

# *Panorama*

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

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CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

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POPE JOHN

PAGE 6

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## Reclamation in Japan

*J*APAN has begun a seven-year reclamation project to turn the nation's second largest lake into a food producing area.

To complete the reclamation task—the largest ever undertaken by Japan and possibly one of the biggest jobs tackled by any nation in the world—the Japanese Government has put aside 19.5 (about \$5.5 million) billion yen.

The lake to be reclaimed is 85-square-mile Lake Hachirogata, situated in Akita Prefecture, only two miles in some parts from the Sea of Japan. It is a shallow body of water—about 14 feet deep at its deepest.

When completed, the Lake Hachirogata project will add 32,000 acres of farm land to Japan and another 10,000 acres for housing and other agricultural purposes. It is expected that the area will hold about 4,700 farm houses.

About two million bushels of rice will also be added to the nation's existing food supply, and about 2,800 families who now subsist on meager fish catches from the lake will find new ways of making a living.

The Lake Hachirogata reclamation project has been in the planning stage for the past five years. Experts from the Netherlands have aided the Japanese Government in this undertaking.

The first stage is the construction of a 60-mile embankment to be followed by drainage of the water.

By next year, the Government hopes, new settlers will have started tilling 272 acres in the western part of the lake.

*Symbol of Christianity*

# The Star Of Bethlehem



**M**ILLIONS OF Christians have accepted unquestioningly the phenomenon of the star at Bethlehem. For them, it was a miracle that heralded the nativity, told the shepherds of the birth of Christ and later guided the three kings to the manger of the Holy Family. Scientists, however, who must have logical explanations for everything find the star a puzzle. Until now, the nature of the star is not conclusively known.

**By Constancio Villaroman**

Whether it was a real star, a comet or simply a phenomenon in the form of starlight, has been the subject of much discussion for centuries among astronomers and scientists.

For most Christians there is no doubt because the star had been foretold in many prophecies. "There shall be a star out of Jacob and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel." Again the star is mentioned in the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of King Herod, behold, there came Magi from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is the newly born king of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him.'" The star is therefore a miracle.

Astronomers, however, have suggested that the star was a nova which brightens for a short time to a luminosity far exceeding that of its normal state. In 1934, we had the famous Nova Herculis whose "exploding light" became a subject of much fascination.

In 1572, Tycho Brahe, an astronomer who discovered the first modern nova in the Cassiopeia constellation, described its brilliance in these terms: "I observed with indescribable astonishment near the zenith in Cassiopeia a radiant fixed star of a magnitude never seen . . . and to convince myself, I summoned my assistants from the observatory and inquired of them and all of the country people that passed if they also saw the star that had just sud-

denly burst forth." His nova disappeared from the heavens after sixteen months. The theory, therefore, that the star of Bethlehem was a nova is supported by our knowledge of the behavior of new stars.

It was the monks of the Middle Ages who spread the story that the star was a miracle, similar to the pillar of fire that guided the children of Israel in the wilderness. It must be remembered that during that time astrologers were quite fashionable and their dicta on human affairs considered authoritative. There was also the prevailing notion that the birth of great people and great events was heralded by celestial signs.

Other ancient astronomers hold that the star of Bethlehem was a comet. Now a comet is a heavenly body that appears suddenly and is generally accompanied by a "long tail of blazing light." There are about 120,000 comets in our solar system. Up to 1951, there were 70 comets known with periods lasting less than a hundred years, in others as short as three years. The famous Halley's comet, for instance, was traced as far back as 240 B.C. It appears in the sky every 76 years, its next appearance being sometime in 1986.

The comet theory would put the birth of Christ at 6 B.C. because this was the time when

the Halley's comet made its appearance. Incidentally, the comet's tail is caused by a radiation pressure and electrical repulsion. These appear irregularly and make unpredictable movements.

The term "comet" derives from the Greek word for "hair," pointing to a fancied comparison to a woman's long tresses streaming in the wind. Comets have long been associated with dire or happy events and are said to influence directly the affairs of men. The most recent comet to have fulfilled this function appeared in 1941.

Another theory regarding the star of Bethlehem is the conjunction of the planets Saturn and Jupiter. This phenomenon is said to occur during the journey of the heavenly bodies. At the Hayden Planetarium, when celestial time was run backward, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars were seen to be very close together at around the time of Christ's birth. The planets seem to merge and shine brilliantly.

In Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," the fourth wise man, Artaban, who was to go with Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar to Bethlehem saw two planets draw together. By dawn the following day, Jupiter and Saturn rolled together "like drops of lambent flame about to blend in one . . . and behold, an azure spark was born out of the darkness beneath, rounding itself with purple splendors to a crimson sphere, and spring upward through rays of saffron and orange into a point of white radiance. Tiny and infinitely remote, yet perfect in every part, it pulsed in the enormous vault." Bowing his head, Artaban said: "It is the sign. The King is coming, and I will go to meet Him."

Other astronomers say that the star was Spica, a brilliant body in the constellation of the Virgin. Another group says that it is the Pollux, one of the Twins constellation. But whatever it is, the Star of Bethlehem has become one of the enduring symbols of Christianity.

\* \* \*

### Stable

*"I think Joe wants to marry a horse."*

*"Whatever makes you think that?"*

*"He said he wanted his lifelong companion to have a stable personality."*

\*

# Pope John

By Ben Revilla



**U**IVA IL Papa! Viva il Papa!" The cry rose and swept across St. Peter's Square and down Via della Conciliazione to the bank of the Tiber as His Holiness John XXIII, Bishop of Rome, 262nd Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, paused at the entrance to the Basilica of St. Peter where he was to celebrate his first solemn papal Mass.

Twelve silver trumpets blared and the papal procession entered the church. The dignitaries of the church, Swiss guardsmen, chamberlains, honorary privy chaplains, patriarchs, fan bearers, noble guards walked behind the representatives of the ancient orders — Franciscans, Dominicans, Benedictines, Cistercians. In the Chapel of St. Gregory, the cardinals kissed the right hand of the Pope. Then John XXIII was vested to celebrate his solemn papal Mass.



Thrice before the procession reached the altar, the Pope was halted and given a piece of flax which he threw upon the fire in a small brazier, saying as the whitish smoke bloomed and disappeared: "Peter sancte, sic transit gloria mundi" (Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world).

After the Mass, the Pope appeared on the balcony and the papal tiara — the jewel-studded diadem that symbolizes his rule over the Church — was placed on the head of Angelo Roncalli, amidst the cheers and cries of devotion from the assembled multitude. "Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns and know that thou art the father of princes and of kings, Pontiff of the whole world, and vicar on this earth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory, world without end."

After the coronation, the Pope did not go into seclusion. Instead he asked the cardinals to meet him that same evening presumably to discuss the problems of the Church. The next day he was on the air with his first message to the world, broadcast by Radio Vatican in 36 languages. Appealing to the leaders of the world, he asked: "Why must the resources of human ingenuity and the wrath of nations be turned more and more to the preparation of arms — pernicious instruments

of destruction — instead of improving the welfare of all classes, particularly the poorer classes? We know, it is true, that to bring about so laudable, so praiseworthy a proposition and to level the differences there are grave and intricate difficulties in the way, but they must be victoriously overcome, even if by force: that is, in fact, the most important undertaking, connected with the prosperity of all mankind."

**A**NGELO Giuseppe Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, was elected after three voting days of the conclave. It is said that he was a compromise candidate. Although nobody knows exactly what happened at the meeting of the cardinals, Vatican experts said that there were two factions with their own candidates. The candidate of the conservatives was Cardinal Ottaviani and the candidate of the liberals was Cardinal Lercaro of Bologna. The other candidate, Agagianian, was an Armenian.

