon seeing me about to break into tears, she approached me and knelt down beside me. Her hands light upon my shoulders, she turned me around to face her. Feeling guilty, I lifted my eyes slowly to meet her gaze. She was no longer angry. And her displeasure, it seemed to me, had gone away as quickly as it came. At once I saw in her eyes the virtue that father might have seen there when he married her: she was at once understanding and forgiving.

"Gil," she said gently and slowly, "you know it's disobedient of you to have entered this room without my permission. That is precisely the reason why it is locked all the time. I do not want anybody to enter it. Your father would not want you to do that. So promise me you will not do it again."

How I wished at that moment I could understand Mama. But I did not. And I have kept my promise, up to the present. Once, when I was on furlough, I saw Mother leave, forgetting again to lock the door of that room. Tempted, I stood up from the sofa and came near the room just to how much it had changed during all these years; but upon holding

the knob I seemed to hear a small boy's voice echo faintly from the inside: "No, I will not do it again."

That night I dreamt that I had just returned from the war. The Manila newspapermen and radio commentators had swarmed around me and had been asking me so many questions that I hardly knew whom to answer. Almost all the morning papers of the city carried my picture above my heroic exploits over MIG Alley —that small portion of the sky somewhere above Korea where some ended their lives — or showed their greatness. Tomorrow the people would read the story — a beautiful story, the legend of a hero. In one of them, (*The Manila Times* I think it was) I saw myself alighting from a Sabre jet the nose of which displayed in capital letters the name of my mother, "LOVELY LIGA-

YA." And under that feminine name were thirteen little red stars, each one of them standing for a MIG shot down. The *Free Press* described how, when I was an aviation cadet, I nearly got washed out for violating one of the dogfight rules. In Fernando Air Base, the magazine said, I was given the McMicking Award, a pair of golden wings, for flying proficiency. I dreamt of Baby, the little girl whom I liked best among my friends. She was no longer small. Now she had bloomed into a lovely and beautiful young woman, tall but inately graceful, her dark hair longer and falling freely to caress her shoulders, her lily-white skin immaculately smooth and her eyes still sparkling like black pearls. And as she put the lei of flowers around my neck, she whispered softly, "Welcome home, Gil." — From *Heights*.

* * *

It Depends

"How far is it to the next filling station?" the driver asked a farmer.

"Nigh onto two miles as the crow flies."

"Well, how far is it if the damned crow has to walk and roll a flat tire?"

*

The Exiles

No memories for them

By **BIENVENIDO SANTOS**



7 HAVE NOT gone back to the United States since my return to the Philippines in 1946. When I met my friends who had been with me out there during the war years and who had subsequently made another trip to America

for a short stay, I always ask, how is it there now? And usually I am told about the high cost of living. I cannot blame my friends for their concern over the big difference between the cost of the steak we used to eat in our student days on the university campus in the Midwest or in New England and the steak they now ate because, really, in our days, things did not cost too much. In my case, a pensionado of the Commonwealth government, I received a monthly allowance of sixty dollars during my first year in school, which represented my 120-peso salary as a classroom teacher in Albay. And my friends, pensionados like me, did not get very much more than that.

Well, of course, on their subsequent visits to the United States, it would not be unlikely

that some of them would spend all that in one day. But then, now they could draw from their princely per diems. But I do not say anything. I listen on, bored to death, calling myself names because I dare not ask the questions I really want to ask, the answers I am dying to know: Have you met Helen? Her daughter must be grown-up now. She was my landlady, you know. What did she do after Mike died? Did you visit the cemetery where they buried him? Mike was going to be an architect. Every night, even after a hard day's work, he would sit at his drawing table and draw plans for a house he would one day build in Misamis. How was the winter in Cambridge, was the snow deep under the bare elms? Who still remember us? And we who have come back, what do we remember?

Memory is not much of a help at times. There is a pile of folders, thick with scribbled and typewritten notes, in an old suitcase, to which I return again and again. It is not that I have truly forgotten, but reading these notes written about fifteen years ago, at a time when nothing seemed certain and the future was so bleak, helps rearrange overlapping events and focus the vast montage of occasion and emotion more sharply, I think, because the years have deepened the perspective

and calmed the heart.

The glorious seasons, summer rain, and winter snow, the falling leaves, the golden hills on an evening in autumn, the springtime that brings back the robins to the fire escape not far from my window on 4th and F street in Washington, D.C. These would seem clearer.

My room was so small I called it a trunk. When I wanted to write, I placed the typewriter on a pillow on the bed. There was a big chair where I often slept. One day, I was getting ready to write when Al came in. Al was the Filipino who lived in the other room with his American wife. He was a soldier now, but before the war he drove a taxi in the day and played the cello at the *Trade Winds* at night. Now he had come for his chair. I had only borrowed it from him. "I'm moving out my family," he said, "I'm going overseas."

WE HAD A hard time getting the big chair through the door. We made a lot of noise. "Good luck," I said to him, but it could be that he had not heard. He had a big burden in his hands.

There was another American girl in the apartment next to ours who gave me a rose twig with a red bud near to bursting in the center of green leaves outwardly growing. I placed it in a glass half full of water and

went to bed thinking that some time the next day I'd remove that bit of dirt hanging from the ceiling. It was beginning to take on a grotesque form. When the wind blew through the open window, it swayed back and forth, but it never fell. It was disturbing me. Besides, it was spring.

The next morning the bud had blossomed. It was a twin flower. Look, I shouted, twins! And my landlady, who was big with child, blushed to see the twin flower bursting into bloom.

I called the American girl who gave it to me and her voice was full of gladness over the telephone. As she talked, she suddenly broke off to say, I hear singing, it's birds singing, isn't it? Yes, I said, it's birds singing. They are on the steel railing of the fire escape near your window. The girl sighed because she had to be working in her office when there was this singing just right out of her apartment window.

Or it is memory of summer.

Once I stood by the window of our apartment on 4th Street and watched a noisy parade of colored men and women and children, dressed in all the varied colors of the rainbow. There were many bands, raucous and loud. The paraders strutted along the street, some of them brandishing canes. The women wore uniforms. They walked proudly, their bosoms high and

firm as though the District of Columbia had just passed into their hands. All along the street, on both sides, trailed other colored folk, dressed in their ordinary summer shabbiness. I still don't know what the celebration was all about. All I remember was the loud music, the colored uniforms drenched with sweat, especially under the armpits.

ON MY WAY to St. Matthew's Cathedral, I passed by a large poster of men hanging limply, dead. Their faces were blurred, but it was clear that their shoes were worn. All day I thought of them, telling myself that these men had walked and walked, they were going somewhere, they had worn out their shoes walking. The picture fascinated me. I would stare at it long and silently, while I made up my mind the crime they must have committed to end up this way.

Sometimes I would find myself alone in the big cathedral. Thank God, I would say to myself, God is mine alone this morning. A virtual monopoly. And I felt He listened to every word I said. Only, now, after these many years, I am not so sure of what I said. It could be I prayed that the lights go on again all over the world. There was such a song during those years. There were other songs which I cannot listen to now

without a feeling of nostalgia.

One night suddenly it rained. It was very dark and the trees shook in the wind and I closed the window, thinking of Legaspi in the rain. I recalled the faces of my students in the high school: Alfredo, limping and sick and writing such wonderful themes; Estela, her eyes full of worship and her heart full of romance, reciting a poem; Abelardo, captain of my basketball team, throwing for the basket in the mud and rain.

That same evening, the girl in the other apartment—this was not the same girl who gave me a rose twig one springtime—came in and said, I'm getting married. Gosh, I said. I ain't kidding, she said. Who is he? I asked. That bustard, she said, who often calls on me, the fellow with the red convertible. Oh, he? I said, knowing that this girl loved another guy, also a Filipino, but he was in the army now and had not written to her for a long time now. I don't love the bustard, but I got to live, she said, handing me a letter. I don't know how to write, she continued, but you tell me if this is all right now, then I want you to send it for me. I'll give you the address. The "bustard" in the red convertible arrived just then and took her away. You lucky bustard, I told my countryman, but he only smiled at me. He didn't even see the folded let-



ter in my hand.

My dearest Love (the letter reads) As I am thinking of you so deeply will write and let you know I have missed you so much. Darling I love you so much more than words can ever tell you. I cried my self to sleep last night thinking about you I also prayed for you darling that you will soon come back to me Oh darling if I have ever loved any one in my whole life that one is you nothing in this whole world could ever change my love toward you nothing I will go on loving you as long as I live I will be thinking about you every day and hour until you come back to me that day will make me the happiest girl in

the world. I will always remember the song you played for me Someone to love yes, darling that one is you always you darling always I will be waiting for your picture you said you were going to send me so I can see you every night and will always kiss you before I go to sleep darling you made me so happy while you were here it wasnt for long but every moment of it was the happiest moments of my life write to me as often as you can all I have left to live for is you darling for I love you if any thing should happen to you I will die my self that is how much I care for you I will always be waiting for you darling no matter how long that will be always say to your self there is a girl that loves me and will always wait for me for I will there is no one in this world can ever take your place always remember that darling good night my love sweet dreams...

