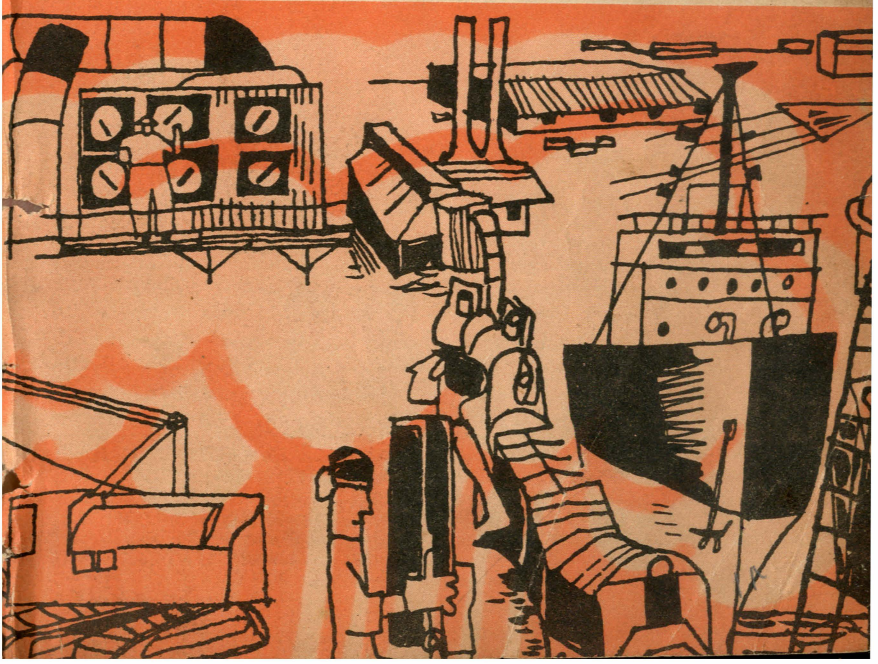
Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

FEBRUARY
1955

Atoms for Peace

Last chance for man?



CONTENTS

ARTICLES

POETRY

FICTION

REGULAR FEATURES

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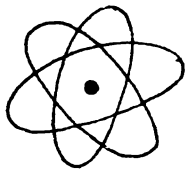
Atoms for Peace



The more we use nuclear energy for peacetime purposes, the less are we likely to use it elsewhere

THE DEADLY ATOM may soon be harnessed for the benefit of man.

This exciting possibility became clear lately as the United States and Russia, chief protagonists in the cold war, agreed to support an atoms-for-peace plan in the United Nations. According to the plan, an international scientific conference will be called about the middle of this year. At this confab a blue-print for the peacetime exploitation and disposal of atomic energy will be drawn.

The plan is significant in a number of ways.

For the cause of a World Peace that is near collapse, harnessing the atom may prove to be the vital plasma. Not since the founding of the United Nations in 1945 has there been such cordial unanimity among the member nations. In the nine or ten years of its existence, the U.N. has seen the

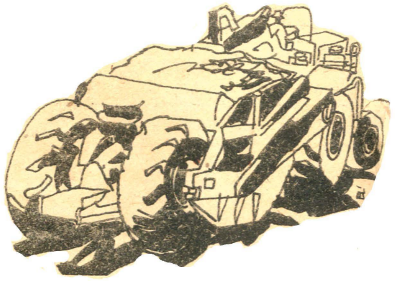
world hop from strife to strife, often helpless to lift a finger. Controlling the dreaded atom may signal the beginning of a fruitful cooperation between Russia and the West. It may even end the cold war.

In another vital sense, the and economic prosperity for the neglected countries of the world. With nuclear energy, power needed for factories and agricultural projects can be made available at low cost. The underdeveloped countries, which are generally considered hotbeds of discontent and war, stand to profit most under the proposal.

But what exactly is this atoms-for-peace plan? When and how did it start?

The first concrete proposal to make the atom work for peace was made by President Eisenhower on December 8, 1953. Aware of the appalling consequences that a nuclear war would bring, the American president presented the atoms-for-peace plan as a means of preventing the atom from running amok.

Nothing came of the proposal for almost a year. The Soviets, whose active cooperation was deemed essential, would not lend a hand. They had insisted that nuclear weapons must first be destroyed before any peaceful use of atomic energy might be considered.



The Soviet stand appeared reasonable enough. In effect it argued that the effort to build world peace is indivisible. One cannot erect an edifice by simultaneously hiring a crew of carpenters on the one hand and wreckers on the other. The house of peace is not built that way.

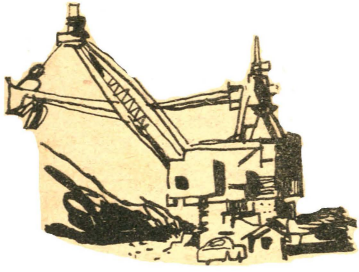
But the fallacy of the Russian argument lies in this: that without constructive effort, the house will not even be started! While the world went on a mad armaments race, no one had so much as bothered to *plan* the foundations of peace.

Then one day last September, President Eisenhower boldly announced that the United States was going ahead with its atoms-for-peace plan regardles of the Soviet stand. He spoke during the ground-breaking ceremonies for the world's first

full-scale commercial atomic power plant which was being set up at Shippington, Pennsylvania.

Eisehower's statement was the needed cue. Russia could not ignore the challenge without running roughshod over world opinion. Already she had lost precious ground in the cold war with the conclusion of the SEATO and the London accords. She had to join the bandwagon of peace.

The Eisenhower plan has these main features: (1) An international pool of fissionable materials to be used for industry and agriculture purposes; (2) creation of an international agency of participating countries, possibly along the lines of a specialized agency of the U.N., such as the World Health organization, and the food and agriculture organization; and (3) calling of an international scientific conference to discuss the peacetime uses of atomic energy.



Eight nations are now committed to the plan: the United States, Britain, France, Canada, Belgium, Portugal and South Africa.

The Russian delegates in the U.N. scanned the proposal and shook their heads. There were flaws in the plan. The late Andrei Vishinsky, a few weeks before he died, had declared with reservations that Russia "warmly supported the idea." But the Russians wanted to insert two conditions: first, the question must be put before the security council (where Russia could use the veto); second, Red China must be included in the scientific conference.

To both suggestions the West said "*No.*" When the question was taken up in the 60-nation political committee, the Soviet terms were rejected, and the original plan approved unanimously. Russia voted with the rest.

Evidently to prove her sincerity, the United States offered, some days before the United Nations voted on the plan, 100 kilograms of fissionable material. This is said to be the mass equivalent to that contained in one atomic bomb, and can start a peacetime atomic reactor. Great

The Broken World

A FEW days ago I was impressed by what I saw in a neighbor's back yard. On a heap of discarded junk lay the shattered fragments of a large world globe. I made no inquiry as to what had happened, but I could easily surmise that one of the children in the family had accidentally struck the globe with an object, which had broken it—just as you and I, and our fellows here and everywhere, have torn asunder the world in which we live by casting against the volley of our hatred, the spears of our distrust, and the incendiary bombs of our misunderstanding.

"It is so easy to get lost in the world," wrote John Burroughs. And when we do get lost, we are apt to become frantic, and tear up something in our efforts to regain our bearings—all of which only adds to our troubles. Man has permitted himself to become lost on earth, until he does not know where he is going, or why. In his desperation, he has attacked his neighbors, and shattered the world into fragments, and still he does not know what life is all about. He thinks the world is dirty, for me is gazing at it through his own dirty glasses.

Civic loyalty and national pride are commendable if they do not get out of hand. But if we are blinded by them to the extent that we wish a neighboring town, or another nation, to be taken off the map, we have more pride than is good for us. Long ago a Teacher exhorted his followers to swallow their personal pride when He said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." In these days I think He would say, "Seek ye first a world attitude."

This we must have—all of us—before mankind can put the broken world together again.

A few years ago Edna Ferber wrote: "The world is at sea on a raft in a hurricane." How true of these days! A consolation, however, lies in the thought that most rafts eventually drift in to shore. Perhaps the world, too, will be saved —not by drifting, but by the concerted efforts of those who would reunite and redesign its broken fragments.

You and I can be numbered among these world architects.

—LEO BENNETT from *Sunshine Magazine*

Britain, following suit, donated 20 kilograms. It was hoped that other countries, particularly Soviet Russia, would make similar contributions.

These nuclear materials will be used to set up reactors in underdeveloped countries, to furnish much-needed power for industry. Under the atom plan, too, the member countries will invite foreign scientists for training in the United States and the more advanced centers of nuclear research. There will also be a free exchange of atomic know-how.

Two-thirds of the world's nations, according to the U.N. survey in 1949, get only 15% of the total world income, the per capita income being about $55. These are the countries that stand to benefit most from the plan.

The role of the small nations in the proposed program was pressed early by the Philippine delegates to the United Nations. They contended—with reason—that as participants in the program, the small nations have a right to be heard in the deliberations. Belligerent Carlos P. Romulo, in his best Red-fighting mood, boomed out in the United Nations assembly: "Let us put it clearly: this is a challenge to the Soviet Union. This is a competition. Let us have the Soviet Union take part for everybody's benefit, including its own." This was before any direct contribution was made by any country. And when the United States did give its 100 kilograms, the press credited Romulo for the idea.

In the meantime, a five-man U.S. joint congressional committee on atomic energy visited the Philippines early in December. The solons were on a survey tour of the Pacific area to "stir up interest" in the Eisenhower atom plan. They expressed the view that the Philippines, with its potential uranium deposits, would be an active cooperator in the program.

From Manila the group was proceeding to Formosa and thence to Pakistan and India. The information gathered during the survey will help the United States formulate concrete plans as soon as the United Nations general assembly, which is expected to act with dispatch, finally approves the atoms-for-peace plan.

Thus far the mighty atom.

We may actually be a long way to world peace. Nuclear weapons still have to be banned and armaments reduced. But as one of the visiting solons said, the more we use atomic energy for peacetime purposes, the less we are likely to use it elsewhere.

—From the *Philippine Journal of Education*, January 1955.

To what extent must the State control private schools? What are the responsibilities of private educational institutions in a democratic country like ours? In this article the secretary of education answers these vital questions.

PRIVATE EDUCATION and the GOVERNMENT

By GREGORIO HERNANDEZ, Jr.
Secretary of Education

●

THE WEALTH of a nation is of two kinds, material and spiritual; and of these two, spiritual wealth, the treasures of mind and heart, are by far the most valuable. If, then, we hail with joy the inauguration of a new power project or irrigation system, how much more ought we to rejoice at the foundation of every new university, in which the cultural patrimony of our people shall be preserved, developed, and transmitted to our posterity!

It is well known that our Constitution prescribes certain definite objectives to be achieved by all educational institutions, private as well as public, for we read that "all schools shall aim to develop moral character, personal discipline, civic conscience;

From an address delivered on the occasion of the inauguration of the University of Nueva Caceres at Naga City, Camarines Sur on December 15, 1954.

and vocational efficiency, and to teach the duties of citizenship." In order to ensure that these objectives are attained, the Constitution endows our government with supervisory powers over all schools: "all educational institutions should be under the supervision and subject to regulation by the State."

If it is asked how far this supervision should extend with reference to private educational institutions, the Constitution provides us with the answer, or rather, with the key principle from which the answer must be derived. This is the provision recognizing "the natural right and duty of parents in the rearing of youth for civic efficiency" and ordaining that this natural right and duty should receive the aid and support of the government.

In thus recognizing the primary right of parents to educate their children, our Constitution recognizes the right of parents to choose the school which shall help them to impart this education. Monopoly of education by the State is therefore excluded by our Constitution; and by the same token, any form of government supervision is excluded which would reduce private schools to a dead official uniformity and thus result in a State monopoly no less effective because it is masked.

It is clear, then, that government "supervision and regulation" must be interpreted in the light of government "aid and support." It is not the intention of our Constitution to *supplant* the right of parents to educate, but to *supplement* that right. And since the right of private schools to exist is merely a practical extension of the right of parents to educate, the Constitution is rightly interpreted as excluding, in the language of the United States Supreme Court, "any power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only."

However, if the private school is to enjoy this right to aid parents in the fulfillment of their duty to educate, it must zealously discharge the grave obligation which it implies, namely, fidelity to the trust which both the parents and the State repose upon it for the proper education of the nation's youth. And because private education is thus vested with a public aim and a public interest, it is legitimately within the prerogatives of the State, as the guardian of public order and general civic welfare, to supervise the private school at all times, and when necessary to prescribe regulations for its proper conduct.

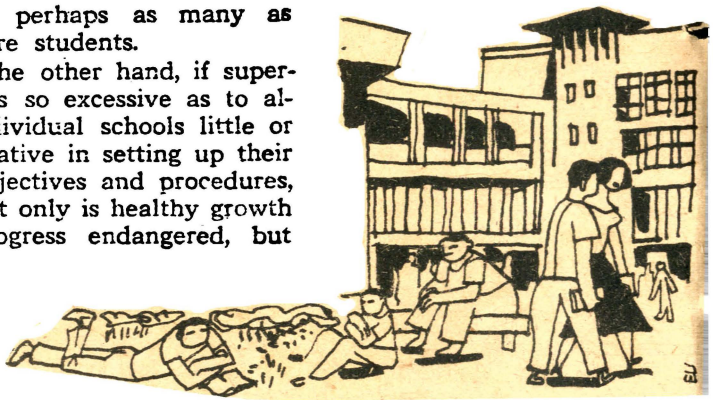
In brief, the private school can achieve its purpose only if it is both free and responsible, and it is the function of good government to protect its freedom on the one hand, and to ensure its responsibility on the other.

TO MAINTAIN the balance between freedom and responsibility—such is the difficult and delicate task of government supervision of private educational institutions. If extreme measures are dangerous everywhere, they are nowhere more fatal than in this area. For if there is insufficient supervision and schools and students are permitted to do as they please, then accreditation becomes impossible. Credits and degrees would lose all meaning, and we would be reduced to the absurd situation of having as many A.B.'s or M.A.'s as there are schools, perhaps as many as there are students.

On the other hand, if supervision is so excessive as to allow individual schools little or no initiative in setting up their own objectives and procedures, then not only is healthy growth and progress endangered, but supervision becomes dictation, and a virtual state monopoly of education, contrary to our constitutional law, is established.

I am well aware that our government is often and sometimes sharply criticized for excessive rather than deficient supervision of private schools. Such criticism would certainly be justified if government supervision results in the curtailment of healthy experimentation and initiative. It would also be justified if the attempt is made to force private schools to conform to the public school pattern in all respects. Such, however, is not the policy of our government as I understand it.

I would like to call the attention of the critics of our supervisory policy that if the impression of highhandedness and excessive regulation is given by



the government, it may be due to a legitimate concern to protect the nation, the parents and the private schools themselves from the great plague of private educational institutions, namely, commercialism.

Private schools should carefully consider that when they accept tuition fees from students, they assume a very serious obligation in justice with respect to the students, to their parents, and to the nation at large, to provide the kind of instruction worth the sacrifices, which those tuition fees represent. Let them remember that the aim and purpose of their existence is not primarily to make money out of their students, but primarily to render a public service, for which they have a right to demand a just but modest recompense.

Let them consider that if certain schools, inverting this due order, make profits their primary consideration, then the department of education has a clear mandate not only to inspect, examine, supervise and regulate such schools, but if necessary to suppress them in the public interest.

SUB-STANDARD private schools, no matter what their size or influence or alleged power with the government, must see to it that they raise standards; that they do not admit unqualified students indiscriminately for the sake of fattening their enrollment lists; that they strictly enforce promotion and graduation requirements, and not make graduation contingent merely on the payment of fees; that they do not sacrifice normal plant maintenance and expansion to dividends; that they pay proper salaries to their faculties and do not overburden them with hours at the expense of their efficiency; in short, that they do all in their power to make the diploma they confer not a badge of falsehood but a symbol of demonstrated excellence.

It is the private schools tainted with commercialism, the so-called diploma mills, which will be rigorously supervised and regulated by the State. These schools sacrifice public interest to private profit. Often they must be threatened with closure before they will purchase equipment to match enrolment and grant reasonable terms of employment to their faculties.

Immediately after the war, when our educational system lay prostrate among the ruins of our burned and bombed-out school houses, there was some justification for a policy of laxity in the enforcement of standards, on the purely pragmatic principle that it was better to have poor schools than no schools at all. But that regret-

table situation is now a thing of the past.

We can no longer afford to have sub-standard schools, and this is especially true in the critical area of teacher training. We simply cannot entrust the education of our children to the so-called graduates of junior normal colleges operated primarily for profit. Prompt and drastic measures must be taken in this matter. All sub-standard normal schools must be closed down.

BUT while insisting that all private educational institutions should strive for the noble objectives outlined in the educational policy of our Constitution, we also realize the peculiar difficulties which private schools have to cope with in this country. Not the least of these difficulties is the financial one. For while private educational institutions in other countries are normally supported by generous endowments, in this country they are assimilated to commercial ventures in that they are under the necessity of attracting capital investment for physical plant, equipment, libraries, etc., and of depending largely on tuition fees for operating expenses. Moreover, they have to pay their share of taxes, like other commercial enterprises, though to a lesser extent.