But the moment Roncalli became Pope, he dispelled the notion that he was merely a transition Pontiff. Setting the Church machinery into fast motion, he appointed Tardini Pro-Secretary of State; restored the practices of giving regular weekly audiences to the Curia cardinals; made Monsignor Al-

berto di Jorio, secretary of the conclave, cardinal, designated a coronation date five days earlier than anticipated; received non-Italian cardinals in a daily round of special audiences; instructed the director of the Vatican daily *L'Osservatore Romano* to drop the honorific titles like "The Highest Pontiff," "The Illuminated Holy Father" and such like; announced his intention to travel abroad. The energy of John XXIII amazed his cardinals.

Perhaps the most revealing statement made by the Pope was his detailed explanation to the cardinals of why he had chosen the name John. He said: "I choose John . . . a name sweet to us because it is the name of our father, dear to me because it is the name of the humble parish church where I was baptized, the solemn name of numberless cathedrals scattered throughout the world, including our own basilica. Twenty-two Johns of indisputable legitimacy have been Pope and almost all had a brief pontificate. We have preferred to hide the smallness of our name behind this magnificent succession of Roman Popes.

"We love the name of John because it reminds us of John the Baptist, precursor of our Lord . . . and the other John, the disciple and evangelist, who said: 'My children, love one

another, love one another because this is the grand precept of Christ. Perhaps we can, taking the name of this first series of Holy Popes have something of his sanctity and strength of spirit, even — if God wills it — to the spilling of blood."

**J**OHAN XXIII was born in a farmhouse on a November night in 1881. He was the first son of a peasant couple whose families had worked the vineyards and wheatfields around the village of Sotto il Monte, eight miles from the Lombardy town of Bergamo, for 500 years. Young Angelo was raised to become a farmer but when he was 11 he decided to become a priest. Though his ambition



meant a sacrifice for his parents, he was sent to a seminary in Bergamo. Later, he won a scholarship to the Pontifical Seminary in Rome. He was ordained at 25 and he said his first Mass in St. Peter's Basilica.

His first ambition was "to be a country priest in my diocese" but when he returned to his native town, the Bishop of Bergamo, the aristocratic Monsignor Giacomo Radini-Tedeschi, took him as secretary. Roncalli's ten years with the bishop gave him that polish and diplomatic grace that was to stand him in good stead in later years. In addition to his secretarial

duties, he organized Catholic Action groups, taught church history and apologetics at the Bergamo seminary.

Father Roncalli was drafted into the Italian army during the First World War. He was a sergeant in the medical corps. Later when he became a chaplain, he was promoted to lieutenant. At war's end he was back teaching at the seminary until Pope Benedict XV summoned him to Rome to help reorganize the administration of missionary work in the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

In 1925 Pope Pius XI made him an archbishop and gave him his first diplomatic assign-



ment: Apostolic visitor to Bulgaria. Five years later, he was promoted to Nuncio and in 1935 was sent to Turkey and Greece as Apostolic Delegate. For 10 years, Roncalli lived in Istanbul, became an expert on the Middle East and an adept diplomat. During the second world war, Roncalli was able to maintain the goodwill of both the Germans and the Allies.

Toward the end of the war, the Vatican sent Roncalli as Nuncio to Paris. Roncalli could not believe his eyes. He hurried to the Vatican to confirm the order. "Are you out of your minds?" he told the Secretary of State. "I can't handle a job like that." "It wasn't our idea," he was told. "It was the Holy Father's."

When Nuncio Roncalli arrived in Paris on January 1, 1945, the whole country was in ferment. The Gaullists were persecuting the Vichyites and extremely critical of the Catholic MRP. The communists were having their day. Yet during his eight-year stay, Roncalli became one of the most popular men in Paris. In 1953, when the Pope promoted him to cardinal, he received his red hat from no other than Socialist French Vincent Auriol. Three days later Roncalli was appointed Patriarch of Venice.

**V**ENICE welcomed its 44th patriarch and 139th bishop with a gala flotilla of gondolas. In his first sermon at St. Mark's, he said: "Do not look upon your patriarch as a politician, as a diplomat, but find in him a priest."

Soon all Venice got used to the sight of the heavyset Roncalli riding in the motorlaunch buses or stopping at the cafes for a chat. His door was always open and visitors went in and came out at all hours of the day. At the Venice music festivals in 1953 and 1956, he filled St. Mark's with music such as that cathedral had not heard since the 16th and 17th centuries, including the world premiere of Stravinsky's **Sacred Canticle to Honor the Name of St. Mark.**

John XXIII is well-prepared for his new job. The Church is faced with a host of difficult problems, problems that the late Pope Pius chose to ignore or skirt. The new Pontiff has, according to his physician, "a robust stamina unweakened by the years." He sleeps no more than six hours every day but he eats heartily and he allows himself an occasional cigarette.

The major problems of the church are: 1) the 52,552,000 Catholics behind the Iron Curtain; 2) Schism in China; 4) the growing power of Protestant missionaries in Latin America.

There is no doubt that Pope John will be able to find an adequate and humane solution to these problems. He will face these problems with his favor-

ite maxim of government: *Omnia videre, multa dissimulare, pauca corrigere* — to see everything, to turn a blind eye on much of it, to correct a little.



**T**HE worldwide scientific drive that began months ago as the International Geophysical Year already has produced some new, though tentative concepts about Outer Space.

Hugh Odishaw, executive secretary of the U.S. National Committee of the I.G.Y., said he felt that "we are at the threshold of beginning to understand a bit more about the interplanetary medium—that is, the space between the planets."

He made the comments when asked to amplify a report he prepared for the magazine *Science* discussing some of the results so far of the I.G.Y.

He was referring specifically to sections of his report which dealt with suggestions by I.G.Y. scientists that:

(1) There may be "important magnetic fields" in outer space; and

(2) That the sun's corona fills all the space between Earth and Sun — that is, the earth actually lies within the field of the corona which is a part of the sun, some 93 million miles away.

The corona, or crown of the sun, is the fourth and outermost of the gaseous layers of the outer surface of the sun. Light from it is so faint that it can only be observed during a total eclipse of the sun.

## **Excessive centralization**



## ***Ours Is a Colonial Administration***

**By Raul S. Manglapus**

**I** AM ABOUT to suggest the application in the Philippines of a pattern for economic betterment tried and tested in the well-developed countries of the world.

The basic problem is one indeed of accounting. How would

one account for the fact that in spite of being one of the richest countries in the world in natural resources, the Philippines is an underdeveloped country; that in spite of 50 years of the democratic tradition, the people in our rural

areas are still largely living in the same primitive traditions in which their forbears existed?

Economic advancement has always begun with the industry of the small communities who have brought forth the richness from the soil over well-built roads to well-organized markets no matter how distant from the centers of government and population. Thus grew the United States, England, the countries of western Europe — thus is growing Australia, Canada — on the bedrock of active, self-reliant, rural communities that provide the backbone of the national economy.

Do we have an active, diligent, industrious, self-reliant population today? The answer to this can be quickly found in the philosophy of every major government and United Nations community projects in the Philippines.

The primary objective of all these projects is to get our people to help themselves. In brief, it is presumed that our rural folk have not been helping themselves, that they have not worked enough, that they are not industrious. Why have they no roads, why do their shacks remain unhygienic, why do they eternally look to aid from the national government

or from the outside instead of to themselves for their improvement?

It is not written in so many words in the project pamphlets but the implication is undeniable — the reason for all this is that the old colonialist description of the race is correct — it is indolent!

If this is so today, if it has been so for many centuries of our existence as a race, it was not so in the beginning.

