

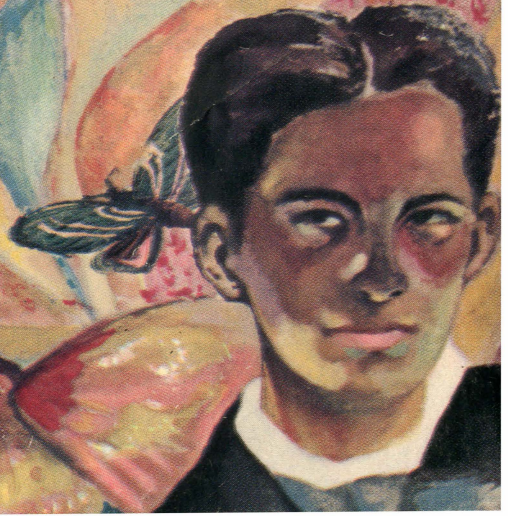
...o Courtship * Magsaysay's Wells * Formosa Today

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Panorama

JUN 29 1957

JOSE AND THE MOTHS



JUNE 1957
CENTAVOS

CONTENTS

Articles

Human Rights Start With God		
	<i>Raul S. Manglapus</i>	3
The Young Rizal	<i>Ben Revilla</i>	6
Formosa Today	<i>Efren Şunico</i>	10
Moro Love, Courtship and Marriage	<i>Abdullah T. Madale</i>	14
Ibsen's Peer Gynt	<i>Einar Haugen</i>	21
Will They Disarm?	<i>F. C. Sta. Maria</i>	25
The Wells that Magsaysay Dug . . .	<i>Carmelito Vicente</i>	30
India's Plan for a Welfare State . . .	<i>Henry Maddick</i>	35
I Saw Radio in Knee-Pants	<i>Francisco Trinidad</i>	38
Abstract Artist		42
Filipino Games— 1: Sungka	<i>Armando J. Malay</i>	53
Let the Dead Bury the Dead	<i>Sixto D'Asis</i>	59
Humphrey Bogart and I	<i>Peter Ustinov</i>	64
Truth in Literature	<i>Miguel A. Bernad, S.J.</i>	66
Naples Means Pizza Pies		71
Kido: Meiji Reformer	<i>Sidney D. Brown</i>	76
Korea on Bicycles		80
The Unclean Air We Breathe	<i>Sidney Katz</i>	84
The Story of Hjalmar Schacht — Banker to Hitler . .	<i>Edward N. Peterson</i>	88

Fiction

The Big Black Gates	<i>Roman Cruz, Jr.</i>	44.
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Regular Features

Are You Word Wise?		20
Panorama Peek		43
Fun-Orama by <i>Elmer</i>		52
Book Review: Prose and Poems . . .	<i>Leonard Casper</i>	56
Literary Personality—XXX: Paul Claudel		62
Panorama Quiz		73
In the Beginning		75
Philippine Panorama — XXXI: Biak-na-Bato		81

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

Editor: FELIXBERTO C. STA. MARIA

Foreign contributing editor: *Leonard Casper*

Art director: *Rodolfo P. Perez*

Business Manager: MRS. C. A. MARAMAG

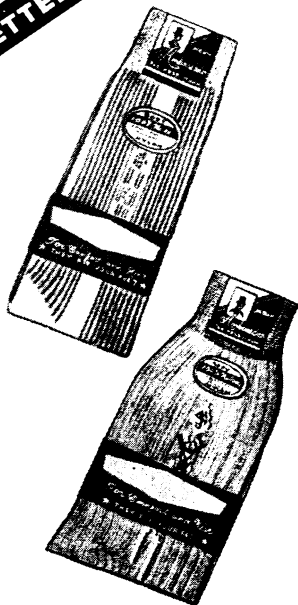
Subscription rates: In the Philippines, one year ₱5.00; two years ₱9.00. Foreign subscription: one year \$4.00 U.S.; two years \$7.00 U.S. Single copy 50 centavos.

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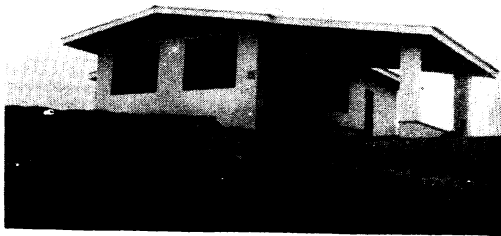
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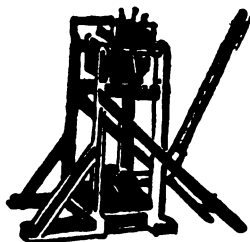
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What is equality?

Human Rights Start With God

By RAUL S. MANGLAPUS

Acting Secretary of Foreign Affairs

LIKE EVERYONE else I am
a lover of human rights.
I will not be insincere
and declare myself partial to

human duties over human
rights. Right is much more at-
tractive than duty. But simply
because right is a pleasant thing
does not make it wrong to like
it. What makes the love of right
a wrong thing is loving it for

its own sake. And what makes the love of right irrational is the failure to trace it back to its ultimate source.

It seems to me that there can be no logical deliberation on any question unless fundamental things such as ultimate sources are first agreed upon.

In the case of human rights, it will not do, I humbly submit, to stop at intermediate sources. Such a basic study as the rights of man can not stop at middle agents if it is to be of any use at all.

It will not do, I am afraid, to stop at constitutions, at declarations and Magna Cartas. It will not even do to stop at the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, for even this otherwise brave and laudable document, has fallen short of reaching home.

Where do human rights come from?

Let us ask ourselves first—why are human rights inalienable, why may not the majority oppress the minority, why is might not right?

If our rights come from man-made constitutions, then the in-



alienability of human liberties is good only as these constitutions remained unamended. A tyrannous government, abetted by a terrorized people, may amend the most liberal constitution into an instrument of oppression. It does not matter whether the declaration, be universally adopted by the family of nations. A tyrant may rule the world as well.

THE ONLY way to defend the inviolability of human freedom is to trace its source beyond the reach of the tyrant to follow it right back to an almighty God.

Why speak of human equality when all around us is so much divergence of talent, of color, indeed, even of opportunity! We look so different from each other that identical twins if such exist are material for carnival exhibitions. One man can do so much more than another, reach to so much greater heights than still another.

A surgeon once said that he did not believe in the human soul because he had opened up so many patients and found not a

single soul within. It is his very skepticism which proves my point—that the basis of our equality must lie beyond the physical reach of man—else the surgeon, probing with his scalpel—might easily establish so many little but telling anatomical inequalities.

It is the soul which is not visible on the operating table, it is this which is the basis of our equality. It can not be reached by cutting up the body of man, because it is not shaped like man. It is made to the image and likeness of God.

If we all look like God, then what better reason is there to say that we are all equal and that our rights are as inviolate as the person of God?

This, I submit, must be our starting point. And having begun from the beginning, there is every chance that we shall all the more quickly and correctly reach our end — the strengthening of right in our land and everywhere in the world.

* *



the young RIZAL

By **BEN REVILLA**

A WAKEN, o my heart, and rekindle your extinguished fires that by their heart you may remember that time which I do not dare to judge. Go, inquiring mind, and revisit those places, those moments, in which you drank mingled together the nectar and the bitter gall."

Thus wrote young Jose Rizal when he was but an *estudiante* in Manila. Happily for us, Rizal as an embryonic author, had given us in narrative "those places, those moments" in his *Memorias de un Estudiante de Manila*. Leon Ma. Guerrero had ably translated the manuscript of Rizal's recollections of his boyhood and adolescence.

It is not stated in his *Memorias* but one of the memorable experiences of Rizal as a child was the lesson of the moth. His mother was teaching him one night to read a book in Spanish; but because he did not under-

stand the language he amused himself by watching the flame of the oil lamp around which fluttered some insects. His mother saw him thus and told him the fable

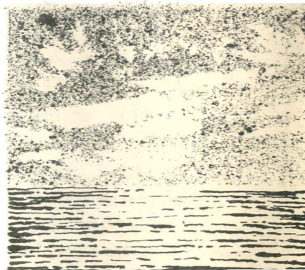
about an old moth and a young moth. As Rizal's mother related the story, he saw demonstrated before his eyes the moral before him. "The story revealed to me many things I did not know. Moths were, for me, no longer insignificant creatures. They talked; they knew how to give warnings and counsels like my mother. The light seemed very beautiful to me and, in my eyes, grew more attractive and subjugating. I learned why moths flutter toward the flame."

There were other significant aspects in the early childhood of Rizal. He remembered an





Those "happy hours of his lost childhood"



aya (helper) who loved him greatly. To make him eat supper on the azotea she would threaten him with the appearance of *asuangs*, *nuno*, and other fearsome creatures. At night he was usually taken for a walk in desolate places, by the river, under the shadow of some tree. "Thus my heart fed on sombre and melancholy thoughts so that even while still a child, I already wandered on wings of fantasy in the high regions of the unknown," said Rizal.

It was also possible that young Rizal stood on the shores of Laguna de Bay on the Calamba side gazing across the

watery expanse and thinking of how the people on the other shore must be faring. Were they happy? It is specific, though, in his *Memorias*, that when he first sailed the lake, he spent an entire night next to the *katig* (outriggers) admiring the waters but gripped with a superstitious dread when a water snake curled itself around the bamboo of the *katig*. He was also struck by the "dazzling effect" of the sun striking the rough surface of the "vast lake."

AT SEVEN, Jose travelled for the first time to Manila and then to Antipolo on a pil-

grimage promise made by his mother at the time of his birth. That was when he first took a trip on the lake. In Antipolo he prayed before the image of the Virgin of Peace and Good Voyage of which he wrote later in verse. In Manila he visited the Chinese tiendas and European bazaars. He also visited his elder sister, Saturnina, in Concordia College in Sta. Ana.

At nine Jose was sent to Biñan, Laguna, to continue studying Latin. It was the first time he lived far from his home and his family. "Good breeding and human respect compel us to hide our true sentiments and to affect others," he wrote. "If it were not so, how much beauty, what tender and pathetic scenes, the world would witness!"

Jose distinguished himself in class. But some of his classmates whom he surpassed were jealous and accused him unjustly before the teacher who did not hesitate to use the rod. He averaged five or six blows a day while laid out on a bench.

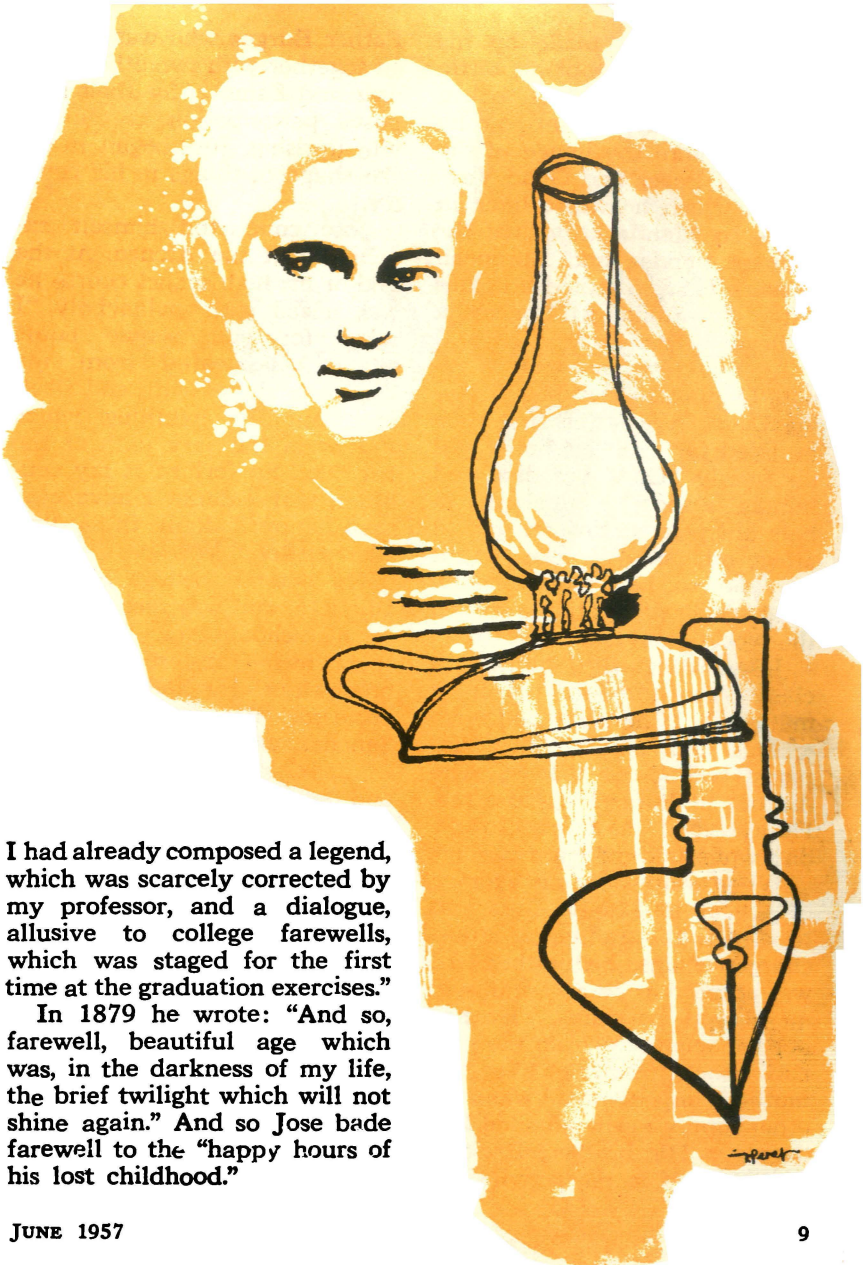
While waiting for the opening of school in Manila, Jose was to witness the framing of unjust charges against his mother who was accused as an accomplice in an alleged poisoning. He had not yet recovered from the pain and shock resulting from his mother's imprisonment when another family event affected him deeply. His brother, Paciano, got involved in the activities of

Father Burgos who was executed together with two others, Gomez and Zamora, for their supposed participation in the Cavite uprising. Jose began to see the shape of things in his country.

Jose conducted himself excellently at the Ateneo. At the end of his high school course he was seized with melancholy. "I weep for you, serene hours which disappeared from my life-scene more swift and fleeting than the lightning which flashes in the dark path of the traveller. So forlorn is my condition that I doubt I have ever been happy; I doubt those days ever existed."

He entered college on June 16, 1875, and was received well by his schoolmates. He got a room facing the sea and the breakwater. He had a favorite professor, Francisco de Paula Sanchez, whom he described as a "model of rectitude, solicitude, and devotion to his pupils' progress." In a short time, Jose was to write fair compositions in Spanish under Fr. Sanchez. "I can take pride in saying that this year I spent better than any body else, as a student as a man, and as a Christian," he recalled.

In his second year of college he had developed "patriotic sentiments as well as an exquisite sensibility." He had "progressed somewhat in my communion with the muses, so much so that



I had already composed a legend, which was scarcely corrected by my professor, and a dialogue, allusive to college farewells, which was staged for the first time at the graduation exercises."

In 1879 he wrote: "And so, farewell, beautiful age which was, in the darkness of my life, the brief twilight which will not shine again." And so Jose bade farewell to the "happy hours of his lost childhood."

Likely to remain long as a danger spot, this Nationalist island bastion is nevertheless carrying on admirably

FORMOSA TODAY

By **EFREN SUNICO**

A BRITISH writer, Brian Crozier, said that when he left London on his way to the Far East he was in no frame of mind to be moved by the plight of the Chinese Nationalist Government. There was no Chinese Nationalist embassy in London (the British government having recognized the Chinese Communist regime in 1950); so Crozier had to go to Paris for a visa to visit Formosa. He got his form and thought the first paragraph funny, for it read: "Only visa requests for Formosa accepted at the moment, the delivery of



visas for continental China being suspended until further notice." There, he thought, was an example of Chinese face-saving at its most delightful.

But after having been to Formosa and seen the way the Nationalists are running things and having talked to Chiang himself and American officials in Hong-kong, Taipeh, and Washington, he now sees things rather differently.

"My visit to Formosa was full of surprises," Crozier writes. "To begin with, when a country is under constant threat of war, as Formosa is, one expects to find a certain amount of tension in the air. Not so in Formosa. Everybody is smiling and friendly: not simply the officials but everybody from the shopkeepers to the staff at the Friends of China Club where I stayed, and to the customs official who chalked up my luggage as soon as he saw my British passport and told me I should be very welcome if ever I cared to make a second visit to Taipeh."

Another surprise was the standard of living. Crozier sees no ostentatious displays of wealth nor much real poverty. Shops were well-stocked; literacy is high; 93 percent of the children go to primary school. Although the population of Formosa has gone up from 7,500,000 to 10,000,000 since 1950 the island is still self-sufficient in food, and it is still in a posi-

tion to export sugar, rice, pineapples, and other foodstuffs. Local industries have sprung up: fertilizers for Formosa's own agriculture, textiles, bicycles, shoes, both for the local market and for export. A great land reform programme was pushed through between 1951 and 1953 and now three-quarters of the peasants own the land they actually till. The landlords were compensated by land bonds and industrial shares, turning them into good capitalists!

Americans, of course, have had a hand in this; they are pouring money into Formosa; also military material, technicians, military advisers. Our writer cites two reasons for this: One is that the Americans do not want to abandon Chiang who was, after all, a staunch ally during the war. The other reason is that American military planners consider Formosa essential to the defence of the United States.

To the American view, Crozier discovers, handing over Formosa to the Communists would result into this: it would outflank the Philippines and dangerously affect America's defenses in the Pacific; it would also undermine the whole anti-Communist position in south-east Asia, particularly countries with large Chinese minorities, like Malaya and Indonesia, for the non-Communist Chinese in

those countries, having lost Formosa as a rallying point, would simply become a prey to Chinese Communist subversion.

FROM the Nationalist point of view, handing over Formosa would mean handing over 10,000,000 people to the tender mercies of the Communists. In no time, Crozier observes, the the standard of living of Formosa would be reduced to that of the mainland and, whatever the Communist say, sooner or later, thousands of Nationalists would be slaughtered, just as millions of Chinese were slaughtered in the mainland from 1950 to 1952.