Nor is it feasible to grant charters of operation only to those private schools which can be supported either wholly or in part by endowment; for it is clear that some of the private schools now in operation are filling, and on the whole efficiently filling, a need which the government would otherwise have to supply.

In the last analysis, however, no amount of government supervision can take the place of competent administration by zealous educators who know what they are doing, and like those selfless religious orders, guilds and associations of the Middle Ages in which the institution of the university takes its rise, dedicate their efforts and their whole lives to the glory of God, the advancement of learning, and the welfare, both temporal and eternal, of the Christian commonwealth.

* * *

Determination

Ma told Pa: "Junior says he needs an encyclopedia for school."

Answered Pa: "Shucks! If he wants an education, he'll have to walk to school like I did."

The Palace of Death

Five short essays by Emily Bronte, author of *Wuthering Heights,* came to light some time ago. The manuscripts are now in America, and they were published in England by the Bronte Society. Very recently, two more essays—one on Napoleon and another about intemperance—were discovered. Originally written in French, "The Palace of Death," the essay on intemperance, was translated by an Englishman and published by *The Listener* of London last November.

A nineteenth-century author, Emily Bronte remains as one of the most mysterious figures in English literature. She was the second of three sisters, all novelists; the other two were Charlotte and Anne. Emily died of tuberculosis at the age of 30. A brother, Branwell, also died at that age, but of a different cause: he was a confirmed drunkard and died as such.

"The Palace of Death" is an allegorical piece written in the style of fifteenth-century masques. That it condemns intemperance and places it at the top of all vices can be explained by Emily's loathing for excessive drinking, which hastened her brother's death.

LONG AGO, when men were few, death lived frugally and husbanded her means. Her only minister was then Old Age, who kept the gates of her palace and brought in a solitary victim from time to time to appease her mistress's hunger. This abstinence was soon rewarded: Her Majesty's prey prodigiously increased, and Old Age discovered she had too much to do.

It was at this time that Death decided to change her methods, and to nominate new assistants and a Prime Minister. On the day appointed for the choice the

silence of the sombre palace was broken by the arrival of candidates from every shore; vaults, chambers and galleries echoed with the sound of steps coming and going, as though the bones strewing their pavements had come suddenly to life; and Death, looking down from her throne, smiled hideously to see what multitudes were hurrying to serve her.

Among the first comers were Rage and Vengeance, who placed themselves before Her Majesty, disputing loudly about the justice of their claims. Envy and Treason appeared in the shadows beyond; Famine and Pestilence, supported by their companions Sloth and Avarice, took up convenient positions in the crowd, and cast a scornful eye on the other guests. They were obliged, however, to give way when Ambition and Fanaticism appeared. The retinues of these two persons filled the council chamber, and they imperiously demanded immediate audience.

"I do not doubt," said Ambition, "that Your Majesty will be just in your decision; but what is the use of wasting time in vain disputes when a glance suffices to single out the one who alone is worthy of this office? Who are all these claimants who besiege your throne? What can they do in your service? The most able among them can no more govern your empire than a soldier, whose sole quality is courage, can command an army. They know how to strike a victim here and there; they can bring down a feeble prey, men on whom your mark has been visible from birth; but these are the limits of their usefulness; whereas I shall bring to your gates the flower of the race, those who are the very furthest from your power: I shall harvest them in their prime and bring them to you as offerings in plenty. Besides, my resources are vast: my conquests are not made by the sword alone: I have other agents, allies secret but powerful: Fanaticism himself is but an instrument whom I employ."

At these words Fanaticism tossed his savage head, and lifting towards Death an eye alight with madness, thus addressed her: "I know this braggart would like to borrow my arms and march under my banners, but is that a reason for presuming to compare herself with me? Not only shall I be as powerful as she in undermining states and laying waste kingdoms, but I shall penetrate into families, setting the son against the father, the daughter against the mother. Inspired by me, the faithful friend will become the mortal enemy, the wife betray her husband, the servant his master: none can resist me.

shall bestride the earth beneath the stars of heaven and crowns shall roll like stones under my feet. As to the others, they are not worthy of notice. Rage is unreasonable, Vengeance partial, Pestilence capricious, even famine can be overcome by industry. Your Prime Minister must be one who is always near to men, surrounding and possessing them. Decide, then, between Ambition and me: we are the only ones between whom your choice can waver."

FANATICISM fell silent, and Her Majesty was pausing in doubt between the two, when the doors of the chamber opened and there entered a person before whom all drew back in amazement. She had a face which seemed to shine with health and joy, her step was light as the breeze, and Death herself at first seemed uneasy at her approach. However, she soon took heart. "You know me," said the stranger: "I come later than the rest, but I know my cause is just. Some of my rivals are terrible, I own, and it is possible I shall be outdone in noisy deeds which impress the vulgar; but I have a friend before whom this whole assembly will be forced to yield: her name is Civilisation: in a few more years she will inhabit this globe with us, and every century will increase her power. In the end she will seduce Ambition from your service; Rage she will curb with the restraints of law, she will disarm Fanaticism, drive out Famine among the savages. I alone will flourish under her rule. The power of the others will die with their supporters; mine will exist even when I am dead. When once I am known to the father, my influence will lay its hand upon the son: and before ever men unite to banish me from their midst, I shall have changed their very nature, making the entire species your easy prey. So effectively shall I do this, indeed, that Old Age will find his task a sinecure, and your palace will be glutted with your victims."

"Say no more," cried Death, descending from her throne to embrace Intemperance — for this was the stranger's name. "Enough that I know you. For the rest, I have important and profitable work; they shall all be my ministers: but for you alone is reserved the title of Viceroy!"

* * *

YOU PAY *Too Much* FOR INSURANCE

●

INSURANCE companies are flourishing in the Philippines. They are making excessive profits. Some of them are now actively engaged in large construction, in building promotion and in housing projects. They do not seem to know what to do with the money they collect for premiums. Underwriters are legion.

The question is: Are not these life insurance companies overcharging the public?

It is a fact that a large number of policies have been written as a result of high pressure salesmanship. The result is that they are left to lapse. In such cases, the insured loses his money completely. Of course, the company conveniently comes back saying that it has itself undertaken a risk. It would be interesting to make an statistical study of the number of death cases from policies which lapse for failure of payment during the second or third year.

With this fact in mind, let us study the business.

Insurance gives you a sense of security. It infuses you with peace to know that a big, solvent organization will take care of you and your family in cases of emergency.

In most cases, however, you do not completely understand the intricacies of the business. A salesman who knows how to smile approaches you. He talks in a portentous way and he arouses your latent tragic sense. He shows you statistics. He quotes researchers who have tackled the problems of life and mortality in the modern world. Then from the jaws of his briefcase he pulls out tables, premium rates computations, additional benefits and

Here are some reasons why insurance rates are exorbitant

charts of advantages that will accrue to your beneficiaries. He has a prepared contract and before you know it you have signed on the dotted line.

The salesman may not have gypped you, but he has sold you an insurance policy with a range of protection you cannot fully assess. You do not know in what way you are protected.

INSURANCE, first of all, is basically protection; protection against a calculated risk. Insurance is a way of taking the element of chance and reducing it to predictable odds. Insurance is our way of taking advantage of our uncertain future which to the insurance people is not at all uncertain.

Let us take an example. You are between 30 and 40, say, 35 years old. You are healthy, married and you have several children.

Nobody on earth can predict when you'll die. But insurance men have an insight into this. Experience and study have given them a table of mortality rates that shows all life experiences at every age. If you look at such a table you'll see that of every 100,000 persons aged 35, 459 will die within a year. So your chances of dying is less than 1 in 200.

Supposing that you, and 99,999 other men in your age bracket, decide to take out a ₱1,000 policy for your family. All of these men pay ₱4.59 each as his first premium, thus raising the sum of ₱459,000. This amount will be exactly enough to pay ₱1,000 to the familiy of each of the 459 dead members of the 100,000 group. At the end of the year, you lose your ₱4.59 but 459 families are ₱1,000 richer. Thus the insurance pool, as it is called, has served its purpose.

The next year another pool will be formed. Because now you are slightly older, the premium is also slightly higher. At 36 years of age, 486 out of 100,000 die (according to the mortality table again). To cover the families of those who will die, the pool should total ₱486,000. This year you'll have to pay ₱4.86. The payment is graduated in this manner until the age of 100. At this age, you have to pay a premium of ₱1,000 for a ₱1,000 insurance.

All insurance is based on the same basic costs. Now, you are probably wondering how the company makes money. The insurance salesman has shown you, without interrupting his talk, added "specials" to this basic insurance. These "specials" make your policy more elaborate. One "special," for example, is loans against your policy or dividends when a certain point is reached. You pay for this but it does not increase your basic insurance.

EQUALITY of rates has long been a tradition among insurance companies in the United States and the Philippines. No matter what amount of insurance a man buys, he pays the same price per thousand as any other customer with the same age and health rating. But this tradition is now being broken in the United States. This change has been begun by large American companies giving quantity discounts on "specials."

As examples, New York Life Insurance Co. and Equitable Life Assurance Society cut rates some 15% on policies of $10,000 and up. Travelers Insurance Co., John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co. and others are pushing their own "specials" to meet the competition. *Time Magazine* of January 3, 1955, reported that one insurance executive said: "We are competing with General Motors and Westinghouse for the average man's dollar, and we admit the average man can not afford the kind of insurance coverage that he needs."

Some insurance companies have expressed opposition. But the fact is that as respectable an organization as Metropolitan Life has had special policies since 1909. Yet until recently big companies hesitated to advertise discounts on big policies because they felt that they might be accused of discrimination.

Most big companies, however, have discovered that the quantity discount and such special policies as group insurance push up the business. New York Life began advertising special policies in March, 1954. Since then, its total sales have gone up by 40% giving it $1.4 billion in face value of policies written in 1954. Equitable Life reports a very substantial increase because of lower prices. Some 30% of the policies of New England Mutual Life are now special policies.

But while special policies are less costly, they are harder to get. Generally, they are issued after stricter medical exams and one-year advance payment of premiums. "One justification for lower rates is the lower cost of administration. The expense of handling an application and writing a policy, for example, is is the same whether the policy is for $1,000 or $10,000. (One company has even started tacking on an extra handling charge for policies under $3,000.) Furthermore, says one Boston actuary: "Size alone is not the determining factor; mortality rates are higher among people who buy $1,000 and $2,000 policies than among those who buy big policies."

The reason seems to be that persons with larger incomes

HIGH COST

LIFE expectancy in many countries all over the world has increased. Why are not all insurance rates dropping? One reason is that administrative expenses of insurance companies are going up on account of fabulous salaries of their officials and employees.

Time says: "Another important reason for the high cost of insurance is that each insurance company works out its own mortality table, builds in one safeguard after another to pile up a massive reserve to protect itself against *catastrophes* and meet legal requirements. The mutual companies (i.e., policyholders participate in profits), which sell 70% of U.S. life insurance, pay out surplus earnings as *dividends to* policyholders.

"But to the policyholder, an insurance *dividend* is actually no earning. Says Northwestern Mutual Vice President Robert E. Dineen: 'In our business a dividend is actually the return of an overcharge, and to that extent the term *dividend* is somewhat of a misnomer.' Although U.S. insurance companies have policy reserves of $71 they will pay out less than $5 billion for death benefits, annuities, dividends, etc., in 1954.

"One insurance executive believes that the major hindrance to changing rates is simply intertia. Said he: 'There was a feeling in the business that things were going along pretty good as they were, that a change would give rise to a whole new series of problems and why rock the boat?' "

have a higher standard of living and so can afford to take better care of their health.

THE first thing you should learn about basic insurance is that up to the age of 60 you can buy a policy that protects you against the actual risk of death.

This is called the Term insurance and as the word implies, it insures your life for a certain period of time. A Term insurance extends to four, five or more years, after which it may be renewed and for which you have to pay more premiums but without the trouble of a medical examination.

The Term insurance is the cheapest form of insurance you can buy through middle age and it gives the most protection for your money. The Term insurance is the pool arrangement we have described, although it costs a little bit more than the theoretical figures that were given. Not all the insurance companies, however, sell Term insurance. An insurance salesman will guide you deftly away from

this kind of policy.

You might want to have cash values along with your insurance. Cash values are benefits you can draw when you need money and it is a safeguard that your insurance will remain in force even though you couldn't meet the premiums.

But there's a catch to cash values. Cash values are not the same as bank savings. You do not get both the savings and the insurance when you draw an expensive policy. If you keep the insurance in force until you die, your family does not get those savings but only the face value of the policy.

WITH these facts in mind, let us then draft a few rules.

First: Determine how much insurance you want: ₱5,000, ₱10,000, or ₱20,000. Then find out how much this will cost you with ordinary life insurance policies, with twenty- or thirty-payment policies, or even with elaborate endowment policies. If you can afford the long-range plans of leveled premiums, get that. If you can't, don't decrease your insurance. Scale down, instead, on your premiums by getting cheaper insurance, and if you buy Term insurance make sure that it is renewable and convertible, meaning that it can be converted into ordinary life insurance.

Second: Remember that the more expensive the policy, the more you pay for "savings" from which you may never get anything. Expensive policies give advantages and special safeguards for your financial future. But they do not offer you more insurance for your money. Your family doesn't get a centavo more insurance for your money.

Third: If you can afford it, get both types of insurance. You can begin with convertible term insurance and later change it into a straight life policy. This will give you cheaper protection for certain periods of time.

Fourth: As much as possible do not allow an insurance salesman to dazzle or sweet talk you.

* * *

Justice is truth in action.—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

Haggling is an Art

The widespread practice of petty bargaining is a waste of time, money — and histrionic talent

By Amelia L. Lapeña

ON THE woes of marketing, any average housewife will tell you how she must be analyst, psychologist, mind reader and mock actor all in one. The gentle art of marketing demands of a housewife complete synchronization of all such assets if she hopes to strike the so-called "perfect bargain."

What is a "perfect bargain?" A shrewd hand in the art of marketing will readily admit that there is no such thing as a "perfect bargain," if by the term, one would mean getting a quality merchandise below its actual cost. Even in clearance sales where goods are dumped on counters for quick disposal, managerial control would always demand a comfortable margin for clerks, janitorial help, floor rent and, of course, profit for the management.

The "perfect bargain," it seems, is reached in the mind, and—only in time. It is reached when one admits, after actual use, that the ware deserves more than the price paid for it. It is also reached when one becomes convinced that he has been rather shrewd in paying so little for a ware that is giving him more pleasure than he expected of it.

Part of the bickering is instinctive. A housewife spies a piece of merchandise and picks out its good points. She bears down the weight of her analytic judgment, turns the piece at all conceivable angles and, convinced that it is far from reproach, inquires after the price. At this point, she must not appear too eager to make a purchase; likewise she would note that the good dealer would try not to appear too anxious to make a sale. The whole thing boils down on who impresses who in the end, the nonchalance of one luring the other into raising or lowering the price as the case may be.

In the local market, where one such sight is a usual, daily occurrence, one cannot but marvel at the strategems, the

artifices, the snares laid—the drama of the whole procedure. A housewfie comes to the scene and inspects a fish. The fish vendor, hawk-eyed, can tell by the way one pries into the gills and peers into the eyes of the fish, how old one is at the trick. The housewife must be wary, her hold must be sure and her pokings confident. A vendor names her price, and usually she strikes the top note and without flinching, waits for the housewife "to come to terms."

Here, mock acting comes to the rescue. The housewife appearing deeply shocked at the price, makes another thorough inspection of the good in question. She eyes the piece respectingly, pouts at its looks until the poor fish almost melts in shame before her, comments on how small and ill-fed it is. Then she recalls how yesterday—why yes, only yesterday—she got one a palm wider and four fingers longer than this one for only half the price!

The vendor, a cold look in her eyes, snatches the fish, lays it among its fellows, and begins to sprinkle it with water so as to make the scales sparkle and hence increase its looks of desirability. All the while she recites how much fat is choked up in its belly, how fresh and how tender its meat and how beggarly the price she is asking for it. This verbal exchange on the looks of a fish, much like a debate on the weather, goes on for quite a while, depending on the disposition of both sides.

WHEN both parties have about exhausted their arguments, they come down to the long tedious process of haggling. The process demands foresight, insight and much of self-control and discipline. Most housewives will say that the safest method is to divide by four the price named and start on one fourth until one strikes close to half of the original price. As soon as the vendor starts to grow excited, one sure sign of which is the usual enticement, "Add a few more centavos, Madam, why this is the freshest fish in this whole darn marketplace!" then one must go slow or make a determined stop.

One must be very close to the price to excite the vendor so. The cardinal rule to keep in mind is caution. One must proceed with extreme care in haggling. Vendors are a strange lot, the more senior of whom are able to maintain a most removed expression before persistent housewives. One very easily overshoots the mark before them and still be unaware of it. It is a comfort to know, however, that the lesser of this whole strange lot betray their agitation quite readily when one is close to their set price. Their faces flare with

the excitement of making a sale, their eyes light up and they either clam up in tense expectation of the next price or they suddenly become talkative in order to coax out the desired price.

The time consumed in the whole process is not of much consequence to the housewives, considering what they derive from it. Haggling gives them the feeling of having gone through a contest, and of having pitted their wits against a group that is out to get their money. The longer the whole thing lasts, the harder the fight, and the less exciting it is for the good housewife to part with the money.