Jose Rizal writing on "The Indolence of the Filipino," refutes the vile charge that indolence is the mark of our race. Neither is it, he states, a necessary consequence of climate. He says, "Indolence is a corollary derived from the lack of stimulus and of vitality."

Why was the stimulus gone? Why was the vitality gone? Rizal quotes the historians, Morga, Chirino, Colin, Argensala, Gaspar de San Agustin, to show that in the beginning it was not so. The Filipinos, before the arrival of the European, had engaged in vigorous trade with their neighboring countries. He exported gold, spices, rice, dry goods products certainly not of indolence but of a diligence and industry born of self-reliance. The Filipino could see the connection between his labors, its products and its profits.

**A**T THAT time the structure of our society was erected on the **balangay**, a group of 40 to 50 families under a **maginoo** or a **datu** or a **kamara-nang**. It was not a democratic society in the modern sense. It was, to a certain extent, democratic in the Greek sense. But this much could be said for it. The tribute either in money, in kind or in labor which the individual rendered as a component of this society did not reduce him to greater activity for he was not slave rendering tribute — he was a member of the community contributing to its productive effort.

And within the compact framework of this society he could see the fruits of his labors improving his community through the trade which with his own eyes he could witness being carried on by his **maginoo** with other **datu**s or with visiting traders from other lands.

No one can say whether these **balangays** might have grown into one nation or several nations had they been left untouched by European hands. Would they have evolved into centralized tyrannies or into free societies with sufficient power remaining in the smaller communities to spur their development? No one indeed can tell.

The fact is that such was

their condition when in the sixteenth century, combining in one mission the blessings of Christian unification and the tyranny of centralization, a foreign power descended upon us to change the course of our history. The **balangay** was changed to **barangay** and was absorbed into the colonial governmental system. And in this absorption the active, self-reliant member of the community was transformed into the passive Filipino whose indolence even Rizal had to admit even as he successfully explained it.

The old system of local government which had naturally been moulded with the temper and spirit of the people was now engrafted into an alien system in which all power and authority descended from above. Thus was born the mentality of dependence where the tao not seeing the connection between his labors and their fruits began to think less of depending on himself and more of waiting for benefits, and from orders, from his rulers miles away in the seat of government.

It was after 300 years of this process by which the healthy traditions of self-government were ruthlessly destroyed by the central colonial power that the propagandists of the revolution began to indict it and





seek its reform. It was Graciano Lopez-Jaena who, with a sharp and acid pen, tore open, for the eyes of progressive Spaniards to see, the black curtain that till then had hidden from their over the many, the confiscation of power from the **barrios** and the **municipios** and its accumulation in Manila.

In his "Breve Reseña y Consideraciones Generales Acerca de Las Instituciones Filipinas" he decried the depressing of the smaller Filipino communities by the unfortunate confusion of spiritual and temporal power and unmasked the so-called election of a **governadorcillo** as an empty "payasada" or a circus act.

**T**HUS IT was that the Constitutional Convention of Malolos yielded to the movement to restore local power to the people and erase forever the colonial mentality of dependence on and expectation from an almighty depositary of power. Lopez-Jaena's crusade was giving expression in Title 11, Article 82 of the Constitution of the First Philippine Republic. The spirit and letter of this Article postulate the existence of the primary power of self-government, taxation and administration in the local corporations.

Would the First Philippine Republic have succeeded in pursuing autonomy, had it been left alone to work out its own destiny? That is not important today. What is important is that the founders of our first republic recognized the evil of centralization and specified the remedial measure of local autonomy in the fundamental law.

When the United States came, she extended to our people the benefits of her Bill of Rights and stimulated by municipal and provincial elections a freedom far beyond anything ever experienced in the former regime. But she did not think of extending here the structure of local government which were responsible for the rapid and orderly growth of American communities.

It was, I suppose, in keeping with the justification for the retention of these islands, namely that the Filipinos had to be prepared for freedom and independence, that not all the features of American republican democracy were extended her.


And so the men and women of our barrios, having acquired the power to vote, could not quite cast off this mentality of dependence. Every two or four years they would go to the polls, choose their senators and representatives, their governors and board members, their having done so, there was little else left to stimulate them into improving their own community.

Power over funds, power over improvements, power over appointments, all this was voted away during election time to the central government and communities had to wait, hope or the more active ones could beg, for their tax money to come back to them not as a right but as a favor from the dispensers of the pork barrel and other sundry funds at the disposal of the central government.

In 1934, the Tydings-McDuffie Act was passed by the United States Congress. It provided that preparatory to our independence we could call a Constitutional Convention to enact

a fundamental statute for the Commonwealth and the Republic.

There were conditions set forth to be compiled with by the delegates, but it was not a condition that the Constitution should perpetuate the centralized form of government which had stifled local initiative. Here at least was the opportunity for own chosen representatives to rescue our masses forever from the mentality of dependence.

 **LAS, IT** was not to be so. The Convention, dominated by the then majority party, refused to make use of this golden opportunity for real emancipation of our people. Instead, it produced an instrument for the perpetuation of the majority in position by concentrating the powers of government in the national officials.

Where the Malolos Constitution had premised itself on the pre-existing powers of the local governments, the new Constitution hastened to emphasize the power of supervision of the President over all local governments without mentioning the inherent right of localities to their own government.

Again, although the new Constitution was frankly patterned after the Constitution of the United States, it did not

transplant from that Constitution those amendments which guarantee the true sovereignty of the people and which were the bases for the rapid development of the United States, namely, the Ninth and Tenth Amendments:

**"AMENDMENT IX**  
**CERTAIN RIGHTS NOT DENIED TO THE PEOPLE**  
**Section 1.** The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

**"AMENDMENT X**  
**Section 1.** The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Thus, while under the United States Constitution the central government only exercises the powers that the local governments concede to it, here in the Philippines the local governments can exercise only those powers that are granted to it by the national government.

Later on our Supreme Court interpreted the term supervision over local government as almost equivalent to control and added its weight to the hard realities of centralization.

And our legislature, while introducing token amendments to the Administrative Code, has succeeded in maintaining it basically in its original form—that of a convenient source of power for a colonial source of power for colonial administration.

**And so this is our country today—rich in resources, rich in culture, rich in history, but with a people still largely living in the same conditions in which their ancestors lived before.**

Government agents go to our people to exhort them to produce more, to work more, to pay their taxes, to be patriotic, to take part in self-help projects. But is it perhaps a sense of a history that moves them not to heed these exhortations, the remembrance that their fathers and their fathers before them had also been asked to work and did work only that some people in high offices, some not even of their own skin might enjoy the fruits of their work while they continued to tramp over muddy trails and to haul water from contaminated streams?

**I**NDEED, this is the tragedy of our people today. **In the glory of our independence we have thus far failed in essence to eliminate the colonial system. We have succeeded only in substituting as colonial administrators of our people men**

of their own skin, born in their own land, professing their own loyalties, and speaking their own tongues.

It is the empty consolation of our people that the men to whom they must now come to beg for that which is their right represent not the sovereignty that is their own.

In this colonial type of administration where all the money comes from below and all the power comes from above, provinces must beg from the provincial and national government, municipalities must beg from provinces and the national government and the small communities which are the backbone of our country must beg from municipalities, from provinces and the national gov-

ernment. Thus is tyranny possible at all levels. A province might be neglected in favor of another and so may a municipality or barrio be thus ignored.

There is a province in southern Philippines, one of the largest and richest in the country. Pay it a visit and you will find that its road fit the description of those which in history books would be described as having existed in the Philippines in the fifteenth century. Some of its political leaders will not hesitate to admit their philosophy of government. It is simply divide and rule. How is this done on a provincial level? By not building good roads, keeping the people away from each other, from exchanging views,



from helping themselves.