You don't touch such letters. The loves of men and women, especially in wartime America have been bungled and confused. But who cares? Better yet, who remembers?

Surely, not these men and women who have come back. Or perhaps I judge them too

harshly.

Just the other day, there were pictures arranged in rows and panels in the inside pages of some of the Manila dailies, of the recently arrived from America, "Filipino old-timers" who had spent thirty or forty years of their lives in the United States. I didn't have to match the caption with the photo to distinguish the big shot come home after a few months' gallivanting abroad from the repatriate described as "old-timer who had worked at all sorts of job in American cities." The firm-set lips, the frightened eyes, the prim attire, marked the distinction too clearly to be missed. Some of the faces are familiar and I smile to note how the newspapers try to invest their past with glamor, so that this newcomer is identified as "connected with the Philippine Embassy at Washington" and this other one as a "respected member of the Filipino community."

THE PICTURES could hide a lot of things: the calloused hands, the tell-tale speech, the uneasiness and the fear that come from a deep-seated knowledge that there are so many things they cannot hide. Right at the boat, even before they have actually set foot on Philippine soil, they already get a foretaste of what is in store for them, and they realize that they

are marked men in this, their own country, that this land they have missed, especially during the war years, teems with men who are out to divest them of their earnings. All they seek here is friendship, the sort of love they hungered for away from home, sincere and deep without ulterior motive. Perhaps, ultimately they will find what they are looking for in the old barrio where their folks live.

One summer at Van Cortlandt Park, in New York, I was talking to one such Filipino "old-timer," a bachelor named Vincent. He was telling me how difficult it was before the war for a Filipino to find a decent job. I told him that they could save now that they have well paying jobs. And then you return to the Philippines, I said, you will be lionized there.

The hell we will, he answered, do you know what? I have known guys come back to

the Islands with lots of dough, built themselves the finest houses in their towns, complete with tile bath and all that stuff, like American homes, you know, but because these boys had to work out here, our so called respectable families in the Philippines do not accept them, and you know what? They sell the house and come back here. I know lots of 'em. And it's these guys who smile at you strange-like when you ask them, are you returning to the Philippines?*

Vincent must still be there. There are others like him. They must be the wise men. They spend their youth wandering all over the broad land, and winding up in old age in a corner drug store, holding a glass of hot milk with gnarled, unsteady hands. And no memories. That is the important thing for the lonely exile. No memories.

* Santos' *You Lovely People* is reviewed in *Panorama*, March 1956.

* * *

STATE PROPAGANDA

The slick magazine, AMERIKA, recently went on sale on Moscow newsstands. Printed by the United States Department in Russian, it was sold out immediately after the first issue of 15,000 copies were distributed. This magazine is part of a reciprocal deal with the Russians, who began selling their counterpart, USSR, in the United States.

The Woman Who Was Poor*

By LEONARD CASPER

In *Major Barbara*, socialist-playwright George Bernard Shaw talked himself into a strange dilemma: so much greater than anything else was his hatred of poverty, that Shaw made a hero of Undershaft, the munitions king who can be forgiven his part in man's inhumanity apparently because his profits build a utopian factory-city for satisfied workers.

Bloy's somewhat earlier work (written in the 1890's but only recently translated) dissents vigorously. "Poverty is the very Face of Christ," it says: and the novel's achievement is that this somewhat platitudinous theme survives the skeptic's bite. A modern Voltaire would find this latter-day optimism harder to laugh away than that of Alexander Pope, who spoke with borrowed conviction. Bloy's heroine is forced to earn her faith: she is no naive Pangloss witlessly declaring in the face of earthquake and leprosy that "This is the best of all possible worlds," but the image of Bloy's own lifelong witnessing of death-in-life and life-in-death. In fact, the characters of Marchenoir and Leopold are composites of the author himself.

But at least an equal amount of knowing attention has been paid Clotilde Marechale, the woman born to be poor, exploited by her prostitute mother and a brutal common-law stepfather. At 30 Clotilde is still abject, "taught by that purgatorial bore, her mother, that she must never complain, on the ground that a child should be the mother's recompense and 'crown.'" The ecstasy she once had enjoyed when, having been advised sympathetically to submit her worries to the care of Eve, had seen herself in a vision of enveloping flames

* Leon Bloy, *The Woman Who Was Poor*, trans. by I. J. Collins (New York: 1947).

like some St. Theresa of the pierced heart, has been smothered after, almost indifferently, she has consented to her own seduction.

Nevertheless, somehow Clotilde has not lost her modesty along with her virginity; and she resents being hired out as a studio model by Chapuis, her stepfather. But Gacognol proves to be a man of pity as well as a painter. He protects her; and feeds her soul through acquaintance with such men as Marchenoir, the mild malcontent, who feels a sense of cosmic exile close to that of the caged animals in the Jardin des Plantes and whose natural pathos is increased by the belief that man's corruption has made the whole Garden-world writhe: "The human race seems to have forgotten that everything capable of experiencing suffering, since the world began, has humanity alone to thank for sixty centuries of anguish."

Clotilde meets also Leopold, corsair-faced illuminator of manuscripts; Bohemond de l'Isle-de-France and Lazare Druide, artists with bleeding hearts; and Crozant who sings Baudelaire's poems set to music so mournfully that Clotilde feels "ashamed for Death" and he is almost exorcised of his devils.

After a Bohemian life so colorful that those invoked by Somerset Maugham and Irving Stone seem veinless by contrast, Clotilde is reduced to beggary again when Chapuis brains her defender Gacognol. Now Leopold marries her, half-dead from hunger; but brings her only his own tortured past, of incest and attempted suicide in the violent dark of Africa, the cannonades of the Franco-Prussian war.

Still they find sufficient happiness in each other until Leopold, beginning to lose his sight, has to quit his labor; and their newborn child dies. Then the stench, the misery, the lime dust of the slums grind them down; their neighbors accuse them of infanticide and nag them pitilessly until, in desperation, Leopold offers his own life to God if they can only be silenced.

One neighbor is devoured by her dog; another goes insane.

Leopold himself dies rescuing victims of the burning Opera-Comique; and Clotilde, at peace, gives all she has to the poor and happily becomes a beggar, offering to carry her cross with both hands . . .

Bloy's contemporary, Thomas Hardy, overwhelmed by similar circumstances in the sad lives of his characters, was incapable of writing other than tragedies: the custom-

made "second ending" for *Return of the Native* contradicts the inevitability of all that has gone before and is therefore just as romantic, in its own way, as the hero's recovery from blindness in *Jane Eyre*. But the peace of Clotilde is not a shimmering atmospheric effect; it is the peace of steel tempered by flames too hot to be illusions. The novel has as many provocative expressions of opinion as Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, but because they are present in the flesh of character and are not the gratuitous offering of a narrator detached from his tale, the flames are felt like a second skin; the metal lives.

* * *

Tomorrow's Freedom

"A true national awakening will doubtless come. The ranks of true nationalists cannot but increase; the collective conscience grows; the day of realization nears, for the protest against selfish designs of subtle colonialism cannot be smothered for long. To be sure, the over-extended holiday of empire, of demagogy, complacency, ingenuousness, sophism, emotionalism and sycophantism is still very much in evidence; after all, the Filipino people are still well-known for their ready kindness and hospitality. But the moving finger still writes. And someday this nation will realize, and will shape in deeds, Mabini's puissant and uncompromising exhortation: 'Strive for the independence of thy country because thou alone has real interest in its greatness and exaltation, since its independence means thy own freedom, its greatness thy own perfection, its exaltation thy own glory and immortality.'"

—Claro M. Recto



Max Jacob:
Yellow Star Enigma

FRENCHMEN at St. Benoit-sur-Loire, seventh century birth-place of the Benedictine order, hardly knew what to make of the 52-year-old stranger who beat his breast so hard and sometimes even exclaimed in public, "Forgive me, Lord, I am the good thief." The abbe's simple explanation for this newcomer who prepared the altar every morning and often served several masses was, "He's a converted Jew."

That was in 1928. By the time of the German Occupation, his neighbors had grown more accustomed to him than he himself ever grew to the label, "Jew," and the yellow star which the Nazis sewed on his coat.