The psychology of the whole matter, though most housewives would rather deny it, is the fact that housewives are always conscious that they are spending hard-earned money. It would be an insult to their dignity not to put at least a semblance of a fight, if not a real honest-to-goodness one, for it. Even the most extravagant housewife feels this way, and if she spends as freely as she does, it is because she has succeeded in establishing the illusion that she has the right to do as she pleases with her husband's money.

ACTUALLY, more than housewives realize, haggling is a very expensive practice. In points of time and money, housewives lose more than they are willing to bargain for. The vendor always gets the better end. Unless one is very well grounded in the whole psychology of it, haggling can be utterly wasteful. It is also morally depressing. In the process, trade becomes tainted with suspicion and cunning. Having extorted an exorbitant price for a piece of good, the merchant is bloated up with self-satisfaction at having put one over on a poor customer. The customer who sooner or later discovers how she had been cheated, would have nothing but strong distrust for traders. While selling is based on a strong desire to make good profit, it can and must be based on goodwill and common regard for decency. Merchants can earn their keep and maintain self-respect too.

Meanwhile, we have to put up with the practice until housewives try hard, even if gradually, to discourage it. At present, haggling is so widespread that even in the most respectable shopping centers in Manila, it is a standard procedure for shoppers to point at the price tag and inquire if it is "fixed." The day seems far when the price tag can be looked upon as *the* price tag. Until that blessed day comes, housewives will haggle to their hearts' content.

The story of the man who had to live a legend

"Poor" Richard

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was never a hero on horseback, although in 1756, during his brief career as a soldier, his under-officers in full dress and with drawn swords once escorted him to the border of Pennsylvania. The fact that he bounced uncomfortably in his saddle was a reminder that he had little in common with men of pomp and scarlet. He was democratic to the bone.

Earlier, he had attracted attention in Philadelphia by being its first successful newspaper editor. Outside the city he was known for his *Poor Richard's Almanac,* precisely because he wrote few of the maxims himself. They came from age-old sources in folk wisdom and therefore delighted the common folk of the eighteenth century. They counseled prudence, hard work, and horse sense. Franklin, son of a candle-maker, was writing for his own kind.

So true was he to his origins that later when he visited the English court, he dined on cranberries and Indian meal sent him by his wife, and bestowed American apples on the British peerage. In the same way, European proverbs were given an American twist in his *Almanac.* "God helps those who help themselves" was acceptable wisdom for the self-reliant common man of the New World.

In many ways Franklin, with his merchant interests, really was akin to Poor Richard. As a young man, he refused to marry a relative of his landlady when he discovered that her parents were not willing to mortgage their house to raise a dowry. (As Poor Richard he had ad-

vised, "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.") Even after he had won international fame, he was able to say that "many people are fond of accounts of old buildings and monuments, but for one I confess that if I could find in any Italian travels a recipe for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone whatever."

But Poor Richard was only one aspect of Franklin. He himself was too generous to refuse loans even when the risk was great. Similarly, although he had once preached that "time is money," as an old man in his eighties, he recommended that man learn to relax and even waste a little time occasionally, since "you have a whole eternity before you."

However, the people with that oversimplification which characterizes hero-worship, always thought of Franklin as Poor Richard only, apostle of thrift and guardian of youth. Franklin never achieved the stature of such idealists as Jefferson or Lincoln. But his *Autobiography,* first published in 1791, attracted the same attention as a new *Robinson Crusoe* might have. It was a story not of survival on a desert island, but of the success of a friendless boy, "shipwrecked" on the streets of Philadelphia with hardly enough coins to jingle in his pockets. Franklin knew how to contribute to his own legend. Wisely he ended his *Autobiography* before mention had to be made of his richest and most cosmopolitan years. The success, consequently, was only implied; the major emphasis was on his humble struggles, and it was this that won him sympathy and fame.

He became the symbol of the cunning Yankee trader—the "philosophical Quaker" full of thrifty maxims, as John Keats called him. It is well remembered that, out of all the important framers of early state and federal constitutions in America, only Franklin was not college-trained.

It was not his philosophical discoveries, not his vast political services which made him remembered. Hawthorne has said that *"Poor Richard's Almanac* did more than anything else, towards making him familiarly known to the public." Thus, despite all the efforts of his recent biographers, Franklin still is identified with the fictitious character, Poor Richard who most closely resembles the real Franklin (but only the early Franklin) of the *Autobiography.*

Filipino Humor

By E. AGUILAR CRUZ

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Being a serious study of a light subject

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AMONG THE common presumptions about Philippine literature is that it is long on seriousness and short on humor. This is at best only a half-truth. The lack of humorous classics to compare with *Huckleberry Finn, Humphry Clinker* or *the Pickwick Papers* is not proof that humor is a negligible bud of our literature. It is, in fact, a stout branch proliferating endlessly through the changing cultural climate. The oral literature is full of humor that is not the less rich for being largely undiscovered.

The written seems unimportant only because of the fine distinction between "humorous" and "witty." If we consider humor broadly as encompassing all comic literature, we should find ourselves to have produced many works which at least hold their own with our more serious productions.

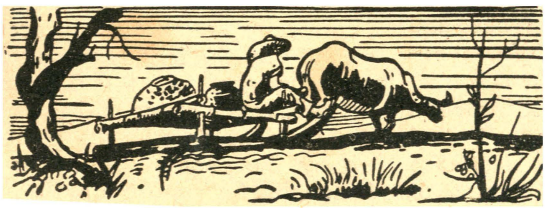
When the friars burned the writings of our ancestors along with their idols, they destroyed once and for all any evidence of what "Filipino humor," untrammelled by Western influence, may have been like. If, however, the conclusions of the Freudians about the wellsprings of humor are to be accepted, we may say that the early Filipinos were moved to laughter by the same sense of the ludicrous that makes other people laugh or smile.

Humor, according to this, results from a feeling of superiority to the object of one's laughter. To the child or the simple person, hunchbacks are funny. To cultivated people, hypocrites, braggarts and fools are ludicrous. So it must have been with our pre-Magellanic people; they were amused by what they could look down on.

The foisting of slave morality on the people softened their humor no less than their backbone. The image of Christ in suffering must have had its part

in changing their attitude to the unfortunate. The deformed were considered as objects of charity rather than humor. Still, human foibles could be jeered at or made fun of; and the vagaries of fate, when they did not touch human beings too closely, as did pestilence, earthquakes and fires, were rich sources of laughing matter.

The earliest extant example of Philippine humor ever written is *La India Elegante y El Negrito Amante* (The Elegant Filipina and the Amorous Negrito) by Balagtas. In this Tagalog farce we already have the union of native and European humor in content as well as form. But in the bathos of Capitan Toming, the overdressed Aeta, we can still detect the humor of an earlier time when marked differences in physical appearance, in this case the Negritos' small size, the black skin and kinky hair, was fair cause of amusement. There is the added refinement, however, of the author making fun of the country girl who poses as a woman of quality—which does not prevent her eventually from accepting the pygmy's hand.



THE spread of literacy in the latter part of the 19th century, which also saw the beginning of agitations for reforms by the educated classes, opened to the people the literature of Europe. From now on, secular literature was to gain precedence over devotional works, which together with the *corridos* had until now formed the only reading matter to the Filipinos. Reacting from long centuries of priestly dominance, the national genius found vent in invective and satire, to which it brought a natural aptitude that formerly could not find expression except in homely proverbs.

Some of the propaganda against Spanish tyranny took the form of imaginary dialogues, in which the questions and answers of the cathechism were parodied, with the hated *fraile* getting the worse of it. With such works as *Dasalan at Toksohan* (Praying and Jesting), Del Pilar so earned the ire of the clergy that he had to leave for Spain, there to carry on the agitation under the protection of liberal elements. A

master of his native tongue, del Pilar wrote his best in Tagalog, whereas Rizal found in Spanish the ideal medium for his satire.

Many students of Rizal's works overlook their humorous element, which they are inclined to put down as "mere" satire. To be sure, in none of his writings is there anything which can be classified as pure humor as contrasted with wit—a difference which has been aptly stated by Hazlitt: "Humor is the describing of the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing of it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else."

But for the comicality there is nothing we have that can surpass the antics of the Espadaña couple—imperious wife, lame husband—in *Noli Me Tangere,* or the chapter, "The Classs in Physics," in *El Filibusterismo.* If this is not humor, as pedants know it, then it is high comedy.

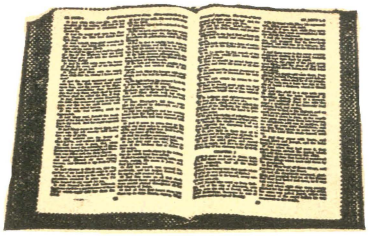
Our humorous productions in the last eighty years abound on the one hand in topical comments on the passing scene after the fashion of European satirical weeklies, and on the other hand in mots, wisecracks and "short pieces" typical of contemporary American humor.

The imitation of European models was short-lived. It had its heyday in the confused months between the coming of the Americans and the final defeat of the Filipino forces, an event which decided once and for all the pattern that hyphenated Filipino literature, including humor, was to take in the next fifty years.

While the Filipinos were learning English well enough to use it as a literary medium, Tagalog and Spanish-language newspapers and magazines kept alive the taste for humor and wit.

In the newspapers, Tagalog satirists still were the most prominent in the field when the new generation of Filipinos were essaying their first acceptable productions in English. The outstanding one among them was Jose Corazon de Jesus, who wrote a daily column in verse for *Taliba* under the pseudonym of Huseng Batute. Here as elsewhere, Filipino humor would not be forced into the mold of sentimentality; every line that Batute wrote was satire or buffoonery rather than humor in the narrow sense.

Tagalog-written humor is practically non-existent today except in the comics. Derisive phrases, slang terms and current expressions are thrown up occasionally by the language-making element, such as the Tagalog movies, comic strips and the radio, from which they are picked up by the people. The Tagalog genius for concocting devastating epithets is well known.



The language itself has many descriptive names for postures, movements and appearances that make it particularly effective for ridiculing people.

AFTER thirty years of learning English, the Filipinos began producing literary works in the language, some twenty years ago. In the early thirties, a few years after the last Tagalog humorous magazines expired, comic writers from the University of the Philippines were writing the first light essays in English by Filipinos.

That this was only some five years after the founding of the *New Yorker* and the *American Mercury* should not escape notice. There was employment for irony as never before. Federico Mangahas revolutionized column writing in the local papers by his drily humorous comments on people, manners and politics. In a more erudite vein, Ignacio Manlapaz carried on in the *Philippine Magazine* with aphorisms on philosophy, painting, music and women. At this time appeared "Good Morning Judge," a daily humorous column in the *Tribune*. Its author, the late Amando G. Dayrit, was before long being hailed as the country's leading humorist.

The time was now propitious for a "civilized" (favorite epithet of an era!) magazine which the intellectual minority (another favorite term) could adopt as their own. The demand was presently filled by *The National Review*, edited by Mangahas and Dayrit and combining the political consciousness of *The Nation* with *The New Republic* with the gentle satire of *The New Yorker*.

In fiction and the essay, a light manner was cultivated by A.E. Litiatco. Even he, however, would be classified by the finical anthologist as a wit rather than a humorist. His humor depended on a sweet disposition but it owed its effect to wordplay and the perception of relationships between the seemingly unconnected—in other words, wit.

The coming of the war put out the lights for freedom and humor. Alone in the field, F. B. Icasiano, styling himself "Mang Kiko," continued to write his spurious "rustic" comments on life and art whose only humor lay in their intention.

THE humorist's axes came out with a vengeance when Liberation gave back the

press of the country its lost freedom. The newly-rich, politicians on the make, smart operators, surplus property looters, fake guerrillas, "jeep girls," carpet-bagging liberators — they were new, ready-made material for humor. Reveling in newly regained freedom, the columnists lampooned everyone from the President down, and even the once staid editorial writers lashed out with invectives that would have been unthinkable before except on the scandal sheets.

When the excitement died down, it was possible to judge the state of Filipino humor, whether it had spent itself in polemics and had nothing more to offer. It seems it had not. The editorial writers went on writing editorials and the columnists continued writing columns. But on the side a number of them like I.P. Soliongco, turned out to be satirists; or humorists, like Celso Cabrera and Jose L. Guevara; or iconoclasts like Pedro Padilla, and Arsenio H. Lacson, who went on from being a sports writer and columnist to become a member of Congress and later mayor of Manila.

Along with the political and sports commentators there was also a new crop of writers of light pieces on both sides of the *New Yorker* fence. Their productions, perhaps signed with real names like Carmen Guerrero Nakpil, Juan T. Gatbonton, or Mario P. Chanco, but just as often with pen names, are at least as numerous as the short stories, and usually more pleasing.

At that, there is not nearly enough space to accommodate the output of full-time or part-time humorists. The society pages of the newspapers are handy vehicles for the surplus humor of their editors and correspondents, and editorial columns now increasingly sprout pieces that are meant neither to incite nor inspire. Even the sports page partakes of the increase in the output of humor, the business page being the only remaining stronghold of straight-face writing in the newspapers.

It was not until quite recently that the cartoonist became a humorist in his own right in Philippine journalism. With the late Lib Abrena and "Gat" graphic humor came into its own. There are now a number of cartoonists getting their funny drawings published in the weeklies, college magazines and comic books. A wordless daily strip, Kosme the Cop (retired) by Malang is funnier by far than most syndicated comics.

In line or in print or by the spoken word, Filipino humor continues to favor wit over sen-

timentality. It may never have a Dickens to send the people alternately into laughter and tears. But it is not inconceivable that it may one day bring forth a Lucian, Rabelais, or an Anatole France.—*From the* PHILIPPINES QUARTERLY, *June 1952.*

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Magnificent Wink

DON MARQUIS used to tell, with his own complete gusto, of a time in Hollywood years ago when he was taken ill with a heart attack. According to his story—which I dare say he improved in the narration—it was urgent for him to be got to hospital at once; all the ambulances were in service, so a hearse was sent to fetch him.

In this sombre glass-paned vehicle he was laid in a stretcher and rolled off toward the clinic. But on the way, halted in a traffic jam, the hearse pulled up next to a smart little open roadster in which two frolicsome young women were gaily chattering. In the middle of their mirth they noticed the transparent chariot alongside; they piously withheld palaver, and glanced reverently through the glass panel where Don's burly figure lay decently composed under a blanket.

At that moment he caught their gaze and in spite of heartburn and syncope appalled them with a slow and magnificent wink.

No one, may I add, was ever better furnished for the gesture of intimate apocalypse: he had the large and lustered eye, the heavy reef of eyebrow, which could make a wink seem as physically massive as a shrug. At any rate Don always insisted the damsels fell into a hysteric seizure, and as his carriage rolled away he saw them crash into someone else's car and attempt, with screams, to explain to a disbelieving policeman.

"I'll bet," he used to add, "they led better lives after that."—*Christopher Morley.*

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Memorable teacher and great scholar, Frederick Jackson Turner was above all human

A Humane View of History

SOME STUDENTS went to the University of Wisconsin, at the turn of the century, because the campus crested a hill overlooking a lake eight miles in diameter. Others like Carl Becker (himself later an eminent historian) went to be near Frederick Jackson Turner.

Turner taught history in a way that kept it from being tiring. Later he wrote a literary landmark, *The Frontier in American History* which traced the influence of the pioneer spirit on the culture of his people. He visualized the West not as an area, but as a form of society where self-reliant men could remake themselves on free land. It was the presence of western lands which encouraged the colonies to try on self-government and to keep their government as decentralized as possible. The backwoods was the source of the American dream and strength.

He was to write about these things later. Before World War I, Turner was just another struggling teacher of men. But already, in his own personality, were visible the freedom and unsophistication which he attributed to the small town and frontier spirit. He was famous for his friendliness.

At the time, he was only 33 years old, but he looked even younger, hurrying across the huge campus with his bulging portfolio. His eyes smiled constantly and his arms swung as if he expected to encounter adventure any moment. Perhaps because of that personal quality, he was able to make his students want to do and be something. His manner always suggested that those taking his course were helping him ferret out hidden secrets.

One minute Turner would be confessing his ignorance; the next, modestly questioning the textbook. He could do so be-

Yin and Yang

The renowned British student of world civilizations, Arnold J. Toynbee, has now been working on his monumental *a Study of History* for over thirty years. His conclusion that the past must be thought of in terms of the challenges and responses that make and break civilizations has found its earliest inspiration, for this withdrawal and return pattern, in the ancient Chinese notion of Yin and Yang.

Yin and Yang represent the static-and-dynamic, dark-and-light, female-and-male principles which constitute the "source of existence." Toynbee uses such counterbalancing principles to suggest the rhythm of creation.

In his theory, man has not quietly and continuously evolved or emerged from the subhuman. Rather, each step forward has been followed by half a step backward. Man's progress towards light, it seems, is slippery.

cause he was even then making his own research among original sources. His desk was always covered with stacks of notes on 6 x 8 paper slips, filed in manila envelops.

Instead of seeming laboriously prepared, his lectures seemed the spontaneous result of preparations still going on. He could be serious without being solemn. He asked more questions than he answered, posed more problems than he solved. By the energy of his probing, Turner suggested that history was no convention to be memorized, but just the infinitely varied action and thought of men who once had struggled and died for great or mean causes.