Indeed, a barrio need not be neglected. Its people can go to the mayor, to the governor and of course to the President, and promise votes in exchange for a feeders road. It is there that corruption begins—when a people must exchange their inalienable right in order to get back what is in fact their own.

**T**HESE ARE the facts today.

Of the total national internal revenue, 10% is allotted to local governments. Most of these funds may be released only with the approval of Malacañang. **Pork barrel funds released by the Malacañang are distributed by the members of Congress on the basis not of right but of patronage.** The land tax collected in the barrios is not placed at the disposal of the barrios. Half of it goes to the municipality, the other half to the province. In 1957, there was a total land tax collectible of 64 million pesos. Of this expected amount, only 41 million pesos has been paid up.

Need we look far for a reason for this non-payment of taxes? The reason is there—in the disconnection in the eyes of our people between the taxes that they pay and any services that they may finally receive. Give the people the power to make use of their own

money and these complaints, these evasions will turn to resolutions and clamors for increase in taxes. This is the experience in every free and developed country in the world—in England, in Australia, in the United States, and in many of the countries of Western Europe where I have seen with my own eyes the relentless progress that local initiative can generate.

The wild American west was developed, and the frontiers of Australia are being developed, not by the dispensation of the pork barrel, not by the release of locally raised funds from distant capitals but by the sweat, genius, and the initiative of pioneers making use of their own resources and their own money. Thus also might our own land grow—by the final emancipation of our people from the bonds of colonial administration, by the restoration to our authentic historical traditions of freedom, self-reliance and diligence.

But neither you nor I can bring this about. It is those who have the power to change our laws. **It is said that the barrio home rule will not be popular with our legislators because it would mean greater difficulties in their reelection. It is too much, it is said, to expect that our politicians should give up the instruments that**

keep them in power. I have said it once and I will say it again: There are over 130 members in both houses of Congress. I will not believe that there are not at least 90 of them who will think of their country before themselves!

Magsaysay awakened the barrios and they turned to him for salvation. He did not live to see the culmination of this work, to see the barrio people turning to themselves for their own salvation.

DO NOT think for a moment that this problem is of no meaning to you who enjoy in this city the better aspects of a most unbalance political and economic structure. It is as real to you as to any citizen of this country. It is important especially to you that this imbalance be corrected lest the future to which you now look forward crumble before you reach it. In this program for a better Philippines is the universal pattern for a better world.

\* \* \*

## Rough Fish

**T**HE world's largest fish-poisoning job is under way in Florida.

The selective poisoning of gizzard shad in Lake Apopka near Orlando is being watched by fish management agencies throughout the country.

The 31,005-acre lake, which straddles Orange and Lake Counties in central Florida, is the largest body of water ever placed under controlled fish-poisoning techniques to rid it of rough fish which have taken control of the once-popular game fishing spot.

Basic techniques used in the big job were worked out by Mel Huish, one of the first biologists in the nation to formulate the technical aspects of selective fish-poisoning for fisheries development. More than 6,000 gallons of fish poison (rotenone) were used in the first of three annual applications.

The program was started after biologists discovered shad had multiplied to 82 per cent of the total fish population in the lake. By selectively poisoning the shad, especially younger shad under eight inches in length over a period of three years, the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission hopes to control the reproduction rate of large shad.



## Red China's First Car

**A** COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, said David Chipp in 'Today' the Chinese leader Mao Tse-tung laughingly told a European diplomat in Peking that China's three great contributions to civilisation had been traditional medicine, a novel called *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, and the game mah-jong. It is not surprising therefore that the Chinese head of state uses the game's terminology to emphasise a political point. In Moscow last November, talking of the strength of communism, he proclaimed that the east wind was now prevailing over the west wind. And now in the last few weeks we have heard that the name "East Wind"—the position of strength and dominance in mah-jong—has been given to the first motor-car ever to be made in China.

'A week or so ago Mao Tse-tung himself went for a ride in the prototype of this maroon six-seater car which has been made in China's number one motor works at Changchun in Manchuria. The Changchun factory has for the past two years been turning out China's first lorries, and a regular output of cars is expected by 1962—the end of the second five year plan.

'It is by such "first"—cars, lorries, jet planes, and cameras—that China's industrial development is publicised; not by sputniks or atomic piles, though these are planned for the not too distant future. We know little about these cars at present beyond the fact that they have seventy-brake horsepower and a maximum speed of eighty miles an hour; that they are streamlined and were designed after careful study of Soviet, Czech, West German, French, and British makes. But we can make a fair guess at who will use them: officials.

'In China today "carriage company" (and there is a term in Chinese that approximates to this Victorian expression) means those who have the use of official cars. Only a very few capitalists are left who could afford to run a car privately and these would mostly be unwilling to make a display of their unearned wealth. As for the man in the street, wages are so low that he could not afford a car even if the hire purchase lasted until eternity. In China, as in most of Asia, the mark of prosperity of a schoolmaster or an office worker, a factor employee or a shopkeeper is a bicycle, not a car, and radio, not a television set.

— *The Listener*.

## Are You Word Wise?

Only one of the four meanings given after each word below is correct. Without guessing, choose the right answer and then turn to page 74. If you have gone through high school, you should score at least eight correct answers.

1. **matutinal** — A. loud, ringing sound; B. occurring in the morning; C. religious in purpose; D. evil.
2. **slake** — A. to drain; B. to insult; C. to wear off; D. to cool or refresh.
3. **slattern** — A. a fisher's lantern; B. slovenly, untidy woman; C. confused pattern; D. a narrow opening.
4. **risque** — A. daringly close to impropriety; B. vulgar; C. dangerous; D. unlettered or uneducated.
5. **cognate** — A. of the same house; B. complementary; C. of the same parentage or descent; D. wide open.
6. **insipid** — A. unclean; B. teeth out front; C. without distinctive qualities; D. stupid.
7. **insolent** — A. insulting or rude; B. separate from; C. violently opposed; D. static or motionless.
8. **proctor** — A. a teacher; B. one who procures; C. a storyteller; D. a watcher at an examination.
9. **constrict** — A. to prevent; B. to tear down; C. to cause to contract or shrink; D. to drive or repel.
10. **wonted** — A. loved; B. habitual or usual; C. forced upon; D. sincere.



# APPLES

# A PLENTY

*At present an imported luxury item, the apple  
can be grown locally in abundance*

**T**HE TIME is not far when we would be producing our own apples. This fruit, still considered a luxury item, has been found to thrive exceedingly well in Mankayan, Benguet.

The first apple tree to grow in the Philippines was planted by an American. He planted seeds from Ohio. The trees grew fast and in time bore fruit "as big as coffee cups."

When grown from seed, an apple tree begins to bear fruit in 10 to 15 years. Dr. Lino Q. Dacanay of Baguio City claims that he has grafted trees that began bearing after one and a half years. Domingo Ananayo of Kiangnan, Ifugao reported that the apple buddings he planted in September 1952 began to bear fruit as early as 1955. Lorenzo Teliaken has a thriving apple orchard in Mankayan that is less than 10 years old.

**By Sixto D'Asis**

Judge Cipriano Cardenas of Bauko, Mt. Province, who has the biggest orchard in the country, says that his trees bear from 200 to 250 apples per tree in one season. His variety is reddish green, 6 to 10 centimeters in diameter and weighs between 250 and 500 grams. Local planters have discovered that by grafting such foreign varieties as Roman Beauty and Winesap to native trees, a superior type is produced. Dr. Dacanay's trees now produce big, red, sweet apples.