For years Max Jacob, "avant garde poet, astrologer, raconteur and Montmartre dandy," had lived on opium and unending conversations with Pablo Picasso (who lived a few doors away) and Apollinaire. He earned just enough to keep himself in fancy dress and drugs through a fortune-telling racket which brought society slumming to the Rue de Ravignan. Although he attracted a cluster of artists to himself and wrote constantly by day in his badly lit room, it was only at the appeal of Apollinaire that he ceased to ignore the publishers and finally assembled *Cornet a Des*, his best works in verse.

But late in 1909, in the National Library, "My flesh fell to the floor": he thought he had a vision of a shining Christ on the wall, on a tapestry. Like his Montmartre friends, the priests only laughed at him the next day, when he asked to be baptized. It was not until 1914 that he found Notre

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

Dame of Zion, organized at the will of Marie-Alphonse Ratisbonne, himself a converted Jew; and entered the Church under the name of Cyprian.

For 16 years, Max Cyprian Jacob lived a simple life of meditation, devotion and prayer at St. Benoit, where he often acted as guide to young poets and old friends visiting for the first time the basilica from which he later sent copies of meditations written each morning before Mass.

I N 1940, the quietness was broken. First he learned that his sister had been arrested by the Germans; then his brother-in-law. About his own fate he was sure: "I will die a martyr." But he worried that his sister would not have enough faith to find strength in the hour of her torture and death.

The Gestapo, seeing Max leave the basilica, demanded his surrender; the priest refused, in the name of Christian love. Nevertheless, they interrogated Max on his writings and political opinions; and although they finally left, demanded that he wear his yellow star at all times "quietly."

For a few days the children of St. Benoit pointed at him in the streets, telling each other, "He's one"; but not long after, they took French security guards on a wild goose chase while Max, who had forgotten to wear his coat with its insignia (the only one in the village) when he left his room, was brought the coat by the abbe's runner. When the guards finally arrived, he was properly dressed.

Even then, he avoided many of his friends outside St. Benoit, at the old meeting places of Orleans and Montargis, because "he was afraid both of wearing the insignia, and of being discovered without it."

Perhaps because his mail was the largest in the village, he was arrested on Feb. 24, 1944, by the men in the *ersatz* leather coats. Because he believed their promise of a quick return, he brought along no overcoat or blanket. From Orleans, he managed to write young poet Jean Rousselot that he was en route for Le Drancy, Jewish prison camp near Paris. At once, although the train had unfortunately left, Cocteau, Picasso, Sacha Guitry and others were informed and appeals made to both the national and occupying governments. Meanwhile, another letter reached the basilica: "I have several conversions started."

Two weeks later he was reported dead, in the prison

camp, at 68, of pneumonia. He died, passionate in his personal belief, and respected by fellow Jews whose own religion he had tried to live with discreetly. His body was buried at Ivry, among thousands of other yellow-starred victims, more of them peasants than poets; but later it was removed to the basilica home he had chosen long before.

* * *

Science Marches On

JET PLANE NOISE is becoming so intense that it can cause structural failure of the airplane's metal, according to researchers at University of Southampton, England. Unconventional designs such as the delta wing therefore may be favored for future jets so noise can issue from extreme rear of the plane.

*

BETTER ALTIMETER may help prevent mid-air collisions and relieve crowded air lanes by permitting the Air Force to decrease vertical distance between aircraft. Developed by Air Research and Development Command in cooperation with Kollsman Instrument Corp., Elmhurst, N.Y., new altimeter is said to be 400% more accurate below 50,000 feet and 100% more accurate above that altitude than those now in use.

*

SIDEWISE LAMP for low-contour projectors has been developed by General Electric. Lamp filament has been rotated so that with the lamp on its side filament is still vertical—the most efficient operating position. Elimination of usual metal base and a golden opaque top make possible cooler operation, precision focus, and cost savings in projectors designed for its use.

*

Hungary's Hopeless Fight

By F. C. STA. MARIA

A DAY BEFORE Anglo-French invasion forces hit the shores of Egypt in November, Soviet armed might slipped unnoticed into Hungary. The world recoiled in anger at the Middle East aggression. For several days afterwards, the invaders of Egypt were violently condemned by an incensed world. The voice of the Soviet Union, rising in righteous wrath, drowned all the rest. Israel, the Russians shouted, must be stopped. The English and French murderers must be punished. To the Reds the United States' vigorous censure of the Allied aggression was not strong enough; they also wanted immediate Soviet-American military intervention.

In the excitement Hungary was overlooked.

Then the Suez situation began to be stabilized. The Egyptian invaders, yielding to overwhelming pressure, agreed to abandon their conquest. Just recently the last batch of English soldiers departed for home,

leaving the United Nations police troops in control of the Suez area.

With the end of the Middle East fighting, the revolt in Hungary once more gained prominence. Russia's hope that the rebellion could be quelled quickly and quietly proved false. Now the whole world was watching, and it was impossible to hide her bloody hands. The only recourse was for her to ignore the Free World, proceed with dispatch and pretend that she was on Hungarian soil by Hungarian invitation.

The deceit, of course, succeeded only in the Soviet mind. The almost unanimous demand in the United Nations for the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary amply proved this point. Even neutralist Nehru, modifying India's lukewarm censure of Russia's action, later condemned "Soviet attack" on Hungary.

Like most actions of this nature, the Hungarian rebellion had obscure beginnings. It is

difficult to isolate the forces which caused the enslaved Hungarian peoples to fight for freedom. Perhaps the basic urge to be free—possessed by all men—was mainly responsible. But of the more immediate causes may be mentioned a few. First was Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign, started in February last year, which has since snowballed into an uncontrollable avalanche. In exposing the late Stalin, Khrushchev had also unwittingly weakened the bond of terror that held the satellites together.

Second immediate factor was the unrest among satellite workers who, until now, have been living in sub-standard economic conditions. This same force was prominently at work in the Poznan revolt. Forced by low income, an exorbitant cost of living and highly restrictive working conditions, the *proletariat* have few alternatives. Revolt is one of them.

Third cause is the encouragement given by such other rebels as Yugoslavia and, lately, Poland. Retaliatory measures, applied by the Red bosses in both instances, have not frightened the Hungarians in the least. Given the chance, the rebels would probably do it again.

O PEN REVOLT against the Red state began last October 23. On this day Hungarian students, who had been

secretly in ferment for a long time, staged an open-air meeting and marched in protest to the Soviet communist rule. Some Budapest workers joined in the demonstration. Hungarian security police, unable to control the mob, fired on them. The revolt was on.

For ten days or so, the communist state tried to quell the spreading rebellion, but without success. It was at this stage that Soviet Russia stepped in. On the pretext of answering the Hungarian government's call for help, Russian tanks and soldiers poured into Budapest, center of the fighting, and fanned out into the countryside.

In sympathy the workers who were not actually in the shooting refused to work. Coal mines and factories were abandoned. Shops were closed. Fighting spread further, as Budapest lay in ruins. At the end of two months, the dead were estimated at 65,000—roughly twice the United States' fatalities in the Korean war. In addition, thousands of Hungarian youths were deported to the East, quite possibly to Siberia.

It appears that the workers' vehement protest was prompted by two things: first, the deportation of the Hungarian youths and, second, the deposing of Premier Imre Nagy. In fact, the fight soon resolved into a death struggle between the workers' councils on the

one hand and Soviet-backed Premier Janos Kadar on the other. Kadar, a well-known Titoist and therefore independent communist, was installed by the Soviets after the fall and disappearance of Nagy.

A confirmed communist, Nagy was nevertheless one of those purged in Stalin's time and who was brought back to power in the de-Stalinization movement. Russian pressure forced him to quit when he could not suppress the week-long Hungarian revolt. Since then he has been missing. The popular explanation of his disappearance is that he was kidnaped by the Reds from the Budapest Yugoslavian legation, where he had sought refuge. Some say he was exiled to Rumania.

The workers demanded that the Russians explain Nagy's whereabouts, as one of the conditions of their going back to work. In addition, they demanded: (1) recognition of workers' councils in all industries, and (2) permission to publish an independent newspaper.

As for Kadar, he was plainly reduced to a Soviet puppet, hated by the workers and pressed by the communists. This hatred rose to a high pitch when Sandor Racz, 23 year-old leader of the Budapest Central Council, was arrested along with his deputy as he accepted

an invitation to negotiate with the Kadar regime. There was added tenseness as martial law was declared on the eighth week of the revolt and the Soviets took over the mines and factories.

IN THE United Nations a general assembly resolution calling on the Soviet Union to withdraw its troops to "permit the reestablishment of the political independence of Hungary" fared well. The vote was 55 to 8, with only Russia and her satellites voting against. Yugoslavia, Finland and Afro-Asian countries abstained. It was generally felt that most of those who abstained would have supported a purely condemnatory resolution without a proviso for troop withdrawal.