INFECTED students like Carl Becker began to fill manila envelopes of their own with notes from those "original sources" which Turner had invested with such charm. What a joy it became to turn yellowed pages and to see for oneself! During four years Becker did research in the company of Turner's group of 15 students, often meeting around a table in the Historical Society Library itself. From the beginning they were given the feeling that they were all scholars together. Each student had his particular subject—the colonization of Virginia, the influence of waterways, backwoods legends. Each had to be as ready

as any cabinet minister to answer questions bearing on his private investigations. Each student had his turn lecturing, while even the professor took notes!

Some of the questions—such as the relation of literary activity to post-war feelings or relief—stayed with Becker for over 25 years. At times he could not help wishing that Turner had given them more answers. Usually there were only questions: in the Revolution were the colonies or the British government in the right? Were the slave states justified in seceding from the Union? Was the Mexican War necessary? Turner never told his students what to think. He felt that the business of a scholar was largely to understand rather than to evaluate human affairs.

In the same spirit, Turner never criticized his students—only their work, in a friendly honest way that left no aftertaste. Other professors reserved this sense of equality for their graduate students only. Turner did not think of himself as a teacher. He did not think of himself at all. Because he was absorbed in his work, he treated democratically all those who were equally absorbed.

HIS SINCERITY, his lively intelligence also made of Turner a better scholar, in the estimation of Carl Becker. History became human for him. It was everyman's story, not just the lives of the great to be envied by the humble. He liked to say, quoting a feilow scholar, "History is the self-consciousness of humanity." Again he said, "The question is not whether you have a Philosophy of History, but whether the philosophy you have is good for anything." Becker decided that Turner's own philosophy was: "If mankind really understood the past, would it not stumble more intelligently towards the future?"

Turner was no Man in the Moon. In one sense, he was too lively and interested to be objective and disinterested. In another sense, he practiced real objectivity, by dedicating his interest always to the hard fact. Nothing else, himself included, mattered in the face of his intellectual curiosity. He was never embarrassed by the fact that he had come in to an academic community directly from the farm. Nor did he merely mark time, waiting to be summoned to Harvard or Paris.

It pleased him to be working in an untouched field. Consequently he and his ideas were

never out of date, were always fresh. Perhaps unconsciously he even enjoyed being able to dismiss the solemn snobbery which often becomes characteristic of professionals.

His irrepressible curiosity; his refreshing freedom from personal pride; his humane attitude toward human affairs, past or present: these were the qualities that made Frederick Jackson Turner a memorable teacher as well as an eminent historian.

* * *

Ching Wu At Bat

SOME Chinese kids attended their first baseball game. After watching the play for a while, they came up with their theory of the game.

"You wave your bat around fiercely, and the pitcher has to hit it with the ball. If he does, you are punished by having to run at top speed to four bases, where four of your friends try to stop the man who catches the ball from hitting you with it. They attempt to catch the ball before you are hit. If you think your friend may miss the ball, you slide under him and take cover. Nobody may throw the ball at you while you are on the base. If another bat is hit by the pitcher's ball, you are again punished by having to run at top speed. The catcher, who is your friend, wears a hideous mask to further disconcert the pitcher's aim at the bat.

"If a player is caught unaware by the pitcher and is hit by the ball, he is disgraced and is not allowed any more chances at the bat, but must go to the first base in his crippled, painful state and run like mad when the bat of the next player is hit."

—HOWARD C. CAMPBELL in *Basket Ball Digest*
(Reprinted in *The Catholic Digest*, April, 1950)

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Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words below should be in your reading vocabulary. That is, you should be able to recognize them, although you may not be able to define or actually use them in writing. Select the proper definition for each, then turn to page 80 for the correct answers. Fifteen is passing.

1. *pendant*—a) one who shows off his knowledge; b) a subordinate; c) a hanging ornament; d) one who waits indefinitely.
2. *prim*—a) affectedly proper; b) slim; c) nimble in movement; d) ragged.
3. *sanguine*—a) blood-red; b) misleading; c) wordly wise; d) laboriously difficult.
4. *aesthete*—a) a retired athlete; b) one opposed to all forms of faith; c) one sensitive to the beauties of art; d) an accomplished pianist.
5. *anachronism*—a) a mistake in judgment; b) an unexpected development; c) something occurring out of its proper time; d) a major disaster.
6. *bellicose*—a) big and fat around the belly; b) given to drinking; c) unconscious; d) inclined to war.
7. *scud*—a) a worthless fellow; b) low drifting clouds; c) sediment; d) soap lather.
8. *ruck*—a) layer of soil; b) great mass of undistinguished persons or things; c) offensive odors released by decomposition; d) towel hanger.
9. *garrulous*—a) easily convinced; b) quarrelsome; c) inclined to an easy life; d) talkative.
10. *vicarious*—a) acting or serving as a substitute; b) priestly or saintly; c) open to criticism; d) doubtful.
11. *masochist*—a) a machine operator; b) one who enjoys physical pain; c) a destroyer of religious images; d) a modern artist.
12. *pell-mell*—a) in rapid succession; b) out of turn; c) hard and long; d) in a confused mass.
13. *glib*—a) sharp, like a blade; b) open-minded; c) fluent or smooth-tongued; d) dishonest.
14. *trenchant*—a) abounding in trenches; b) gossipy; c) sharp or keen edged; d) very expensive.
15. *jibe*—a) jazz music; b) a quick blow; c) to spread; d) to agree.
16. *progeny*—a) offspring; b) an unusually bright child; c) a protector; d) a misconception.
17. *lurid*—a) muddy and dirty; b) glaringly sensational; c) treacherous; d) full of suspense.
18. *estop*—a) to cover, like a bottle; b) to prevent legally; c) to assess for tax; d) to analyze.
19. *insolent*—a) cannot be dissolved; b) bankrupt; c) appealing to prejudice; d) rude.
20. *hazard*—a) a lofty precipice; b) danger; c) complete possession; d) likelihood or imminence.

Cancer:

What Science Knows About It Today

●

CANCER IS one of the major concerns of present-day medicine. Hardly a day passes without the publication of articles, often highly sensational, about the disease. Many such articles—and even certain books—have served to mislead a large number of people and have actually done more harm than good.

What are the facts about cancer?

Every living being consists of many living cells; the body of man is composed of several thousand millions, grouped in tissues which form the various specialized organs. These individual cells are constantly dying and being replaced by new cells. In the human adult, this replacement is rigorously exact—one cell for one cell—so that the total number for an individual who is in normal good health, hardly varies at all.

It sometimes happens, however, that certain cells "break the law" and begin to multiply in excess of the body's needs. These "extra" cells constitute a group which is called a tumor.

As old as humanity

A great many such tumors remain localized and cause little if any trouble, such as warts which are called "benign tumors." On the other hand, as noted by Galen the Greek physician as early as the second century A.D., cells do not remain localized; the new cells invade nearby tissues and organs.

One person out of ten dies of cancer. Here are the plain facts about this malady, and how modern science is trying to conquer it.

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choking them, causing hemorrhages, obstructing open passages, preventing essential parts of the body from performing their normal functions, and finally causing their destruction.

When cells with this diabolic capacity for multiplication enter into the blood or lymph, they may be carried to more remote parts of the body, where they start new cancer colonies. This phenomenon is called a *metastasis*. When metastasis has already begun before surgery takes place at the original site, there is often a new outbreak.

The word "cancer" covers a series of ailments having different forms, which may attack the skin, the glands, the blood, and so forth. All the organs of the body are susceptible, but the digestive tube among men and the reproductive organs of women are most vulnerable. Cancer of the respiratory organs and of the mouth are less frequent.

The disease appears to be as old as humanity. Hippocrates, the "father" of medicine, described it during the fourth century B.C. and gave it a name which means "crab." Still more ancient texts from Egypt and India also mention it.

It is said that cancer is increasing, as a result of civilized modes of life, and statistics have been published indicating an increase of cancer prevalence in modern countries. These statistics are correct, but they do not necessarily prove what is claimed.

THEY do prove three things: modern diagnostic procedures have improved, the average life span has increased, and the fight against most other maladies has been increasingly successful. Many people who die of cancer do so because they have lived beyond the time when, in previous centuries, they would have been struck down by other diseases.

Cancer is not exclusively a human affliction. Not only has it been noted and studied in animals of many different species, but similar phenomena have been observed in various plants.

Microscopic examination of cancer tissue, and research in physics, chemistry and biology, have provided information of enormous value, but these direct methods have not solved the fundamental enigma. Research has also turned to the indirect but powerful weapon of statistics, in the hope of discovering significant correlations between the affliction and various factors which may be relevant. Is cancer related, for example, to climate, to diet, to various ways of life, to age, sex or occupation? Many studies have been undertaken to answer such questions.

Thus far, only some conclusions are clear. One study noted that Negroes are relatively immune to cancer of the skin; that stomach cancer is especially common in Japan and Indonesia; that cancer of the liver is encountered most frequently in tropical areas. One must be very careful however in interpreting such statistics because countries having the same climate and the same ways of life sometimes present inexplicable differences in the incidence of cancer cases.

At the outset of these studies, it was believed that cancer chiefly affects the most highly developed countries with temperate climates and is rare in very cold or very warm countries. This belief resulted largely from the difficulty in obtaining exact statistics in under-developed countries, and it appears now that cancer occurs in all latitudes and afflicts all the peoples of the earth, with a terrible indifference.

Fifty the dangerous age

IT is generally agreed that about 10 to 15% of all deaths throughout the world are due to cancer. This means that one out of seven to ten people dies of cancer.

Cancer affects both sexes in about equal proportions and may affect individuals of any age, though its incidence appears greatest at about the age of 50.

Correlations have been noted between the frequency of cancer and certain occupations. At the end of the 18th century, the English surgeon Percival Pott described a cancer caused by the rubbing of soot on the skin of young chimney-sweeps. This is a cause which is disappearing in our time along with the occupation. A high incidence has also been noted among workers in various industries who handle certain hydrocarbons, such as tar, pitch, and some of the mineral oils and dyes.

What are the basic causes of cancer? How and, why does a healthy cell transform itself into a cancer cell? At present, little is known in answer to these questions. The idea that it is due to irritation of the tissues is not accepted by most experts. Other theories most frequently advanced today are (1) that cancer is the result of a cellular upset in the embryo stage of life which survives through the years, (2) a virus infection, (3) the sudden transformation of cells into a different type which is referred to as somatic mutation.

Scientists hope that the electronic microscope, or even more

7 DANGER SIGNALS

Any of the following may mean cancer. The moment you feel or notice any of these, consult a physician:

1 Any persistent sore that resists treatment.

2 A lump or thickening in the breast or any part of the body.

3 Unusual bleeding or discharge from the natural passages.

4 Any change in size or color of a wart or mole.

5 Persistent digestive disturbances.

6 Any radical change in normal bowel movements.

7 Persistent hoarseness or cough or difficulty in swallowing.

powerful instruments which will permit exploration of the molecules of the cell, may soon reveal more definite information.

Ultra-violet rays, as such or in sunlight for example have given rise to cancers of the skin tissue. X-rays and gamma rays have been responsible for the so-called "radiologist's cancer" affecting doctors, handlers of radio-active substances, X-ray technicians, who are repeatedly exposed to such rays.

A number of chemical substances, known as carcinogens may stimulate the development of cancer, tar being one of the best known. Other substances such as the female hormone called folliculine may play a secondary role in stimulating its development; still others may retard it.

In some cases, cancer may be produced by a virus. This has been experimentally demonstrated with various animals, but

the role of bacteria or viruses in human cancer continues to be uncertain, though many eminent scientists are studying the question. There is no positive evidence relating cancer to repeated minor burns, irritations caused by badly fitting dentures, and so forth.

WHATEVER the origin of cancer, one thing appears to be definitely established. It is not contagious. Except in one particular case, a sarcoma of birds, innoculation with pulverized cancerous tissue has not resulted in cancer. The question of heredity is more complicated. It does not appear that cancer itself is hereditary, but it does seem likely that a predisposition toward it may be inherited.

It is common for cancer to begin without any obvious symptoms. In its first stages, ordinarily, there is no fever and no pain, a fact which has rendered diagnosis so difficult. Certain indications call for examination, but they should not encourage needless fear.

Among these indications are swellings or small painless tumors such as warts or beauty marks which change quickly; haemorrhages, even when painless; persistent hoarseness; chronic digestive disorder, stubborn constipation; anaemia; loss of weight; unusual whiteness or yellowness of the skin.

These are simply indications that it is worthwhile to consult a doctor, who will make the necessary examinations and, if necessary, refer the matter to a specialist or to a cancer clinic. One of the most usual tests is a biopsy, or microscopic examination, of a piece of the suspected tissue.

One can never act too quickly in detecting a cancer. It is most important to note that a cancer discovered at the beginning is nowadays almost always curable. Delay, however, is very likely to be fatal.

Despite the existing gaps in our knowledge, there are nevertheless treatments which are successful for certain cancers, especially those which are discovered early. Year after year, these treatments become more varied and successful. First of all there is the surgical removal of the tumor. This is sometimes completely successful although, in some cases, it is not sufficient to prevent a regrowth. For this reason, operations are sometimes completed by irradiation treatment.

Quack remedies

THE Curie treatment by the use of gamma rays emitted by radium and various radio-active isotopes of cobalt,

phosphorus or iodine, as well as X-ray treatments, often has decisive results. Electro-coagulation and hormone therapy are sometimes remarkably successful too. Encouraging, if not definitive, results have recentlv been obtained through chemical treatment.

Whatever the treatment, it can only be carried out under the direction of a qualified specialist. It is imperative to reject all other treatments. This is true not only of "magnetic passes," incantations, etc., but also of homeopathic remedies and nature cures. At present, there is no serum and no vaccine which is in any way effective against cancer.

In 1791, England set an example for the world by launching a public campaign against cancer, setting up a special service for patients in a London hospital. Since the end of the 19th century, the scientific offensive against the disease has enormously expanded. Today, all advanced countries have established treatment centers and scientific institutes.

Science only hope

BUT all this is still not enough. Only scientific research is likely to strike the disease at its roots and finally vanquish it.

But national and international research today is still operating in far from perfect conditions. Funds are limited, research work is not sufficiently co-ordinated, and widely differing sciences must be mobilized in this highly complex battle. These range from the most abstract forms of mathematics to exacting kinds of cell studies, from physics to chemistry and from biophysics to biochemistry.

One example of this interplay of the different branches of science is the research into carcinogens (cancer stimulating substances) which has made much progress in recent years. Certain chemicals that occur in tars are able to produce cancer, because of the nature of electron distribution within their molecules. The role of these electrons was established by making use of a theory of pure physics — wave-mechanics — which itself requires the use of higher mathematics.

This inter-dependence of the many forms of science and the need for a great increase in the number of specialists and in the means at their disposal is a problem transcending national frontiers and calls for action on a similar scale.

The 20th century ought to be the century of man's victory over cancer.—*Francois L. Lionnais,* Unesco Courier.

Panorama Peek

Evening News phot

A HAPPY FACE. Senate President Eulogio Rodriguez—"Amang" to his many admirers—returns friends' greetings with a loud chuckle. The Grand Old Man of the Nacionalista Party recently turned 72.

Lochinvar

Hidden from the view of many readers of popular literature today are some of the world's greatest writings. These masterpieces, in the face of an appalling torrent of magazine and journalese material, have been shoved into textbooks and scholars' anthologies. *Panorama* will publish some of these classics from time to time, in the hope of supplying this deficiency in the modern reader's diet. In this issue, Sir Walter Scott's ballad of young love, *Lochinvar,* is presented.

Often called the prince of romancers, Walter Scott revived the past with a magnificence and reality that is hard to equal. He was born in 1771 in Scotland, descended from a long line of swashbuckling freebooters not unlike many of his fictional characters. He died in 1832.

O, YOUNG LOCHINVAR is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
He stayed not for brake, and stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.
So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—
"I long woed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.
So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the danger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scour;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.
There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forster, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war.
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

* * *

It tolls for thee . . .

No Man is an Iland, intire of itselfe; every man is a peace of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a clod bee washed away by the sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine were; any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankinde; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee—*John Donne.*

*

The Piano Lesson

By ILUMINADA MAGNO

SINCE it was only the Lunas that could speak of a grand piano in our town the family was considered by all to be most blue-blooded indeed. The fact that the daughter of the house, Ating Luz, could not draw from it decent music though she had had the best of teachers, did not matter at all. Neither did anyone think less of her for never doling out smiles of recognition when she was home on vacation. On the contrary, she was pointed out by mothers to young girls as the ideal of feminine reservedness.

When Lunakan was made one of the major centers of the province bus line, the daily stream of transportation brought business and eventually prosperity to the people. The green of the plaza disappeared under the hundreds of hurrying feet that daily tramped on it. Front windows slit open tentatively, then taking heart, burst wide. Only the Luna windows stood grimly shut, "to keep out the infernal dust," maintained the old lady. The town expanded, and in many prosperous parlors, gleaming pianos were soon sported.