Pedro A. Rodrigo, the senior horticulturist of the Bureau of Plant Industry says that locally grown apples are as juicy and sweet as imported ones. He added that in time we could produce a variety that is just as good if not superior to foreign varieties.

The apple is a native of southwestern Asia and Europe. It is one of the first trees cultivated by man. It was first introduced to southern California by the missionaries. A quarter of a century before gold was discovered in California, a Russian colony had thriving apple orchard in the place. It was not until 1880 that California started to produce apple on a scale that compares to present-day production.

In the beginning, apples were prized solely as a source of cider. This is the main reason why apple culture in most countries was neglected. Cider from any apple was just as good. Therefore, the cultivation of apple trees for the sake of the fruit was not given much attention. At present the apple is grown in every temperate country and it is one of the most important commercial fruits of the world.

**N**ORTH America is the leading apple growing country in the world. A full apple crop raised in the United States and Canada is seldom less than 100 million barrels. There are about 1,000 kinds of apples raised in North America. Each great geographical area — such as Nova Scotia, Lake Michigan regions, the states north of Florida, the Gulf regions, the Piedmont county of Virginia, the

plains regions, the Ozarks and Arkansas regions, the intermountain region from Montana to New Mexico, the Northwest — has varieties peculiarly adapted to its climate and condition.

The leading commercial varieties are the Golden Russet, Red Astrachan, Baldwin, Ben Davis, Blue Pearmain, Esopus, Fameuse, Gano, Black Gilliflower, Hubbardston, Northern Spy, Rhode Island Greening, Rome Beauty, Twenty Ounce, Wealthy, Willow, Winesap, Yellow Bellflower, York Imperial, King and Delicious.

The Rome Beauty and Winesap are so far only the varieties cultivated in the Philippines. Baguio seems not to be the best for apple culture because of the evenness of its temperature. The lower areas, like Bauko and southwest of Bontoc with an elevation of some 2,000 to 3,000 feet above sea level and where there is a greater variation of temperature than Baguio, appears to be better suited to apple-culture.

"There may be varieties other than Rome Beauty and Winesap that may prove to be of better quality and adaptable to local conditions," says Horticulturist Rodrigo. The Bureau of Plant Industry has started to propagate the mountain varieties. It is still too early to determine the right stock for the Philip-

pinus.

Dr. Dacanay thinks that the tree best adapted to local conditions is the Rome Beauty. He has 25 trees of this variety. The trees are about six to eight feet tall and the fruits are from six to nine centimeters in diameter. He has enough trees for propagation and he is planning to pioneer in apple-growing in Mindanao. "Planted at the proper places and with adequate care and management, there is no doubt that apples can be grown commercially here," Dr. Dacanay said.

**I**F YOU are interested in apple culture here are some pointers. The best result from apple growing is to be expected when the land is tilled. The reasons are quite obvious—the tree has more food, it can extend its roots faster and farther and moisture is conserved. The roots should extend deep enough into the soil to escape drought. The apple tree will thrive in a variety of soil and terrain. Rolling, inclined and somewhat elevated lands are generally considered ideal. The proper distancing between trees is about 40 feet but some varieties could be planted closer.

If the soil is rich, it is not necessary to apply any sort of fertilizer until the trees are old

enough to bear. Then two to three thousand pounds to the acre of nitrate of soda or sulfate of ammonia are necessary.

While pruning is a standard horticultural practice, some growers think that the young apple tree should not be pruned very severely during the dormant season. When pruning becomes necessary it should be performed in the growing season. This practice brings the trees into bearing earlier and it helps to develop well-shaped fruits. Afterwards, little pruning is done until the trees begin to overbear. The trees are then cut back and thinned out sufficiently to induce annual bearing and the production of fruit of desirable sizes.

The principal enemies of the apple tree are the apple worm and the apple scab. The worm can be readily checked by spraying the tree with arsenical poisons before the last petals fall. Lime sulfur or dordeaux mixture to combat the scab should be sprayed as soon as the buds are well burst.

Properly encouraged and developed, apple-culture may yet become one of our principal agricultural industries. The apple is a nutritious food that should be made available at low cost to our people.

\* \* \*

## *The Makings of a Crisis*

**A**T THE end of the world War II in 1945 Germany was placed under the joint rule of the victor nations: Britain, the United States, Soviet Russia and France. The Potsdam agreement sanctioned the division of Germany pending unification under free and democratic processes. Berlin, the capital city, happened to be 114 miles inside the Soviet sector by such arrangements, although it was to be ruled by a special four-power government. In 1948 the Russians attempted to squeeze the other three powers out of Berlin by setting up a blockade of the city. All the surface routes leading from the western sector — railway, autobahn and canal — were sealed. In desperation the Allies airlifted the cargoes to Berlin, resulting in what became known as the Berlin airlift of 1948-49.

For ten months the blockade persisted, but supplies continued to pour into the city by air. Then the Russians called off the blockade.

**By F. C. Sta. Maria**

In 1949 Britain, France and the United States merged their zones into the West German Federal Republic. Five months later Soviet Russia established the German Democratic Republic in East Germany.

The Germany that emerged was a country divided into two distinct sectors; West Germany under the Allies with an area of 98,500 square miles and a population of 53,500,000; and East Germany under the communists with an area of 46,000 square miles and population of 18,000,000. Since then the cleavage between the East and the West sectors of the former Nazi country has become sharper, and hopes of unification have correspondingly diminished. Berlin meanwhile continued to thrive in the midst of East Germany, epitomizing the bitter rivalry and the tensions between East and West.

LAST MONTH, just as the critical Formosa situation subsided, a new threat to world peace began to rumble over Berlin. Soviet Boss Nikita Khrushchev, reading from a prepared speech, announced at a reception honoring a Polish delegation to Moscow that Russia would soon hand over the Berlin government to the German Democratic Republic. The statement looked harmless enough. It even sounded like the signal for the eventual withdrawal of Soviet troops from the German capital city and possibly from all of Germany.

But the Western press, with an ear always cocked to a new crisis, flashed the alarm in big headlines.

Khrushchev's statement was probably as fraught with danger as Washington saw it. In effect it meant that the West would have to deal directly with East Germany, a regime which they have consistently refused to recognize. Soviet sentries along the avenues leading to Berlin would be replaced by East German communists—should they decide to repeat the 1948 blockade.

From America's point of view this latest decision from the Kremlin is a clever way of forcing the Big Three out of Germany, in violation of the Potsdam agreement. In this agreement, signed in August 1945,

the victorious powers pledged to reestablish a democratic and peaceful German government where the freedoms of speech, press and religion would be respected. In it was also foreseen eventual unification of the divided Reich.

In West Berlin the reaction to Khrushchev's announcement was one of complete alarm. Mayor Willy Brandt tried to allay the fears of his 2,200,000 constituents by assuring them that the communists could not, even if they wanted to, take over the city. He was confident that the United States would fight, if necessary, to keep the city. His confidence was probably well placed. The Allies, according to press reports, have stored food and supplies estimated to last for six months in an emergency. Then also there are 600 planes ready to shuttle between West Germany and Berlin at a moment's notice.

In general American reaction seemed to reflect the West German attitude, with an added dash of Dullesian pugnacity. The U.S. made it clear it would resort to force to keep Western control in Berlin. (This notwithstanding the fact that the Allied garrison in the city total only 9,000 men!). Yet apparently an armed conflict was far from the mind of wily Khrushchev who announced quickly

that Russia is not out for a fight.

**T**HE SITUATION clearly puts the Western Big Three again on the defensive in the cold war. For if the Soviet plan works out, all Moscow has to do is to turn over communist Berlin to the East German government and the West would have a dilemma on its hands. If they refuse to deal with the East German communists, West Berlin runs the risk of becoming isolated: if they negotiate with the East German communists, they would tacitly recognize the East German regime. Either way would be disadvantageous to the West.