Such moral pressure was, however, not sufficient to drive Russia out of Hungary. Mutual security and other types of pacts between Hungary and the U.S.S.R. legalize the Soviet action. The Kremlin had seen to that.

Veiled threats of ousting the satellite from the U.N. (she was accepted only last year) unless she allowed observers from the world organization into Budapest proved futile. The Hungarian U.N. delegate stuck to his guns. Secretary General Hammarskjold had to give up a projected inspection trip to inside Hungary.

Meanwhile thousands of Hungarians, risking capture and sudden death, trekked across the border into Austria and safety. Over 145,000 of such refugees were counted in a period of two months. While a great number of these have been transported to free countries in the West (the U.S. alone planned to take in over 21,000), about 100,000 still remain in Austria. Here it isn't much comfortable, but there is freedom. And that is the essential thing.

By the middle of December the admirable resistance of the Hungarian people had all but collapsed. Not that they couldn't take more; they could. But this was not a mere test of endurance. It was a question of whether there was any sense in fighting on. The Filipinos took much more from the Japanese invaders in World War II. But the difference is that the Filipinos had more *hope* than desperation. To the Hungarians even Time is an enemy; as much an enemy perhaps as it is a friend to the communists. If the only nation on earth that can stop Soviet Russia—the United States—does not stop Russia in Hungary *now*, the chances are she won't ever. This the Hungarians know.

Yet to the Soviet Union's eternal discredit, the Hungarian

rebellion will long remain a black mark. England and France have sown their wild oats in the Suez; they too must pay in terms of lost prestige. But Russia's systematic suppression of Hungarian freedom will continue long after the last British or French soldier would have retraced his way home.

As it looks now the only feasible solution to the Hungarian problem would be at best a half-measure. That is, to bring back Premier Imre Nagy to power, as the people demand. From there on Hungary would still be communist, but would at least be freed from the shackles of Soviet colonialism. Nothing short of such step would genuinely pacify the rebels. For the present, at least.

The rapid unfolding of the satellite drama has not been exactly pleasing to Moscow. The Kremlin is faced with a real problem—the future. Judged by the hectic pace of recent satellite events, Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign has overshot its mark. Poland was just the beginning. Yugoslavia has not been won back, despite Moscow's change of heart and frantic wooing. Hungary has shown the dangerous potentials of freedom.

What is next?—From the *Philippine Journal of Education*.

* * *

Manila's

PIED PIPER

Minus the flute

ONCE UPON A TIME, there lived in the little village of Hamelin in a European country a man well known for the beautiful music he made with his flute. He was called the Pied Piper of Hamelin. One day, he was asked to rid the village of rats which were ruining Hamelin. So, the Pied Piper went out into the streets and played his flute. All the rats, charmed by his music, came out of their hiding places and followed the Pied Piper wherever he went. Soon, thousands of rats were trailing behind the Pied Piper who led them to the sea to drown. His task finished, he asked for the fee which the people had promised him. But he was not paid and this angered him. He piped along the streets once more, and this time it was the children of Hamelin who followed him into a cave and disappeared forever.

In Manila, we have today

our own version of the Pied Piper. Mang Candong, as he was come to be known, lives in neighborhood of humble friendly people in Pelaez street, Sta. Mesa. Unlike the piper of Hamelin legend, however, Mang Candong uses no flute; he has his own way of attracting rats. And unlike the Hamelin piper, Mang Candong gets paid for his work.

It was quite by accident that Mang Candong came to be closely associated with rats. Jobless for over a year, he readily accepted a friend's offer of work as rat operator in the insect and vermin control section of the Manila health department last July. In less than five months, he was awarded a prize for being the champion rat catcher of Manila.

Right after liberation, Mang Candong was a bootblack at a shoe shine and repair shop. Later, from 1947 to 1954, he

managed a sarisari store below his house. With a capital of only ₱80, the store made a profit of ₱3,000 which he used to enlarge his house for his growing family.

Mang Candong is well loved in his community. Since 1951, he has been a volunteer worker of the Red Cross of which he is district chairman. As such, he looks after the needs of his neighbors. For instance, if there is a mother who cannot afford to buy milk for her baby, Mang Candong gets some for her. He is also an active fund-raiser for the Red Cross. At the annual party beauty contests sponsored by the organization for raising money, Mang Candong's candidates have always won since he became district chairman.

BORN Ricardo Bautista 44 years ago in Arayat, Pampanga, he came to Manila at the age of 11 and was employed by one Catalina Cabrera of Sta. Mesa as a groom in her stable. With savings from his small earnings, he was able to buy from the master three *carretelas* and six horses. Later he gave his two brothers each a *carretela* and two horses. He worked in the day and studied at night until he finished first year high school.

At 23, he married Anisia Sunga from Masantol, Pampanga, and managed to live on a

cochero's earnings of 60 centavos a day. Later his mother-in-law lent him some money to buy two more *carretelas*. Not long afterwards, he bought three small houses.

During the Japanese occupation, Mang Candong and his family evacuated to Pampanga. He worked as a social worker, without pay, to aid Filipino soldiers returning from prison camps. He converted his house into a hospital for the sick and wounded. Those who died were buried by Mang Candong, using discarded bancas as coffins, those who recovered he sent to Manila at his own expense.

Mang Candong has nine living children out of 14, and has one granddaughter from his eldest son, Reynaldo.

Today, Mang Candong receives ₱170 a month as rentals from his two houses and a portion of the ground floor of the house he occupies. With this amount and his salary of ₱135 a month as rat operator, he sees his large family through.

This is how he works: He goes to a number of houses in his district in the evening to set his traps, since trapping is done at night. Early the next morning he returns to collect his catch, then reports to the office, carrying paper bags full of rats.

Mang Candong will not change his job for anything else. He loves his work and is

proud of it. He says that it enables him to deal with his neighbors whom he loves, and to rid his district of rats. His

secret as a successful rat catcher? Patience. No wonder he is the Pied Piper of Manila.—*The Philippines Today.*

* * *

Smile Alley

Dentist—“Stop waving your arms and making faces, sir. Why, I haven’t even touched your tooth.”

Patient—“I know you haven’t, but you’re standing on my corn.”

*

A young city girl was vacationing in the country and became friendly with a farmer boy. One evening as they were strolling across a pasture they saw a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted bovine fashion.

“Ah,” said the farmer boy, “that sight makes me want to do the same.”

“Well, go ahead,” said the girl, “it’s your cow.”

*

The new farm hand was awakened at 4:00 a.m. by the farmer, who announced that they were going to cut oats.

“Are they wild oats?”

“No, why?”

“Then why do you have to sneak up on them in the dark?”

*

Our International Reserve: How Adequate Is It?

\$\$\$

By **MIGUEL CUADERNO, Sr.**
Governor, Central Bank of the Philippines

\$\$

THE IMPATIENCE of our people to see a more rapid pace of the country's economic development is understandable. But to change an economic pattern, which is the main objective of development, is not an easy matter, considering that ours is an economy which has taken root in our country for a very long time.

There is a host of problems facing the country today which stem from its condition of underdevelopment. They are problems which complicate and render difficult of solution the problems which are incidental to the process of economic development. All of these problems have to be reckoned with

and met if we aim to achieve our goal of economic development. Ignoring them and resorting to shortcut methods or otherwise experimenting on dangerous monetary and fiscal policies will not only retard but can also spell failure of any plan to develop the economy.

This is the experience of several countries and it would serve us well to bear it in mind.

It is my good fortune to have been able to take part both in the United Nation's and the International Monetary Fund's discussions of the problems of economic development of underdeveloped countries. It is on those occasions that one is forced to conclude that the failure of the development pro-

grams of many countries has been due to one or more of the following circumstances: the adoption of unintegrated, unbalanced or over-ambitious programs; reckless dependence upon inflationary means of financing the program; persistent heavy budgetary deficits; adoption of fiscal and monetary measures which bring about difficult currency problems.

Being aware of these problems which countries in process of development like our own have had to face and some of which are still facing, and conscious of the part I am called upon to play in maintaining monetary stability in our own country, and since economic development is possible only in an environment of monetary stability, I feel it is my duty to oppose such unsound and dangerous monetary measures as unjustified and untimely devaluation of the peso, the adoption of multiple exchange rates, unrestricted trade barter transactions, and dollar retention scheme.

There is a question which is very much in the limelight these days which is not very well understood, yet of great importance not only to the maintenance of economic stability but also to the successful prosecution of economic development. I refer to the purpose and meaning of international reserve.