A few weeks after our neighbor bought a second-hand piano, Tia Pacita, with whom my orphan cousin and I lived, triumphantly came home from one of her business trips with a beautiful wine-red upright. We ohd and ahd over it, gingerly caressing its varnished sides only to have our hands slapped away by Tiang. "We must not soil it at once," she rebuked. Perhaps we would never have come to tinkle its keys to our hearts' content, had not she inadvertently heard Ating Luz remark after mass, "Every Fulano owns a piano nowadays. Do these people know *do* from *sol*, I wonder?" Sheepishly, Tiang took us that same day to the next town for lessons.

Lunakan became music conscious. Every *dasalan* became an impromptu musicale where mamas, fondly beating time with their fans, secretly adjudged their offspring the most talented of the participants. Silent derision befell the child who could not pick a lame waltz from the ivories. Even among the older children schooling in the big city, music became a popular course—and Ating Luz shifted from Home Economics to the piano.

I, quite soon, lost interest in the lessons, what with the daily exercises that can never be called music, but Tiang cajoled me to keep on with them so that Liling, who really loved music, would have a companion on the Saturday trips. She was so shy, imagining people to stare at her limp, that it was cruel to let her take a trip alone. At gatherings, she became upset when called on to play, I was eternally pinch-hitting for her. If Tiang was disappointed with Liling's failure to acquit us, she never showed it. She massaged my cousin's leg longer after every party. Falling in step with Tiang's spirit, I offered Liling half the bunch of strung flowers which I had all the while tried to fix becomingly on my hair in anticipation of serenaders.

"Sampaguitas for the sweet," I dedicated as I hung it above her ear.

She gently shook it off, "Not for the lame," she said.

"Nobody would notice that leg if you were less conscious of it," Tiang snapped.

The girl's lips quivered and Tiang patted her to ward off the coming tears.

ONE morning, the town woke up to a spicy treat. Ating Luz had arrived late the night before with a man—her music professor—and the old lady, who had been keeping to herself the past few days, was heard to shout, *"Sin verguenza!* You have dragged your family to shame! . . . For all your supposed pride you are no better than the giddy girls you laughed at . . . And you, snake in the grass . . ."

Tiang sent me scooting by the Luna house to "see what you can see." Four times I passed by, but could see nothing unusual. The house seemed as dead as ever. On Sunday, we stayed on until the second mass awaiting the Lunas. There was no hint of the *revolucion* Tiang kept talking about, other than the presence of a calm looking man on whose arm the old lady leaned, and whom she called *hijo* when she indicated her pew. But Ating Luz was as purse-mouthed as before. Somebody near us exclaimed, *"Aba,* the old woman likes him, after all." To which Tiang muttered something about face-saving.

The new couple left town the next day. Now and then, the old lady dropped news about how acclaimed was her son-in-law, and how happy her daughter. Gradually, the talk about the elopement simmered down.

THEY came back for the man's health. We had a closer view of him on his late afternoon walks to the town outskirts. These were about the only times we did not see Ating Luz clinging to his arm. He would be humming a

tune, his fingers unconsciously tapping it on an invisible keyboard. On evenings when he played, Tiang would impatiently declare, "Braggart! . . . His playing is all noise, there is no melody." And I sometimes agreed. Liling, on the other hand, would lie awake long after the last chord had melted, her eyes glistening in the dark until Tiang would be moved to smooth her brow and comfort, "I think you play just as well—or even better." But my cousin would turn her face away, unconvinced.

So when Tiang heard that Professor Villa would give lessons, she lost no time presenting Liling and me to him after church.

"Ummmm! I often hear you play when I go on my walks," he smiled. "You come tomorrow at four."

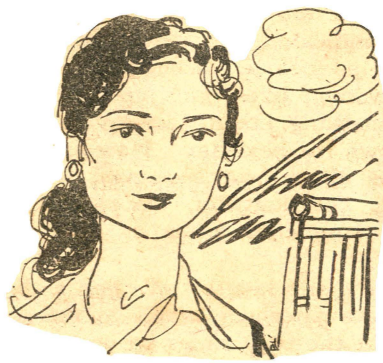
"Your health, Carlos—you have too many pupils already," broke in Ating Luz, displeased.

"They will be the last. It will not tire me for they play very well," he placated.

Liling and I feverishly practised to merit his praise. I could not sleep that night imagining how the grand piano would feel beneath my fingers.

To my disappointment, we had our lessons on an upright in the anteroom. Ating Luz laid her crocheting aside as we came in. I could feel her sharply eyeing our dusty footwear. Immediately, a boy came out with a rag and began wiping the prints we made on the mirror-like floor. "Later, later," Prof. Villa waved him out.

Poor Liling became so aware of her offending feet that not even the soothing voice of the professor could lead back her attention to the score. "I hope you will be more at ease next time," he finally said, shooting a sideward glance at Ating Luz.



The following lessons, Ating Luz was no longer present. Prof. Villa became impressed with Liling. He would sometimes go on tutoring her long after the scheduled hour was

past. On such times, Ating Luz would come in abruptly and with a chiding voice remind him, "Isn't it time you rested? You should not be too generous with your time and energy to other people." Prof. Villa would then dismiss us and put an arm round her slender waist.

Once, when Liling was playing better than usual, Prof. Villa got up and brought Ating Luz in. To her inquiring look, he answered, "That is the way it should be played, Lucy, mark it well." She flushed deeply and left the room quietly after the recital.

WE came earlier than usual one afternoon because Liling, who had just mastered a difficult piece, thought the lessons would be prolonged again. Before I could touch the knocker, a wave of angry voices came upon us. Liling limped off at once, but perverseness kept me nailed by the door listening.

"Strangers, all kinds of people troop to my house. I can no more stop them from coming than I could your marrying that man . . . Day in, day out, piano playing is in my ears. There is no more rest for me in this house. It is not mine anymore, it is his. *You* have given it to him."

"Don't shout so, mama. He is napping. Besides, things are not as bad as you paint them. People go as far as the anteroom only. As for Carlos, you ought to be proud of him. Crowds came to hear him abroad."

"They do not have to listen to music the whole day . . . And why does he give lessons? Am I not providing you with everything you want? Why do you allow him to shame your mother? People will think I am forcing him to work in his sick-bed."

"I am against it too, mama. But he dislikes being dependent on anyone."

"Ha! Is he any more independent with the paltry sum he gets from opening my doors to market people?"

"Nooooo, but he can make believe that he is. Anyway, it makes him happy, so why should I stop him?"

"What is this? So the well-being of the musician comes first with you now."

"He is no ordinary musician. He is an artist."

"Yes, he makes love while he plays, but not a good teacher, judging from how you play."

"Mama!"

"You have ceased to be your father's daughter the day you met that man. I only hope his attitude towards your opinions and talent is no gauge of his love for you."

I turned to join Liling. We walked around the stores for a while, then returned for the lessons.

IT was a hot afternoon. Prof. Villa fanned me ineffectually with a music sheet as I went through Bach. Ating Luz came out. With a look of concern, she felt her husband's back to see how wet it was.

"Maybe if I open the front windows, the heat will not be so bad," he mused.

"I'll open them. It is bad for you to go near an open window," she volunteered and went in.

Soon we heard the grating of long-closed windows being slowly pushed back. I felt more comfortable than ever before in the big house, as refreshing air drifted in.

When Liling's turn came, Prof. Villa remonstrated that the concerto would not sound well on the twangy upright. He proposed the grand piano. We followed him to the sala which was two steps higher than the anteroom. The giant boards were cold under my soles, for I had left my step-ins in the anteroom, afraid of bringing dust to such an awesome place. My uneasiness was quelled at the sight of the grand piano in the center, welcomingly open for Liling. She sat down timidly and looked at me with a little smile. She wiped her fingers meticulously and ran her fingers caressingly over the keyboard to test it. Then, she paused, lifted her hands high and struck the opening chord surely, masterfully.

Prof. Villa stood on the side, listening entranced. I did too, for a few moments, but the thought that I might not have another chance of inspecting the sala diverted my attention to the room, from the pink chandelier above tinkling its protest at our intrusion, to the row of antiquated faces on the wall watching us with disapproval. "So this is the Luna parlor," I said to myself, trying to sense what impression that statement made on my being. But I felt nothing momentous—just a slight pain in the neck for twisting it.

My musings ended when the music stopped. From where I stood, I could see the piano strings still trembling

with the past excitement. Liling sat leaning forward. She gently lifted her hands from the keyboard to her lap. Prof. Villa's eyeglasses were misty. He moved to Liling and clasped her hard to his bosom, exclaiming,

"Bravo, bravo."

The scene was cut by Ating Luz's voice from the doorway.

"Is this how you build up your pupil's self-confidence? Throwing yourself and the piano together with the lessons?"

Liling looked as if she were discovered of a crime.

"Lucy!" cried Prof. Villa, hurt surprise in his voice.

"Crippled sneak," Ating Luz sneered.

Prof. Villa alarmed, motioned us to leave. I grabbed my cousin's hand and rushed her out of the house.

The last thing I heard was Prof. Villa's uncalmed voice, "How silly can your imputations be? If I made that girl play on the piano it is because she has a better right to it than the owner."

LILING wept soul-shaking tears all night.

I told Tiang everything that happened. For once, she never said a word but clamped her lips together in a hard line. We never went back to the Luna house again for lessons.

Prof. Villa left Lunakan the next day, alone. How many theories the town spun round that incident I could not keep track on. Tiang had cautioned me not to reveal the truth to anyone else, so I could not set them to right.

A week later, Ating Luz left the town on the same bus her husband took before. The old lady closed all the windows and never mentioned Prof. Villa again.

A month after that afternoon I came upon Liling making pretty faces in the mirror, holding a bunch of sampaguitas to her hair. She blushed when she saw me, and simply said, "They smell sweet."

* * *

Love

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

No Filipino meal is complete without it

The Ubiquitous Bagoong

By AURORA ASINAS

WITHOUT THE *bagoong*, green mangoes would not be considered a delightful dish by most people. Neither would the meal of the common farmer be considered complete without this extraordinary food. Even the wealthy who boast of having first class food on their tables find the bagoong an indispensable item in their daily fare. Today, the bagoong has found its way to almost all the tables of Filipinos, regardless of class. It is considered a dish that is truly Filipino.

Before World War I, the bagoong industry was just in its infancy and few people cared to invest in it. Today, it has become one of the most profitable industries particularly in Batangas where the *bagoong Balayan* is almost considered an institution.

Bagoong in English is called anchovy sauce. In Balayan, Batangas, where the bagoong industry is one of the main sources of income by the people, the bagoong is made entirely from highly selected *dilis*. Although other kinds of fish like the *tulingan* or the *pulanhin* may be made into bagoong, the dilis is considered of high quality because it gives the best flavor. But whatever the main ingredients, the process of making the bagoong is the same everywhere.

People in Balayan catch the dilis during summer since it is during this season that they are very abundant. In months when they are scarce the people have to get their dilis from other provinces like the Bicol region and some islands in the Visayas. Oftentimes the dilis become very scarce because of dynamite fishing. During such times, the bagoong industry suffers a setback.

The main process involved in bagoong-

making is fermentation. Very little ingredients are needed. In fact just salt and dilis make bagoong. Two parts of dilis are mixed with one part of salt in order to achieve the best consistency. Then the mixture is stored in big earthen jars to allow it to ferment. Usually, the mixture is allowed to ferment for two to three months until the dilis disintegrate. When *patis* or the sauce gathers at the mouth of the jar it means that the mixture has already fermented. Some makers store the jars from six months to one year in order to get the desired consistency. The longer it ferments, the thicker the solution becomes.

The fermented dilis is then bottled and properly labeled and is ready for market.

The bagoong industry has gone a far way since it was first started many years ago. Instead of primitive methods, bagoong is bottled scientifically today. Way back in 1933, two hacenderos from Batangas had enough foresight to employ scientists to find a scientific way of bottling bagoong. Thanks to their initiative, the bagoong industry at present has advanced one step further.

Manufacturers of bagoong find the industry lucrative. Total expenses to produce one big earthen jar of bagoong would amount to ₱125 and the manufacturer can get a profit of from ₱20 to ₱40 per jar. In a month, a man may sell 10 jars or 1,000 bottles.

One does not have to have a big factory in order to engage in the bagoong industry. Earthen jars may be stored in the backyards as in the case in Batangas. The biggest manufacturer of bagoong has 250 jars in store. An enterprising person in Batangas ordered a cemented tank having the capacity of 50 jars made in his backyard.

Like most industries, the bagoong industry has not escaped the hand of profit-seekers who sacrifice high quality for more profit. Hence, we often see in the markets very poor bagoong due to inferior methods of manufacture, such as boiling the sauce to make it thicker, adding coloring or adding water.

In spite of its questionable food value, the bagoong is still considered a favorite food by many Filipinos. As long as it is patronized by the people, the bagoong industry will continue to serve as an important source of income to many Filipinos.

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Book Review

The Rebel *

By LEONARD CASPER

Responsibilities of the man who who won't conform

IN THIS latest book of essays, Camus reinforces his earlier reputation as French novelist and playwright dedicated to the indestructible value of human life. Even to attain peace, he has never approved violent means. Now, through a combination of political science and philosophy, he explains why.

A rebel is any man who refuses to submit to conditions intolerable to the sense of his own importance. But in order to believe in his own value, he must also affirm the dignity and integrity of all other men. If he does not believe in the equality of human life, he is likely to become not a rebel but a devotee of force. In the history of rebellion, this is actually what has happened.

The Romantic movement, at the end of the eighteenth century, came as a protest to the rule of Europe's tyrant kings. It paralleled the French and American Revolutions, those armed assertions of individual rights. However, as Romantic literature too often demonstrates, the failure of the movement was caused by *excessive* individualism which rejected the human community. Instead of finding its definition *in* society, self became elevated *above* society. For example, Southerners in the United States, following Jefferson's prescription that "The

* Albert Camus. *The Rebel.* New York: Alfred Knopf, 1954.

best government is that which governs least," claimed the supreme authority of the states over the federal government in matters of slave-holding and excise tax imposition, and thereby provoked the Civil War of 1861.

The literature of the early nineteenth century (*Moby Dick*, the poems of Shelley, and others) has many images of Prometheus, half-man half-god, who tried to regain equal status in heaven after having been exiled for helping humankind. In asserting their rights as individuals, men sometimes deified themselves. However, as would-be gods, they became responsible for the world's injustice which previously they had been able to blame on *one God*. Their desire for innocence being greater than their egoism, late in the nineteenth century they deified history and the State, instead, and relieved themselves of responsibility. This was the effect of the writings of the German philosopher Hegel, which attracted the economic theorist Karl Marx so irresistibly.

ACCORDING to the revolutionary concept of democracy, the will of the people was infallible. Today it is the will of the totalitarian few, those who feel that they are moved by the wave of history. The Russian "revolution" against the Czar, then, was clearly not a revolution in Camus' sense—an uprising in defense of the rights of all—but a mere transfer of absolute power from an aristocracy to a politburo. The State-worship began by Hegel has adapted itself to the Marxian economic interpretation of history: the destination of civilization is a classless society, to be arrived at through conflict between various classes and the gradual extermination of them all. Having destroyed the imperial aristocracy, Russian communism now aims to destroy the middle class.

If Communists depended less on force and more on reason, they would see the fallacies in their own doctrine. Camus points out that, historically, there is no clear movement toward elimination of classes in the world's economies but that, rather, in class conflicts, power simply changes hands.

These economic fluctuations correspond to well-known political balances of power. However, one cannot ex-

pect reason from tyrants. The Russian State which was to be the instrument of the classless society has refused to share political power with its citizens, in an attempt to prevent further change in internal structure.

Faced with such unprincipled power, man wants to rebel, to save his identity through refusing to conform. But in the process of rebellion, says Camus, one must not resort to violence, because to use violence would itself be to conform to totalitarian methods of denying value to the lives of select individuals.

It is not just individual identity which must be affirmed, but the identification of all men and the insistence on their equality and resemblance.

The logic of such pacificism is demanding and unusual: but Camus offers it with complete seriousness and conviction. At least his is a French voice raised in expression of the unity of man; he has not joined his fellow-citizens who, having sold out the Indo-Chinese community, later tried to stall the implementation of a community of protective interest in western Europe.

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PERFECTIONIST

Oscar Wilde once had as his house guest a man who during the course of a conversation said that preoccupation with art was simply a waste of time. Next morning Wilde was nowhere in evidence. When he appeared in the afternoon, his guest greeted him with:

"And where have you been all this time?"

"Very busy, very busy," replied Wilde. "I was going through the proofs of my latest volume of poetry."

"Do you call that work?"—scornfully.

"Vitally important work; I crossed out a comma."

"You mean to say that's all you did the whole morning!"

"Not at all. After lengthy consideration I put the comma back in."

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FARMING the SUN

The discovery of the secret of photosynthesis by scientists may open a new era of abundance

IN THE University of California at Berkeley, the scientists are no longer content to have green thoughts in a green shade. They have ceased to marvel at the phenomenon of photosynthesis partly because they are able now to reproduce the process artificially and partly because they have accumulated enough data to announce that this accomplishment of Nature is not efficient.

Photosynthesis is the process of constructive metabolism by which sugar and starch are formed from water vapor and carbon dioxide of the air in the chlorophyll-containing tissues of plants exposed to the action of light.