All this brings to the fore the knotty problem of German unification.

It is to be expected that Moscow's attitude toward this question is unacceptable to the West. Soviet Russia would have West Germany quit the NATO as a requisite to the unification of the Reich. It would also insist that all foreign soldiers be withdrawn from the Bonn Republic and postwar "social gains" in East Germany be respected. (This meant presumably that the salient features of communism should be retained in a unified government.) On the other hand the West makes as condition for unification strict observance of the terms

of the Potsdam declaration, which call among other things for the free expression of the people's will in a democratic election.

It is not hard to see why Moscow disagrees with the West. The situation is very much like the one obtaining in Korea and in Vietnam where sheer number might defeat the communists in a free and popular election. To make it worse for the communists, there are inside East Germany millions of people who would desert the Red rule at the first opportunity. Credible reports from the Western press say that from 8,000 to 20,000 people flee from communist Germany to the West every month. The figures may be exaggerated, but it is significant that Moscow has not made any similar claims of an exodus into the Soviet regime.

Mayor Brandt in fact explains the Soviet attempt to take over Berlin as a means to stop turncoats from making the city a gateway to freedom. The statement again sounds very much like propaganda, but it has not been contradicted by Moscow.

In the meantime the Russians have placed a formal proposal before the United Nations for the termination of the four-power rule in Berlin. A note proposing six months of negotiations preparatory to making

Berlin a free city is under study by the three powers. This latest development seems in itself a bright spot in the picture. It may yet prevent the degeneration of the Berlin affair into a full-fledged crisis.

There is little likelihood that United Nations discussion would be short or decisive. The probabilities are that the international body would refuse to take up the problem without bringing in the bigger issue of German unification. At that point, it is expected that the discussions would bog down.

At any rate, a protracted debate is preferable any time to either continued tension or an armed conflict. And in divided Germany where hostile troops are face to face with each other, a shooting war could easily be provoked.

**B**UT THE problem of unifying the Reich is expected to remain for a long time as a threat to world peace. It is of course far from being a mere European problem. A uni-

fied Germany would again become one of the greatest forces in the balance of world power. Whichever way the scales might tilt — whether in favor of communism or of democracy — that side would have a tremendous advantage.

Perhaps the only solution is to neutralize the country in the same way that Austria was neutralized after the war. Then along with this other country, it could act as a buffer between communized Europe and free Europe. But can this be done? The answer is: Not likely; perhaps not within the next three or five years. Both Russia and the West are mortally afraid that a resurrected Germany might come back stronger than ever and repeat post-World War I history.

It is yet too early to plot the course of a new crisis in Berlin. At this point, at least, it does not look as if we have the makings of a third world war. — *Philippine Journal of Education*.

\* \* \*

### *Poverty*

*A Philadelphian returning home with his family from a two-month tour of Europe, was asked by reporters "Did you see many signs of poverty abroad?"*

*He answered bitterly, "Not only did I see signs of it, but I've brought some back with me."*

## *Speaking of Caviar...*

EVERY SPRING, giant female sturgeons leave the cold waters of the Caspian Sea and sluggishly make their way along the bottom to return to the river of their birth to spawn. If the sturgeon is Russian, her destination is either the Volga or the Ural river; if she is of Iranian origin, she heads for the Iranian rivers.

Every spring also, Russian and Iranian fishing fleets lurk along the coast line. Great strings of hooks stretch concealed along the path of the sturgeons. The female sturgeon, 300 years old and weighing as much as a ton, swims along indifferently, her mind only on the future generations she hopes to spawn from the eggs packed tight in her ovaries. Then, one of the hooks catches her. Before she could retreat, the hook has sunk deep into her body and she is quickly derricked to the surface.

Her belly is slit and the precious roe scooped out. Two or three million caviar eggs may be extracted from a single sturgeon. Salted, they become "the pearls of the Caspian."



Until about six years ago, the fishing fleet was part of the Joint Iranian-Soviet Fisheries Company. In 1928, the Russians forced upon the weak Iranian government the caviar concession, which until January 1953, kept all but 15 percent of the profits in the Russian treasury. All that time, Moscow's hold on the caviar industry was as tight as her control of the satellite countries. Despite written agreements, no Persian had had as much as a peep at the company's books. The chairmanship of the company, though pledged to rotate annually between the two nations, actually remained consistently in Soviet control. One Iranian businessman said: "Back in 1945, when the United Nations was founded, an Iranian caviar executive could have told you Americans how it would work out. Just the sturgeon deal all over again, on a global scale."

However, in 1953 Mohammed Mossadegh, the lachrymous premier of Iran, summoned one Ivan V. Sadchikov, ambassador plenipotentiary of the U.S.S.R. to his bedside and announced: "The caviar concession has reached its end. It will not be renewed."

The Russian said nothing, probably thinking that it was another of Mossadegh's impetuous moves. He knew that the fishermen could not hope to

make a profit on caviar alone — the fish has to be sold and Mohammedan law prohibits the Iranians and the Moslems from eating sturgeon. Iran also did not have expert caviar makers; this is a Russian monopoly.

But the Iranians muddled through. They packed the roe in borax and shipped it to Europe. Probably they disposed of the sturgeon in a similar manner.

**I**RAN is also training caviar experts. This is a field where the Russians really excel. Caviar-making is said to be one of the most delicate operations in the world. To create edible caviar, the eggs must be rolled deftly back and forth over a fine mesh in order to separate the ovaries from the roe itself. While this is being done, the salt must also be worked in. The whole operation is a fingertip job. Not too much salt nor too little, but just right. Such craftsmen, until 1953, were all Russians and this breed, it is said, is rarer than the Caspian sturgeon herself. Some connoisseurs, thousands of miles from Astrakhan, would boast that they could tell by the taste of the caviar the identity and place of residence of the caviar roller.

Caviar, being a luxury item, has been the subject of much expertising. A certain Nikolai Nikolayevitch Zhizlin, a famous

caviar judge, once put it this way: "Of 100 people who start eating caviar, only five will ever become connoisseurs. Twenty more may perhaps cultivate a certain taste, but the remaining 75 will give up in despair after a few tries."

The sophisticated caviar eater prefers the Malossol variety which is lightly salted. He prefers the small Sevruga rather than the large Beluga eggs. He doesn't pay any attention to the color, which may vary from jet-black to pearl gray, and he doesn't eat his caviar with onions, chives, mayonnaise, lemon or chopped eggs. He takes his caviar in austere simplicity, which means only with a slice of brown bread.

Caviar is not a Russian word. The Russians call it *ikra*. Nobody knows the origin of the word caviar. It may be of Turkish or Tartar origin. There is a Turkish word, *havyar* which might have been derived from the Italian *caviale*. Hamlet spoke of *caviare*, the spelling of which has persisted to the present day.

© ZAR NICHOLAS II ate caviar with every meal. To keep his larder well-stocked, he decreed a tax amounting to 11 tons of the finest grade every year. Naturally, the Cossack sturgeon fishers remained poor during his reign.

In England, King Edward II decreed that every sturgeon caught in British rivers became automatically the property of the Crown. This law is still in force, but there are very few British sturgeons today.

Although sturgeon grow fattest and their ovaries are the most fruitful in the Caspian, they turn up in other parts of the world as well. Black Sea sturgeon are hooked by a group of Rumanians of Russian origin at Valcov, an estuary of the Danube. This is a colony that dates back to the reign of Peter the Great.