Crozier took the trouble of interviewing President Eisenhower about Formosa. He asked if the Nationalists would ever launch an invasion of the Chinese mainland without prior American approval, in view of their treaty obligations with the United States. Eisenhower replied: "We shall of course honour our treaty obligations. . .

But we don't think the Americans would withhold their consent if we thought the time was ripe." When would be the time that is "ripe" for an invasion? Chiang pointed out that he expected at some time or other a situation to arise in China something like that in Hungary last October, with a mass revolt from below and a split in the Chinese Communist Party.

Crozier said there is no time at present of such a situation in China. But he admits that neither was there any sign of an impending revolution in Hungary a year ago.

Of course if Chiang does attack without American approval, the Americans would be drawn in anyway, and the Russians might then come in on the



MORALLY WRONG

"According to the Indian view, the quarrel between the Chinese communists and Nationalists is just an unfinished civil war. All you have to do to remove a threat to world peace is to bring the two sides together and let them work out a peace settlement. I consider it to be not only wrong on realistic grounds but morally wrong as well. For what the Indian plan really means is that the American should get out of Formosa and the Nationalists—the weaker side—should accept Communist surrender terms."—Crozier

side of the Communists. Hence it appears that the Americans are in Formosa not only to protect it from a Communist attack but also to restrain the Nationalists.

Crozier ends his observation with a dark view: "I do not know what the future will bring. But as far ahead as one can see, Formosa is likely to remain a danger-spot. People who think there is an easy way out are deceiving themselves. It has been suggested that Formosa should be put under United Nations trusteeship, but trusteeship was designed for backward ar-

as or colonies, as a temporary measure; you cannot put a place as advanced as Formosa under trusteeship; neither can you simply proclaim Formosa as an independent republic, since neither Peking nor Taipei would accept this. Then again, you cannot hand over the island to the Communists. If the Chinese Communists would agree to renounce force over Formosa, as the Americans have been asking them to do for the past eighteen months, that might help. In the meantime, Formosa remains just another of the unpleasant realities we have to live with."

* * *

*Then there was the dude that walked into a Wild West saloon and yelled, "Fire!"
Everybody did.*

*

MORO



R. PEREZ



love , courtship and marriage

By **ABDULLAH T. MADALE**

*Way down south, a girl is in love with a boy
if she exchanges cigarette butts with him*

BY CUSTOM a Moro boy falls in love at the age of seven. This kind of love I call baby love because it is not the kind of love that comes from the heart. It is merely a boy's craving for a girl to go around or play with — and I imagine also a girl's craving for a boy to go around and play with. To other parents this matter of playing around may be excusable, but to Moro parents this is not so. The girl's parents demand that a marriage contract be made or else the young lovers will not be allowed to play together.

If the boy's parents agree to a contract, a day is set for sealing the contract. Half of the total dowry is presented on that day. After the marriage contract is sealed the boy and the girl can play together with the understanding that they will be married as soon as they are of age — that is, fourteen years old at least. Usually the marriage contract is broken should the girl refuse to marry the boy or the other way around.

When the boy is fourteen years old he is called a *mangoda* (young man). He is given handsome garments to wear and many other fineries. Now the boy is taught to behave as if he were a full grown adult. He is warned to be careful about his manners.

He must not go near the girls while they are washing their faces in the lake or river. He is warned never to enter the room of a lady.

A Moro boy found entering a girl's room is fined five hundred pesos and given other punishments the girl's parents may wish to impose. He is also taught to play all kinds of Moro instruments and to recite Moro verses expressing love.

BUT we have gone a little ahead of our subject. To retrace our steps a bit, let me speak about how the Moro lover proposes. The Moro boy expresses his love to a Moro girl

through concealed sparkles of his eyes, and by smiles that he gives her secretly. He is very careful not to express his love openly for fear of angering his future parents-in-law. This custom of the results in the boy's pleasing the girl's parents rather than pleasing the girl herself. He must see to it that he pleases all the girl's relatives. He must gain their love and confidence.

Neither is the girl allowed to speak with the boy in private. That is why a Moro boy is often at a loss to know if the girl is in love with him. The only sign that the Moro girl is in love with the boy is her exchanging her cigarette butt with him. This is regarded by the Moro boy as his lucky sign.

Another way for her to express her love is by giving a handkerchief to him. First she embroiders her name on a native handkerchief and wears it. Then she embrioders a poetic expression on the handkerchief and gives it to him. The verse usually runs like this: "If the North wind wants to blow, why wait for another day when the South wind may block its path?" In simple English she means to ask: "If you are really in love with me, why not tell your parents to propose rather than wait for another suitor to come and block your proposal?"

This of course is the surest sign for the boy to mobilize his relatives so that they may send

an embassy to the girl's relatives for the purpose of winning her. Immediately the boy returns home and tells his parents that he has found a girl he wants to marry.

He shows them the hankie with its embroidered message. The boy's parents immediately call a meeting of all their relatives to decide whether the girl's parents are fit to be their son's future in-laws. They will also decide the amount they will offer as dowry. If the relatives are in favor of the marriage, they set a day to go and propose to the girl's parents.

On that day the dowry is discussed by both parties. Sometimes the boy's parents lack the amount demanded. When this happens another meeting is called. This meeting will finally decide whether the boy should go on with his courtship or they will withdraw. If they agree, then the day is fixed for the presentation of the dowry.

○ **N THIS** day the bride's home is colorfully decorated. Gorgeous flags and streamers symbolizing their religion are displayed in front of the house. The interior of the house is decorated too. Moro brass utensils are exhibited inside the house.

Native woven mosquito nets are hung beside the walls. Elaborately woven straw mats are spread on the floor and about the house. Sometimes a tempo-

rary roof is set up around the house. Brass gongs are played inside the house. Everybody in the house seems to be doing something. There are those who play the musical gongs in colorful attire. The old folks usually play checkers or cards. Others sit around watching the whole place or just waiting to be served.

In most cases different committees are set up: the Committee on Decorations, the Committee on Welcome, the Committee on Food Service, and the Committee on Entertainment. Each of these committees sees to it that the work is done as efficiently as possible. The Committee on Food Service sees to it that everybody is given much



The Committee on Entertainment sees to it that the musical instruments are played. The Committee on Welcome have the hardest work of all because they have to carry in all the things brought by the boy's parents.

They are also in charge of welcoming the guests, as they do so firing guns or exchanging speeches with them. The Committee on Decorations is in charge of getting the house ready for the wedding. In a few minutes the whole community has come and everything waits for the bridegroom's parents to arrive.

After all is ready the bridegroom appears. He is accompanied by all his relatives. They have been transported by four

or more launches filled with hundreds and often even thousands of people. As they approach the bride's house the thundering of brass cannons is heard. Then they exchange greetings by canon fire. Sometimes it takes an hour to exchange salvos.

After this the launches are anchored and the groom's relatives alight. The bride finally brings twenty big boxes filled with all kinds of Moro cakes. They also carry thirty *tabak* filled with the best kind of rice available. There are also fifty *gador* made of brass and all filled with betel nut, betel leaves, lime, and tobacco. Topping these things are two gigantic golden krisies called the *sampaca* or *danganan*.

These krisies are made of pure gold and usually cost from ten to twenty thousand pesos each. A Moro golden bowl is brought in also. This bowl is usually filled with all kinds of costly perfumes. When all these things have been brought into the bride's home the dowry-presentation ceremony begins.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S relatives are served food first, and after them the final presentation of the dowry comes. The bridegroom's father rises and delivers a speech telling them that he has come to propose marriage and that he is ready to accept any request from the



people. He also states that he is agreeable to all the wishes of the girl's parents. Concluding, he states the amount of the dowry.

The next to speak is the bride's father, who welcomes them and expresses the hope that they are ready for the celebration.

After this comes the distribution of the dowry. Every man is given five pesos each, every woman two-fifty, and every child a peso. While the distribution is going on someone may stand up and request that he be given one ganta of gold by the groom's parents. If his request is not granted the marriage will be stopped.

To prevent this, the bridegroom may bring along one of the gold krises he inherited from his ancestors and gives it to the petitioner.

This is done merely for formality's sake; the kris is not to be given to the bride's relatives, as it is not a part of the dowry. But custom requires that the bridegroom's parents comply with all the requests made by the bride's parents and relatives so that the marriage can go on.

After the distribution of the dowry comes the wedding itself at last. The bridegroom is told to wash his hands and face. After this the *imam* is called in and he gets the Koran. Before reading the Koran he shouts, *Badakulatao*. The



crowd answer by shouting "Kawing Tano." The Imam reads the Koran and pausing, shouts again, "Kawing tano." In answer the people again cry the same words. The bride and the bridegroom are told to clasp their right hands. They are also told to let their thumbs touch and point upward to God. They kneel before the imam as he reads from the Koran. After a

while the boy is told to touch the forehead of the girl to express the fact that the girl is now his wife.

After this the two parents are asked if they are agreeable to the marriage. They usually answer Yes with tears of joy and the wedding is over. The people are made to taste the cakes

and betel nuts brought by the bridegroom. They start walking home, their hearts full of joy and their stomachs bulging with the carabao meat that they have eaten at least before the carabao slaughter ban was issued. Aside from being full in the stomach, they are also full in their pockets.

* * *

How to Beat the Flu

Dad: "Son, every time you do wrong I get another gray hair."

Son: "Gosh, Dad, whatever did you do to do make Grandpa bald?"

* *

President—"Where is the cashier?"

Manager—"Gone to the races."

President—"Gone to the races in business hours?"

Manager—"Yes, sir, it's his last chance of making the books balance."

* *

"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.'"

* *

Doctor: Young lady, you have acute appendicitis.

Young lady: Really? (apparently flattered) I've been told I have pretty legs, too.

*

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 74 for the correct answers. Fifteen is passing.

1. *prod*—(a) to excite; (b) to goad or push; (c) to measure exactly; (d) to raise.
2. *simmer*—(a) a slight change; (b) to smile lightly; (c) peak or top; (d) to be on the boiling point.
3. *unkempt*—(a) ruffled or disheveled; (b) free; (c) without attachment; (d) uneducated.
4. *dastardly*—(a) savagely; (b) without regard for safety; (c) marked by cowardice; (d) speedily.
5. *iniquity*—(a) inequality or unfairness; (b) distance; (c) state of being unhappy; (d) strictness of the law.
6. *ferve*—(a) reluctance or coldness; (b) intensity of feeling; (c) patriotism; (d) nearness.
7. *torpor*—(a) sluggishness or dormancy; (b) state of turning or rotation; (c) quality of being liked; (d) courage.
8. *warp*—(a) to subject to force; (b) to insert forcibly; (c) to give a wrong slant to; (d) to close.
9. *anent*—(a) similar to; (b) very powerful; (c) different from; (d) concerning or about.
10. *rumpus*—(a) disturbance; (b) back of the head; (c) revolution; (d) determined opposition.
11. *hamper*—(a) to deduct from; (b) to hold up to ridicule; (c) to beat or prevent; (d) to secure.
12. *timid*—(a) slow; (b) ashamed; (c) not bold; (d) related to.
13. *drone*—(a) to cover up; (b) to speak monotonously; (c) to dress up; (d) to take interest in.
14. *nodule*—(a) junction or intersection; (b) branch, as of a tree; (c) a sore; (d) rounded mass of irregular shape.
15. *enthuse*—(a) to make interested or enthusiastic; (b) to confuse; (c) to subtract from; (d) to cultivate.
16. *stunt*—(a) to debase; (b) to discourage or frighten; (c) to fill up; (d) to hinder from normal growth.
17. *traverse*—(a) to cut into two; (b) to cross by way of opposition; (c) to pile up; (d) to mark with lines.
18. *vat*—(a) large vessel or cistern; (b) sap of a tropical tree; (c) winged mammal; (d) any container.
19. *wart*—(a) evidence or proof; (b) a country boy; (c) a skin tumor; (d) a loud, irritating noise.
20. *wangle*—(a) to resort to treachery; (b) to declare illegal; (c) to fight; (d) to prevent from assuming office.



Ibsen's Peer Gynt

By EINAR HAUGEN

THIS YEAR, Henrik Ibsen's world-famous poetic drama celebrates its ninetieth birthday. But it shows no signs of failing vitality. The actor-director Hans Jacob Nilsen has insisted that instead of being a romantic masterpiece, it is in reality an anti-romantic play, and he sets out to show it by his new staging.

Professor Francis Bull even goes so far as to say that "if we had to leave for a foreign country and could take with us only a single book, we would choose *Peer Gynt*. It is so saturated with Norwegian nature and temperament, Norwegian imaginative life, Norwegian spirit and style, that with this book in one's suitcase one might have the feeling of bringing along Norway herself."

All this is the more remarkable when we consider that Ibsen is not usually thought of as a particularly national poet. In contrast to Bjornson he was rather cool to the national enthusiasm of his times, and missed no chance to satirize his countrymen. Although he doubted its success on the stage, he defended its form: "My book is poetry, and if it is not, it shall become so. The concept of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be changed to agree with this book."

Ibsen was in a holiday mood when he wrote it. Out of the tales of Norwegian folklore he drew his rascally, happy-go-lucky hero, the irrepressible Peer Gynt, and showed him lying and bragging his way out of his mother's reproaches into the

heart of the heroine, the unbelievably pure Solveig. Rejected by her, he snatches off the bride at the country wedding and carries her into the mountains, only to abandon her in turn for other and even less reputable adventures. In his madness he runs into the corner of a mountain, is knocked out, and enters the underworld of Norwegian folklore. Here he meets a green-clad siren, who entices him into the mountains where her father is king. The inhabitants are trolls, with ugly snouts and animal tails.

When Peer discovers that he may never be able to get out again among humankind, he grows desperate, and he is saved only by the church bells that are rung by Solveig, who turns out to love him after all. She goes to him in the woods, where he has been exiled, but he deserts her when the consequences of his earlier sins appear. He emigrates to the United States, makes a pile of money and we see him thirty years later as a prosperous gentleman in North Africa.

In the last act he returns to Norway as a man of sixty, revisiting his home only to find ruins and oppressive memories. He discovers that Solveig has been waiting for him all these years, and that only by going to her and confessing his sins can he find the peace and significance in life that he has missed.

The delight that fills us over the sublime poetry of many of his best passages makes us forget that there is a serious problem posed for us: *how to become a human being*.

Ibsen saw vast numbers of people around him who seemed to him never to have achieved full human status, or perhaps to have destroyed their own possibilities for achieving it: they were so busy chasing temporary goals, such as money, or power, or self gratification. They were trolls.

The Troll King points out to Peer that what human beings regard as filth, the trolls enjoy; what the trolls find beautiful the human being finds monstrously ugly. Among men the slogan is "To thine own self be true;" among trolls, "Be self-satisfied." Whenever a human being does not make of his own possibilities the very best that aspiration can suggest, then he is a troll.

WE are often told that the 19th century was a period of extreme individualism in literature and philosophy, and Ibsen is said to have been the advocate of the individual in preference to the mass (he once wrote, 1871, "I have never had any very strong feeling of solidarity").

In this respect, he was no different from a great many people who had been uprooted from

the soil by the Industrial Revolution. With the building of a new kind of urban culture, it became more difficult to feel one's solidarity with other people. Even family ties were weakened; he had to chart his course without benefit of clergy or other traditional guides.

Yet *Peer Gynt* shows he was no worshipper of the superman, the troll individualism, self-sufficiency. Peer was a troll for refusing to accept his responsibility toward Solveig. For other illustrations of the troll principle, he brings in the attempts of extreme nationalists in Norway to cultivate native dress, food, language, and literature.

He sees an England with ruthless disregard for human values, typified by a Mr. Cotton who wishes to harness the water power of the Castalian Springs in Greece, a fountain source of

poetic inspiration. The Frenchman, German, Swede all see some personal advantage in supporting the Greeks against the Turks.

A minister of foreign affairs in a Cairo madhouse says: "It's here, Sir, that one is oneself with vengeance; Oneself, and nothing else besides."

In the last act, as Peer wanders back across his childhood and youth, he begins to ask: "Who was this man Peer Gynt anyway?" He picks up a wild onion and begins to peel it off, layer by layer, to find the kernel. As he takes off personality after personality, he gets to the center, and to his intense disgust there is no kernel at all.

The Button Moulder makes it clear that he will be melted down into nothing, like a button that had been miscast, unless he can prove that he had really been himself, that he had ful-

OUR VERY SELVES

*'It's here, Sir, that one is oneself with a vengeance;
Once self, and nothing else besides.
We go, full sail, as our very selves.
Each one shut up in the barrel of self.
No one has tears for others' woes;
We're our very selves, in thought and tone,
Ourselves to the springboard's uttermost verge.'*

—Henrik Ibsen

filled life's purpose. The self that seeks only selfish goals is the self that must be slain. At the end, it is Solveig's love for him that rescues just enough of his better self to save him from the Button Moulder.

Within the individualists doctrines of Ibsen is a powerful yearning for love, human sympathy and understanding: self, but the self made with others.

Ibsen has told his countrymen that as a nation they are self-deceivers and dreamers, selfish and provincial, incapable of truly heroic decision. But the

Norwegian is trained to be stern with himself, to ask himself whether he is doing right, whether he is giving his best.

The Norwegian in general sympathizes with the criticisms that Ibsen levels at trolls and at Peer, and in his heart nourishes the essentially hard ideal of life, "Be yourself." Like Ibsen they tend to think of life as a battle for mastery of one's self. They will often scorn immediate goals in favor of remote and impractical ideals. Peer teaches us to laugh at ourselves.

—Adapted from *WISCONSIN ATHENAEAN*.

* * *

MORE CEMENT

A CEMENT PLANT that will change a valley in south Korea and at the same time help rebuild war-damaged industry and homes throughout the country is under construction by the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency (UNKRA) at Mung-yong in the east-central province of Kyongsang Pukdo.

The plant, with a potential capacity of 200,000 tons a year, will materially meet Korea's desperate need for cement to rebuild factories and homes and also to guarantee the normal supplies required by an expanding industrial economy.