In the laboratories of the University of California, Dr. Daniel I. Arnon, professor of plant physiology and his collaborators, Dr. Mary Belle Allen, Dr. Frederick R. Whatley, J. B. Capindale and Lois J. Durham, were able for the first time to harness sunlight to create sugar and starch outside the green cells of living plants.

This achievement, the result of a century of study of photosynthesis by reasearch groups all over the world, would make men partly independent of plants for food.

Dr. Arnon admits that the study of the mechanism of photosynthesis has only begun but "the day when serious consideration can be given to the possibility of reproducing photosynthetic reactions independently of green plants" is approaching.

"Should this prove attainable," Dr. Arnon continues, "it would usher in a new era of unlimited abundance in which man would be able to tap the energy of sunlight directly and free himself of his dependence on green plants for his food and energy sources."

ALL the organisms that infest the earth depend in one way or another upon the sun for energy. Everyday the sun delivers to earth more than a quadrillon kilowatt-hours of energy. Even this enormous

amount of power is but a mote of the total energy shocked off by the sun. Each second in the flaming interior of the sun, where temperatures reach 50,000,000° centigrade, some 560,000,000 tons of hydrogen explode into 556,000,000 tons of helium. The mass difference, 4,000,000 tons, is converted to energy which amounts to 100 billion billion kilowatt-hours each second. But this energy is radiated in all directions and only a small portion reaches the earth.

This energy heats the earth sufficiently to support its predatory creatures. A fraction of this celestial power is stored in the form of coal, gas or oil.

In the matter of photosynthesis, however, there is a great deal of waste. It is estimated that only 1 per cent of the sunlight which falls on a green leaf is turned into chemical energy.

Dr. Arnon estimates that the amount of energy from the sun which spreads over an acre of land during three months of the growing season is equal to that contained in 250 tons of coal.

But the energy stored in a crop of corn during the same time is equal only to three-tenths of a ton. Thus only one-eighth of 1 per cent of solar energy is stored in the corn. Even with this wasteful process, however, man's supply of food, clothing, and lumber is roughly sufficient.

THE population of the earth is increasing. Economic and social upheavals are partly due to the decrease in food supply. The utilization of artificial photosynthesis may provide cheap food for the peoples of the earth.

The scientists in California are painstakingly tracing the steps in natural photosynthesis. They have discovered that the photosynthetic mechanism is enclosed only in the chloroplasts, the small chlorophyll-containing tissues of the living leaf.

Isolated chloroplasts can use sunlight to split water into hydrogen and oxygen. The hydrogen is then combined with carbon dioxide from the air in the first step toward making food substances. The oxygen is released into the atmosphere.

The California scientists have succeeded in duplicating this process in the laboratory. The work is tedious and expensive but as this secret of Nature is slowly revealed to Man, refinements and large scale application will follow.

The immediate use of this discovery is good. The recurrent problems of glut and decrease in the food supply will be brought under control. But in the unflexing system of nature another balance will be upset.

Objective: Rural Reconstruction

IN A small Pangasinan barrio, the influential leaders of the community called a meeting of the people to discuss the problems of their barrio. The problems had to be solved, and the only way the leaders saw fit to solve them was to organize and to cooperate with one another.

So one afternoon, guided by government helpers, the barrio people met and talked about the needs of their barrio. After an hour, they decided that the barrio road needed improvement, that the barrio should be kept sanitary and clean, that the barrio should be beautified and that the people must strive hard to develop home industries to ward off hunger and food shortage.

These were the problems which the people saw, and after having been made aware of the importance of these problems, the barrio lieutenant and acting chairman of the meeting stood up and faced the group.

"We have now the list of the needs of our barrio; the next question before us, is how to start solving them." The lieutenant sat down.

There was a momentary silence among the people. Then someone rose and suggested that they should now discuss how to acquire the materials needed. Other members of the community gathered enough courage to stand and contribute their bit to the discussion. Suggestions were given until it was agreed that each one should pitch in and that materials to be used should be gathered from the barrio. Materials they could not get, they would request from either the Bureau of Agricultural Extension, the PRRM, the social welfare administration and other such agencies dedicated to rural reconstruction.

AFTER this was decided, the acting chairman stood up again and told the people that the next step they should

do was to plan the projects that they should undertake first. A hand shot up and an aging old man stood up.

"I think that we should do first that which we need most. And what we need most, I think, is a good road. We cannot go to town as often as we want because the barrio road is terrible. And when it rains, we can not cross the river because the bridge across has been destroyed. I think that we should build the road first."

There were agreements and there were disagreements. Then a woman stood up and declared with all vehemence that she thinks that construction of privies should be accomplished first because the barrio, especially since the summer wind is due, would stink. There was a howl of laughter from the people and heads started to nod.

Another man stood up to support the woman, reasoning that since the hot season had come, they would not suffer the mud until late May or June. The question was decided by voting and the woman won.

After that, other projects were planned by the villagers. It was agreed that each house should fence its yard, and plant flowers in the front yard and vegetables in the backyard. It was further agreed that pigs should be fenced in and each house be responsible for the cleaning of the barrio road in front of it. And then, the meeting came to the last part of the business for that afternoon: organizing the group into a council and electing the officers. Nominations were made. The barrio lieutenant was elected head of the council, and upon his suggestion, it was decided to start the projects immediately.

Thus another barrio council was born. This barrio was only one of ninety others in Pangasinan which have organized a council to implement the government's plan of barrio reconstruction.

THE barrio council movement in the Philippines appears to be the solution to many of our problems. During the past year, it has accomplished some significant projects. Among them are the development of 66,769 year-round vegetable gardens, 128,600 home-fencing projects, about 5,500 fishpond projects plus the construction of countless sanitary privies and safe water supply systems. Besides Pangasinan, Negros, Bataan and Iloilo have started the barrio council movement.

How does a barrio council operate?

There are five steps developed with many variations, and which are usually taken into consideration before a council

is organized. *First,* there should be a discussion of the vital needs of the community. *Second,* necessary facts and materials about the problem should be gathered, and the resources available in the community considered. *Third,* there should be planning of the projects to be undertaken. *Fourth,* the group should be formed and incited into action; and *last,* start the project.

The council is normally composed of all the elements of the barrio: the PTA, *puroks,* occupational or tenure groups and civic organizations. Council leaders are chosen from members of the community who have native ability, an above average education, willingness to accept responsibility and possession of the confidence and respect of most of the citizens.

In the case of the barrio lieutenant who had been elected to head the council in our sample barrio above, the people were not wrong in choosing him. He was a pre-war high school graduate, went to teaching right after the war. He became a barrio lieutenant in 1951 when he turned to working on the farm instead of pursuing his studies. He is respected by the people in the community, and he had been living in the barrio since he was born.

The barrio council is designed to serve as a substitute for a formal barrio government. It is regarded as the only way to make people realize the necessity of self-help. Left alone to themselves, the council will not prosper. A form of guidance has to be extended to them.

Two large and capable organizations are doing their best to assist them. The Bureau of Public Schools and the Bureau of Agricultural Extension, hand in hand with the Social Welfare Administration, the Philippine Rural Reconstruction Movement, the Philippine Community Centers and many other civic organizations are sponsoring and promoting this movement.

NOT long ago, the joint Philippine-American development program managed by the PHILCUSA-FOA stimulated a great deal of action and interest in rural communities. For the first time in decades, the national conscience seemed to have awakened to the need of the barrios.

Recently, President Magsaysay announced his desire to start the development of the self-help concept among barrio people. This concept is built around the idea of making the people contribute their share in labor and the government its share in materials and equipment for the construction of barrio projects.

The President has asked Congress to pass laws to boost this idea.

President Magsaysay said: "The government shall provide the funds, know-how and equipment, and the people the labor and locally available raw materials." By this token, the government will provide the farmers with free cement with which, under government supervision, they can construct their own irrigation ditches.

It is a healthy enterprise, and Congress should fulfill the recommendations of the President. Meanwhile, let us have more barrio councils organized in Philippine villages.

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Youth

YOUTH is not entirely a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips or supple knees. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions . . . Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals . . . You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place of every heart, there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer and courage, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then, and then only, are you grown old . . .

—General Douglas MacArthur on his 75th birthday

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The Story of the SHUTTERED IMAGE

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How photography grew up from knee pants into a multi-million dollar hobby

NEXT TO an amateur detective, the most persistent character one can encounter nowadays is an amateur photographer. Armed with either a five-peso box camera or a thousand-peso Leica with complete extra paraphernalia, he stalks the fleeting moments of beauty and with a click of the shutter capture this spectacle "for posterity."

The amateur photographer could be found almost everywhere: on top of the Eiffel tower or at the bottom of the Grand Canyon; in Burmese temples or in New Zealand general stores; by the rice paddies of Luzon or on the sidewalks of New York. The sun to him is a source of light that needs a yellow filter and the moon is something you can't photograph well without a tripod. He approaches the high Himalayas with a telephoto lens and scans the horizon with a range finder —and if he ever comes across a silver lining, he'll probably consult his color chart.

A cool $300 million was spent by the American amateur photographer for cameras and gadgets last year. His subjects ranged from Haitian calypso dancers to Indian snake charmers and, above all, Junior. He took 2 billion pictures and used up 500 million flashbulbs, whose combined lights would dim a minor planet.

The late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes called the camera the "mirror with a memory." He could not have been more right, for nothing has ever brought before the eyes of man a clearer image of himself, at the joy of birth or in the agony of death, than the camera. Modern man's life is wrapped up in photographs: in magazines, newspapers, movies, billboards and handbills.

VERY few people are prone to agree with the photographer's claim that photography is an art. They compare the photographer's work with that of the real artists like Rembrandt or Shakespeare whose *Night Watch* and *Hamlet,* respectively, came from within them. On the other hand, they say, the photographer's prize picture is not so much created as "caught," and more often (as in the case of the automatically triggered cameras and in monumental war pictures) accident and chance and mechanics play a big part in the capture.

In the face of these arguments, however, the photographer maintains that whatever works on his art also operates on those of his fellow creators. He cites the example of a stray ray of light that could have made the *Mona Lisa* what it is, or the upset disposition of a Spanish painter which gave the world Dali and his melting clocks and disappearing horizons.

This bickering between the disciples of the brush and the idolators of the lens could be traced to the year 1822, when a French aristocrat Nicephore Niepce and a Parisian scene-painter named Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre developed the first working "daggueretype." This development started the rage to freeze on a wet plate everything that came in sight of the daggueretype fan, leading a French newspaper to say that the world has gone "daggueretocrazy" and that everyone is in a "daggueretomaze."

The two Frenchmen were not the first to discover the possibilities of photography. As early as the year 1038 A.D., Arab scholars had been studying the basic optical principles involved in it and Leonardo da Vinci had noted that a small hole drilled in the wall of a dark room facing a small sunlit scene will project an upside-down image on the opposite wall.

Photography passed two important landmarks before the stage when all the combined clicks of the shutter could drown out a thunder was reached. One of these was the rise of American pictorial journalism and the other was the mass production of cameras and films.

TO MATHEW Brady belongs the distinction of being the first real press photographer. His pictures, taken during the Civil War, helped impress upon the minds of the people the terrors of war and the need for peace. However, despite the success of pictorial journalism as a medium of information, it was not until *Life*

magazine appeared in 1936 that photography was fully exploited to document man's triumphs and defeats.

What Henry Ford was to the automobile, George Eastman was to the camera. Twelve years before the first Model T's rolled off the assembly line, Eastman's company was already producing the Kodak in Rochester, N.Y. and the slogan "You press the shutter, we do the rest" was a by-word in the United States. Eastman's company sold the first Kodak for $25 and charged another $10 for developing each roll of film containing 100 exposures. A decade later, Eastman turned out the $1 "Brownie" and photography became the American national hobby.

Photography, or more specifically, the production of cameras, was also making giant strides in Europe. Soon names like Zeiss-Ikon and Leitz were as familiar as the Kodak. German cameras especially commanded higher prices as they were mostly designed as precision instruments.

Hand in hand with the development of more intricate cameras came the exponents of camera magic. Men like Stieglitz, Steichen and Evans hovered into focus as the high priests of the photographers' cult. Their influence could still be traced in the pictures taken by present-day camerartists.

THE SINGLE big influence in the elevation of photography as a distinct art was the birth of the picture magazine. *Life,* more than any other publication, probably gave added significance to the old Chinese expression, "A picture is worth a thousand words." After *Life* came *Look, Parade, Pic* and then the pocket-size *Coronet* and *Pageant. Coronet* mothered the pictorial essay while *Pageant* lent it a helping hand, from the toddling period to its present robust maturity.

Mention should also be made of the men who trained the world's attention on itself with the aid of the camera. They include W. Eugene Smith, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Ansel Adams, Margaret Bourke-White, Carl Mydans and last but not least, Henri Cartier-Bresson, who is recognized as the world's greatest living photographer.

And while these camerartists preserve the precise instant with a press of the shutter by expert fingers, the amateurs, on the other hand, will be doing the same, not so much as to have something to do with their hands as to have something to show to "the boys" to prove he "was there when it happened."

ANDRE MALRAUX: The Hemingway of France

Novelist, tank commander, aerial gunner, art critic . . .

ANDRE MALRAUX is one man who, for 53 years, has tried to live as if he were several men. Much of that life has been invested in the Far East. Even as a young man, he studied at the School of Oriental Languages in Paris, although neither pupils nor teachers thoroughly understood their subject. Later, with his first wife, he traveled to the back-jungles of Indo-China, in search of adventure and old temple statuary. The French government, however, sentenced him to three years' imprisonment for theft of archaeological specimens and only through an appeal to a higher court did he prove his innocence.

Within a matter of months Malraux appeared in Canton, China, to do propaganda work for Chiang Kai-Shek's revolutionary party, the Kuomintang, which with the aid of Communist agents was organizing a national liberation movement. After two years he broke with Chiang who, he felt, had betrayed the revolution's cause.

Back from the East, Malraux settled down in Paris to write three novels about his experiences: *The Conquerors*, 1928 (the Canton insurrection); *The Royal Way*, 1930 (the search for treasure in Indo-China); *Man's Fate*, 1933 (the Shanghai insurrection). Meanwhile he supported himself as art director for a French publishing house.

Malraux insists that, because he had little sympathy for its doctrines, he never joined the Communist party but only fought side by side with it on

* *Second of a regular* PANORAMA *feature on literary personalities the world over.*

occasions when it seemed to be the only force against Facism in a given country, because the democracies had declared themselves neutrals. Although he communicated closely with Russian writers, at the same time he defended Trotsky's right of asylum in France when that revolutionary leader was purged from Russia by Premier Stalin.

In the Spanish Civil War, when Generalissimo Franco threatened to destroy the Republic, Malraux served as aerial machine gunner against Franco's forces. This necesarily put him on the side of Russian volunteers who were busy with arms, opposing Spanish Facism.

Yet his novel, *Man's Hope*, makes clear his growing critical attitude towards the dogmatism of his Marxist comrades. After the German-Russian nonaggression pact of 1939, which freed Hitler's Nazi troops from standing guard duty on the Russian border so that they could throw their full weight against France, Malraux like so many others made an open break with Communism.

TO CARRY on his personal fight with tyranny, Malraux used the two skills which have always served him best. He wrote a novel, *Days of Wrath*, about the courage of antifascists imprisoned in Hitler's torture chambers; and he enlisted as a second-class private

Reluctant Veteran

Novelist Ernest Hemingway has been awarded more medals for wartime than anyone knows, but he values only four bestowed by the Italian government during World War I while he was a volunteer ambulance aide in Italy. It was there that his right knee cap was blown off. As a correspondent, he covered both the Spanish Civil War and World War II, sometimes finding himself the only man in remote front lines. The U.S. 4th Infantry Division became his favorite when, with them, he went through the Normandy landing, the liberation of Paris, the Hurtgen Forest slaughter, and the defense of Luxemburg. Despite these facts, he has always refused to be called a soldier.

in the French tank corps, after twice being rejected by the army as unfit for military service. In 1940, he was wounded, taken prisoner, and interned by the Germans. But because he had masked his identity, he was not watched closely and managed to escape.

Throughout the German occupation he worked with the Maqui underground, using tactics he had learned in China and Spain. Near D-Day his resistance forces derailed a whole veteran Panzer division, holding them up for days in sharp hand-to-hand battle and killing 7,000 out of 25,000 German soldiers. When Malraux himself was wounded again and captured, he acted so insolently that the impressed Nazis saved him for their superiors; but he arrived in Paris with them just as the Allies did and so he was rescued.

From then until the war's end, he fought in the regular French army. Later he wrote a long novel, *The Lindens of Altenburg,* about his conutry's break-out from occupation. Then he relaxed by compiling several volumes of criticism of paintings and sculpture.

MALRAUX emerged from all these experiences, convinced that the new totalitarian danger in France was Communism. He joined political forces with Gen. Charles de Gaulle who offered to use force to remove the threat of Communism to democracy. At the same time, Malraux has never identified himself completely with the general—just as he has never allowed *any* man to be his master. Recently, when it became clear that de Gaulle had lost so much political support that he would never be given the premiership of France, it was reported that Malraux would form a coalition of his own and create a "New Left" party, to give labor a stronger voice in its government but to keep that government democratic.