The United States also once produced sturgeon caviar but that was 50 years ago, before the rivers became polluted. The great fish used to haunt both the Delaware and the Hudson and caviar processing was a full-blown industry in New Jersey and New York.

Recalling those days, the general manager of the Romanoff Caviar Company, Mr. Guenther Hansen-Sturm, said: "When the founder of our company first came to America, caviar was so common that saloons gave it away with a five-cent beer. In great American houses, servants refused to take a job until it was agreed that they would not be forced to eat sturgeon more than twice a week."

Caviar lovers, of course, look down on such poor imitations

as whitefish roe, salmon roe and cod roe. Mr. Hansen-Sturm still frets over what happened when his bank, the Central Hanover, invited him to a cocktail party. One of the vice-presidents steered him to the buffet table and suggested: "Some caviar, Mr. Hansen-Sturm?" "It was whitefish roe dyed black," Hansen-Sturm said in disgust. "What a thing to do to me."

**S**OVIET RUSSIA is still the principal source of high-grade caviar. The Russian firms, however, prepare caviar according to the rigid specifications of her buyers. In the United States, there is a Federal law that allows only caviar packed in salt. As a result, the taste of caviar in America hardly comes through. In Europe, however, caviar is packed in borax which allows the taste to come through.

In the United States, the most consistent buyer of caviar is the housewife. However, the most popular is pressed caviar which the Russians call *paus-*

*naya*. This is a variety that looks like axle grease but a number of experts confess a weakness for this variety.

The aristocrat of caviar is the variety that Stalin used to eat and which now, it may be assumed, glorifies the table of Comrade Khrushchev. According to the Joint Iranian-Soviet Fisheries Company, only about 20 kilos of this super-caviar is found yearly. During the life of the company by tradition eight kilos went to Stalin, eight more to the Shah of Persia and the rest to the chairman of the company. This is a variety that has been described by the *New York Times* as "large, plump, tender, delicately flavored, grey-green in color and well-separated from one another."

Nutritionists say that caviar is one of the richest foods known to man. Some say that it has the capacity to make the old young and the young ambitious. "One caviar egg," according to Mr. Hansen-Sturm, "is the equivalent of one oyster."

\* \* \*

## Si, Si

*"I've just finished my fourth Spanish lesson," said the young girl proudly, "and I must say it's absolutely a breeze."*

*"Really?" asked her friend. "You mean you can carry on a conversation in Spanish already?"*

*"Oh, goodness, no. I can have a conversation with anybody else who's had four lessons."*

**E**AST PAKISTAN, a riverine country, has six big rivers with numerous branches and tributaries. Most of these rivers have their origin in distant mountains, and all have large flows during the monsoon season from mid-June to mid-September. The vast flat countryside, watered by swirling rivers, has a fresh and verdant look. East Pakistan has nearly 5,000 miles of rivers but few highways.

The big Bramaputra, a 175-mile river (within East Pakistan), runs across many districts and changes names while mingling with its branches. This river carries a greater volume of water than any other river and causes ravages during the flood season. Another big river is the Meghna which conducts itself in the Mississippi manner. River Jamuna wears a dreamy look on a moonlight night. Many romantic songs are associated with this gentle river.

Seen from an airplane, East Pakistan appears to be a watery land during the monsoon season. In the rivers are countless boats of various sizes and with multicolored sails. They drift with the current and with the wind. When the wind ceases, the sturdy boatmen row with oars or tow the boats with strong ropes.

A great many people live all their lives aboard boats. They

# LAND of RIVERS

*Life in East Pakistan  
seems unchanged and  
unchanging*

By **GHULAM MALIK**

peddle goods, transport freight, ferry people and fish. Fishing nets are often seen spread on the rivers, and the long, narrow fishing boats sail and toss about. There are many legendary tales about the courage of fishermen.

At main river points like Narayanganj, Chandpur, Barisal and Khulna, big boats laden with jute, rice, chillies and other spices lie at anchor or move about. A large volume of business is transacted every day.

At Narayanganj, the world's largest raw jute center, numerous boats bring jute to the mills and shippers. The noise of haggling and bargaining in these boats adds color and reality to a floating bazaar.

PIRACY ON the rivers is not uncommon, but the manner and method of the river pirates in East Pakistan are peculiarly typical. They lurk at trading centers to wait for their chance. When they see a lone boat sailing at night, they trail it in their fast sampans, and accost it by asking for "fire" for their oven. Once they are on the boat, they rob. But boats carrying merchandise or valuables, usually have firearms for self-protection. When a strange, suspicious looking sampan approaches for "fire," they train their guns on it and open fire.

Occasionally, from a distance come sounds of music and singing. A small boat with buntings and festoons appears. It carries a bridal party. In it the boatman sings a song that expresses the bride's feelings. When evening falls, a young boatman ties his craft to a pole, whistling merrily because his sweetheart is coming to meet him, pretending to fetch water from the

river. At another place an old man is saying his prayers while his young son is cooking rice in their small dinghy. Life is like that on the rivers in East Pakistan.

The British still have vast investments in these waterways. Two British companies have the monopoly of inland water transport. The side-wheelers they run carry passengers and merchandise. These ships look very much like the "Clermont," the steamboat designed by Robert Fulton.

A trip in one of these steamers is at once an experience and an enjoyment. It rattles even while cruising at the speed of 13 to 17 miles per hour, churning up big foams in its wake. When it stops at a small village landing, life there seems astir. Men, women and children run down to the bank to see the vessel. Small boats with bananas, coconuts and sweets circle it to peddle their wares. The steamer's captain and his colorful short embroidered coat and red cap shouts orders to his crew, using seamen's jargon.

The pattern of life in this land of rivers seems unchanged and unchanging. It is marked by a tempo of ease and unhurriedness.

\* \* \*

*The artist is simply a man, who through skill  
and dedication, is able to shape life  
again and again into meaning*

## *What Is Art?\**

By Leonard Casper

**N**OW—EVEN as we talk freely of the liberating arts—on half the continents of the world those same arts have been harnessed in the service of some ism. This symphony is decadent, that play is middle-class, that building is in the tradition of finance capitalism, that painting belongs to another political entity, another ideology, another hemisphere: it will not serve. Books are burned; brains are washed. And so the arts are no longer free to liberate us. In such places, under such conditions, recognized art is impossible: art can not be trusted because its truth, its grasp of alternatives might tumble some personage from power.

But if art is enslaved by isms small and great, so too is it

crippled and castrated by those patronizers who consider it a joke or a narcotic, those who expect it to lie or at least to coincide with their daydreams. Such people do not want to be liberated either. In their world there is only calendar art, appropriately selling *Gatas mata-mis para mga bata*; or, on the panoramic screen and in technicolor, "cheesecake," selling the desired but unmentionable private flesh. For these people, modern painting is a fit subject only for cartoons; modern music is the noise in a factory just before the strike begins; modern literature is a dance behind seven unlaundered bed-sheets.

This condition is not entirely the fault of the patronizer. The average person has never been told that, despite his resistance, he has had esthetic ex-

\* From an address in commemoration of a university's search for truth.

periences. He feels excluded by the aloofness of the professional artist, by the driving concentration which he mistakes for snobbery. And so he approaches art only by accident, and does not realize that, day in, day out, art moves secretly in the very articulation of his small bones.