Surrounded by seven hills rich in legend—and in limestone—the plant is ideally situated on a 40-acre site in the valley of the Yong River. Its construction is under the supervision of the Danish firm of F. L. Smidth and associated Danish and Korean contractors. UNKRA has allocated \$8.5 million for the project which, when completed, will be one of the most modern in the world.

Will They Disarm?



ABOUT the middle of last month a terse British announcement informed the world of an event it had long expected and quietly dreaded. Somewhere in the Central Pacific, the communique, said the "first explosion of a nuclear device in the present series took place today at a high altitude." In other words, Britain had exploded her first H-Bomb, that ultimate in atomic weapons, heretofore possessed only by the two greatest contending powers, Russia and the United States.

The event would ordinarily evoke no more than passing interest, coming close as it did in the heels of the Russian series of nuclear blasts in Siberia. Besides, Prime Minister Macmillan had proudly announced as early as last year Britain's determination to keep up with the expensive atomic race, if only to insure her position as a "first class power." To

By F. C. Sta. Maria

most people, the non-atomic powers' coming to the possession of the H-bomb is only a matter of time anyway; so why not Britain first?

Yet the casually announced explosion on Christmas Island did cause a deep concern around the world. There were at least two reasons for this.

The first was the widespread agitation, started years ago and which has since snowballed into a big campaign, against the continuance of nuclear tests. This movement was prominently sponsored by neutralist India. More recently, independent scientists all over the world, including British and American savants, have condemned such tests on the ground that they pose a serious threat to the inhabitants of the world. Japan also recently lodged a formal protest

against the British tests. Atomic fall-out, it is pointed out, not only endangers human lives directly but may also accumulate to a point where the entire atmosphere of the earth would become unlivable.

It was against the background of such worldwide clamor that the British H-bomb was detonated last month.

The second reason was the disarmament conference currently going on in London. It was increasingly becoming patent that the big powers must come to terms in the armament dispute if the world is to survive the atomic curse. With a third power controlling the dreaded atom, the arms race had indeed taken a worse turn. And the imperativeness of disarmament was no longer debatable.

It was in the face of such developments in the atomic race, that the London disarmament conference was convoked. For 12 years since the end of World War II, these talks have been going on and off without success. Both Russia and the West had variously seized at the negotiations to mouth propaganda lines at every opportunity. But the current conference, which started last March 18, has given fresh hopes that some kind of agreement, no matter how tentative, may yet be arrived at. This feeling is generated by many factors. One is the apparent willingness of both the

United States and Soviet Russia to see each other's point of view. There have also been surprisingly little attempts by either side to make propaganda.

In the past the differences of opinion were quite fundamental in nature. These stumbling blocks may be summarized into: (1) Russia's insistence that nuclear arms be banned totally without regard to the control of conventional weapons. The United States rightly felt that such a step would leave the Free World to the mercy of the vastly superior Russian land forces. (2) American insistence that an effective system of international control and inspection be adopted as a prerequisite to disarmament. This Russia would not agree to it.

About two years ago in the Geneva summit conference, President Eisenhower suddenly proposed an "open skies" plan as a first step toward disarmament. The idea called for mutual aerial inspection by Russia and the United States, to lead ultimately to a control of arms. The plan was rejected by Khrushchev.

Had the scheme prospered, it would have been possible, with the aid for modern aerial reconnaissance techniques, to detect the minutest details in both country's defenses. This had been clearly demonstrated by actual performance, and even the Soviets know it. Their refu-

sal to accept the Eisenhower dare subsequently dampened the prospects of a relaxed peace and put back the disarmament question on the Gordian Knot stage.

Since then, however, there have been encouraging developments in the negotiations. Outstanding among these is the fact that the Soviet delegates have voiced their desire to accept, in principle at least, the open skies proposal. This is the reason the London conference is today being viewed with greater optimism than before.

RUSSIA'S present position, while not radically different from her previous stand, would allow partial acceptance of the Eisenhower proposal. That is, Russia has offered to let Americans photograph from the air about 2,500,000 square miles of territory in exchange for about the same area of United States real estate. The Soviet offer includes eastern Siberia, all the east European satellites and a sliver of western Russia; they would in return photograph Alaska and all parts of the United States west of the Mississippi River.

Expectedly the Soviet counter proposal was found unattractive by the U.S. The wastes of Siberia, from the American viewpoint, are not a fair trade for the heavily industrialized Western United States. But the So-

viet reaction was a healthy sign in itself. And while the two did their mile-for-mile haggling, there was at least the prospect that they could arrive at some compromise.

With regards to conventional arms, the Soviet disarmament stand is one that would limit the armed forces for both Russia and the United States to 1,500,000 troops each and to an equivalent size for Red China. Britain and France would each be allowed 750,000 troops. The United States stand calls for 2,500,000 troops for each of the United States and Russia only and a corresponding smaller contingent for Britain and France. Red China is not mentioned.

The decisive factor, as everybody knows, is agreement on atomic weapons. If world public opinion succeeds in stopping nuclear experiments — which is extremely unlikely — it is predicted that the disarmament talks would be a step nearer to success.

There are today three nuclear powers: the United States, Russia and Britain. France, the fourth of the Big Four, may not succeed in harnessing the H-bomb for sometime, plagued as she is by expensive military campaigns in the Middle East and by internal political troubles. The possibility is open nevertheless that she too will join the nuclear powers. But

whether she does or not the implications of an atomic war seem plain enough to deter the launching of a global war.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower, on being asked why in his opinion Russia might be more eager this time to disarm, said that like other countries Russia is beginning to feel the strain of the atomic race in her economy. The statement is more significant than it seems on the surface because in the long run the nuclear contest, like any war, will boil down to a war of economic attrition. U.S. atomic arms have already been farmed out the NATO countries in Europe and to Formosa in the Far East. Already there are talks of equipping Japan, the Philippines and even South Korea with atomic missiles.

All these cost money-enormous sums of money.

Soviet economic potentiality is admittedly far below that of the United States. American estimates place it at roughly 1/3 the productive capacity of the U.S. Whether this is true or not is beside the point. The fact is both countries have to contend with demands for consumer goods and other items of a peacetime economy. In fact early last month Khrushchev, convoking the Supreme Soviet, announced a drastic overhaul of the communist economy, aim-

ed no doubt at improving production and placating consumer restlessness inside Russia.

Khrushchev's action is at least an index of the growing unpopularity, among the citizens of the world, of the fantastic nuclear arms race. Perhaps Eisenhower was right when he said the Soviet people are beginning to feel the strain. But so are the Americans.

Political developments elsewhere in the world have in the meantime not been encouraging. In the Middle East the state of a sustained tension threatened to erupt again recently in pro-west Jordan. At the same time, the Suez Canal negotiations, which have been a continuous source of irritation between France and Egypt, have not found any definite settlement yet.

Somehow the arms race is inextricably linked to the unstable balance of power in the trouble-plagued Mideast. It is widely felt that unless the West and Russia agree at once, the region will continue to absorb the shock in the unmitigated East-West rivalry.

If the calculations of competent observers prove correct, the only reliable sign of final accord in the armament fight is the acceptance, no matter how temporarily, of the Eisenhower open skies proposal. Short of that, negotiations would drag

on and on as they did in the past years.

By the month's end the London disarmament conference was called to a recess to enable the delegates to consult with their home governments. Harold Stassen, the chief American envoy, was optimistic

that this time the talks will bear positive results. For the sake of everybody, Stassen had better be right. It really is unfair to the rest of the world to be able to do nothing but sit down helplessly while two or three powers plot atomic destruction for all.

* * *

SCIENCE MARCHES ON

OIL FROM "dry" wells may be forthcoming as a result of new techniques being developed by Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology to drain more of the oil out of partially depleted oil-bearing formations. Combustion in porous media is being studied by ARF with special reference to burning of oil in place. Heat thus formed thins the oil, thereby making it easier to remove, and vaporizes some of its lighter fractions which may be condensed at surface. Conventional first and secondary techniques remove only about half the oil in a formation.

* *

ATOMIC HEATING is technically feasible, according to General Electric. Producing power with atomic reactors involves many expensive problems which become insignificant if low pressures and temperatures below the boiling point of water are satisfactory. While not worth much for driving a turbine, this range of heat does nicely for space heating. The Hanford atomic system heats more than 1,000 average-size homes during winter.

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"Better than imposing monuments"



The Wells That Magsaysay Dug



SHORTLY after his election as President, the late Ramon Magsaysay prepared to tackle a job of appalling magnitude and responsibility.

He mapped out plans of organizing the government, weeding out and going after crooked politicians, putting in efficient men, and solving the problems and complexities of a growing nation.

But above all these, he planned to give vent to an obsession built up gradually during his campaign days when he saw people walking miles over craggy hills and meadows from their homes to get their daily supply of potable water.

It was his turn to remember the people, particularly those in

By CARMELITO VICENTE

Manila Chronicle Staff Member

the backwoods. He saw them go through so much hardship to get their water supply only to get sick later of cholera, yaws and other waterborne diseases.

Weighing the resources of the government, he decided shortly after he assumed office in 1954 to give the barrio people a simple and by no means modern, device of drawing water from the earth — the artesian well.

Here was a project he undertook with such vigor and consistency that the word artesian well became synonymous to his name and later, a symbol of his concern over the common man

in the rural areas.

Before his administration, the office in charge of providing the rural masses with potable water was the wells and drills section of the bureau of public works.

This small, undermanned and inadequately financed office has done a good job but considering its handicaps, it accomplished so little in relation to the need of the rural masses for water fit for human consumption.

Records show that there are 541 independent, piped water supply systems, including Manila and its environs, in the Philippines serving a total of about 5.1 million people.

The inadequacy of the efforts of the wells and drills section can be gleaned from the fact that the numbers of wells it has set up until the end of 1953, including those constructed before the war, reached only a total of 6,000 or a little more.

A TOTAL of 15.4 million people, or 2/3 population, are not yet served with any form of water system.

As soon as President Magsay-say assumed office in Jan. 1, 1954, he ordered the construction of artesian wells stepped up.

This order came shortly before the joint-US-PI program started arriving and distributed aid to many parts of the country.

The small wells and drills section responded and 248 wells were immediately drilled. Ten

of these wells were FAO-Phil-cusa wells.

There was a gradual increase in the construction of wells in much the same rate as the growth of U.S. aid participation in this particular project.

But even with the supply of dollar materials on hand, many of the bureau of public works' drills were idle for lack of construction funds.

The late President Magsay-say forthwith issued Executive Order No. 11 creating the Liberty Wells Association "to solicit contributions to the government from the public of funds and materials to be used exclusively for the construction and development of water supply for rural communities."

This association is led by Secretary of Health Paulino Garcia, Director of Hospitals Tran-quilino Elicaño, and other government officials. Prominent businessmen became members by virtue of their contributions to the association.

Although the association was formally created by an Executive Order, the original idea was conceived by prominent civic spirited citizens led by Messrs. Albino SyCip, Roberto Laperal, Arsenio Luz and Ernesto Tan Chi.

They undertook the task of raising funds by private subscriptions to pay for the construction of public wells. To date they have raised more than

a million pesos.

The funds expended by the association are net construction costs. There is no overhead. The International Cooperation Administration provides the materials and the equipment and shoulders the cost of supervision.

The association has disbursed more than ₱650,000 for the construction of more than 300 artesian wells (Liberty Wells) in 51 provinces.

The average cost per well is ₱1,714.

The late President Magsaysay and Congress also made available for artesian wells funds from bond issues and from the general revenue funds.

At this stage, the construction of wells was regular and there was a steady increase of wells constructed monthly until it reached 122 a month.

THE PROJECT received another boost in August 23, 1955 when the National Waterworks and Sewerage Authority came into being after the enactment of Republic Act. 1383.

The Nawasa assumed control of well-drilling activities and the wells and drills section of the bureau of public works was integrated into the organization and expanded into the wells and springs division.

New rigs were built and private well-drilling contractors

were employed in increasing numbers.

Immediately, the monthly output of wells jumped from 122 to 250. In the month of October, 1956, a total of 370 wells were completed.

To get an idea of the Nawasa's task ahead, it is necessary to consider these facts:

According to an FOA survey, there are 16.9 million people still dependent on doubtful or polluted sources of water.

On the basis of 250 persons per well, some 67,000 safe wells are needed.

The government now has a program which is constructing about 250 (average) wells a month and 10 piped water systems.

To take care of the increase of population, which is going at a rate of 600,000 persons a year, it will require the construction of 10 water systems and 2,240 new wells each year.

The country, with the U.S. government's cooperation, has equipment capable of constructing 755 deep wells and 1,000 shallow wells, and improving 1,000 springs — or a total of 2,755 safe water sources each year.

It is estimated that the cost of a shallow well is ₱300 for materials and ₱880 to ₱2,170 for labor. The cost of deep wells will average ₱2,200 for materials and from ₱1,970 to ₱2,744 for labor cost.

COMPLETE DEDICATION

Magsaysay had come on the scene to give new hope to the country. He was to have stayed to translate that hope into reality. But incomplete as it was, the Magsaysay Era had fulfilled its initial mission. The future belongs to his successors to finish a job on the foundations he laid so firmly, namely, renewed faith in democratic processes and dedication to the service of the people. — Emilio Aguilar Csuz.

On the basis of these figures some ₱300 million will be needed for the construction of an adequate number of wells to meet the immediate needs of the people.

THE government program is now going at a satisfactory pace. With regards to the construction of wells, Nawasa records show that a total of 6,552 wells have been constructed from Jan. 1, 1954 to December 31, 1956. This figure almost equalled the wells constructed before the war until Dec. 31, 1953.

Wells scheduled from Jan. 1 to June 30 this year number about 4,400. Starting July 1, 1957 up to June 30, 1964 the wells scheduled for construction reaches a total of 61,473.

In implementing its program, Nawasa Manager Susano Negado, one of the country's outstanding engineers, has run into

trouble due to the construction of wells giving out "dirty and muddy" water.

Negado admitted that of the 13,000 wells now established in all barrios in the country, some 1,512 were reported functioning badly.

"However," he said, "most of these defective wells were those constructed before the war." At any rate, he added, 805 have been repaired and are now ready for public use while 707 "are either being repaired or scheduled for repair.

"Some of the well failures are mechanical — due either to normal wear and tear or to abuse," Negado pointed out.

MEANWHILE, these inconsequential looking water pumps continue to sprout all over the country, including some remote and isolated parts where the pump is obviously the only

thing mechanical for miles and miles around.

To millions of people in far-flung areas, the artesian well is a boon from a man who sincerely wanted to help them. Whatever else the late President Magsaysay has done in economic, political and social fields, nothing perhaps estab-

lished him deeper in the heart of the rural masses than the artesian well.

And this little water pumps in the barrios will serve as a humble monument which will, perhaps, remind many more people of the late President Magsaysay than would a giant and pretentious monument in some oversized park.

* * *

SCALLOP TRADE

A shell fish that is highly prized by gourmets for its delicious flavor has been found in great numbers along some parts of Australia's Queensland coastline, says the Australian News Service.

It is the scallop, which moves by a form of jet propulsion by opening its shell, taking in water and ejecting it under pressure through twin flanges in its hinge.

The Queensland scallop averages six inches in diameter and is much larger than its Tasmanian cousin. Queensland is a tropic state, while Tasmania is an island state in a cooler region off southern Australia.

In the first experimental trawl undertaken at Hervey Bay, Qld., by the Hervey Bay Trawling Company, in early 1956, three trawlers brought in twenty tons of scallops in two sweeps of the area. Since then trawling has been intensified.

A preliminary order of 7,020 pounds of scallops for the United States has been followed by another for 37,100, also placed by United States sources. It is expected that scallops will take their place alongside shrimps as a valuable export industry.

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India's Plan For a Welfare State



WELFARE in India means industrialization to increase productivity and to absorb 11 million unemployed. It means also, increases in agricultural production to increase food supplies above subsistence levels. It means development of social service — education, health, and housing. It means, too, development of community life and of democracy.

All these objectives are contained in the second five-year plan. The Government of India proposes to spend 3,800,000,000 pounds in the next five years on projects which range from gigantic power plants to village reading rooms. Two thirds of the money will go to develop industry, power, and communications. For instance, 1,600 miles of railway track are to be doubled; three steel plants, each of 1 million tons capacity, will be established, including one to be erected by British iron and steel industry; 32,000 miles will

By Henry Maddick

be added to electricity transmission lines; 260,000,000 pounds will be spent on agricultural schemes such as the improvement of livestock, of seed strains, and the establishing of 2,000 veterinary dispensaries, a doubling of the present number.

The remaining one billion pounds will be spent on social services of all sorts. The outcome of all this effort and expenditure will be to increase the annual income from 21 pounds to 24 pounds per head — such a small increase — and, in addition, an intangible improvement of community life.

One will realize the immense weight of the burden falling on the administrators from these three branches — industrial, agricultural, and social. In addition, the constitution insists on the democratic nature of Indian

society. Thus the administrator, particularly in rural areas, has not only to bring the plan to actuality, but to teach the people how to achieve these results by democratic discussion.

There is a shortage of trained administrators throughout India. In the past the English executive was the mainstay of commercial management and there were not proper training facilities for the Indian. There are too few Indian concerns big enough to provide the trained executive. Inevitably the civil servants have to fill the breach.

For day-to-day administration of state undertaking there is to be established a new industrial management service. It will be assigned to all industries taken into the public sector. Its personnel may be moved from one industry to another in the same way as the civil servants can be transferred between departments or states.

TO TRAIN the senior administrators there is to be an administrative staff college at Hyderabad. To train managers-planners there is a proposal for a college of management. Both promise well for the future; but the need is now. India is in a hurry; she has to run to keep up her present position, for every five seconds there is an additional mouth to feed.

Besides these difficulties of large-scale industrial progress,

there is the wider problem of the welfare development programme, particularly in the country. Here difficulties are numerous — there are over 500,000 villages to be dealt with; the population is largely illiterate; there is no democratic or advisory body to aid the administrator; there are not enough trained officers.

In Delhi, the Community Projects Administration develops the broad scheme, defines objectives, and sets expenditure limits. The actual administration is the responsibility of the State Governments. Not only is this constitutionally proper, but it is absolutely necessary to meet variations in language, climate, and culture. The States set up, under a development commissioner, national extension service blocks which, as they develop become Community Projects.