Our country's international reserve consists largely of United States dollar and a small quantity of gold. The dollar portion of the reserve is derived largely from the proceeds of the sale in foreign countries of Philippine products, such as sugar, copra, hemp, and base metals; also, of U.S. Government aid and U.S. veterans pensions and other expenditures in the Philippines of other U.S. Government agencies, such as the armed forces; other sources are foreign investments, tourist expenditures, and remittances from abroad.

Drawings from the international reserve consist of payments for merchandise imports, which include a substantial portion of the covering insurance and freight charges, both on imports and exports; of remittances to foreign countries of earnings of foreign investors, expenses of diplomatic establishments of the Republic abroad, travel and maintenance of Philippine residents abroad, and servicing of loans contracted in the United States.

Striking a balance between exchange receipts and exchange disbursements gives us what is known as the balance of (international) payments.

THE AMOUNT of foreign exchange receipts which the country may expect during a given period depends on

a number of unforeseeable factors. Conditions affecting production of Philippine exports, such as bad weather and plant diseases affect the volume of the country's foreign exchange receipts.

The amount of U.S. Government aid and expenditures in this country also has an important bearing upon the international reserve. With so many countries still beset with balance of payments problems, it is not easy for our Central Bank to determine the probable receipts from exports. A sudden slump in demand for and prices of Philippine exports or a substantial increase in freight rates is immediately reflected in the Philippine balance of payments.

On the other hand, the Philippines, like many an underdeveloped country, is a heavy importer of consumer goods and of materials and supplies required by agriculture and industry. It is this import-export type of economy of the underdeveloped countries which renders them highly vulnerable to economic and political developments abroad.

Under our present currency system, there is no need, as was the case with the system in effect before the enactment of the Charter of the Central Bank, of maintaining a dollar reserve even against the hard core of notes that were always

needed to finance domestic transactions and that would never be presented for conversion into dollars to finance remittances or payments abroad.

In other words, it is no longer necessary for our country to receive 50 cents U.S. currency for every peso we put in circulation. Dollar reserve is now maintained to meet any deficit which may arise during a given period between the total amount of dollar receipts of the country and the total amount of dollar disbursements, and to maintain stable internal economic conditions.

The present currency law does not fix the level of foreign exchange reserve which must be maintained. Instead, it provides that the Central Bank shall maintain an international reserve adequate to meet any foreseeable net demand on the Bank for foreign currencies. In judging the adequacy of the international reserve, the Monetary Board, the law also provides, shall be guided by prospective receipts and payments of foreign exchange by the Philippines.

The Board is enjoined to give special attention to the volume and maturity of the Central Bank's own liabilities in foreign currencies, to the volume and maturity of the foreign exchange assets and liabilities of other banks operating in the Philippines and, insofar as they

are known or can be estimated, the volume and maturity of the foreign exchange assets and liabilities of all other persons and entities in the Philippines.

This exercise of judgment by the Central Bank authorities with respect to the determination of the adequacy of reserve at a given time makes this one of the most delicate and difficult responsibilities of the Central Bank. In a country in balance of payments difficulties, like the Philippines, whose solution depends largely on its achievement of a balanced economy, process which inevitably adds pressure in its balance of payments, the administration of the international reserve entails great difficulties.

In these circumstances, the logical and practical approach to the reserve question is the determination of the following questions: (1) Will the Central Bank have to be a net supplier of foreign exchange over the next six months? If so, then (2) What will the amounts and time pattern of the drain be? (3) To what extent can the Central Bank expect foreign aid or borrow abroad to meet the expected drains, and when and where it should borrow, and for how long? (4) Should efforts be made to reduce the expected drains, and, if so, what should these efforts be made to reduce the expected drains, and, if so, what should

these efforts be (e.g., tighter exchange controls, higher reserve requirements for the commercial banks, reduction of the Government's fiscal deficit, etc.)? (5) How low can the gross foreign assets of the country fall before uncontrollable capital flight and other disastrous public reactions would be likely to occur?

THE ANSWERS to these questions help the Central Bank in determining the adequacy of the international reserve. The important thing is for the Central Bank to know its capacity of financing a balance of payment deficit of a certain magnitude, and under specified economic circumstances, and for a duration of given expectations.

When the Central Bank was established in January, 1949 I considered it prudent, for psychological reasons, initially to maintain an international reserve of at least \$300 million. For a long time the country has had a 100% currency reserve system. Under the present system there is no fixed ratio of reserve either to the note or deposit liabilities of the Central Bank. Immediately upon its organization, the Central Bank was required to make a loan of two hundred million pesos to the Government, which might exert undue pressure on the international reserve, con-

sidering the inflationary pressures already existing in the economy. Moreover, the recommendation of the Central Bank for the adoption of adequate fiscal measures were not being given the consideration they deserved.

In or about 1951, the Central Bank was criticized in some quarters for maintaining a reserve of \$300 million. The Central Bank had to continue this policy with respect to the reserve because it was in that year that the U.S. war damage payments stopped and the prevailing inflation caused by persistent budgetary deficits was being aggravated by the inflationary effects of the Korean War. The Central Bank had to liberalize the import of essential commodities to counteract the rising trend of prices in the country.

After inflation had been successfully halted and the fiscal operations of the Government were practically in balance in 1952, the Central Bank in 1953 started releasing part of the international reserve to permit the import of machinery and supplies required for new industries so that the pace of economic development might be accelerated. This policy was continued in 1954 and 1955. There was no point in maintaining a high level of reserve when machinery and supplies for new industries were needed

to increase production, and the ICA grants and aid were not sufficient to meet this need.

The significant fact is that we had for so long been able to finance a very substantial amount of the foreign exchange requirements of economic development without unduly depleting the reserve and without relying on foreign borrowing. In fact, the Government has so far obtained only one such loan for \$20 million for the Ambuklao hydroelectric power project from the Export-Import Bank of Washington.

Other underdeveloped countries have borrowed heavily from either the Export-Import Bank or from the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, or from both. For this constructive policy, the Central Bank is now being criticized because it entailed a reduction of the international reserve to a level below \$300 million.

Of course, we could not continue digging from the reserve the increasing amount of foreign exchange needed for the establishment of new industries. No underdeveloped country whose ability to sell a few of its products is dependent on fluctuating demand and prices in foreign countries, and which still has to import a very large amount of consumer goods, can embark on a program of indus-

trialization without securing foreign aid or loans. For this reason, credit lines were secured from the Export-Import Bank of Washington with which to finance the import of machinery and equipment by both government instrumentalities and private enterprises. Very little of these lines have so far been availed of.

Arrangements have also been made for the issue of Philippine Government dollar bonds in the United States, the proceeds of which can be used for the purchase of machinery and equipment outside the United States, except in Japan where capital goods can be procured under the reparations agreement. From now on only those who are not borrowing or who cannot secure exchange from the ICA, will have to be supplied with exchange from the international reserve.

Since 1949 more and more investment for economic development has been made. This has meant a considerable amount of foreign exchange which the Central Bank has had to provide, since very little foreign aid and loan had been obtained. This increase in development activities has resulted in greater demand for consumer goods. It is axiomatic that in an underdeveloped country, such as the Philippines, a general rise in production and incomes will necessitate a large

aggregate of import of consumer goods, not only in the immediate future, but also in the longer run as production and income increase.

IT IS THIS fact that makes it necessary to secure foreign loans with which to finance the foreign exchange requirements of the development program, otherwise the pressure on the country's reserves can bring about a serious balance of payments problem. Foreign loans will relieve the immediate pressure on payments, but it will be necessary in the future to earn enough foreign exchange to meet the servicing of such loans.

Economic development must, therefore, take account both of the need of balanced expansion of the different sectors of the domestic economy and also of the importance of maintaining a balance in foreign payments. Toward this end, the targets for increasing domestic production must be related to those commodities in which we can expand production efficiently and for which there is demand at home and abroad. This would result in a reduction of imports, or at least limit the future increase in imports.