To an outsider, the unbelievable exploits of Andre Malraux sound like the legend of an imaginary adventurer. But even in most melodramatic circumstances Malraux has always taken seriously both himself and his cause, his allegiance to individual rights. His belief in his own independence has never been so strong that it has prevented him from helping others, also, be themselves.

* * *

GREAT COMICS of the Silent Screen

Before the movies learned to talk

A MECHANICAL piano played sugary waltzes or cranky music that sounded, literally, like noise from a "tin pan alley." There was the biting smell of peanuts, cheap perfume, tobacco and sweat: but above all, the violent, steady laughter of men and women, as deafening as the outburst of water from a broken hydrant. The earliest movies were silent but the audiences were not. They came to laugh, and stayed until the lights went up.

Because of their wordlessness, silent movies depended on action, from the gesture of an eye to the rapid flight of a pair of legs. The quality of film was such that makeup seemed to mask rather than reveal the actor's face. Directors soon discovered that since, under such circumstances, exaggeration in looks and movement was inevitable, their camera techniques would be best suited to comedy.

If they utilized the ridiculous conditions under which the new industry had to grow, they could have audiences laughing *with* instead of *at* their movies. A search began for comedians capable of being acrobat, dancer, clown and mimic, all at once.

The father of American screen comedy was Mack Sennett, who invented pie-in-the-face. (Almost the whole of a Laurel and Hardy two-reeler was devoted to pie-throwing. The action began slowly, then increased in tempo, eventually involving scores of innocent bystanders in the havoc. Another early comedian, Fatty Arbuckle, was ambidextrous and could hit with pies, simultaneously, two people moving in opposite directions.) Sennett also introduced

the insanely incompetent Keystone Cops who caromed against folding ladders and conductorless trolleys, with no more apparent injury to themselves than the disarrangement of their false glue-brush mustaches.

Accidentally Sennett discovered the proper tempo for the exaggerated movements of his comedies. Films shot at 12 frames per second were projected at 16 frames per second, so that even normal gestures became excessively rapid. Almost every Sennett comedy ended with a chase, in which cops, dogs, locomotives, and even buildings seemed to join in a single trajectory toward some undisclosed destination out beyond the shaky horizon.

Although Sennett held regular "idea sessions," only the most important stages of a scenario were jotted down, and then usually on the back of an envelope. The crew, and particularly the comic, invented their story and "gag" line *after* the shooting began. The most important man then became the prop man who had to be ready with whatever improbable apparatus any comic might suddenly want: bombs, slippery telephones, suits with detachable sleeves and what-not.

Such vitality and direction found more than ample support in silent artists, the greatest of whom was Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin could draw anything from a titter to a belly-laugh from such antics as eating a boiled shoe as if it were fresh lake trout or swallowing a whistle or being pinned to the floor by a folding wall-bed. More than anyone else, with his startled sad eyes, frightened little mustache, baggy pants and overlarge shoes, Chaplin suggested what a vulnerable creature a human is, in a monstrous world of indifferent elephants and assembly lines.

HAROLD Lloyd, another comedian, began by trying *not* to look like Chaplin. Later he developed the characterization best suited to himself: the brave but awkward young man in horn-rimmed glasses. He was at his best at the comedy of thrills. Never once using a stunt man, time and again he played the role of a human fly, risking his limbs to make an audience laugh at the foolish young man caught on a flagpole and reaching for the hands of a clock.

Lloyd lost half his right hand (and nearly his eyesight) when a comedy bomb exploded prematurely; but despite that fact he chose to continue taking his own chances, in the serious business of being funny.

A third great comic from the silent era was Harry Langdon, who with his moon cheeks, dimples and pear-shaped body looked like an overgrown baby.

His expressions were always so simple that they suggested a brain too small to handle the impulses sent out to it.

He was incurably trustful, hesitant and unstable, particularly in a high wind rounding a corner and threatening to blow off his circular, boyish hat. He walked like a child still learning how. But the back of his neck, when a lady spy tried to wrest information from him, was more expressive than the full face of many a talking-picture star.

He worked without plan, completely by intuition; and he avoided tragedy until a later industry, misunderstanding his talent, handed him a script and tried to make his genius take orders.

One of the most unusual comics was Buster Keaton, sometimes called "The Great Stone Face" because he never smiled on the screen. His dumb stoicism always shook the audience: when Buster's movie ship was launched, it sank grandly, straight to the bottom, but Keaton never budged from the prow; slowly the water rose over his eyes and carried off his flat, stove-lid hat.

With such a face and such a character, speech was unnecessary. His face was a zombie's; his movements, as he ran, an unthinking machine's. But after a while his granite face gave the impression of being the calm center of an exploding, topsy-turvy world.

When sound came, Mack Sennett was the first man to put Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields on the screen. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton made a few "talkies." Chaplin, however, had a large enough

Limelight

For *Limelight*, a recent movie almost twice the length of normal "pictures," Charlie Chaplin wrote the entire scenario; acted a tiring role in which he had to play the violin left-handed and nearly break his back at the climax by falling offstage into a drum; wrote the music and complete choreography for his ballet-dancing co-star, Claire Bloom; and directed and produced his own film. His son played a comic role in one short pantomime.

While appreciating such diversity of genius, the critics complained that, as a matter of fact, Chaplin was too much in his own movie. They meant that he used too much footage making semi-philosophical remarks about the injuries he has suffered at various hands, in his own life. He confused his own personality with the character that he played.

following so that he was able to continue making silent movies —*City Lights* and *Modern Times*—plus one where only gibberish was spoken, *The Great Dictator*. When Chaplin finally made a conventional sound picture, *Limelight*, he was criticized for talking too much!

The fact is that, with the end of silence, a new type of comedy dependent on the verbal "gag" and pun began to dominate the screen. Slapstick became a routine for second-rate comics and animal cartoons; and no real characterization, like Lloyd's or Chaplin's with their suggestions of universality, has emerged.

When the camera stopped looking so that it could listen, man became less important than his word of mouth, and the era of the great screen comics had ended.

* * *

Don't Be Punny!

Double Features:

BRAVE BULLS — THE MATING SEASON

THE BIRTH OF A NATION — WHAT A BABY!

Quezon Boulevard Signboards:

MILTON TAILORING (next door to) L'ALLEGRO CAFE

PEACETIME RESTAURANT (beside) LAKE SUCCESS CAFE

* * *

Humor is a drug which it is the fashion to abuse.

—*William S. Gilbert*

Engineer to Rebel

by TEODORO A. AGONCILLO

WHEN General Blanco, then commanding the Spanish forces, counter-attacked in Cavite late in 1896, the Filipino revolutionists of the province were at an obvious disadvantage: they lacked arms and ammunition with which to halt the savage fury of the enemy's advance. Worse, they were divided against themselves. There was no strong hand to demand obedience and discipline. The ranks were torn by internal strifes—pretty jealousies gnawed at the heart of each self-appointed leader. Anybody who could harangue a crowd of twenty persons called himself a general.

Thus the superabundant display of high-sounding military titles made the Philippine Revolution general-ridden—a disease that led to bickerings and dislike for one another. When finally the two leading factions of the Revolution—the Magdalo and the Magdiwang—agreed to come down to earth, they found the Spanish army sweeping all opposition with comparative ease.

"Fortunately," said Apolinario Mabini in his English version of *The Philippine Revolution*, "Edilberto Evangelista, a citizen of Manila, graduated civil engineer in the university of Ghent, Belgium, offered his services to the insurrection and directed all the works of entrenchment and defense, which gave much trouble to the Spanish forces. When General Polavieja, at the head of a powerful army, resolved to take the province of Cavite, Edilberto who commanded the defenses of the Zapote river died heroically fighting on February 17, 1897.

EDILBERTO Evangelista, the hero of Zapote Bridge, was born in Manila in 1862. He learned his alphabet from his uncle, Juan Evangelista, the famous translator into Tagalog of *The Martyr of Golgotha.* Armed with his knowledge of the alphabet, young Edilberto enrolled at the San Juan de Letran College where, in 1876, he took his Bachelor of Arts degree. Shortly after his graduation he was made an assistant teacher in the secondary school then being conducted by his uncle, Juan, located at the time near the corner of what are now Azcarraga and Rizal Avenue.

Of a curious disposition, he found himself thirsting for knowledge that neither his uncle nor his alma mater could give him. But he did not have the necessary funds with which he could pursue his studies. To earn the money he badly needed, he turned to buying and selling cows and tobacco in the Visayas. Tired of moving from one place to another, he tried his hand at being a public works contractor.

This latter experience finally made up his mind: he would study engineering. In 1890, he sailed for Madrid and there he met the Filipino propagandists, among them Jose Rizal, who, upon realizing the talent of the young man, suggested that he take up his engineering course in Belgium.

Life in Belgium was difficult for a foreigner like him. His funds were limited. There was only one way out of his troubles: to economize, and to effect this he had to buy his own food, cook it himself, and wash his clothes. Together with Jose Abreu and Jose Alejandrino, he formed the Filipino triumvirate in Belgium. The higher ideals that dominated the inner life of Rizal and his companions did not make a deep impression on his mind. His purpose was to finish his studies.

The revolution in the Philippines was in its bloody stage when he returned in 1896. He was immediately drawn into its whirling vortex, and found himself a rebel. The Spanish government, in its attempts to destroy the power of the Filipinos, employed drastic measures—suspects were arrested and those found with

an inkling of the revolutionary movement were liquidated. Evangelista was arrested on suspicion. His wit, however, saved him. He was set free for lack of evidence to implicate him with the general uprising that was rocking the foundation of Spanish rule in the Islands.

HIS knowledge of civil engineering gave the revolutionists one great advantage: they were able, through Evangelista's efforts, to construct strong defenses that defied the vicious assaults of the Spaniards, resulting in the big number of casualties sustained by the attacking forces. One of the most famous defenses constructed by Evangelista was located in Binakayan, Imus, Cavite. When it fell into the hands of the Spanish forces after a long siege and brutal attack, on March 26, 1897, the enemy's commanding general expressed his surprise and admiration for the Filipino engineer, claiming that he never expected the *indios* to show such ingenuity.

The Battle of Zapote Bridge, where Evangelista fell, told heavily on the rebels. The Spanish forces henceforth did not have a difficult time in destroying the revolutionists in the sector: town after town fell and General Aguinaldo, together with his men, retreated and speedily traversed the wilderness of Rizal until he reached Biyaknabato, where a provisional republic was set up.

* * *

HE SANG NO MORE

In a recent concert, the powerful U.P. baritone, Aurelio Estanislao, was pressed by the admiring audience for an encore. He obliged with Ernest Charles' "When I Have Sung My Songs to You, I'll Sing No More."

He meant it. No amount of applause could coax him back for another song.

*

ROAD TO WONDERLAND

ANYONE who has gone up to Baguio has marveled at the engineering skill and tremendous labor that have been expended in the construction of the Kennon road.

Clinging to the mountain sides, the road streams up and, as though infused with a life of its own, dodges gulches, deadfalls and geologic faults to end at its source and perpetual destination, the justification of its existence—the city on the mountaintop, Baguio.

As early the 16th and 17th centuries, Spanish explorers, among them Captain Juan de Salcedo, were recorded to have explored this region. During the 19th century, the Spanish government built a house there and it became the summer resort of the Spanish governors.

But it remained for the Americans to make Baguio completely accessible.

The principal problem of those who wanted to make the trip to Baguio during those days was the impossibility of reaching it except by trails. One had to do it on foot and on horseback, up dangerously slanted mountain passes, through arched granitic doors, and down corridors of wind and halls of spray, until the mind became numb with fatigue.

YEARS before the road was built, stories have been told about Baguio and its famous climate. An American scientist studying bird life in Mindoro heard stories of this "pine region and its temperate climate."

Nothing, however, came out of these stories until Dean C. Worcester was appointed to the Philippine Commission. When he heard of Baguio, he immediately organized a fact-finding committee.

In a short time, the old Spanish records about the place

were exhumed and brought to Worcester. The American flushed deeper red with joy. The records were the collective work of three Spanish officers and they contained among other things temperature records made over a period of days.

Worcester dismissed the committee and announced, on the spot, that he himself would lead the party of exploration to Baguio.

In July, 1900, after a hazardous journey through forests and up the cliffs, guided by natives who were incredibly tireless and who insisted on playing nose flutes while crossing rope bridges spanned across 1,000-foot drops, the Worcester party reached Baguio. To immortalize the moment, Worcester wrote:

"Trees stood on the rounded knolls at comparatively wide intervals, and there were scores of places where, in order to have a beautiful home lot, one needed only to construct driveways and go to work with a lawn mower. At the same time, a delightful cold breeze swept down from the heights above us."

It was not, however, until two years later that the resort began to be really publicized.

The construction of the road to Baguio would have been delayed had not Governor William Howard Taft fallen ill. The lowlands gave the rotund administrator dysentery. To speed up his recovery, his friends convinced him to go up to Baguio.

Taft, a man of enormous bulk, made the trip by horseback. The place enchanted him. In fact, the first thing he did upon reaching the place was to send a cablegram to Elihu Root, then U.S. Secretary of War. The cablegram read:

"Stood trip well, rode horseback 25 miles to 5,000 feet altitude. Great province, this, only 150 miles from Manila with air as bracing as Adirondacks or Murray Bay. Only pines and grasslands. Temperature this hottest month in the Philippines in my cottage porch at three in the afternoon, 68 degrees. Fires are necessary night and morning . . . (signed) Taft."

Incidentally, to this wonderful piece of suspenseful reporting, Root answered: "Referring to telegram your office of 16th instrust . . . how is horse? . . . (signed) Root."

ON JUNE 1, 1903, barely one month and a half after the governor's trip, the Philippine commission approved a resolution "to make the town of Baguio, in the province of Benguet, the summer capital of the archipelago of the Philippines.

Despite the growing fame of Baguio, its progress was slow.

When plans for a road were first drawn up, it was intended to be only a wagon road which could later be changed into a railroad. But the planners soon found out that they had underestimated the country through which the road would be cut. The initial appropriation of $75,000 proved to be a joke and when the road was completed in 1905, the cost had run to over $2,000,000.

The first man assigned to the task, Captain Charles W. Meade, soon found himself unequal to the work. He was replaced by N. M. Holmes in August, 1901. A year later, having made some progress, Holmes suddenly found his way blocked by a peculiar rock formation which disintegrated under wind and rain.

THESE unfortunate events had occurred when Colonel L. W. V. Kennon undertook the project. Kennon inspected the finished portion of the road and explored the territory that would have to be cut. Then he returned to Manila and told his astonished employers that it would take at least $1,000,000 and many months of work to finish the road.

The civil administrators told him to go ahead. Then the press started to denounce him bitterly. Kennon fortunately was one who never listened to popular opinion. On June 1, 1903, he began the work. On January 29, 1905, after 19 months of dangerous work, Colonel Kennon drove the first wagon over the Benguet road. Four years later, five automobiles transported more than 2,000 passengers to the summer capital. Kennon had won.

For several years afterward, nature refused to cooperate. In October of 1906, a destructive typhoon howled over the area and swamped four of the bridges, besides damaging several miles of the road. On July 14 and 15, 1911, still another typhoon destroyed completely a steel bridge that was built "to last for centuries."

When the second world war came, Baguio became a ghost city. The remnants of war, shells, corpses, blasted bridges, littered the historic road. Wall-caves used by Japanese snipers smoked for days. Whole blocks of road were blown up by bombs.

The reconstruction of the road was begun by the American liberating army and later continued by the government of the Republic of the Philippines. Now, only the natural forces remain the only unconquered enemies of the road, but efficient road maintenance and civic concern have kept the road safe. The road runs on.

Panorama Quiz

One mark of an educated man is the possession of a reasonable fund of general information. The highly specialized individual who knows nothing outside his own line may be dubbed an "expert," but will certainly be boring company. Try yourself on the following questions, then turn to page 80 for the correct answers. A score of eight is good.

1. Your friend who recently consulted a chiropodist probably had: *A. a sore throat; B. a skin disease; C. a minor foot ailment; D. a vexing problem.*

2. The slogan "Wherever particular people congregate" advertises: *A. Pall Mall cigarets; B. Buick; C. Carrier airconditioners; D. Pullman cars.*

3. A commander in the Navy holds the same rank as an Army: *A. captain; B. major; C. lieutenant colonel; D. colonel.*

4. Kitty Hawk, North Carolina should recall to mind: *A. the first successful airplane flight; B. Lincoln's Gettysburg address; C. the world's greatest auto race; D. Joe Louis.*

5. A tourist in Italy and in Turkey will have to convert his money into: *A. rial; B. lira; C. drachma; D. krone.*

6. If you are a student of Philippine history, you know that *Del Superior Govierno* was: *A. the official title of the Spanish city government; B. the original name of Intramuros; C. a satirical work of Jose Rizal; D. the first newspaper in the Philippines.*

7. Among all the known planets, the smallest is: *A. Saturn; B. Earth; C. Uranus; D. Mercury.*

8. Do you know your vitamins? When your gums are tender and bleed easily and your joints swell, you probably lack in your diet: *A. vitamin A; B. vitamin B; C. vitamin C; D. vitamin D.*

9. Literature is full of handsome rogues who lived some of their own characters' lives. Perhaps the most notorious of them, one with a clubfoot, was: *A. John Milton; B. Jack London; C. Guy de Maupassant; D. Lord Byron.*

10. When the Mendes-France government of France fell recently, a new premier was immediately designated. His name: *A. Antoine Pinay; B. George Bidault; C. Rene Coty; D. Henri Dunant.*

ARE YOU WORD WISE?