The village worker, the Gram Sevak, guides the illiterate villagers. For them, he is the administration — the link with Nehru. The village worker helps to plan the communal programme — shows how much the village can do towards building a two-room school or a feeder road along which produce can move and the sick may be taken. He makes clear to them the new methods in agriculture — Japanese cultivation of paddy, for instance. He tries to introduce hygiene in the household.

The villagers see the plan as more to eat, better roads, a community center, a school, and a clinic. Rural life is enlarged, enriched by contacts with an outside world which was completely unknown in many cases; the ability to read and books to learn from; a radio which brings to the former universe of the village some understanding of the greatness of India and the dazzling variety of her teeming population.

These are not just a westerner's assessment, in academic terms, of a richer cultural life, for all its intrinsic value. Here is the first step toward breaking down the trammelling bonds of age-old custom which divides the strictly religious — particularly the Brahmins — from the Untouchables, now renamed the Harijans. There still exists the barrier between the two, not based upon their economic differences but upon an entirely different status in society: the one clean, the other impure. I saw it applied to water: the Harijans were not allowed to draw from the Brahmin well; they had to have their own.

THE GRAM SEVAK cannot order, he has to persuade; he becomes an adviser, a friend rather than an overseer. The States have not yet been able to find the men to work this system and the manpower shortage is bound to become worse

as the plan takes in more and more villages.

Work in these villages is a lonely job. Not only is the officer cut off from the outside in an unbelievable way but often he has no one to whom he can turn for advice or for support within the village. He does not need technical advice.

For this reason the Indian government has most wisely insisted upon the development of the Panchayat (village council) and has voted money for this. In some districts, these councils have a long history as an elementary court for petty matters: now they are to become the grass roots of Indian democracy. It is believed that they can provide the official with that lay control and guidance which is valued highly. Their development will be a great test of the new India. In the Panchayat, often bringing together a number of villages, a new outlook will be demanded. It must stretch beyond the old single village; it must embrace the common good and its members must represent Brahmin and Harijan alike. It will mean a social revolution. But its success or failure, whether as a system or as an individual unit, will depend upon the patience, the enthusiasm, the tact, and the felicity of the village workers. —*Adapted from the Listener.*

THIRTY years are, indeed, a short space of time for radio to have developed to the stature it enjoys today in the Philippines.

Roughly calculated, Philippine radio is one decade younger than radio in the United States —after which it has been patterned. Although official records of the Radio Control Board place the beginnings of radio in the Philippines in the very early 30s, experimental broadcasts are known to have been made long before then. So good was the response to this new, wonderful medium of information and entertainment that in 1928 the local distributors of a famous American manufactured radio set saw it fit, and without profit, to establish their own radio station. "Grist for the mill," so to speak.

The distributors were so right! The people took to radio as ducks to H₂O. Soon the distributors of other brands of radio, encouraged by their own increased sales, put up their own stations, too.

So it went, from the experimental to plain business.

The years between its introduction in the Philippines and the outbreak of the last war saw radio firmly establish itself. The glamour build-up was on. Radio personalities were born: Bert Silen, Johnny Harris, Lily Raquiza, Loine Nash—a petite blonde pianist who was

I SAW RADIO IN KNEE-PANTS

By Francisco "Koko" Trinidad

as vivacious as she is tiny.

When KZRM moved to new studios atop the Insular Life Building, many more names were added to the parade of radio stars. On big programs, such as the "Chevrolet Jamboree," presented every Monday evening by Pacific Commercial Company, were heard such popular singers as Lily Raquiza and Tony McLeod.

Meanwhile, on the smaller Station KZIB, with studios at the then just completed crystal-and-concrete show place, the "Crystal Arcade" on the Escolta, new personalities began to make their appearances: Lina Flor, Carmen Rosales, Ely Ramos, Ira Davis (a ukele'e-playing MC), the Molina Boys (Celso and Paquito), and Ning Navales, who later was to woo and win Carmen Rosales, the singer, before she became a screen queen. There were the popular Carvajal sisters—Fe, Lulu, and Pacita—good-lookers all. Fe and Pacita sang to piano accompani-



An oldtimer reminisces on 30 years of Philippine broadcasting

ment by Lulu. Another famous sister act was the talented Mat Castros—Milagros, who declaimed in Tagalog, and Luz, who sang “kundimans.” Their “old man,” Remigio, was himself busy conducting programs with a definitely native flavor. They became professionals eventually, some to stay with KZIB, others to seek the wider audience of a more powerful station. One who sought and earned greater popularity was Ding Yalong. From KZIB he moved to KZRM to win there the “Bing Crosby” contest, which assured him a place among local radio’s greats.

This was about the time, too, when most Manila newspapers lavished attention on radio stars. The movie industry was itself also in the infant stage, and because there were daily radio programs as against a few films turned out by local companies, radio got more publicity space in the papers. Radio personalities were thrilled when they were pointed at and talked about by fans, the same way movie stars are given complimentary treatment these days. Radio people even got invited to the most select of social affairs. The truth was they were getting attention and not much of any-

thing else. They performed more for the love of it than for money.

LATER came a series of programs over KZRM that got an imaginative hold on the listeners and, through its daily early-morning presentation, built up new radio names: Bimbo Danao, the Mystery Singer, the three Ramons (Escudero, Alberto, and Estella), and Russ Aranas, a singing trumpet player of the famous KZRM Orchestra, under the baton of Johnny Harris. Soon, the time signals on the hour over KZRM were tied up with little stories in song about how a bright young lad charmed all the ladies with his bright "Colgate" smile.

Healthy competition set in, resulting in new and better-produced programs. The weekly "Fiesta" show sponsored by L. R. Aguinaldo and Sons over KZRM was emceed by Vero Perfecto; the Quaker Oats "Spelling Bee" was a KZRM quiz; and the Palmolive "Newsreel of the Air" brought the KZRM staff and their friends together for a dramatic presentation of the news as it happened during the week.

More and more Filipinos joined radio stations as announcers, where before only a very few (Bert Avellana, Vero Perfecto,) and one other, could hold their own among a pre-

dominantly American announcing staff. It stood to reason since almost all programs were broadcast in English. Announcers learned the job while on the job. Not one school, college, or university taught radio announcing. The stations perforce had to train their own announcers. KZRM conducted its own school for announcers, and from among the graduates of two successive classes came new faces,—Simoun Almario, Johnny Arville, and others—to add their voices to those already on the air.

Programming ran along the same line of a preponderance of purely entertainment and a few newscasts. Interviews were unheard of until just two or three years before the outbreak of World War II. Only the late President Quezon and a few



other government officials were ever heard on a broadcast.

The war changed all that. It came naturally with the imminence of the last war; radio was put to more and more use. After all, it was the medium through which we would alert the most people to the immediacy of the fast developing circumstances in a most critical situation. The government, itself, established its own broadcasting station. The Civil Emergency Administration (CEA) kept the listeners posted on the various preparations for war through share of attention in adulation or ire. Whichever it was, the commentator developed by "digs" and sounds and, with the other radio men (the disc jockey, the m.c., the actors, the p.m. etc.) helped earn for themselves and their station more remuneration. With such practical incentive, radio improved by leaps and bounds.

Mentioning of commentators brings to mind Rafael "Paeng" Yabut and Francisco "Soc Rodrigo. They are big successes, but definitely—in the most contrasting way. "Paeng" is the highly intense observer with the shrill voice and the forceful down-to-

earth delivery while "Soc" is always the soft spoken precise-of-speaking manner analyst with a polite approach to every timely topic of the day. Both have talked themselves to greater achievements, the first to guide the public relations of MBC, PBC, and CBC as Public Relations Director, and the second to have his influence felt in the august halls of the Senate as one of its outstanding members.

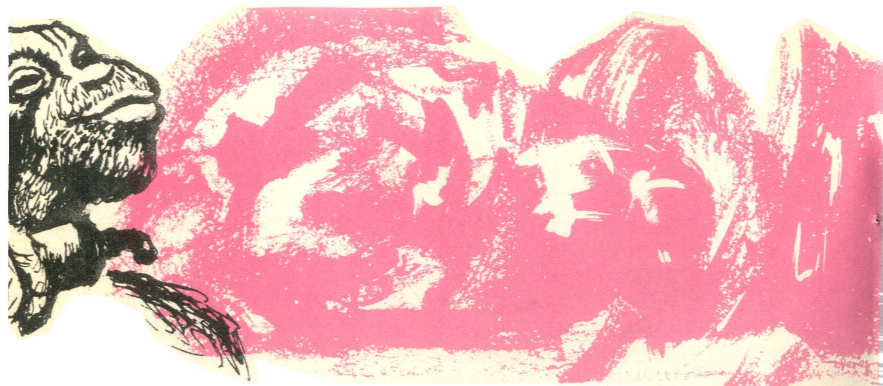
TODAY there are twenty-two broadcasting stations in operation in the Philippines, as compared to only six before the war, which already included the government's short-lived KZ-ND.

That's how big Philippine radio has become after thirty years and it's growing some more. Several more franchises have been approved by congress. These are for the *Evening News*, Lapu Lapu Broadcasting (to set up shop in Tacloban City), and Lyceum of the Philippines whose franchise for purely educational broadcast was amended during the last congressional session to include commercial programs. The *Chronicle Broadcasting Network* operates three stations in Manila.

* * *

Father—"My boy, I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same thing to your son?"

Son—"Yes, but not with such a straight face."



Abstract Artist

BETSY, the chimpanzee with a yearning to paint, continued her abstract dabbings as the market for her work improved.

Betsy had her first public sale recently.

Her paintings sold for as high as \$50 each.

Zoo director Arthur Watson said there have been numerous inquiries about painting turned out by the seven-year-old chimp. She uses hands, tongue, elbows to make the swirls and lines and daubs which Watson said one art museum official has termed good enough to hang with other abstract works.

Betsy does not know it, of course, but she's hard at what well may be a labor of love.

Watson said the money may be used to "buy Betsy a husband."

Receipts from her paintings thus far total \$145, Watson said. He is hoping for a fund of around \$600 to get a mate for Betsy as well as some other animals.

Betsy, who has been painting since the fall of 1953, has turned out 17 salable canvasses so far. Ten others had to be thrown away. In one big day she turned out ten in one hour.

Watson started her on painting as a stunt and because, he said, she had dexterity.

Watson said a Texas doctor who sent in \$30 for one of Betsy's painting probably will be sent one Watson has labeled "Shore Birds." He says he can see rather clearly five different birds, including a bittern, a black crown night heron, an ostrich and a bird of paradise.

A Washington newsman and his wife bought another entitled "Angel of Death." Watson said the couple asked that he not name these patrons of the arts.

Panorama Peek



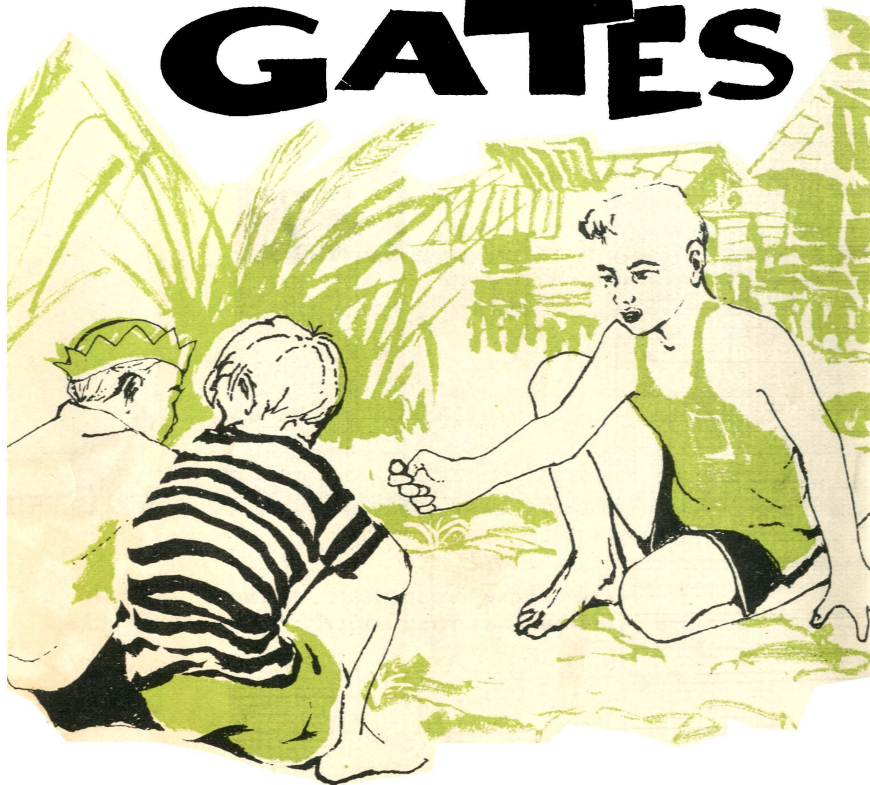
For these youngsters summer is only a memory, as they eagerly trek back to school

IT SOUNDED like his mother's voice calling him, and Benny placed the paper boat in the puddle the morning rain had left, wiped his muddy hands on his soiled T-shirt and short pants (grown too short for his nine-year old frame), and ran

By **ROMAN CRUZ, JR.**

towards the house. He had been playing, alone, in this abandoned corner of the vast yard all day, and left the puddle and the paper boat only when he was called.

THE BIG BLACK GATES



It was the second time he had been called that day — the first time was for lunch — and as he ran in his bare feet on the wee, meticulously-trimmed Bermuda grass, past the quiet swimming pool, towards the back door of the large white house, he hoped he would be sent again on an errand to buy something from Mang Tisio's store.

Benny loved these little errands. He loved to open the heavy black iron gates at the end of the long driveway, run out into the street and escape, temporarily, from the vastness and the delicateness of the mansion and the lawns: the vastness had always frightened him and the delicateness had sternly forbidden him to walk on the polished floors of the house without first thoroughly cleaning his feet.

And this vastness and this delicateness had constantly menaced him and shoved him to that little abandoned corner of the yard, where the high white walls met and protected him on two sides, and where the grass did not grow and the daily rain always left him a puddle on which to sail his paper boat.

This was the only place within the grounds where he felt secure: he loved this place and hated everything else. He spent most of his playing hours here ever since he and his mother moved in a month ago into this



mansion, where she had to work as *lavandera* for Doña Pepita.

BENNY pushed the kitchen door, walked in and entered through another door into a small room where his mother and the *cocinera* and the housemaid slept at night. His mother was ironing the new yellow dress of Miss Linda (he was commanded to refer to the residents with the respectful titles). His mother wore a loose black dress. She was old and frail and her hair was rumpled and her eyes were weak and set deep in her face. His father's death had pushed those eyes in, Benny thought, and it also changed her appearance completely.

"Did you call me, *Inay*?"

"Yes. Doña Pepita is calling for you. She's in the living room."

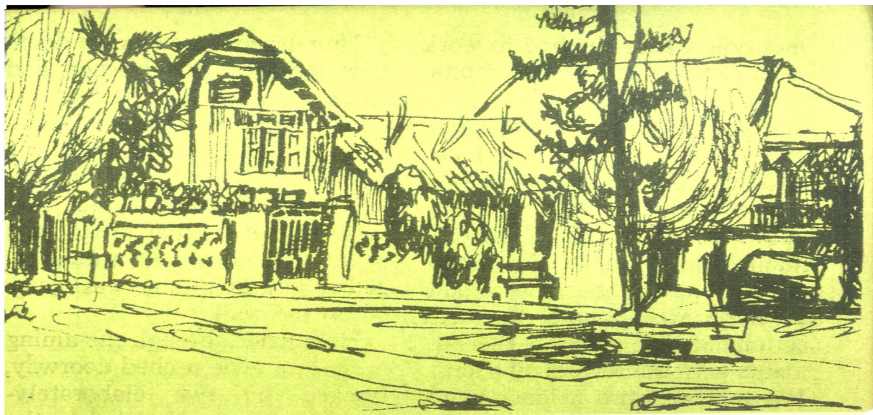
Benny shivered. He loved his mother above everybody else, and he admired Peding the gardener because he had a big body and he always worked hard, and he liked Sitang the housemaid because she sometimes helped his mother with her washing and ironing, and he disliked Miss Linda and Miss Nita because they always winced whenever he was near them; but Doña Pepita—he feared her and despised her because she was big and arrogant and she always scolded him. He was always afraid to face her.

He pushed the swinging doors that led from the kitchen and entered the large, ghostly dining room where a long, black-glazed hand-carved table stood in the center and a sparkling chandelier hung from the ceiling and a silver metal relief of a group of queer, bearded men eating together at a long table was framed on the wall.

He hurried through the dining room to a wide arched doorway, flanked by two elaborately-carved columns, that led to the living room.

He hesitated at the doorway. In the center of the luxurious living room, under a bigger chandelier, four ladies were seated around a square table playing mahjong. His eyes went swiftly past them, past the softly-curtained wall between two large latticed windows, past the green upholstered couch and the four exquisite soft chairs to match, past the colored picture of St. Cecilia on the wall, past the dark-brown mahogany piano, well-dusted and shining, with quaint, tiny porcelain statues on top, and rested on Doña Pepita, seated stiffly on the piano stool, reading a newspaper through her enormous glasses.

She was in her long, green glossy house-gown that reached down to her Chinese slippers. Benny was afraid to enter. All this luxury seemed to forbid him, sternly, to walk in and spoil it. But Doña Pepita had sent for



him; he was afraid to disobey her because she would scold him; he was afraid of her furious eyes, her indignant finger shaking in front of his face, her violent voice. He walked in timidly.

"Yes, Doña Pepita?"

"*Madre Mia!* Did I not tell you to clean your feet first before coming into the house?" raged Doña Pepita. She pointed furiously at the wet footprints Benny had left behind him on the burnished floor tiles.

He flinched, in terror and hatred, and realized he had forgotten to wipe his feet after running on the wet grass outside. She stood up, shaking with wrath, and he was terrified by her enormous size, her long glossy gown.

"And look at all that mud on your clothes. And your hands! Why didn't you wipe your nose before coming in her? And next time don't stand before me smelling like that!"