I do not subscribe to the view expressed in some quarters that international reserve of the country is dangerously low. As stated in this paper,

this reserve is now maintained to meet any deficit which may arise during a given period between the total dollar receipts of the country and its total dollar disbursements. Considering the deficits incurred annually from 1950 to 1955, inclusive, indicated below, it is apparent that a reserve of around \$200,000,000 is not adequate:

Paraguayan formula	\$153.8 million
Ecuadorian formula	180 "
Guatemalan formula	184.20 "

Using criteria in force in Paraguay, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic, a "critical level" or a "prudential minimum" of reserve which would require the establishment of exchange controls would result in the following figures for the in-

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RECEIPTS & DISBURSEMENTS

RECEIPTS	1950-1955 (In million U.S. Dollars)			1953	1954	1955
	1950	1951	1952			
Merchandise exports (cif)	\$320.1	\$414.7	\$393.1	\$384.8	\$402.6	\$399.2
Miscellaneous invisibles	261.1	150.1	197.3	186.1	170.0	193.0
Total	\$581.2	\$564.8	\$536.4	\$570.9	\$572.6	\$592.2
DISBURSEMENTS						
Merchandise imports (cif)	\$390.6	\$520.9	\$443.0	\$489.2	\$502.5	\$570.2
Miscellaneous invisibles	90.2	93.5	91.9	91.0	93.3	82.3
Total	\$480.8	\$614.4	\$534.9	\$580.2	\$595.8	\$652.5
Net Receipts (Disbursements)	\$100.6	(\$ 49.6)	\$ 1.5	(\$ 9.3)	(\$ 23.2)	(\$ 60.3)

From \$209,000,000 for December, 1955, the international reserve has risen to \$234,003,820.21 on August 1, 1956.

On the basis of comparative studies made of other countries with requirements, statutory or otherwise, for the maintenance of adequate levels of international reserve, it appears that the Philippines' present level of reserve is higher than those maintained in several countries.

Using criteria observed in Paraguay, Ecuador, and Guatemala, a "dangerously low" level of reserve which compels action by the monetary authorities would result in the following figures for the international reserve of the Philippines:

international reserve of the Philippines:

Paraguayan formula	\$245.22 million
Guatemalan formula	275.70 "
Dominican formula	281.08 "

On the basis of legal requirements based on more traditional ratios involving some relation between the international reserve and internal monetary categories, the Philippines as of December, 1955 (when the reserve was \$209.0 million) exceeded the statutory minima of Brazil, Columbia, Cuba, Denmark, France, Iceland, India, Mexico, Pakistan, El Salvador, South Africa and Switzerland.

On the basis of criteria used informally in some countries estimating the value of between four and six months' im-

ports as the adequate level of international reserve, the Philippines has in the past five years invariably exceeded this bench-mark, and at its lowest point in December, 1955, the Philippine international reserve was sufficient to cover six months' imports.

A CENTRAL BANKING expert who assisted us in the establishment of our Central Bank in 1949, and who had since been in the Philippines twice, once as a member of President Eisenhower's committee to evaluate the United States aid program in this country, and lately in March this year to make a survey of the prevailing economic conditions for the U.S. bank in which he is the chief economist, made the following significant state-

ment to the Manila newspapers on the adequacy of the present international reserve of the Philippines:

"The most outstanding achievement is that economic development is advancing at an accelerating rate, yet without inflation and without reduction in the nation's dollar reserves to a poverty level. In fact, the international reserves presently are equal to 40% of last year's total imports — a ratio most other countries, great or small, would envy; however, it is equally important to note that the present amount of reserves is not excessive, and must be husbanded carefully, in view of the great needs in the years immediately ahead."

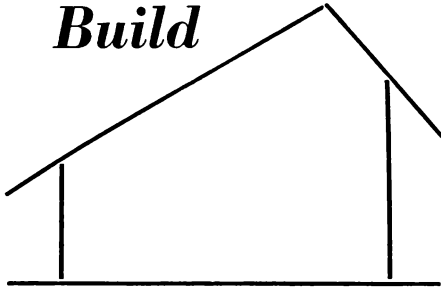
* * *

THE SPIDER IS AT HOME

Recent distinguished guests behind the Iron Curtain have been Red Indochina's Ho Chi Minh, East Germany's Grotewohl, West Germany's Chancellor Adenauer, Finland's President, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Douglas, Canada's Foreign Minister Pearson, Burma's Premier U Nu, Norway's Premier Gerhardsen and Clement Attlee.

*

**You Can
Build**



**Your
Own
HOME**

from DIRT!

IT IS SAID THAT the oldest building material on earth is the earth itself. The use of compressed earth for building construction dates many centuries back and it doubtlessly arose from the need of using materials at hand in a simple and direct manner.

Compressed earth was the building material of ancient countries. We are told that the biblical tower of Babel and the foundations of the Pyramids were made of hardpressed, compact earth more than 3,000 years ago. Much, much later China, India, Italy, Spain, England, Mexico and the United

By Jorge A. Lorredo, Jr.

States made wide use of compressed earth for building their houses.

In the United States, particularly in California and the Southwest, compressed earth has been used since pioneer days in the construction of church missions, forts, homes, hacienda, ranch houses, schools and other public buildings.

Figures show that here in the Philippines an average of 45,000 homes are destroyed annually by fires alone and as a result nearly 300,000 people are left homeless every year.

We need not go into the anguish caused as a result of losing one's home. It is enough to say that a farmer who loses his nipa shack must spend at least four weeks to build a new nipa hut for himself and his family. Multiply the plight of this farmer by 45,000 and we will realize the astounding number of man hours eaten up in reconstructing burnt-out sawali dwellings all over the country, weeks of work that could very well have been used for planting, harvesting and other farm work.

How would you like then to scoop up the soil in your own backyard, put it into a rectangular steel container, press it into the form of a brick and build the foundations of a fire-proof, low-cost, sturdy home?

Surprising as this may appear at first glance, it is nevertheless true that we now have in the Philippines a machine that can produce those wonderful bricks at an extremely low-cost, some say even cheaper than nipa. It is called the Ellison brickmaking machine.

Now what soil to use: It has been found that most of the different types of soil in the Philippines are suitable for brickmaking purposes. Still, care should be taken in choosing a type of soil. Soil that is too high in clay content is difficult to screen and hard to remove from the mold after

the brick is made. What is more, it tends to crack when dry. On the other hand, soil that is too sandy is also difficult to remove from the mold.

Thus the sandy loam type of soil which has about 60% to 70% sand, seems to be most suited for it is easily handled and mixed and requires less water and cement or lime to form into brick after drying. Salty soils should not be used at all.

In preparing the brick mixture, first dig up the earth, throwing away the top soil which usually contains roots, refuse and humus. Then get a 1/8 or 1/4 inch wire mesh and through this, screen the soil. After passing the soil through the wire mesh, mix it with cement or lime as the case may be. Then add water to the mixture. However, care should be taken in adding water to the pile of soil-cement mixture which should be the kind that will permit the soil to "ball up" under pressure in the hand and yet leave the hand dry.

An ordinary bag of cement or lime, mixed with the soil in the proportion required, will yield an average of 55 bricks, varying with the size of the brick or the richness of the building itself to become fine, just "sack" the joints. This is done by rubbing the entire wall surface with a burlap sack just before the mortar or wash be-

comes hard. The burlap or jute bag will remove all ridges and loose bits of mortar giving the wall a more or less molded appearance at the joints.

The Ellson is completely hand-operated. Its operation is in fact so simple that recently totally blind students from the Deaf and Blind School did a perfect brickmaking job with it. Thus even unskilled laborers can also operate the Ellson brickmaker. The machine itself weighs only 320 kilos and can easily be transported from one place to another by five men, by a jeep or a carabao-drawn cart.

The machine was cited by President Magsaysay recently as an important contributing factor to the successful accom-

plishment of the administration's pre-fabricated schoolhouse building program. Final negotiations are underway between officials of FREEDOM HOMES Inc., the private organization distributing the Ellson Brick-maker here in the Philippines, and the top brass of the engineering corps of the Armed Forces of the Philippines which is in charge of the pre-fab schoolhouse building program.

If you decide to buy a brick-making machine, a technician will be assigned to your barrio by Freedom Homes. You only have to pay his fare, and he'll teach you until you learn how to make your own bricks and your own home. — *The Philippines Today*.

* * *

Almost back to normal

THE DISCOVERY of the X-ray was a milestone in medical history. In 1897, doctors were just beginning to find it useful in controlling and curing disease. Today, only a little more than fifty years later, doctors and scientists are talking in terms of nuclear reactors for their research in pathology, microbiology, and of short-lived isotopes for other important medical research.

To further the great progress already made during the last half century, the United States Atomic Energy Commission is now constructing an atomic medical center at Brookhaven National Laboratory in Upton, New York. To be completed in 1957, the building will cost an estimated \$6,000,000.00. The new center will be of unusual design, consisting of four connecting circular buildings, each containing patient rooms and a nursing station. Attached will be a large square building which will house the nuclear reactor and laboratories for research.—*Free World*.