Answers

1. c) a hanging ornament
2. a) affectedly proper
3. a) blood-red
4. c) one sensitive to the beauties of art
5. c) something occurring out of its proper place
6. d) inclined to war
7. b) low drifting clouds
8. b) great mass of undistinguished persons or things
9. d) talkative
10. a) acting or serving as a substitute
11. b) one who enjoys physical pain
12. d) in a confused mass
13. c) fluent or smooth-tongued
14. c) sharp or keen-edged
15. d) to agree
16. a) offspring
17. b) glaringly sensational
18. b) to prevent legally
19. d) rude
20. b) danger

ANSWERS TO PANORAMA QUIZ

1. C. a minor foot ailment
2. A. Pall Mall cigarets
3. C. lieutenant colonel
4. A. the first successful airplane flight (made by the Wright brothers, 1903)
5. B. lira (Italian lira: U.S. $0.0016; Turkish lira: U.S. $0.3571)
6. D. the first newspaper in the Philippines
7. D. Mercury (diameter: 3,100 miles)
8. C. vitamin C.
9. D. Lord Byron (George Gordon, Romantic poet, 1788-1824)
10. A. Antoine Pinay

* * *

ATTENTION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

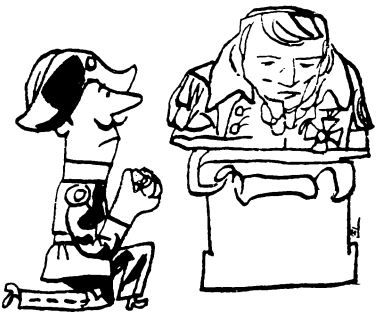
The PANORAMA will give a prize of ₱10 for the best and ₱5 for the next best essay on any problem of national or international significance. The best essay will be published in this magazine.

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

In the Beginning. . .

MAUSOLEUM *(a stately tomb)*

At Halicarnassus, an ancient Greek city in Asia Minor, a magnificent burial place was built by Queen Artermisia in 353 B.C. in memory of her husband, *Mausolus*. The name has remained to this day.



CHAUVINISM *(Narrow or blind patriotism)*

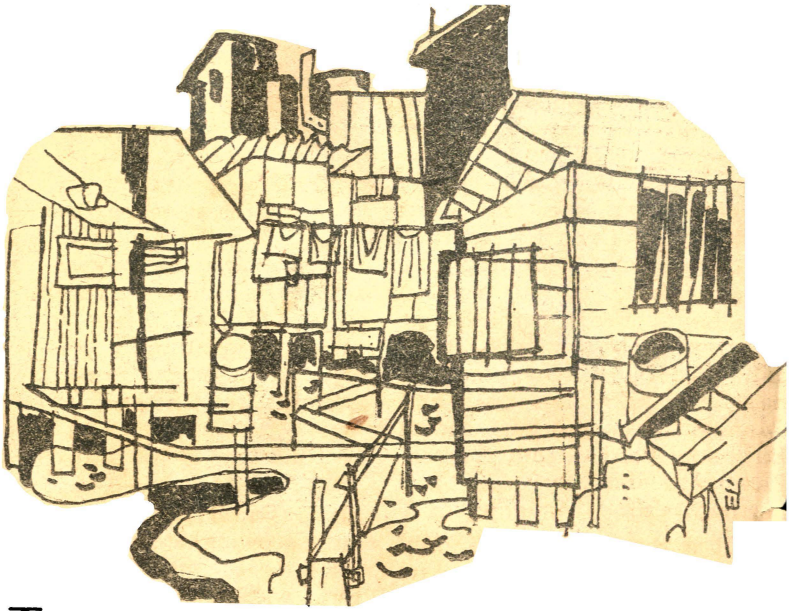
Nicholas *Chauvin*, a French soldier, so vociferously aired his veneration of Napoleon Bonaparte that his name became the laughing stock of Europe. Thus an exaggerated patriotism is described by his name.

GARRULOUS *(talkative)*

From the Latin verb meaning to chatter comes *garrulus*. A garrulous person reminds one of a chattering monkey.

Tondo Is a Heartache

By ANDRES CRISTOBAL CRUZ



TONDO? The common impressions about this Manila district are depressing: gangsters, slums, poverty, a tough place. More often than not these notions are undeniably true.

Tondo is a tight spot one gets into easily, but gets out of, if ever, so difficultly. It is a tough, nagging and huge heartache that can only be felt so much and so often. Cryi against it becomes a useless habit.

The first district of Manila, Tondo is the largest in the country. There was a time when the campaign slogan was: *Manila votes as Tondo votes.* Politicians today hardly get to speaking in all the units in Tondo.

Starting from Benavidez on Azcarraga, Tondo continues westward towards North Harbor, embracing Ilaya and all of Barrio Fugoso. From Moriones, Sande and Juan Luna run northward, meeting at Pritil, an island of makeshift and permanent residentials in between. Sande and Juan Luna are Tondo's main blood vessels. The former branches out left to Velasquez and Bangkusay and the greaseguns; the latter to the right, across the Canal de la Reina where cascoes once plied produce to Divisoria market. Antonio Rivera, elbowing Sta. Cruz district, is the eastern boundary. From Pritil bridge Gagalangin begins, the street still Juan Luna. On Juan Luna's right: Raxabago, Solis and Manuguit; on its left: North Bay boulevard, Balut, Tecson, Pampanga and Manotok. The northern end is Maypajo.

But a district is never only its units and streets. It is its people. Tondo is the home of the man of the street, the small-time professional, the luck believer, the religious devout. It is an environment of alleys, esteros and *barong barongs*. From the congestions, dreams are conceived by the heart of poverty. The dreams are seldom realized, and failure has become a habit.

But Andres Bonifacio, the Great Plebian and Founder of the Katipunan, was raised in Tondo. Emilio Jacinto was born in Tondo; so were Huseng Sisiw, the Tagalog poet, and Rafael Palma. The Liga Filipina was founded on Ilaya street by Dr. Jose Rizal. On the reverse side of the coin were Asiong Salonga, Scarface, Canare and the rest of the Tondo gangsters who wrote their own histories with bullets and blood into the headlines.

BEFORE the war Tondo produced twine, dried and fresh fish and tin goods. It was full of stables for *calesas*. The stables have become garages for jeeps. Sari-sari stores are permanent institutions of long term, sometimes unpaid, credit. But then the Chinese storekeeper is a patient man who is easily cowed by brute threats.

The problems of Tondo have always been the same, always on a growing scale. Most houses have the minimum of comfort, with more than half of its population using the public midden sheds, the esteros and the city's disposal boxes at night. The interior alleys are veritable breeding grounds for mosquitos, the gutters for drunks and juvenile delinquents.

Tondo is a heartache. It has always been so to those living in it. The esteros need dredging, the alleys need filling, the houses need ventilation. The en-

vironment must be face-lifted to give beauty to the unsightly premises and thus secure for its people a sense of sharing in the benefits of progressive social uplift. Health clinics and libraries should be set up in large numbers.

If Tondo abounds in gangsters it is because the struggle for survival in this district has become keen. Many are unemployed. Its population has not enough money to build for itself healthful houses.

If Tondo is a tough place, it is because it has to be. It has to own a tough heart against its continual dying. It has to fight its way out of its own problems, and often the fight is violent.

But Tondo will never die. It will never give up. The sun that shines in other districts is also shining here.

* * *

To the Last Drop

The strong man at the theater had just finished squeezing the juice out of a lemon. Holding it up before the spectators, he shouted:

"I'll give $25 to anyone who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this lemon!"

Up stepped a little man. He gripped the lemon and, to the surprise of the crowd, squeezed several more drops from it.

"It's easy," he murmured, "I'm an income tax collector."

* * *

Truth is the nursing mother of genius.

—*Margaret Fuller*

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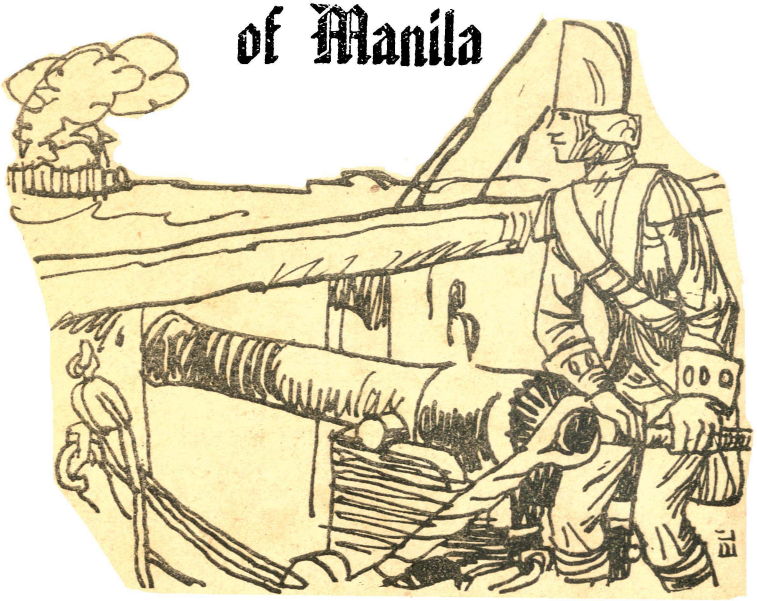
Fun-Orama..... by Elmer

"Well, I hope you are satisfied!"

The British Occupation of Manila



FROM a bastion above the main gate of the city of Manila, the sight outside the walls was unchanged.

To the right, a long, white, untaut string of foam oscillated against the black sand of the beach. Below the bastion and only several meters from the ravelin was the Parian, a group of huddled tents and makeshift stalls of Chinese merchants. Most of the vendors had only enormous buri fans to ward off the rain of light, to define a shadow around their scanty wares. Soldiers of the King, helmeted and haughty, priests in brown soutanes, peasants in white and red, liveried servants of the rich moved about slowly, weaving a fluxing tapestry of color around the brown, impassive stalls. Beyond the Parian, the rows of huts which looked like leached-out trees in a drought began. The city of Manila was gripped by a moat, eleven feet wide and five feet deep, where the refuse of the city collected

The British occupation of Manila is generally remembered for two things: 1) the refashioning of the features of the people of Cainta, Rizal; 2) indirectly causing the Philippine Revolution. History textbooks, however, overlook the drama of the temperaments and personalities of the principal participants on the outcome and the many paradoxes and ironies that it bred. In this issue, *Panorama* presents the first of two installments on the Britsh occupation of Manila.

and, because scales of scum struck off the several colors of the sun, the moat looked like a shining, somnolent serpent.

Set off from the spoliated area where the huts had encroached, bounded on one side by the marshes of the Pasig and behind by tumescent land, the church of Santiago and the church of San Juan de Bagumbayan stood.

The scene was unchanged and yet when Governor-General Arandia surveyed it one day, a sense of danger grew in him.

At sunrise, these churches cast lance-like shadows which were pointed directly at the City. Toward noon their shadows widened and assumed the shape of hawks. Nobody read the meaning of the shadows except Arandia.

So immediately he asked the Audiencia to authorize the demolition of these churches. The religious orders in Manila objected violently. They began to talk of excommunication and the helpless governor had to drop the plan.

SEVERAL years later, the governor-generalship became vacant. A Filipino, Sr. D. Miguel Lino de Espeleta, archbishop of Manila, assumed power. He was an aggressive and energetic leader. During his term, he quelled the Moro wars. Spain, however, could not think of a Filipino in this post. The King appointed another prelate, Manuel Rojo, archbishop of Manila and acting governor-general.

Espeleta refused to recognize him. The Junta de Autoridades met to resolve the dispute. Espeleta, rutilant with rage, summoned his troops and had the palace where the sessions were being held surrounded. When Espeleta's turn to speak came, the Junta asked for his authority to continue as governor and the arrogant clergyman simply asked the members to go to the window and look at his troops. However, more civil means prevailed and Espeleta surrendered

reluctantly the governorship to Rojo.

Compared with the strong-willed and restless Espeleta, Archbishop Rojo was a timid and vaccillating governor. He trusted implicitly his subordinates who, in their own petty ways, betrayed him. The religious orders were on his side not because he was their head but because his friendship was commercially profitable.

The Spanish community in Manila did not respect him. They called him a coward and abuse and names were piled on him when he surrendered the city to the British. He was generally considered unfit for the post but he never got any support from his underlings. It was the British who respected him. General Draper called him "humane, civilized and sensible" and when this prelate died during the British occupation, he was buried with full military honors.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES that led to the conquest of the Philippine by England were economic and political. At this time, the Seven Years War was being fought in Europe. Austria, Russia, and France had combined to subdue Prussia under Frederick the Great, the stake being Silesia. England was the financier of Frederick. For sometime, England remained detached but when she realized that her Prussian investments might be crushed with Frederick, she rushed to the aid of Prussia. Sweden, Saxony, Parma, Naples and Portugal were also drawn into the conflict which lasted from 1756-1763, and Spain, her reigning house related to Austria, declared war on England.

Three world powers clashed and wars erupted in almost all places on earth. From the pine forests of Ohio to the rocky plains of Khartoum, from Quebec to Senegal and from Minorca to the Philippines, the Spanish, English and French troops were engaged. At the Peace of Paris, England found that she possessed a vast empire which she controlled mainly with a strong navy. Under Wolfe, the British had conquered Quebec. Washington was occupied by Braddock; Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were wrenched from France. The French and Spanish Indies surrendered to

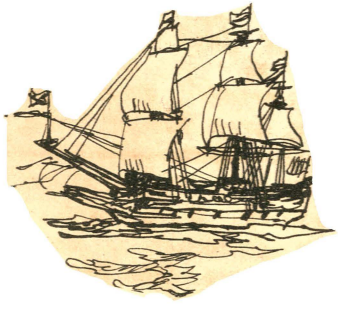
England after a series of bloody raids.

In some cases, however, the British were less interested in holding these territories than in exacting heavy ransoms for them and in looting them.

Spain was asked to pay ₱30,000,000 for Cuba. The Panama-Lima galleon was taken with a cargo worth 4 million pesos. Manila was captured and a ransom of 4 million pesos was demanded, the greater part of which was never paid.

The Peace of Paris gave to England, Florida in exchange for Cuba, British Honduras, Granada, Dominique, St. Vincent and Tobago in the West Indies, all of Canada and all of North America lying east of the Mississippi except New Orleans, practically the whole of India and all French colonies in Senegal except Goree.

The capture of Manila was the last military operation of the Seven Years' War, the main aim of which was to secure a money ransom.



The Spaniards in the Philippines did not know that they were at war with England. At this time, they were busy buying and selling boletas in the galleons *Filipino* and *Santissima Trinidad*. Late in July of 1762, two months before the British landed at Manila, the *Santissima Trinidad* left Cavite for Acapulco.

THE WALLS of Manila shaped the city into a triangle. The walls were of faced stones and reinforced by earth filling between fifteen and twenty feet thick. The Manila Bay side of the walls was guarded by a parapet.

The city had five gates—the Postigo and the Sta. Lucia on the Bay side, the Real and the Parian on the land side and the Sto. Domingo on the Pasig side. It had also nine bastions and several redoubts. The southern and eastern sides were protected by four flat bastions — San Diego, San Andres, San Lorenzo, and the Parian. The Wall along the Manila Bay had five bastions and a separate redoubt.

The Manila garrison of the Spanish army was originally composed of twenty companies of 100 men each, but it never exceeded 1,500 men. At the time of the battle the garrison had only 556 troopers, mostly Mexicans, eight Spanish artillerymen, four militia companies of 60 men each, some palace guards and a few Pampanga bowmen. *(To be concluded)*

Private Education and the Government

By Secretary GREGORIO HERNANDEZ, Jr.

Insurance Costs Too Much

(See page 14)

FILIPINO HUMOR
By E. Aguilar Cruz

SCIENCE LOOKS AT CANCER

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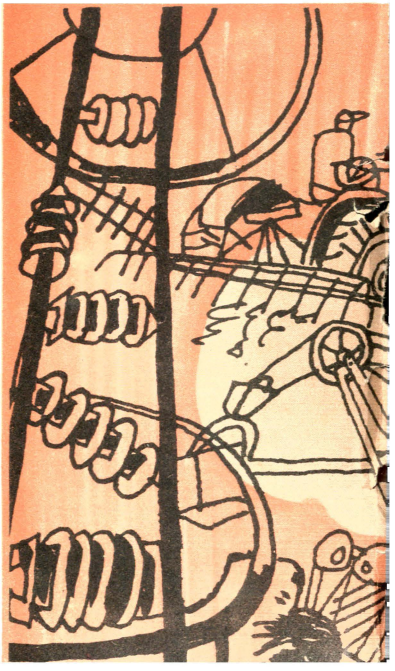
THE PALACE OF DEATH
A recently discovered essay by Emily Brontë



50 CENTAVOS