Benny saw the other ladies staring at him, and he hated all of them fiercely, and Doña Pepita most. He wiped his nose with his hands and the ladies winced. Doña Pepita did not see him; she was looking for something in her wallet. She pulled out a peso bill.

"Go and clean yourself and then buy a pack of Chesterfields from Mang Tisio. And come back at once, do you hear? Don't forget to wash yourself." She held one end of the bill and handed the other extreme end to him. He received it and started towards the doorway.

"Clean yourself!" she called after him.

HE hated her. It was all he could do. She was that kind of a woman against whom you cannot do anything. She humiliates you in front of sophisticated ladies and calls you filthy, but you cannot raise even a

meek cry of defense; you are too small, she is too big, too authoritative, too furious. You wish fiercely that you could meet her on even terms, but you cannot do anything, you can only hate her.

She commands you not to stay out long, not to stroll on the street, to come back at once, and her voice is so peremptory that you just have to obey, even though you do wish to stay out as long as possible on the street, watch the other boys play, be free, be far away from the threatening massiveness and the untouchable delicateness of the huge mansion, from the sophisticated ladies and the crash of mahjong tiles, from the furious eyes, the indignant finger, the peremptory voice.

It is futile to protest: she is too enormous, you are too little; and it is this futility that makes you hate her, hate her as you run through the arched doorway followed by the outraged eyes of the ladies, hate her as you cross through the deserted dining room, through the swinging door, through the kitchen and into the servants' washroom and splash water on your face and wash your grimy hands and scrub your thin muddy legs, and you break down and cry, suppressing your sobs so she won't hear them. It is enough that you lose your freedom to her; you can't afford to surrender your pride. . . .

BENNY came out of the kitchen and walked by the swimming pool. It always reminded him of the sea in the province where his father used to fish everyday until three months ago. Benny loved the sea. It was vast, but its vastness was not one that threatened and frightened and showed him to a corner.

It was an exciting vastness: it was one in which he and his father were free and could sail anywhere as far as they wanted to, wherever the fish swam in schools, and his father would hurl the line into the water and wait for the tug of the fish and then pull up the line with a sudden jerk of the rod and the fish at the end of the line would fly through the air and land in the skiff, wriggling furiously.

And the sea did not possess any forbidding tidiness. It was always inviting; it challenged them with its roughness, it provoked them to sail far, it fascinated them with its unseen mysteries. And they were free: free to sail around, free to fish all day until the skiff was filled; and then the waves would carry them back to the shore when the sea was red with the sun. Benny still wondered why his father had never come back to the shore since he sailed out alone three months ago. His mother told him his father had landed on another shore, far away, and would never return, and this was

why she had come to Manila to Manila to work for Doña Pepita.

BENNY scurried anxiously along the long driveway, past the green front lawn on his right, towards the gates. His face and hands and legs were cleaner than before, but he still wore the same muddy clothes. He was happy again, he was going to experience that wonderful sense of freedom he had always experienced whenever he was sent out on an errand.

Presently he stood before the big black iron gates, that loomed up tall before him: they were the gates that shut out the world and kept him inside his vastness and delicateness that shoved him to the abandoned corner. He was never allowed by his mother nor by Doña Pepita outside those gates unless he was sent out to buy something from Mang Tisio. Even then he could not stay out long and enjoy his freedom; he always had to come home at once.

Benny stood on tiptoe, reached for the bolt that locked the gates, jerked it loose and, using all his force, pulled open the massive gates. He walked out and pulled the gates back. He stopped and looked around to see if everything was still the same. Benny started to walk.

The street was empty. The tall thick *talahib* still stood outside the wall of the mansion.

They were wild and rough and neglected, unlike the spruce Bermuda grass inside the white walls. Benny started to hop: he was free again.

Mang Tisio's store was two blocks away. Benny hopped past one block of thick *talahib*. At the second block he saw again the familiar slums, the fragile shanties clustered together like shambles, built of rusty galvanized iron and old canvas and decaying lumber clumsily assembled together for shelter, the clotheslines improperly exposed to the street, the muddy grounds, a woman sweeping in front of her hovel, a thin dog sniffing around among the garbage piled carelessly on one spot near the ditch. Benny looked behind and saw the snobbish mansion looming above the *talahib*. He stared at it defiantly for a moment, and then hopped on: he was free.

He approached the store. In front of it, at the side of the wet dirt street, three boys as big as he was, and as shabby, were playing marbles. He had seen them play marbles once before, on one of his errands, and he had envied them: they were not shoved to a corner, they were free, they were not inhibited by big black gates, they were not terrorized by any furious eyes, indignant fingers, peremptory voices. They were always outside the high walls, they could play on the street. He wished he

could always be with them, be among the slums, the woman sweeping, the dog sniffing around.

Benny passed by the boys, crossed the improvised wooden bridge thrown over the muddy ditch on the side of the street, walked up to the store. It was a small cramped shanty. Before it two men sat idly on a long bench. They drew in smoke from their cigarettes and blew the smoke out, watching the whiff coil lazily in the air and vanish slowly.

They drew in again, and blew out again. There was nothing else for them to do but draw in and blow out. "Chester nga, Mang Tisio," said Benny. He handed Mang Tisio the peso bill over the wooden counter. Mang Tisio gave him a pack of Chesterfields and some change, and Benny hopped away past the men drawing in and blowing out, over the wooden bridge, out into the street, and stopped where the boys were playing marbles. One of them squatted on the ground, took a marble, flipped it with a finger, and it rolled slowly, uncertainly, towards one of the four small holes on the ground, hesitated on the verge, and finally rolled into the hole. The boy looked up triumphantly.

"Can I play with you?" Benny said.

The three boys looked at him, inquisitively. He placed the



pack of cigarettes on a flat rock by the side of the street and slipped the change into his pants pocket.

"Can I play with you?"

"You're the new boy who lives in that big house, aren't you?"

"Yes. Can I play?"

"You're lucky, living in a house like that."

"Look, can I play?"

"How many marbles do you have?"

"None!"

"Can't you lend me some?"

"No. This is a real game. You pay with marbles if you lose."

"Lend me some and I'll pay you back someday."

"No. Why don't you buy some from Mang Tisio? Ask for money from Doña Pepita. She's rich."

"I hate her."

"What? Think how big her house is, and you. . ."

"I don't want to think of it. I hate it."

"I wish I lived there."

"I don't care. I hate it."

"You're crazy."

"Hoy Benny, hurry up. Doña Pepita is getting mad. She's waiting."

Benny looked behind him. A sleek black sedan had just stopped. It was Doña Pepita's car. It was the driver who had spoken to him. Miss Linda and Miss Nita were in the back seat, not looking at him. The car sped away.

Benny shivered. He felt cold. "Come back at once" was the peremptory command, but he did not come back at once; he forgot to, he hated to; he wanted to loiter on the street, to play with the boys, to be free; he had forgotten the command. He picked up the Chesterfield pack and scampered reluctantly towards the house.

"Goodbye, crazy," one of the boys called after him.

Of course he was not crazy, Benny thought. He was not crazy for hating the big house. He was not crazy for hating Doña Pepita. It was the boy who was crazy. Benny wondered why that boy would rather live in the big mansion, with Doña Pepita, rather than play

marbles on the street where he was free. He was approaching the house. He hated to go back, he was afraid of Doña Pepita; she must be very angry. He wished he did not have to go back. He wished he could stay on the street and play marbles forever.

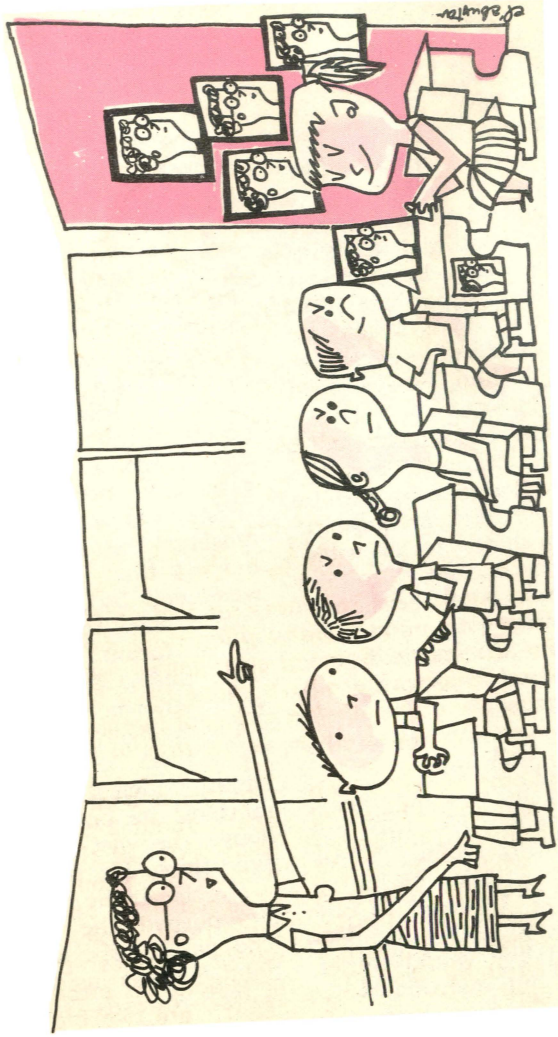
THE gates were still open because the car had just come out and the gardener had not yet closed them. Benny wanted to cry; he entered the gates, and stopped, terrorized: he saw Doña Pepita in the distance, standing on the front porch of the big house beyond the extensive green lawn; her arms were akimbo.

She was looking at him, intently. He hated her more fiercely than ever, but he was weakened by his overpowering fear of her, by his anticipation of her furious eyes, her indignant finger, her violent voice. of her enormous figure, passionate with anger, rising before him, He wished he were out in the street, among the slums, playing marbles; he hated the delicate house, the vast yard. He hated everything. He began to sob.

He closed the big black gates. He pushed the bolt, weakly. The gates were locked, locked tight. He was inside again. He walked towards Doña Pepita.—
From *Heights*

* * *

Fun-Orama by Elmer



*“ . . . and now let us take a look at
the work of the ideal pupil . . . ”*



SUNGKA

Long before the Spaniards set foot on Philippine soil, the natives had played many interesting games to while away the idle hours. Some of such games survived the colonizers' influence; others have come down to the present day bearing the unmistakable marks of foreign domination. In this issue Panorama presents the first of a series.

THIS is a game of skill which is very old and is believed to have come to the Philippines from Africa, where it is widely played. No less than the Arab traders who visited the Philippines in pre-Spanish times are said to have brought this interesting game here.

Played by two persons, sungka (sometimes spelled *chonka*)

requires a boat-shaped playing board about 2½ feet long. On each side of the board are 7 holes, big enough for a player to put in all his fingers at the same time to pick up any number of pebbles that the hole may hold. At either end of the "boat" are two big holes, the "mother holes," one for each player. The winner is the one

who accumulates more pebbles in his "mother hole" than his opponent.

Any small, smooth object may be used instead of pebbles. These could be cowry shells or the hard seeds of the tamarind fruit. Lack of the regulation playing board is no impediment since the holes could be scooped on the bare ground and players squat on either side of the row of holes.

In the beginning both players fill all of their seven holes with 7 pebbles each, leaving the "mother hole" empty. Both start the game simultaneously by picking up all the pebbles in any of the holes on his side and dropping a pebble in each of the subsequent holes, going leftwards.

The initiate into the game usually begins with the hole on the farthest right. Holding all of 7 pebbles in one hand, he drops one in each of the remaining holes to the left. The seventh and the last pebble goes to the "mother hole", which gives him another chance to get all of the pebbles in any whole on his side, and distribute them in like manner, i.e., from right to left, dropping one in each subsequent hole. He continues dropping his pebbles in clockwise fashion in the holes of his opponent.

Down to the last pebble, he drops it with a flourish if the hole is not empty, for if the last

pebble drops into an empty hole, then he is "dead," i.e., he stops playing while his opponent goes his way, piling up more pebbles in his "mother hole." He does not, however, put one in his opponent's "mother hole." He continues the process until he ends in an empty hole.

The reason why players drop the last pebble with a flourish is to show that there is no sleight of hand.

But stopping at an empty hole could be fun if the hole is on your side and directly opposite it is a hole full of pebbles. For then you could "eat up" all those pebbles to store in your "mother hole."

Therefore, the skill comes in being able to calculate which hole you should begin with so that you end exactly in the "mother hole." Likewise, skill is necessary to avoid choosing those holes whose pebbles would end you in an empty hole.

But, as stated before, the same move could be put to advantage if the opposite hole is bulging full of pebbles. With one stroke you acquire a number of pebbles which normally would take you several rounds of distribution and that, only if you do not "die" by ending in an empty hole.

THE game ends when all the pebbles have been stashed away in the "mother hole";

or even earlier — when one of the players has no more pebbles on his side with which to make a move. This phase of the game is played with even more deliberation. Moves are made so that the pebbles would not spread to the holes on the other side, for he who has the more holes on the farthest right-hand side has better chances of outlasting the other.

The round is then ended.

The one who made the last move has the privilege of starting the next round, which is a decided advantage. The players then begin to distribute the pebbles from the “mother hole,” 7 to each hole as before. The winner for that round is the one

who has enough pebbles to go around plus some more in his “mother hole” as nest eggs. These surplus pebbles represent those which the loser would need to fill his empty holes. He can fill only those holes on his side, beginning from the left, which can have 7 pebbles each. Being a loser, naturally he lacks pebbles to fill all his holes. Those which cannot have 7 pebbles are left blank, or *sunog* (burned out). Both players may not drop a pebble into any one of these. If his opponent does, he forfeits those pebbles to the owner of the blank holes.

The game goes on indefinitely, as long as the players may wish.—*Armando J. Malay*

* * *

STETHOSCOPE FOR MINING

Engineers driving tunnels under Australia's highest mountains recently began using a new instrument that is expected to greatly increase safety in mining and tunneling throughout the world, the Australian News Bureau reports.

The instrument, a Seismitron, imported from the United States, is being tested on the \$900,000,000 Snowy Mountains hydroelectric project to harness the power of rivers rising in the Australian Alps and divert water to the inland for irrigation.

It predicts rock falls before they occur and is the first successful scientific instrument to improve on the old method of tapping the roofs of tunnels with a hammer or pick.

The casualty rate among miners throughout the world has always been high.

The Seismitron has been described as an electronic stethoscope. It consists of a cylindrical pick-up or transducer, a carrying case and a pair of magnetic earphones. It weighs only fifteen pounds.

Successful use of the instrument depends upon the operator's knowledge of the geology of the area and his experience in reading the signals.

Prose and Poems *

By LEONARD CASPER

PART II: Poems and the Play

POETRY IS language at its most precise. The paltry quality of Joaquin's verse, therefore, proves that he is still too remote for that kind of intimacy: his literacy strengths are structural, not textual. At one extreme, "Verde Yo Te Quiero Verde" tries to imitate the gypsy liberty of Federico Garcia Lorca's impressionistic poetry, but is too cool to be sensual; at the other, "The 14 Stations of the Cross" is equally startling because of the absence of *religious* passion, as the eye progresses by rote along the obscure walk of any church, hoping to be distracted. In between are those poems affecting colloquial speech, like "O Death Be Proud" or "Ballade," which are not even interesting prose.

Only rarely does a poem tremble under Joaquin's touch — and such occasions are revealing: the cycle called "Stubbs Road Cantos," written in a Hong Kong seminary where the less-than-Anthony protagonist is tempted by the memory of his childhood tropical home, "waiting for the sun and the summer sunflowers"; or "The Innocence of Solomon," whose sensuous experience is so exciting as to overwhelm its temporary moralizing.

It is the lost flesh incarnate in memory or wishful thought that satisfies Joaquin's esthetics most, not the descent of God to human form. Yet Biblical allusion, religious reference, serve his purpose by providing through formula and ritual the distance which his nature requires from the very object by which he hopes to be possessed. The overflow of a

* Nick Joaquin, *Prose and Poems* (Graphic House: Manila, 1952).

memory of what perhaps has never occurred outside the imagination. In poetry, Joaquin has not yet balanced this passion and restraint, and is no threat to the reputations of Jose Garcia Villa or even Andres Cristobal Cruz and Oscar de Zuñiga.

IT IS TO Nick Joaquin's unforgettable play, *A Portrait of the Artist* as Filipino, that one must go to find theme and form made indivisible. Here, integrity so locks together all acts and actors in a way that renders personal relevance indistinct from impersonal, that by contrast the self-adulation of a fellow playwright such as Montano in his work becomes critically evident. Joaquin's drama is world literature, its few flaws having been removed by Bert Avellana's cutting in preparation for production in Manila and abroad.

Although the play ends during the Naval de Manila procession, the religious side of the ethic commemorated is almost totally absent. The excitement of the procession is used, rather, to transfigure the image of Don Lorenzo as father, protector and progenitor which appears to the expectant Marasigan daughters at the curtain. Similarly, sensuality has been reduced by aging Paula, the spinster most tempted by Javier. Thus one of the most interesting plot elements is kept credible: Candida, the elder sister, nearly destroys the younger as, together, they had nearly destroyed their father. Such an extreme test is necessary to shake them back to their senses — to that confirmation of inherited values and renunciation of the "easy life" which earns for them that final, almost beatific vision of their restored father. Were Paula younger, the temptation might have been overwhelming; as it is, her character is so fixed that she is never really violated.

The labyrinth of right-turns and about-faces, which illustrate so well Joaquin's sense of structure, is illuminated by the generationless fond remembrance of things past, clear in the allusions made by Don Lorenzo's contemporaries, the Marasigan spinsters, and Bitoy Camacho — whose imitation of his own childhood voice of wonder is so charming, almost literally enchanting, that the Manila (real or imaginary) of the past is ever-present, though invisible, as surely as, in this play, the father and the painting on the "fourth wall" are present.

For the public, this play is an elegy for lost virtues — an appeal therefore to every man. Although not many descend from Spanish-Filipino pasts, we have all lost our childhood innocence; in Adam, we have all lost even more. The universality of this theme does not require elaboration.