Panorama Quiz

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

1. Which of the following names is a stranger to the group? *A. Gauguin; B. Rimbaud; C. Cezanne; D. Picasso.*

2. The artificial satellite to be launched soon by the U.S. would circle the earth at an estimated speed of: *A. 1000 m.p.h.; B. 30,000 m.p.h.; C. 18,000 m.p.h.; D. stationary.*

3. If you were living in Hungary today, you would come under the Soviet puppet regime of: *A. Janos Kadar; B. Sandor Racz; C. Imre Nagy; D. Wladyslaw Gomulka.*

4. In the recently concluded Olympics, this country won the general championship: *A. U.S.; B. Russia; C. Australia; D. Brazil.*

5. Worse than parricide is genocide, which is: *A. killing one's king or ruler; B. murdering two or more persons; C. systematically destroying a racial or cultural group; D. murdering by using bacteriological weapons.*

6. Ambuklao Dam, largest hydroelectric project in the Philippines, derives its power from the waters of: *A. Bued river; B. Pampanga river; C. Agusan river; D. Agno river.*

7. It is a historical fact that Jesus Christ was born not in the year 1 (1956 years ago) but in: *A. 6 A.D.; B. 10 B.C.; C. 100 A.D.; D. 4 B.C.*

8. The French term *bon mot* means: *A. a witty remark or repartee; B. good life; C. "Pardon me"; D. an advice or counsel.*

9. What is Lourdes, France noted for? For its: *A. beautiful scenery; B. miraculous grotto of the Virgin Mary; C. fabulous gambling casino; D. ski resort.*

10. In legal parlance to "probate a will" is to: *A. declare it invalid; B. establish its authenticity; C. suspend its operation; D. Examine its illegal provisions.*

ARE YOUR WORD WISE?

Answers

1. (a) to renounce or reject
2. (d) to teach by repetition
4. (d) to confine or hem in
5. (a) childish or trivial
6. (c) to stammer
7. (a) to compensate oneself for loss
8. (d) briskly or spiritedly
9. (b) a place of residence
10. (c) to incite or urge
11. (a) weakening
12. (a) a blind alley
13. (c) to gather together
14. (b) to call upon or entreat
15. (a) flexible
16. (a) hard to manage
17. (d) unit of printer's measure

PANORAMA QUIZ

Answers

1. B — Rimbaud (poet; rest are painters)
 2. C — 18,000 m.p.h.
 3. A — Jonas Kadar
 4. B — Russia
 5. C — systematically destroying a racial or cultural group
 6. D — Agno river
 7. D — 4 B.C.
 8. A — a witty remark or repartee
 9. B — miraculous grotto of the Virgin Mary
 10. B — establish its authenticity
-
19. (c) to melt or dissolve
 20. (b) at rest or quiet

* * *

"Fine advice you gave me. You said if I was friendly with the Judge he'd let me off easy."

"Well, didn't he?"

"No. I walked in and said, 'Good morning, your honor — how's the old kid today?' and he said 'Fine — twenty pesos.'"

*

"I didn't forget your birthday, dear. I bought you the beautiful mink coat."

"But, darling, you promised me a new car."

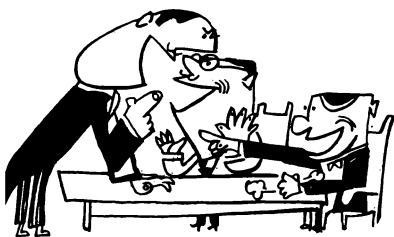
"I know, precious, but I can't find anybody who's selling imitation autos."

*

In the Beginning. . .

TEMPER (to regulate)

From the Anglo-Saxons comes the word *temperian*, which means "to dip or soak,"—an excellent advice, incidentally, for keeping down tempers.



PALAUER (talk or conference)

The Portuguese gave the word *palavra*, which means "a comparison on parable," and today any conference.

BELFRY (a bell tower)

In the Middle Ages a *berfray* (from the Middle English tongue) was a movable tower used in sieges.



Butuan City

BUTUAN — the capital of Agusan — is anything but a modern metropolis. It is squalid, dusty and smelly. The sun shines for an hour and the city is lost in a cloud of dust; an April shower falls and its roads are at once soggy with mud. It is built without pattern and its streets are narrow and crooked. It can, of course, boast of many wooden buildings but that is only because, in Butuan lumber can be had for a song.

Butuan can stand a thorough face lifting but for the present it seems that most of its politicians and its citizens are concerned with much less impersonal matters and are too busy carving niches for themselves in the great wilderness behind them.

Butuan is a melting pot. It is peopled by Tagalogs, Ilocanos, Leyteños, Cebuanos. Only a handful of the natives of the place — the forgiving, retreating Manobos — now stay in the town. They'd rather go up river,



away from the flurry of the lumber camps.

Butuan is a boomtown and to a certain extent, this explains its special character and disparity. It is fitted best for people with guts and imagination. Oftentimes, a brave man with

nothing but a sharp axe and courage sets out for the wilderness. If he perseveres, he may soon ride the river back to civilization, sun-tanned, perhaps, but loaded.

It takes a lot of courage, too, to keep up with the city's inconveniences, its sorry plumbing, its bad water supply, its mosquitoes, and its monotonous talk of logs, and nothing but logs.

AS A PORT, it receives some 50 settlers every day. All are immediately swallowed up by the wilderness. With dewy eyes, they follow the lumber camps and squat on the logged areas, or on the land adjacent to the Davao-Agusan road which is now under construction. Even the settlers must have a lot of spleen in going to Agusan for the jungle is not their only enemy; they face, too, malaria and gastrointestinal diseases which seem to be endemic in the province.

The cost of living in Butuan is very high but that should not be strange for although it has an area of 758 square kilometers, it has a cultivated area of only a little more than 15 thousand hectares. Its 60 thousand inhabitants have to rely on the food which is brought to the city from other places.

Butuan was hit by floods four times last year and the last — considered the biggest in Butuan's history — was such

a thorough inundation that people actually went through the city's streets in outboard motorboats. The unrestricted cutting of lumber in the upper reaches of the river could be responsible for these floods but as yet, many Butuan citizens find it hard to believe this conclusion.

An American oldtimer in Nasipit has predicted that in another hundred years, the whole city would be under water. This is a very grim picture which many lumbermen — still swimming in the giddy pleasure of their boom — wouldn't even imagine.

The prediction, of course, may go haywire. What will probably materialize soon is the real boom that will not only do some marvels with the city's face but also give Butuan folk a new outlook.

The Agusan-Davao road will be completed. More farms are being cleared in the interior and reforestation of the logging areas is slowly taking shape under the inspiration of the Bureau of Forestry office in the city. Public works projects have been started and many of the province's influential citizens are taking a hard, second look at faults of their lumber industry.

All these augur well for Butuan and they may hasten the arrival of its second boom.—*F. Sionil Jose.*

Flying Jeep

EDGAR PERCIVAL, world-famous flyer and air plane designer, has demonstrated the first production models of a plane he has designed especially for agricultural and "flying jeep" duties.

Now in full production at the Edgar Percival Aircraft Limited works at Stapleford, Essex, England, the new plane, the E.P.9, can carry five passengers with ample luggage or a ton of fertilizer.

Besides being ideal for crop spraying, dusting and "top dressing"—the fertilising of pasture land inaccessible to ground transport—the E.P.9 is described as suitable for livestock and cargo carrying, supply dropping, ambulance work, communications work, aerial photography and survey work.

Features of the E.P.9 include—wide opening door at the rear of the fuselage under the tail boom, which makes the stowing of cargo and equipment exceptionally easy; short take-off and landing space requirements; wide range of speed (from 37 to 149 mph); extreme maneuverability; resistance to stalling; low fuel consumption (about 10 gallons an hour at 80 to 85 miles an hour), and versatility. These (combined with the low price of £8,987—a little over ₣50,000) make it an especially economic prospect for civil or military work in areas where rugged terrain or other factors preclude or hinder the use of ground transport.

The military version of the E.P.9 can carry two stretcher cases, one walking wounded and one attendant. It is the lightest of the type of aircraft capable of this work and can land and take off in areas inaccessible to other aircraft. It is being considered by the British Army, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Australian Air Force.

A number of aircraft are actually on order, and firm overseas enquiries have been received from New Zealand for crop spraying and general agricultural work; from Australia for crop spraying, rice sowing and ambulance work; from the Belgian Congo for spraying cotton, coffee and cocoa, and for locust and tsetse fly control; from Hong Kong for crop spraying; from Persia for passenger carrying; from South America for cargo carrying and agricultural work; from Sudan for cotton spraying and from Zanzibar for coconut spraying.

Fun-Orama by Elmer



"Excuse me — I didn't SEE you!"

Argentina After Peron

By G. PENDLE



7 HE RULERS of Argentina for the last twelve months believe that the country needs to be purged of all Peron influence, politically, economically and morally. Every government measure is presented as correcting one or other of Peron's crimes or errors. Nevertheless, most of the familiar social discords and economic problems still remain because they were not created by Peron but have been a feature

of Argentina's development. And Peron himself was a man in keeping with the Argentine character.