FOR JOAQUIN himself, there seems to be more, however. His fixation with time and patterns of recurrence, noticeable in his best short stories, reappears here inasmuch as several generations become involved in the attempted salvage of the past. (However, the desperate drive towards acts of lust, as if to compensate for or to replace the feared loss, has now subsided.) Yet there is not that sense of still-ongoing evil, of conflict and remorse, as in *The Woman Who Had Two Navels*. Victory for the spirit here (one cannot quite say the soul) is so complete that, finally, there is no sense of loss; the past is carried into the future on the shoulders of the present; the dead hand of tradition has been massaged back to life.

The physical destruction of Intramuros has not destroyed the values which the Marasigans held most dear; Bitoy says, standing on the ruins, “. . . while I live, you live.” The ultimate tone of the play, therefore, is not elegiac, not even backward-looking. Whatever was, still is: its value lies precisely in its indestructibility, its detachment from the changing physical surface. Whether Manila ever really was as Bitoy and Candida picture it is unimportant; even if it existed “only” in their minds, their visions of need, that after all is the more important place of existence sometimes. The values — human consideration dignified by daily custom and ritual — then become not past and gone but ever-present as a future compelling because desired.

Whatever made Joaquin look back and whether or not his memory is accurate, it is not the looking backward nor the accuracy which make his play memorable, but the evident love which he has felt for what was on his mind — things made so much more than things: Friday tertulias, sailor blouses, seawinds, October typhoons. It is this comprehensive love which opens one's eyes each moment to “morning all over the world”; it is this act of creation, just re-creation, which completes the portrait of a Filipino as artist.

Let the Dead Bury the Dead



Must education lead to war?

ONLY THE World Almanac and encyclopedias record the number of human dead, in this age of slaughter; and even their statistics are rough. It is true that man is more moved by the news of one family slain than 20 millions purged. We know that H-bomb warfare can remove whole civilizations; but we can hardly believe our knowledge, sure that we at least will survive. Events move so fast that we cannot find time to contemplate past or future holocausts—let the dead bury the dead; we are shocked beyond feeling and caught up in present living.

Khrushchev weeps, recounting the mass murder of Russians ordered by Stalin; but he is caloused to his own share in that regime of terror; and the slave labor camps continue, and the

By SIXTO D'ASIS

Caucasus Georgians are bloodied until their beliefs about their former dictator conform officially.

The record of the world's recent dead would frighten us, if our feelings were not numbed. Howard Mumford Jones has tried to remind us: the century began with the now-forgotten Irish civil war, a Greco-Turk war, the 1928-35 Gran Chaco jungle conflict in South America, revolts in six world capitals. Who remembers how many Koreans the Japanese killed, or how many Russians died in their revolution?

War casualties from the 11th to the 20th century were 18 million. In our half a century we have seen killed over 50% more in Europe alone than

were killed in all that previous period. Over 40 million, directly or indirectly (through influenza, typhus, etc.), died in World War I alone — equal roughly to one-third of the United States population. The Spanish Civil War killed 2 1/2 million. In World War II, Yugoslavia lost two million men, Holland half a million, Poland almost three million, up to 1945, China (1937-44) three million, Russia 21 millions. . .

THE SECOND World War left legal evidence of whole peoples exterminated in torture camps: Auschwitz, four million; Lwow, 700,000; Ganov, 200,000; Latvia, 577,000; Smolensk, 135,000; Rovno, one million: mostly Jews. No wonder the Jews are not afraid to die to hold Palestine, their first national home in centuries!

In 1903, when Russia killed 47 Jews at Kiev and burned 700 houses, world indignation was aroused; yet in 1945, after a massacre of 7 million Jews, the German people still seemed the most pleasant Europeans that Allied troops fraternized with!

In 1937, the son of Mussolini wrote of war in Ethiopia: "To me war is a sport—the most glorious sport in existence. . . I remember that a group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose as the bombs fell in their midst."

Sensitive Americans scolded this warrior. Yet in 1945 the *New York Times* was able to write of the rare beauty of the atomic bombing at Hiroshima, where 150,000 were killed or mutilated in a single blast.

In 1917, when one-tenth of Halifax in Canada was destroyed by the accidental explosion of 3000 tons of T.N.T., food and supplies came at once from other countries. In 1945, the U.S. Congress haggled for months while thousand of allied friends in post-war Europe and Asia slowly starved.

In 1937, the aerial destruction of Spanish Guernica's few hundred civilians seemed an outrage; in 1945, almost no one protested the blasting of Nagasaki off the map.

Yet we can hardly believe that mankind can destroy itself. We have faith in the sports page and comics of our newspapers, and cannot see the writing on the wall.

The ironic fact is that modern warfare, as Jones points out, requires complex technological skills for the production of its weapons; but such advanced education is certainly put to unintelligent, because destructive, uses. At the same time, because atomic bombs, for example, need such specialized technicians, a full-scale war could be brought to a stop any time that enough scientists initiated a sit-down strike.

"Minute-men" no longer can spring to arms, as they did in the Philippine or American revolutions. Modern soldiers are trained technicians, educated to kill with calibrated accuracy. Even civilians are as highly trained — to patrol streets, be fire wardens, care for children in bomb shelters, work in "essential" industries—as the professional Prussian soldiery used to be. Why cannot our complex societies use such skills for peace? Why does education lead to war? We would expect slaughter sooner from barbarians.

YET THE pursuit of war more and more has absorbed the attention of education. Although Napoleon created the University of Paris in 1808 and Frederick William III the University of Berlin in 1810 as contributions to their imperial ambitions, the curriculum in neither case was dictated by nor directly for the ministry of war. But America's Morrill Act in 1862 extended federal aid to technological and agricultural colleges, provided that the institutions gave courses in military training. MIT and Cornell owe much to

that act. In 1916, a like effect was caused by the institution of ROTC courses in college. Later, the National Research Council dedicated its services to national defense (in peacetime), and military and industrial problems connected with war.

Knowledge for its own sake or for peace is practically unknown today; previously academic college are easily converted into schools of war: and no one, least of all educators, are shocked. Moreover, the search for truth now is given a nationalistic, rather than a universal, motivation. The "revised history" books of Russia are notorious; previously, countries of the Fascist Axis "nationalized" their educational systems; and there have even been critics of the dictation of policy, in the Philippines, through the centralized Bureaus of Public and Private Schools.

A world cannot live a lie any more than can an individual. Sooner or later we must face the uselessness of slaughter and return our educational processes to a search for truth, even if this means admitting the errors of ourselves and of our heroes.

* * *

"For us Europe after the war is less a problem of frontiers and soldiers, of top-heavy organizations and grand plans than . . . a question of how the picture of man can be restored in the breasts of our fellow-citizens."—*Helmuth James von Moltke.*

Paul Claudel: Movement Towards Joy

During the great depression

WHEN YOUNG Paul Claudel left the Champagne country where in 1868 he had been born, to go to Paris to study, he felt he had left behind religious practices as well. He was convinced, with others, that modern science would "decipher" everything; but that conviction only left him depressed and bad-tempered. It took an unlikely source to give him the spiritual shock that even his First Communion had not — the defiant, blasphemous writing of Rimbaud which however pushed beyond the regions of his own dadaist and surrealist followers to the purity of the divine which made the human situation heartbreaking.

Christmas eve, 1886, Claudel sat at vespers in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to satisfy his playwright's curiosity. In the midst of his envying others their convictions, he suddenly felt: "*It is true!* God exists, He is there . . . He is Someone. He is a personal being, just as I am . . . He loves me. He calls me." After that, his faith could never be shaken.

Although he was already a writer, he went into "professional exile" in 1890 by entering the French diplomatic service which however satisfied his temperament more than the literary intrigues of Paris could have. He saw the Boxer rebellion in China, the 1923 earthquake in Tokyo; he became head minister to Brazil and Denmark, ambassador to Belgium, Japan and the U.S. He wrote when he could, and sometimes said his beads in the midst of a diplomatic reception!

IN 1900, HE returned to Paris determined to enter Holy Orders; to make sure of this vocation, he made a retreat at the Benedictine Abbey of Liguge: but at last he was convinced that he was needed elsewhere. Five years later he married Reine Ste-Marie Perrin, daughter of a cathedral builder, whose chateau on the Rhone they inherited at the end of the first great war. There he finally died among his 19 grandchildren and was buried in 1954.

He had written nearly 50 books, not including pamphlets and translations. There was a bold meditation on the Book of Job, a survey of the Orient, and one of the longest plays ever staged in France, *The Satin Slipper*, ostensibly set in late-Renaissance Spain but involving a hundred characters—the Moon, St. James, a heathen Chinese—whose actions course the wide world, tangling them in shipwrecks and chop-logic. But its immense loom of magniloquent language weaves one idea only, the oneness of God's direction in the universe, the simplicity of understanding behind local mysteries.

Another work which seems to speak to men of more than one decade, *Cristophe Colombe*, the opera on which he and composer Derius Milhaud collaborated in the twenties, has recently been revived.

There is also *Coronal*, a cycle of poetry based on the liturgical year, the various feasts and seasons, in a calm, sweeping style, masculine movement towards joy, reminiscent of both the Bible and of the St. Joan plays of his compatriot, Peguy,* avoiding the pretentious and the presumptuous.

Claudél, of course, is equally famous for the correspondence (published in 1952) between himself and Andre Gide, a correspondence which Robert Russell has characterized as ending in resentment and distaste, yet mutual respect. Gide ultimately was repelled because "Claudél frightened him as the Church did." Yet with Gide, as with everyone, Claudél's purpose had been simple: "It will be sweet to me on my deathbed to think that my books have not added to the terrible sum of darkness, doubt and impurity that afflicts humanity, but that those who read them could not but find in them reasons to believe, to hope, and to rejoice."

* See *Panorama*, Nov. 1956.

Humphrey Bogart and I



By **PETER USTINOV**

HUMPHREY BOGART was an exceptional character in a sphere where characters are not usually exceptional. The well-brought-up—perhaps the word is indoctrinated—Hollywoodian is effusively good-mannered. Social graces are practised on an almost industrial scale, and make for agreeable if not for particularly inspired living.

Bogie was not one for agreeable living. He seemed to me almost comically ill at ease indoors, as though a roof and walls were evils as necessary as people. Conversation irked him, and he was visibly long-suffering about having to open his mouth at all. This resentment against sentences—and even against words—took the form of sudden bursts of elaborate

playfulness. To a visitor hot from the cold shores of England, he would put on an exaggerated Oxford accent and discuss the future of the “British Empire” as though he wrong-headedly cared for nothing else in the wide world. His aim was to shake the newcomer out of his assumed complacency by insults which were as shrewdly observed as they were malicious.

The way into his heart was an immediate counter-attack in a broad American accent, during which one assumed a complicity between him and his *bete-noir*, Senator McCarthy, in some dark scheme. The social criticism implied by both his verbal satires on the sweetly unreasonable vanity of the English and by my counter-thrust against the massive and indeed

almost lethal goodwill of the Americans was pretty sharp; and it was in the character of the man that he only smiled with real pleasure when he had been amply repaid in kind.

As an actor, Bogart had an enormous presence, and he carried the light of battle in his eye. I got the impression that he did not much enjoy acting anyone who felt overawed by him, nor did he relish being confronted by an actor with a sober, conventional talent. He wished to be matched, to be challenged, to be teased. Of course, I acted with him only in comedy, but I could see a jocular and quarrelsome eye staring out of the character he was playing into the character I was playing—rather as an experienced bullfighter might stare a hot-headed bull into precipitate action.

BOGIE was highly professional. He was also highly

instinctive. His professionalism consisted in his riding his instinct as surely as a champion at the rodeo might ride a bucking bronco. He knew his job inside out, and yet it was impossible not to feel that his real soul was elsewhere, a mysterious searching instrument knocking at doors unknown even to himself. He could have made his mark in many different spheres. His basic quality was a splendid roughness. Even when perfectly groomed for some formal occasion, I felt that I could have lit a match on his jaw. His face in repose was infinitely melancholy, and his eyes had all the moist nobility of the Great Dane's when its nose is idly toying with the secret subtleties carried on the wind. It always seemed as though Nature was his element, and as though his wisdom stemmed not from learning but from instinct and heredity.

* * *

Parlez-vous?

AN AMERICAN tourist in Paris was attempting to use some of his high school French to order his manner.

"Garson," he said after studying the menu, "je desire royal consomme, tune piece of pang, and er . . ."

"I am sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but I don't speak French."

"Well, then," answered the tourist, "for heaven's sake send me someone who can."

WE MUST at the outset make a distinction. My subject is truth, not morality. Truth and morality are allied concepts but they are not quite the same: there is a formal difference between them. Truth pertains to the intellect, morality to the will. Truth is a relationship between the intellect and reality; morality is a relationship between the will and the right order of things. Truth is an epistemological concept, morality an ethical one. To use a crude example, if I were to point to a microphone and say that it is an elephant, you would say I am seeing things for it is not an elephant, it is a microphone. When therefore I call it an elephant I am not calling it by its real name; I am not describing the reality; I do not have the truth. My knowledge is false, or at least my words are. It would be entirely another thing if I were to take a liking for this microphone and when nobody was looking I snatched it away. That would be theft. That would be immoral.

My subject therefore is not morality but truth, in literature: a vast subject obviously and also rather paradoxical, for literature is creation and creation is fiction and how can fiction be true? It comes from the Latin lingo, to make up. Do we not often say that truth is

TRUTH IN LITERATURE

By Miguel A .Bernad, S.J.

To mirror life, not to distort it

stranger than fiction—implying that truth and fiction are somehow opposed?

But before we attempt to answer that question, let us take up a more obvious subject: namely, truth in those types of literature which are not fiction. For instance history. Some histories are not literature, but some histories are. Caesar, Tacitus, Suetonius, Livy, Sallust, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon wrote histories and their histories are works of literature.

Obviously history must tell the truth. The more meticulously accurate a work is the better it is as history. The facts must be accurately recorded, the picture accurately drawn. This is why Livy is such an unreliable historian: his style is vivid, imaginative, graceful, but we are not sure of his facts: and we want facts from a historian, not rhetoric.

It would be good if all historical writing were genuinely literary; but the primary concern of a historian is to tell the truth, and the primary purpose of all historical research is to bet at the truth. This is why Macaulay is not the best authority on the history of England nor Gibbons the best authority on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. This is why certain biographies recently published are not good biographies: they do not present an accurate picture. And on the other hand this is one of Belloc's glories: that whatever might be said to certain generalizations in histories, he has (as Monsignor Knox says) shocked the historians into reexamining their facts; he has shamed them into presenting a truer picture of times, persons and events.

WHICH brings up the question of newspaper writing. It would of course be fantastic to class the ordinary newspaper account as literature; but

since we are on the subject of truth we may as well speak of the accuracy in truthful reporting.

Like historians, newspapermen must adhere to the facts. They must tell the truth. When a news report for instance tells us that the President was in Baguio yesterday and that he gave a speech to the Rotarians, we expect it to be literally truth that he was in Baguio. And if he was not in Baguio but in Zambales, or that he did not give a speech but was playing golf, then the newspaper account was not true. It was unreliable, inaccurate, false.

It is to the credit of certain sections of the press that they do have a regard for the truth. But there is also much irresponsible reporting. Lindbergh in his recent book *The Spirit of Saint Louis* has much to say about the inaccuracy—the deliberate distortion of facts — of some of the reporters he had to deal with. Their aim was apparently not to tell the truth, but to be sensational or to curry favor with their reading public.

Depending on which paper I pick up (he says) I find that I was born in Minnesota, that I was born in Michigan, that I was born in Nebraska; that I learned to fly at Omaha, that I learned to fly at Lincoln, that I learned to fly at San Antonio in Texas.

He continues:

The way the tabloid people acted when my mother came left me with no respect for them whatso-

ever. They didn't care how much they hurt her feelings or frightened her... as long as they got their pictures and their stories. They demanded that we embrace for their cameras and say good-bye. When we refused, one paper had two other people go through the motions, and substituted photographs of our heads for theirs—composite pictures, they call them.

Such statements make "good stories" and the fact that they are not true causes little disturbance to the press. Accuracy, I've learned, is secondary to circulation—a thing to be sacrificed when occasion arises, to a degree depending on the standards of each paper. But accuracy means something to me. It's vital to my sense of values. I've learned not to trust people who are inaccurate. Every aviator knows that if mechanics are inaccurate, aircraft crash. If pilots are inaccurate, they get lost—sometimes killed. In my profession life itself depends on accuracy.

Lindbergh's conclusion is understandably strong:

That was Colonel Lindbergh's reaction to the inaccuracy of the press. That should be our reaction too. We would like the papers to be interesting, but above all we demand that they be truthful.

BUT TO return to our original question, what about truth in fiction—in those types of literature which do not purport to record historical facts: like novels short stories, plays, poems?

Obviously we do not demand

of these the same adherence to historical truth that we demand of the historian or the newspaper reporter. When the storyteller tells us that once upon a time there was an old woman who lived in a shoe, we do not take it to be literally true that there was actually such an old woman who lived in such a curious place. Yet of every storyteller we demand the truth: not the truth of fact, but the truth of fiction.

Poetry, according to Aristotle (and by poetry he meant all types of imaginative literature, or what is now called—unfortunately—"creative writing") is an imitation of life. *Poiesis is mimesis*. But an imitation is not good unless it is true to life. Indeed, in a sense, fictional literature is truer than history. For, as Aristotle says again, history deals with the particular, poetry with the universal. That is to say, it is the historian's business to record what actually happened; but imaginative literature records not what actually happened but what *may*, what *can*, what *does* happen; not what happened once, but what may happen again and again given the circumstances. The historian deals with man's acts; the poet and the playwright and the storyteller deal with man's nature—and man's nature remains the same in all ages and in all circumstances.

The storming of the Bastille was a historical fact that actually happened. It happened once: let us hope it does not happen again (in the sense that we hope there are no more Bastilles and no more prisoners to be liberated from a Bastille). Sidney Carton's sacrifice in *The Tale of Two Cities*, who gave up his life in order to save a friend, was not a historical fact. It never happened. It was a fictional creation of the novelist's mind. Yet it is the thing that could happen, that may, that should happen again and again; and the wonderful thing about it — and on his point let me speak with some authority, being a priest — is that it *does* happen. Human nature is not as depraved as it is sometimes depicted. There are such things as noble actions. There are heroically noble acts. There is such a thing as miracles of grace triumphing over our baser nature.

Sidney Carton's heroism is only fiction, but it is truer than the storming of the Bastille, truer than all the horrid crimes of the French Reign of Terror. It is not a fact for the historian or the statistician to record. It is not a fact for the statesman to ponder or for the psychologist to explain. But it would do all men good to contemplate that forlorn figure, the ex-profligate Sidney Carton, outcast of men, who, repenting of his sins and wanting to do something finally

noble with his wasted life, goes about the streets of Paris in the early dawn, resolved to give up his life to save not his friend but his friend's husband. And he keeps repeating over and over again to himself the words that give him strength to make the ultimate sacrifice, the words that give him hope: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, although he be dead shall live forever." Chesterton calls this the noblest use ever made of a quotation.

IF MUCH modern literature is not great, it is because its view of life is false or faulty. Men are represented as if they were automatons, creatures of a feeling and of chance, possessing no free-will. Pleasure is represented as the only good. Suffering is pictured as an unmitigated evil. Death is pictured as the end of all things without hope of any life after death. Life itself is depicted as meaningless. This is not to mirror life but to distort it; not to depict the truth but to broadcast a lie.

There are indeed some literary critics who would seem to deny truth to literature. For them, literature is not a mirror of life not an imitation of human action: it is merely an ordering, more or less arbitrary; of subjective experience. Literature is good if it makes us feel good. For instance, Professor Richards says, speaking of tragedy:

The joy which is so strangely the heart of experience is not an indication that "all's right with the world' or that 'somewhere, somehow, there is Justice": it is in an indication that all is right here and now in the nervous system.

But this is to misread literature. This is to misread such great works as the epics of Dante and Homer and Vergil, the lyrics of Horace and Hopkins, or the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*: if we call these works great, it is not because they thrill our nervous system—though in their great moments they do—but because they afford us a view into life, breath-taking in its splendor, overpowering in its tragedy.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks!

cries Lear in his rage.

You sulphurous, and thought
executing fires,

Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving
thunderbolts,

Singe my white head!

And thou all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity
o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all
germens spill at once,

That 'makes ingrateful man!

That was the impotent rage of an old man, driven out into the storm by his daughters' ingratitude and by his own folly. And Macbeth, having supped full of horrors and having waded knee-

deep in blood so that "returning were as tedious as go o'er," says in weariness when he hears of his wife's death:

Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow,
a poor player

That struts and frets his hour
upon the stage

And then is heard no more.

It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound
and fury,

Signifying nothing.

If these lines are great, it is not great because they tickle the nervous system, nor because they are literally true in themselves, for they are not—life is *not* a walking shadow or a tale told by an idiot signifying nothing. It is not literally but dramatically true: that is, a man who has tried to achieve his ambitions by most foul means, and finds that he has thereby achieved nothing but his own ruin, would feel that life is a meaningless frenzy. If then these words are true it is because they bring home to us with singular power this fact: that to commit evil is never the way to happiness. Sin may result in apparent good for a while. It may bring wealth or power or pleasure or social prestige, as it did to Macbeth. But sin is disorder, sin is folly, and the result of folly is tragedy.

That is truth in literature.

* * *

Naples Means

Pizza Pies

... and no arguments about it!

A VISITING American recently had the audacity to suggest to a group of Neapolitans that the pizza was not invented in their city. He claimed it had been dreamed up years ago in New York by a baker of Italianate background.

Stunned and speechless for at least three seconds, the royal Neapolitans collectively fired at the challenger a salvo of several hundred thousand words, a vehement, voluble treatise on the history of the pizza, punctuated with windmill gestures. The American literally was forced to eat his words, in the shape of a pizza alla marinara, and then he fled to Rome.

There is no doubt but the pizza is as much a part of this robust, noisy city as the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius and the local dialect.

The pizza is not a poor man's dish, not a rich man's dish; rather, it is the common social denominator in this city of sharp contrasts.

The citizens of near-by Pompeii ate pizza 2,000 years ago, the Neapolitans point out. As proof, in the local museum there is a statue of a pizzaiolo (the man who makes the pizzas).

While the Neapolitans are pleased the pizza is taking hold throughout much of the United States, they claim the best pizzas are made only in the Bay of Naples area. It is like trying to convince a New Englander that Manhattan clam chowder is as good as the Boston variety, or trying to suggest to a southerner that succulent spoon bread can be cooked north of the Mason-Dixon line.

THERE are approximately 250 "pizzerie" in Naples, and collectively they serve over 20 varieties of pizzas.

The original pizza contained no tomatoes. They were not introduced until the end of the 16th century, when a roving Italian imported the plants from Peru. It is claimed the lava soil of Greater Naples

lends a special flavor to these pear-shaped tomatoes. The true pizza calls for fresh ones.

Garnish a pizza with what you will — clams, octopus, mushrooms—its basic quality is shrimp, sausage, anchovies, the dough. It must be kneaded and rolled hours before it is baked, and then rolled thin. There is only one cheese—the soft, watery mozzarella. In addition to the tomatoes, the right amount of olive oil and the proper dash of salt (no more than one can hold between thumb and forefinger) give the finishing touches.

A handful of fine shavings are tossed into the domed oven, and the uncooked pizza is push-

ed in on a flat wooden paddle. At the exact second, out it is pulled.

What to drink with a pizza? Wine, white and dry.

The old pattern hasn't changed. The interior of a pizzeria is the same. The walls are bare, the tables and cloths look the same. The dome-shaped oven is the same one that has been in use upward of 200 years.

At D'Angelo's in Vomero there is an aged mandolin player who once played mandolin for the Czar. It was in old St. Petersburg well before World War I, and the musician had gone there in answer to a royal command. Why did he leave? "No sun, too much snow, no pizza," he said.

* * *

KIND WORD FOR SPIDERS

Raymond Cowles, a zoologist, has taken up the defense of such insects as desert scorpions, black widow spiders, trap-door spiders and tarantulas.

Mr. Cowles said their bites may be painful but are not gravely dangerous to adult human beings, except in cases of special allergies. The sting of the large desert scorpion may be less severe to some persons than that of a bee, he added.

He pointed out that the sting of the Durango scorpion, found in southern Arizona and Mexico, had caused numerous deaths.

The bite of the black widow, while excruciatingly painful, is seldom fatal, he noted, and the fearsome looking tarantula is probably the most over-rated villain of all. It cannot inflict serious wounds nor is it aggressive.

Dr. Cowless said a tarantula was a fine pet and lived happily in captivity.

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 one of the following countries has a different form of government from the rest of the group? *A. Belgium; B. Ireland; C. Sweden; D. Netherlands.*

2. If you are interested in the military, you would know that the Gatling gun was the forerunner of the: *A. machine gun; B. bazooka; C. guided missile; D. revolver.*

3. Which of these names in Greek mythology would you associate with the Golden Fleece? *A. Jonah; B. St. George; C. Ulysses; D. Jason.*

4. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of your friend's wedding, you should give the couple, according to etiquette, something made of: *A. gold; B. copper; C. silver; D. diamond.*

5. Who is "Sachmo"? He is: *A. Rocky Marciano; B. Emperor Hirohito; C. Louis Armstrong; D. Frank Sinatra.*

6. President Eisenhower's famous "open skies" proposal, which Russia may soon accept in principle, deals with the subject of: *A. disarmament; B. trade embargo; C. espionage; D. cultural exchange.*

7. Standard fuel in most rocket-propelled missiles is: *A. kerosene; B. helium; C. nitrogen; D. liquid oxygen.*

8. You must have heard of Tomas Cloma, the Filipino claimant of a group of islands which he named: *A. Paradise islands; B. Freedomland; C. Clomaland; D. Kingdom of Humanity.*

9. Which of the following Filipino names is a stranger to the group? *A. Anita Magsaysay-Ho; B. Arturo Rogerio Luz; C. Carmen Guerrero Nakpil; D. Fernando Zobel.*

10. Recalling the unusually long dry spell recently, you would be interested to know that rain-producing clouds are known to weathermen as: *A. cirrus; B. stratus; C. cumulus; D. nimbus.*

ARE YOU WORD WISE
ANSWERS

1. (b) to goad or push
2. (d) to be on the boiling point
3. (a) ruffled or disheveled
4. (c) marked by cowardice
5. (a) inequality or unfairness
6. (b) intensity of feeling
7. (a) sluggishness or dormancy
8. (c) to give a wrong slant to
9. (d) concerning or about
10. (a) disturbance
11. (c) to beat or prevent
12. (c) not bold
13. (b) to speak monotonously
14. (d) rounded mass of irregular shape
15. (a) to make interested or enthusiastic
16. (d) to hinder from normal growth

PANORAMA QUIZ
ANSWERS

1. *B. Ireland* (a republic; rest are kingdoms)
 2. *A. machine gun*
 3. *D. Jason*
 4. *C. silver*
 5. *C. Louis Armstrong* (jazz musician)
 6. *A. disarmament*
 7. *D. liquid oxygen*
 8. *B. Freedomland*
 9. *C. Carmen Guerrero Nakpil* (writer; rest are painters)
 10. *D. nimbus*
-
17. (b) to cross by way of opposition
 18. (a) large vessel or cistern
 19. (a) a skin tumor
 20. (a) to resort to treachery

* * *

SEEING EYE

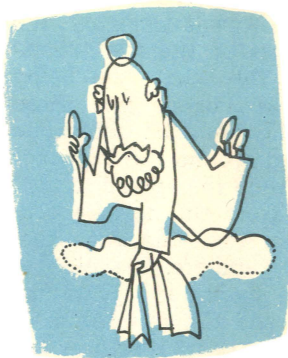
"BORESCOPE"—a tool adapted from instruments doctors use to peer deeply into patients' bodies—is helping examine insides of airplane propeller blades, boiler tubes, engine cylinders, and hundreds of other structures, according to National Electric Instrument Co. Borescope is a long tube with a tiny incandescent lamp and an objective lens in one end, and an eyepiece with ocular lens and erecting prism in the other. Through the length of tube, which may be only .09 inch in diameter, are achromatic intermediate lenses, plus wiring for the lamp. Device can be inserted through openings as small as 1/10th inch in diameter to view surfaces up to 20 feet away.

*

In the Beginning. . .

CHAPEL (a place of worship)

From the Latin *capella*, meaning a "short cloak, hood or cowl," comes the term "chapel." It specifically referred to the cloak worn by St. Martin of Tours, who died in the fourth century, and in whose memory the relic was preserved.



CANDIDATE (an aspirant for office)

In Latin *candidus* means "glittering" or "white," and in ancient Rome a man campaigning for office wore a white toga—hence our modern term "candidate."

CONGREGATION (an assembly of persons)

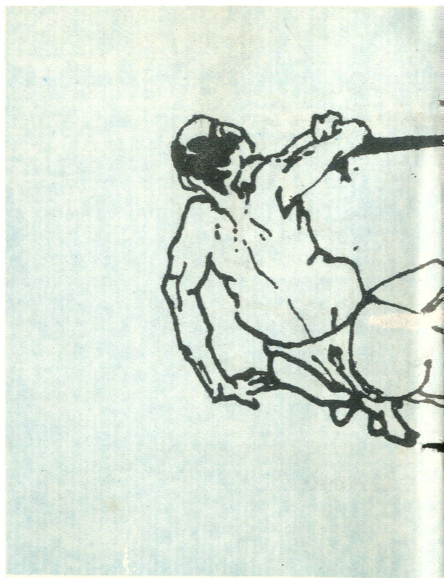
Again from the Latin *grex* or *gregis*, meaning "flock" or "herd," came the English term congregation. And today any gathering or assembly, whether or not resembling a herd or sheep, is called a congregation.



KIDO TAKAYOSHI (1833-1877) was one of the heroes of the Meiji Restoration, the other two being Okubo and Saigo. The three headed the band of reformers who rallied around the Emperor Meiji in 1868 to capture control of Japan from the military-feudal rule of the Tokuwaga shoguns. Long before, the old regime had exhibited symptoms of decay, and the restoration of Imperial power in 1868 was the product of broad historical forces.

The reforms which converted Japan into a world power in the next decade, however, resulted not so much from the culmination of long-term trends as from the determined efforts of Kido and his fellow-revolutionaries.

Perhaps the most powerful member of the new Meiji government from 1868 to 1871, Kido was the Jefferson of the Restoration. He was the author of three important documents which proclaimed the anti-feudal, pro-Western character of the new regime. The first was the Charter Oath of Five Articles, composed in collaboration with Privy Councilors Yuri and Fukuoka. The second was the petition to the Throne from four feudal lords of western Japan requesting permission to surrender title to their lands to the Emperor. Kido, the real author, had prevailed upon his own



Kido: Meiji Reformer

By SYDNEY D. BROWN

Lord Mōri to take the lead in this transfer of title deeds to strengthen the Empire.

Kido opposed feudalism because fragmentation of the Empire in the face of the foreign menace and before the threat of a new military dictatorship portended disaster. Likewise,



Postwar Japan would do well to look back to this democratic leader of a bygone era

he attacked the hereditary system which accompanied feudalism—a system which plagued Japan with incompetence in high office.

The third document was the Imperial proclamation of August 29, 1871, ordering the abolition of han, or fiefs, and the establishment of prefectures. The Oath had set forth the theory of centralized government; the petition of the four lords formed the legal basis for

centralization. Creation of a national army just prior to the proclamation of 1871 insured its success.

KIDO carried the attack on feudalism to success not out of doctrinaire contempt for the system but after personal observation of its shortcomings. His goals for Japan's modernization program were developed during the grand tour of America and Europe with the Iwakura mission (1871-1873). During the stay abroad, Kido concluded that constitutional government, universal education, mass circulation of books and newspapers, and citizen armies were the keys to Western strength.

But he favored gradual progress toward the best of Occidental institutions, and he criticized the radical young Japanese minister in Washington, Mori Arinori, who lavished praise on American civilization. Kido declared that indiscriminate borrowing might destroy all that was good in Japan. Kido agreed with Dr. David Murray of Rutgers, whom he hired to inaugurate universal education in Japan, that Japan must build on her own past.

The tour abroad converted Privy Councilor Kido from expansionist to reformer. Before 1871, his memorials on foreign policy had emphasized "the glory of the Empire"; after 18-

73, "the welfare of the people" became his foremost consideration. He protested bitterly at Saigo Takamori's concurrent occupancy of the civil office of Privy Councilor and the military post of commander-in-chief. For one thing, it ran counter to the established Western principle of separating civil and military duties; for another, it violated the spirit of the Meiji Restoration which had just overthrown military dictatorship. Nor would Kido's personal fortunes have thrived if war in Korea had strengthened the forces of feudalism and militarism. With Okubo, Iwakura, and Ito, Kido led the peace party to victory over Saigo's war party in October, 1873, and established a regime of peace, retrenchment, and reform. In May, 1874, however, Kido then Privy Councilor as well as Education Minister and Home Minister, left the government in protest at the expedition to Formosa which his onetime ally Okubo promoted to quiet unruly samurai.

With his famous memorial of September, 1873, Kido had already launched the constitutional movement. In America he had found the ideal of centralized government; in dismembered Poland he saw a warning against an inadequate constitution; and in Bismarck's Germany he discovered a method for achieving the ideal: the elite tutoring the uninform-

ed masses along the path to representative government. Though Kido's ideas were somewhat vague, he did advocate creation of a legislative body and specific enumeration of the rights and duties of subjects—all this to be done in accordance with the principle of gradualism.

The Kido's views served as the basis for a temporary compromise between Itagaki, exponent of parliamentary government, and Okubo, who favored continued government by the oligarchy. But in years to come, Kido's protegee, Ito Hirobumi, perverted the principle of gradualism" into an excuse for halting the movement towards representative government altogether.



IN 1876, Kido resigned his active government post when Okubo disavowed the Osaka agreement, but remained as Adviser to the Cabinet and Controller of the Imperial Household. As defender of the classes disinherited by the mercantilistic policies of Home Minister Okubo, Kido made his last contribution to the Restoration. He served as spokesman for the samurai who sacrificed their hereditary pensions on the altar of industrial progress, favoring continuance of sufficient stipends until the samurai had mastered new means of livelihood.

He championed the cause of the old nobility, fighting to make its members respected and financially independent peers in the new society. Finally, he was the peasant's patron, and obtained a short-lived reduction of the crushing land tax which

was the source of state patronized industrialization.

Personal observation of the impoverished rural region converted the onetime proponent of centralization into an advocate of decentralized government. Also, Kido, who once promoted reform imposed from above, began to advocate regeneration from below—first village assemblies then prefectural assemblies and ultimately a national assembly.

Ill health, a fiery temperament, and a failure to follow up his eloquent memorials with specific proposals prevented Kido from realizing the full promise of his career. But he brought conscience to foreign policy; he admired representative government; and he fostered economic liberalism. If postwar Japan must look to heroes of the past for guidance, it might well study the career of Kido Takayoshi.

* * *

Without End

*Love a girl and think her pretty,
Love a man and think him witty,
Love a lady that can't be yours,
And you've a love that endures and endures.*

*



Korea On Bicycles

MOTORISTS AND BICYCLISTS share the roads in the Republic of Korea. Approximately one out of every 20 Koreans owns a bicycle. He depends on his two-wheeler for transportation, shopping, and in the case of the small businessman, for delivery of goods. Students shuttle back and forth from school on bikes.

Until 1952, all bicycles were imported and high-priced. Each city had its small parts manufacturers to keep the vehicles in running condition, but no company actually made the bicycles from start to finish. All this was changed with the establishment of the KIA bicycle manufacturing factory in Pusan in 1952; and now sturdy cycles in light, medium and heavy-duty models are being assembled for the market at the rate of 2,000 a month.