Argentina's famous educator, Sarmiento, referred to the element of *barbarie* that existed in the national character. Its origin, he said, was in the rough life which the gaucho horsemen had always lived in the pampa, lassoing and killing wild cattle, breaking in horses, and fighting the savage Indians — and one another. An Argentine poet writes: "According to Argentine ethics the spilling of blood is not especially memorable, and it is in man's nature that he should kill."

Peron's enemies had no means of removing him except by violence. When Peron fell, no one in Argentina expected that the country could suddenly become a non-Peronista democracy. The new rulers wish to establish parliamentary democracy in Argentina, eventually; but it was inevitable that, having attained power by

force, they should have to use force to retain power — especially as their political supporters are mixed and divided among themselves.

Except during the period of rule by the Radicals in the nineteen-twenties, real power in Argentina was always in the hands of a group of great land-owning families. Then Peron took charge, and under him this so-called “oligarchy” had no influence in government circles. But although Peron attacked them in his speeches, imprisoned some of them for short periods, and his hooligans burned down their luxurious Jockey Club, he never deprived them of their huge estates.

Since Peron’s downfall the desire of the landowners, quite naturally, has been to recover their former power — as they did after their brief Radical interregnum of the nineteen twenties. These families are conservative, cultured, and

charming people. They have always had close personal and commercial connections with Great Britain, which has been the chief market for the meat and grain from their *estancias*. But in Peron’s ten years, new interests developed fast in Argentina — such as urban industrial interests — and new ideas have been put into the worker’s heads.

SOME MEMBERS of the land owning families have become prominent figures in the Radical Party. In Argentina there are various groups that can be designated “right wing”; that is to say, the wealthy landowners, the whole of the National Democrat Party, the more devout and militant Catholics (who for quite a while favoured Peron, eventually quarrelling with him), and so on. There are differences of opinion within this wide grouping. The Radicals, too, are divided into several factions; but in general, they are united in disagreeing with the Conservatives on certain main points: like Peron in his later phase, they are anti-clerical; like Peron they wish Argentina to become industrially self-supporting, whereas the Conservatives still dream of Argentina as a pastoral and agricultural country, importing manufactured goods in exchange for the produce of their *estancias*.



Today the Radicals are the predominant political influence in government circles. They combined with the Conservatives against Peron, but it was the Radicals who insisted on the deposition of the devoutly Catholic General Leonardi who succeeded Peron. The Radicals are pledged to hold free elections, which many Conservatives dread, as this would bring the masses into politics again.

President Aramburu has promised that elections will be held towards the end of 1957. Conservatives and Radicals are in agreement, at least, that meanwhile order must be maintained by force. The Conservatives would have no objection to the use of force for this purpose indefinitely — so long as it were not used against their own class, as it has been on more than one occasion since the removal of President Leonardi last November.

Argentina's new rulers have not been content with abolishing the Peronista Party; cancelling the constitution of 1949, wherein Peron had slightly "modernized" the old constitution of 1853; removing Peronista from their posts in the administration, the courts, universities, schools, the Olympic Games Committee and elsewhere. In their determination to wipe out every possible trace of the former regime, the Government has undertaken to

reverse many features of Peron's economic policies, to liquidate his state-trading organizations, and to establish a "free" economy. The promise of "orthodox" economic policies has already given new heart to foreign business men; and in recent months Argentina's currency has strengthened remarkably, until the free peso has approximately recovered, now, the position which it held in September 1955.

IN MANY respects, Argentina's economic predicament is similar to that which is to be found in other countries: inflation is constantly creating pressure for higher wages: exports are inadequate, causing an adverse balance of payments and hampering the importing of essential supplies; and antiquated transport system and the shortage of fuel and of electric power restrict production. In the past 12 months little progress has been made in solving these problems. The serious aspect of the situation is that the Government's supporters do not agree about the remedies to be adopted.

Argentina is a young and fast-developing country. She is apt to outgrow leaders. When they have fulfilled their function, fallen out of favour, and gone into exile, they do not return.—Adapted from the *Listener*

LIBERTY SOCKS

"THE SMARTEST THING ON FEET"



UNIVERSAL HOSIERY MILL CORPORATION

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

*This wonderland is 17 air miles
from nowhere*

A Lake In the Woods

By **BENIGNO MANAWIS**

THIS IS the story of a lake and its inhabitants in the island of Mindanao. There are 20 lakes in the big island, but it is the only one in the peninsula of Zamboanga.

To reach the lake, we took an interisland boat from Zamboanga City to the old town of Margosastubig, Zamboanga del Sur. The trip by water took about 13 hours. From Margosastubig we took a smaller boat. We travelled for 3 hours across Igat Bay and thence up to the mouths of the Kumalarang and Dipolo Rivers. With hired help, we reached the lake after some 5 to 6 hours travel on foot.

The first glimpse we had of the lake was from a mountain side. There it lay — calm, silent, a beauty in the wild woods.

In many places before we reached the shore side, the lake has belts of fertile level land—areas that are excellent for

conversion to rice paddies. The shores are fringed with lumbia palms which are the main source of thatching materials for the homes of inhabitants! With borrowed bancas we paddled across to the north side where the main settlement is located. There was a slight breeze fanning the lake.

From the shore we proceeded to the house of the headman. It stood by a chapel.

There are no stores in the whole place to sell reminders of civilization. But the natives do have a market day (Tuesday) when fresh fish from the lake may be bought. Rice sells at fifty centavos a ganta; durian fruits at five centavos a piece.

No one has a gun. There are no thieves and one's life is absolutely safe. The soil is fertile. Abaca and bananas grow to an enormous size. The Patong bamboos grow to more than

even inches in diameter.

There are no cases of malaria, as there are in many other Mindanao regions. The lake is drained in the west by a tributary of Kumalarang River and on the east by a subterranean stream feeding a tributary of the Sibuguey River. Because of this, the lake maintains an even level regardless of the weather. Drinking water taken from holes near the shore is safe to drink. It is futile to look for crocodiles.

At sunrise a haze begins to scatter above the lake's golden sheen. I think all mornings must be beautiful here.

THREE missionary teachers put up a school building out of local materials in order that the children of these forgotten families of non-Christian people (150) families), can receive the benefits of

some form of schooling. Meeting and talking to these teachers is like meeting and talking to people with no other apparent purpose in life than to help others, as God intended. It is touching. For lack of roads and other forms of modern communication, they seem to be so far away. Yet from Margosatubig is a mere 17 miles of airline distance.

A young American in 1950 flew from Sindangan to this place and was able to land on an improvised air strip made by the natives on the north side of the lake. The strip is now bushy but can be cleared again. He stayed there for sometime apparently to enjoy himself. I believe more people should do the same. It is one excellent escape from civilization, often harsh and heartless, into some of our little known wonderlands.

* * *

Better Bulbs

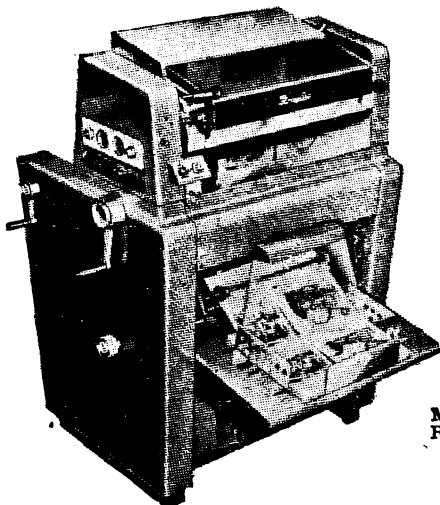
General Electric announced "the greatest single improvement in incandescent light bulb performance in forty-two years." This will increase output ranging from six percent for house bulbs to fifteen percent for higher wattage.

The improvement incorporates the following phases: (1) improving the tungsten filament by making basic design changes, (2) altering the mount structure so that the filament is axial in the bulb and (3) substituting for the first time coiled-coil filaments for singly coiled ones in lamps of 300 watts up. This last will permit the filament to burn at higher temperatures without shortening its life. Secondly it causes bulb blackening to concentrate in a smaller area.

*

Rotaprint

(Known in the U.S. as Miehle 17 Lithoprint)



- * The most modern Offset in its size (14 x 20 inches)
- * The easiest to operate with centralized control panel and button operation.
- * No dampening rollers to wear with its patented Rotaforming mechanically controlled ink.
- * Hairline register—ideal for color jobs on any type of paper at low cost and great speed.

Model
R. 30/90

**Actual Demonstration now going on
You are invited to see**

COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.

PRINTERS * LITHOGRAPHERS * PUBLISHERS

1936 Herran, Sta. Ana

Tel. 5-41-91