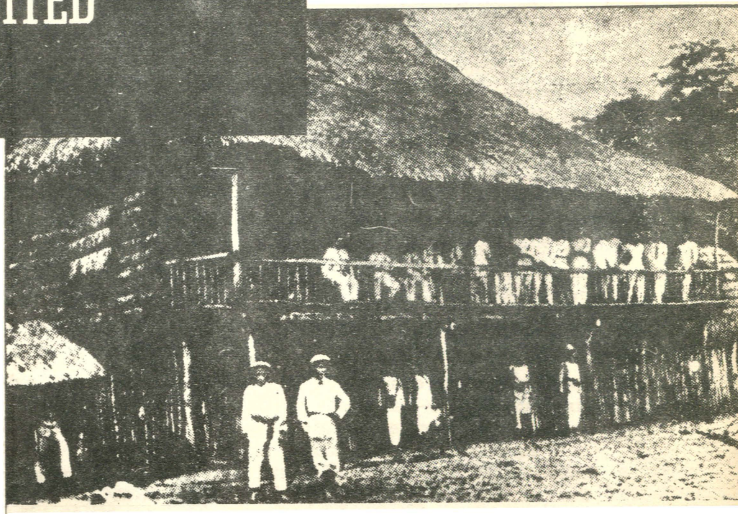
Only 30 percent of the parts must now be imported, for the major components of the bicycles—from axles to tires and tubes—originate in the KIA plant. The machine is a product of careful craftsmanship and precise construction.

The man responsible for this healthily-established business was once a small parts shop owner in Seoul. When the communists invaded South Korea, Kim Chol Ho and his 30 employees were among the many refugees who fled south to Pusan.

In the midst of war, Kim sought to do something that would aid his country and his former employees. With a loan of \$140,000 from the ROK government, he started what is up to the present the only bicycle assembly plant in the Republic of Korea. His old working mates now hold supervising positions in the industrial plant, which employs over 250 men and women and will soon be expanded to seven times its former size. The U.S. International Cooperation Administration (ICA), realizing the great need for more bicycles in the country for transportation and business purposes, has granted KIA a \$400,000 loan to build a new plant, which will produce motor tricycles along with the established bicycle models.



BIAK-NA-BATO REVISITED



BEFORE the Philippine Revolution broke out in August, 1896, a group of young men — seven of them — discovered a cleft that led to a mountain bastion. The men were hunters; they were also members of the secret society, the Katipunan which was to usher in fighting against the Spaniards. The men christened the place “biak-na-bato” because of the cleft. When the armed uprising did begin, the

seven young men, armed with shot-guns, took to this hideout. The Spanish garrison stationed in San Miguel, Bulacan learned about this and sent a platoon. The seven Katipuneros put up a battle and killed seventy Spanish soldiers. After that encounter, Bia-Na-Bato became famous. More recruits joined the camp of the seven men headed by Col. Melecio Carlos. Biak-Na-Bato became a stronghold of the Revolutionists.

Later, General Aguinaldo was to make Biak-Na-Bato his headquarters. A government house and a residence for the General were built in a plateau overlooking the plains. In the damp caves and in huts concealed among the rocks lived the soldiers and their families. Twenty-two generals, the whole staff of the revolutionary army, lived in Biak-Na-Bato. From here, Aguinaldo directed the guerrilla warfare against the Spanish. The General had decided, after the setbacks in Cavite, to fight this manner. "We can fight Spain for an indefinite period, wear out her resources, and oblige her to give up through sheer weakness," he said.

On November 1, 1897, fifty representatives of the Revolutionary government adopted a constitutional government, calling it the "Biak-Na-Bato Republic". The Revolution was intensified and it spread in various parts of Luzon. It was then that the Spanish authorities asked a Jesuit priest and a Spanish writer to negotiate with Aguinaldo. These initial efforts failed. Pedro Paterno, a Manila lawyer, offered his services to the Spanish governor-general. On the basis of Paterno's effort was the "Pact of Biak-na-Bato" concluded. On December 27, Aguinaldo and twenty-five officers of his staff left San Miguel for Sual, Pangasinan, where they took the steamer *Uranus*

for Hongkong in voluntary exile.

Recently, General Aguinaldo, wearing his faded *rayadillo* and grey hair, journeyed back to Biak-na-Bato to be the guest of the Reserve Officers Legion of the Philippines in its annual convention at the historic site.

TO REACH the place one now takes a ten-kilometer feeder road from the Bulacan highway. The fields and hillocks along the way are still there. Farmers on their bullcarts loaded with bamboo and firewood cut from the hills pause by the roadside to rest. On the stream beside the entrance flanked by the two boulders wallow some carabaos to escape the heat.



—Paterno

One takes the narrow path, leading to the caves and to the "bahay-paniki," the home of the bats, thousands of them. On white rocks are the names of excursionists who had gone there.

General Aguinaldo looked around the familiar scenes. "This was the site where we built our headquarters," he said, pointing at an elevated ground. An obelisk now marks the place. The old general still remembers the names of the Katipuneros who first discovered Biak-Na-Bato.

Biak-Na-Bato is now a national shrine. The adjoining forest has also been declared a national park. Easily accessible by car from Manila, the place recalls the twilight past of the Revolution, the battles fought by the Katipuneros against the Spaniards, the retreat of Aguinaldo, the lonely treks of Paterno in the negotiation for peace. The caves of Biak-Na-Bato must still carry the ghosts not only of those who fought there but also of a whole Revolutionary army that won our first battles for independence.

* * *

ANTIBIOTICS FROM BEES

French biologists have discovered two potentially valuable chemicals in "bee bread," a substance made out of pollen and stored by bees for winter use. One extract is a growth stimulator.

The antibiotic, according to M. Chauvin and M. Lenormand in a report submitted to the French Academy of Medicine, is particularly effective against a group of bacteria known as Salmonella that cause food poisoning, gastroenteritis and paratyphoid fevers.

The growth stimulator is said to have increased the hemoglobin (the oxygen carrier) in the blood of those to whom it has been given. Both findings are being investigated by British scientists.

"Bee bread" is a mixture of pollen and honey. Pollen from flowers and trees is the chief protein source of bees. Most of it is eaten by the young (larval) bees or their attendants in the hive as soon as it is collected by the workers.

But by adding a little honey, which has good "keeping" or picking properties, bees are able to store pollen in the form of "bee bread" for consumption in the winter months.

As normal pollen does not possess therapeutic or bacteriocidal properties, the investigators conclude that the chemical components of "bee bread" have been modified by secretions of the bees.

*



The "aerosoloscope," an electronic gadget, measures the impurities of the air

All these minute airborne particles, or aerosols, are so small that the usual unit of measurement is the micron, a length equal to 40 millionths of an inch or a thousandth of a millimeter. A cigaret smoke particle may be half a micron or less in diameter. Many germs are about one micron across, while ragweed pollen is a "giant" of 30-micron diameter.

Suspended by the unceasing bombardment of air molecules and transported by the slight-

The Unclean Air We Breathe

PURE AS THE AIR" has been made a meaningless cliché by modern day science. The air we breathe is rarely, if ever, a simple mixture of gases. Urban air contains dust, soot, smoke, smog, germs, and a mixture of industrial debris. To these are added mist, fog, water drops, spray, spores, pollens, and—lately—radioactive matter.

By SYDNEY KATZ

est of air currents, these particles may drift indefinitely without settling, although their densities may be much higher than the supporting atmosphere. While too tiny to reflect light conventionally, they tend to scatter the light in a complicated manner which appears

to depend on the composition and size of the particle rather than its intrinsic color.

Examination of aerosol particles always has been tedious. A widely-used method consists of collecting aerosol samples on glass slides, then counting and measuring them visually under the microscope.

This procedure has numerous defects in addition to its subjective dependence on the microscopist. Sampling is frequently far from representative, with small particles tending to rebound off the collecting surface and large ones, especially liquids, splashing.

The particles may run together or undergo distortion in the collecting process. Spheres tend to flatten and spread, and complex calculations are required to determine true size from observed measurements. Measurements are frequently close to the limits of optical resolution of the microscope.

But most serious, perhaps, is the loss of material from the slides due to evaporation and the lengthy time lag between collection of the aerosol sample and compilation of the data.

BEFORE THE recent development of the "aerosoloscope," other instruments and optical aids had been built or proposed for the examination of aerosols. These suffered from such deficiencies as lack of con-

venient method of standardization, errors of collection on a solid surface, unpredictability of electrostatic charging, limited size range, or slowness or inadequacy of the display of desired information.

About four years ago, Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology began a search for a solution to some or all of these problems. Under sponsorship of the Army Chemical Corps a project was undertaken in precise aerosol measurement.

It was agreed that an ideal instrument for aerosol examination should be able to count and measure the particles simultaneously at high speeds without "handling" or otherwise distorting them. Furthermore, the total count at any stage in the measurement should be available continuously throughout the measurement.

It was decided to use a light detection method in which the light scattered by a particle would be received by a photocell and be analyzed electronically.

The interaction of light with particles in the same size range as the wavelength of the light involves some interesting peculiarities. The laws of geometrical optics no longer apply. Light is not reflected, but is "scattered" by the particle in an irregular manner in all directions.

Light scattering phenomena have been studied by many scientists since an Englishman, Lord Raleigh, showed about a century ago that the blue of the sky was caused by light scattered by the molecules of the atmosphere.

The striking colors of colloidal matter suspended in liquids and gases were known to be caused by light scattered by the particles even before Gustav Mie developed, some fifty years ago, a rigorous solution to the problem based on Kelvin's developments of the electromagnetic nature of light.

The detection system of the new ARF-developed instrument works on an application of the principle that there exist quantitative relations between the size of a scattering object and the intensity of the light scattered.

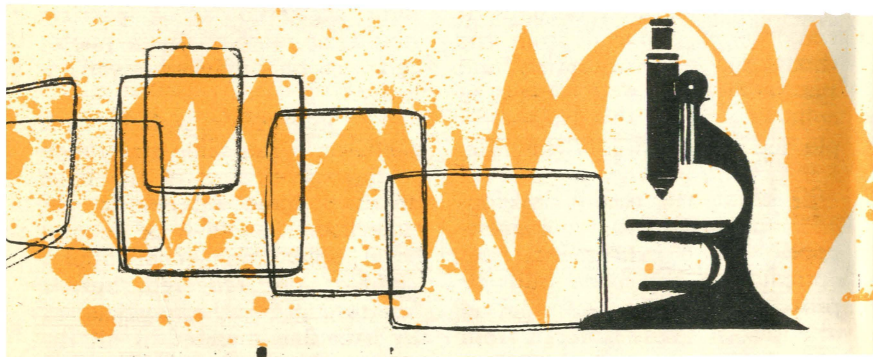
The components of the aerosoloscope are mounted on two

chassis. One cabinet houses the electronic system and the other contains the optical and aerosol control elements. A 50-foot cable connects the two, making remote control possible.

The aerosol section consists of a section of precise pumps, ducts, and controls. An intake system draws the aerosol stream into the instrument at about 110 feet per minute.

In cases where the particle concentration of the aerosol is excessive, automatic diluters reduce its number to more manageable levels. The aerosol then is reduced to a narrow stream, which intersects the focus of a powerful light source.

The instrument is designed to analyze aerosol systems of concentrations up to 10,000 particles per cubic centimeter. The maximum counting rate is about 6,000 particles per minute or about 1,000 times fast-



er than by the conventional microscopic method. Faster rates are possible, but they increase the possibility of erroneous counts due to false signals.

Two models of the instrument were built at Armour Research Foundation, and evaluated carefully over a period of many months. They have proved rugged, efficient, and highly stable throughout the period of these tests.

The aerosoloscope promises to have application in many fields of effort. In air pollution prevention studies, it will be useful in monitoring airborne contaminants such as dusts, industrial wastes, smoke-stack effluent, pores, and pollens.

Continuous monitoring of in-

dustrial reduction processes, such as grinding, milling, and catalyst modification in petroleum cracking units, now is possible with the device.

Flour mills, cosmetic producers, paint factories measuring minute pigment particles, and other organizations concerned with control of airborne contaminants will find the aerosoloscope helpful.

But it is especially promising in investigating the mechanisms of cloud and fog formation, since for the first time it now is possible to follow the rapid sequence of events associated with these phenomena. Meteorological studies of the future may well provide a berth for the device aboard airborne laboratories.

* * *

TO THE RESCUE

Weather forecasting throughout the world receives substantial assistance from the captains of ships at sea, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization observers.

In recognition of this cooperation, 12,000 ships' captains recently received a vote of thanks from members of the Commission for Maritime Meteorology of the World Meteorology Organization.

The captains, acting voluntarily, send regular radio weather messages. These reports are transmitted in international codes established by the World Meteorology Organization and adopted by all countries.

Whaling factory ships from different countries also give valuable support to world weather forecasting by transmitting weather reports from the Antarctic Ocean areas where no observations otherwise would be available.

This mass of weather data helps to insure the safety of human life not only at sea but also in the air. The information is made available to all airliners on international routes.



The Story of Hjalmar Schacht— Banker to Hitler

*How an economic genius disagreed
with the Feuhrer — and lived*

THE CAREER of Hjalmar Schacht mirrored the rise and decline of the German nation in the first half of the twentieth century. Both Schacht and Germany emerged from nineteenth century liberalism and experienced the proud hopes of pre-1914 patriotism, the frustrating humiliation of the Weimar Republic, the savage arrogance of Adolf Hitler, and, finally the horrible ruins of 1945.

Driven by ambition, Schacht rose from obscurity in 1923, less by virtue of his excellent education and sound banker's training than by his political contacts as a moderate democrat. Once in office he abandoned his friends in the center for the na-

By EDWARD N. PATERSON

tionalism of the right. As president of the Reichsbank from 1923 to 1930 he aided in the stabilization of the mark based on the Rentenmark plan which he had opposed as unorthodox. He maintained a continued concern to prevent a new inflation with such singleness of purpose that he permitted a damaging deflation, which was alleviated only by huge foreign loans pouring into Germany. These unnatural loans he deplored but dared not reject. Foreign loans were vital to Germany's continued prosperity because there was a severe shortage of capital

in Germany resulting from the great inflation and the reparation payments.

In 1929, as a result of Allied, rather than German, desires for a change, a new reparation agreement was negotiated. During the negotiations Schacht wished to reject Allied proposals but dared not for fear the foreign loans would be withdrawn from Germany. After minor changes had been made by later conferences he denounced the Young Plan with pent-up frustration and resigned his office in protest.

ONCE out of the office Schacht was greatly impressed by the September, 1930, Nazi election victory. After making exploratory contact with Hitler in January, 1931, he like other conservative businessmen, came to closer cooperation with the party the closer it came to electoral success. This was not from any belief in Nazi doctrine but in a belief in Nazi political power, which he hoped to use for his own doctrine of sound financing. Schacht was not instrumental in putting Hitler into office; Hitler was instrumental in putting Schacht into office.

With wide powers in the economy limited by the dependence on the profit motive and his own disinclination to chance capitalism, Schacht aided in the first Hitler goal—work creation through the advances of

credit. This plan was only mildly inflationary as long as there were unused manpower reserves in the country.

Work creation succeeded faster in Germany than elsewhere because of the large scale public investments designed to increase production rather than consumption. The major weakness of the economy was the imbalance between the production of capital goods and of consumption goods, the lack of the latter posing the major threat of inflation. Schacht perceived the danger and worked for increased consumption goods production.

This meant a decrease in rearmament and a return to normal economic practices. With the announcement of the Four Year Plan in October, 1936, Hitler decided that Schacht's policies would not provide enough for rearmament or the assurance of supplies in case of war. This decision meant that the imbalance was made more serious over Schacht's protests and that Goering rather than Schacht would thenceforth dominate the economy.

In foreign trade matters Schacht deliberately paid less of the foreign debt than would have been possible and used the savings to help finance rearmament. His "New Plan" was moderately successful in balancing international payments but could not provide for growing

rearmament needs. While bureaucracy was crippling private initiative, principally in foreign trade, Schacht hoped to return to freer practices. He used deception to acquire large clearing balance credits, particularly in the Balkans, but realized that financial tricks would not provide a permanent solution. He vainly urged increased exports to provide permanent supplies of raw materials.

ALTHOUGH he was never a believer in the Nazi *Weltanschauung* (he worked actively to curb anti-Semitism), Schacht believed at first in Hitler's integrity. This belief was destroyed in 1936-7, when Hitler refused to accept Schacht's economic advice. With the Fritsch crisis in February, 1938, what had been opposition to single aspects of the Nazi state became a plot to destroy it.

Schacht immediately joined an active conspiracy to overthrow Hitler and became the mainspring behind the coup planned in September, 1938, the most promising of all the coup attempts. The implementation of the planned coup was prevented by the Munich concessions to Hitler, which removed the basis of popular discontent: the fear of war.

After this tragic failure Schacht never regained his optimistic drive. He remained hostile to the regime; he tried to

prevent the invasion of Poland in August, 1939, which he described as a terrible crime; he was not reconciled by Hitler's overwhelming victories.

Like others of the underground he took no further action until the tide of battle turned in 1943, since popular support was behind a winning Hitler. He was party to the *Attentat* attempt July 20, 1944, and was arrested three days later. Although most of his co-workers were executed, Schacht was not, chiefly for lack of evidence against him.

He was acquitted by the Allies of the enumerated war crimes in the Nuernberg indictment because it could not be proved that he had known of Hitler's aggressive plans and because he had actually worked to limit German rearmament until his release from office in January, 1939. Had he succeeded in reducing rearmament expenditures or in his pre-Munich plot, World War II might not have occurred in 1939.

Schacht, though cynically cunning and ambitious, demonstrated by risking his life in the underground that he was capable of self-sacrifice in the common good. Economically he was conservative and successful. Politically he was radically and tragically unsuccessful in matching wits and resources with Adolf Hitler.

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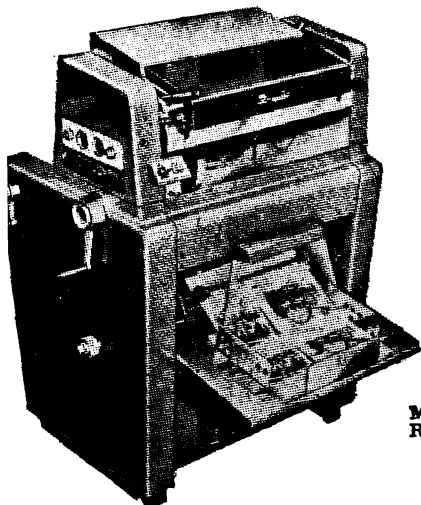
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