For the esthetic experience comes even to those whose lives are largely anesthetic. The baking of an upside-down cake without a recipe or the weaving of a **barong tagalog**, if not done mechanically, contains all the elements of art as a living process, which is really more important than the art product itself. In the wideawake act, man's senses, those organs of participation, allow him to interact rhythmically with his environment, so that certain configurations are established, certain meanings are impressed on the blur of life. His actions become programmed; he recognizes beginnings, involvements, fulfillments. In consummate art there is no longer form and substance, the realized whole, the indivisible. In the act of integration, man discovers his own integrity, his worth beyond price. Man and life make designs on each other as they intersect; he acquires a sense of direction and a sense of destination: this is the greatest pleasure that any man can have—the experience that his being

alive matters. That is the truth of conviction realized and enforced by art: that men earn their identities through the quality of their wilful participation in life. It can happen in a kitchen or at a hand-craft loom.

**T**HE ARTIST is simply a man, who through skill and dedication, is able to shape life again and again into meaning. It **must** be done again and again. Because if the artist is proud, having justified his existence, he is also humble in the knowledge that his consummations are not cessations, that his conclusions are temporary, that his experience, though ordered with all the intensity that ritualistic concentration can provide and though communicated with all the indirect but not therefore lessened force of symbolic transformation—his experience is always only human and changeable. This means that an artist—like a priest, a scientist, a historian—is a man not of absolute knowledge, but of resolute faith, necessary to make the long leap from fact to truth, from random event to ordered significance.

Fiction, for example, finds its total meaning and substance by pushing the imagination out into the unknown but altogether possible. Fiction operates always on hypothesis: if after the burial of a king, his ap-

partition tells his noble son that he has been murdered, but the young man is not sure whether the ghost is a genuine spirit or a devil in disguise, how will he act? How will he not act? History can tell us only how the prince of Denmark **did** act. Fiction fills in the blanks, to make the known facts plausible; but the plausibility, the patterning that results is so secure that whether or not later findings refute it as the truth in the life of one known prince, it remains true, that is, available as an explanation, in the lives of many ordinary men whose dilemma resembles that of Hamlet. Because of its faculty of invention and imagination, fictional truth is truth-in-the-large. Although it is particularized in the dramatization of a given character, because the character is fictitious, the dramatized meaning is made to apply not to **no** man but to **any** man.

Fiction is not fantasy, but truth by extension, by symbolic transference; it is truth by proxy. Fiction, consequently, is a source of insight. It is the source of new beliefs, not the mere suspension of disbelief. The immediacy of art, its sensitivity and honesty, intensify our awareness of the world and

our relation to it; art takes our initial intuitions and shapes them into temporary, working knowledge.

**T**HAT SO much of his work should be a matter of faith is the artist's limitation, of course. It humbles but does not humiliate him. It precludes the finality of any insights: the artist and his captive audience have to be gamblers. Yet that limitation is his glory, too. Every consummation becomes not a sleep but an awakening, resonant with anticipation. Arts are lively; they resent the inert and shapeless: these for them are lies. The great premise of art is that life, taken in clusters of event, has or can be made to have vitality. The forms by which art conserves prior experience and forecasts immortality liberate man from death as well as from inconsequence. Art has absolute faith in the value of these undemonstrable truths which, nevertheless, bear sufficient witness to the unseen.

For its devotion to such truth, art should be respected, not least by would-be artists. It should be free to impose its own disciplines and working definitions on itself. Art is a living process; it cannot serve humanity, dead or deadened.

\* \* \*



## *Panorama Peek*



**THESE YOUNG LADIES** are out to prove that there's nothing to "sungka" — the old folks' opinion notwithstanding.



## *What About Filipino Painters?*

***They are a product of both East and West,  
but have a distinct art of their own***

**By E. AGUILAR CRUZ**

**P**AINTING and architecture were integrated until comparatively recent times. It was only with the rise of the European merchant class, which had no palaces but town houses and guild halls, that framed pictures took the place of the picture painted directly on wall or ceiling.

This in turn changed the work habits of painters. Where once they climbed ladders to decorate the residences of the rich, they now could take their ease in a studio, turning out pictures for select clients, or, what was even more remarkable, just painting to suit them-

selves.

Filipino art, an offshoot of Western art, was to repeat this historical pattern in due time. The situation of the Filipino artist today is the same as that of others living under Western culture, isolated from the public that, paradoxically enough must buy pictures to enable the artist to make a living at his trade. The result of this has been to focus people's attention on painting as the all-important form of art. The minor arts so-called are neglected. And so paintings hang on the wall, but the chairs are ugly as well as uncongenial,

and five-and-ten "art" objects betray the real taste of the owner.

The wealth of Filipino art is not to be found in the works of painters alone. We see it in religious and secular art, in furniture and ornament, in wood, stone and metal. These objects belong in the Filipino environment and, despite obvious foreign influences which often make them seem altogether alien, they show, on closer inspection, characteristics which stamp them as our own.

It is a truism by this time to say that Filipino art is a blend of Orient and Occident. Yet we cannot too often be reminded of this fact. Four hundred years of living with Western modes of thought and feeling has left its mark. The thought may be altered by education; feeling is much more lasting. Indeed, it is debatable whether our emotionalism is as much a result of Spanish influence as we generally think. More probably as in the case of the Christian religion itself, the Occidental layer was merely superimposed on the Oriental. It may well be that in both instances, it was the native element which became dominant, as shown in the animistic beliefs of many Catholic worshippers to this day.

As in religion, so in art there is a recognizable trait which

stamps our culture as being indeed our own. The belief, still current, that there is no Filipino culture to speak of, could easily be demolished by any objective sociologist.

It may be stretching the point too far to speak of Filipino feeling in the church art that our craftsmen produced during early years of the Spanish regime. After all, national consciousness in Filipinos was a 19th Century product. But native rather than Spanish genius is responsible for the peculiar versions of Baroque that characterize these buildings. The monk-engineer laid the foundations; the Filipino craftsman or artist (as in Europe formerly, there was no distinction between the two) made a thing of beauty of the whole.

As THE center of community life, the parish church represented the aspirations of the people and they not only took part whole-heartedly in the devotional rites but prided themselves on the magnificence of their house of worship. Many people living today still remember how towns were known by the comparative sonority of their church bells. Like the church ornaments, these were cast by local artisans and hauling them into position the bell-ringing was a great event.

In the carving of saintly faces, the sculptors of this pe-

riod found the utmost use of their talent. Realism often was carried to bizarre lengths. Natural hair was employed to heighten verisimilitude, tinted glass went to make the eyes, and such was the skill of the craftsman that the Lady of Sorrows appeared actually to shed tears.

Constant exposure to such excesses of Baroque sculpture has left a lasting influence on Filipino conception of what is beautiful and touching in art. The sorrowing, the ecstatic and the innocent in facial expression was equated with beauty. The evocations of these moods in other objects, such as landscape paintings, was to be highly prized later when secular art was developed in the middle of the 19th Century.]

[If the holy images were works of art, no less so were their pedestals, shrines and carriages on which they rode in processions. Gilding became a fine art and its secrets handed down from one generation of craftsmen to another. The actual work was done by women who, in order to qualify, had to forego smoking and buyo-chewing. The gold foil was delicately picked up with a camel's hair brush on which the worker exhaled to effect the transfer to the stucco-covered wood which was moistened with saliva. Specialization in this craft can be seen from the fact that in the

more delicate work pregnant women were preferred, on the theory that their saliva was better suited to the purpose.]

The report of Governor Salazar to the King of Spain in 1590 shows that church art, at first practiced by Chinese who taught the native craftsmen, was already flourishing at the time. It continued to be the principal form of art in the Islands until towards the middle of the 19th Century, when the rising middle class of Filipinos created a demand for secular art.

Pictorial representation, arabesques and scrolls appeared on the walls of their salas in imitation of the European style but like, as not using native motifs. [It would appear from contemporary accounts that the taste for non-religious pictures was then already widespread. A leading public attraction in Manila at the time was the Cosmorama, a series of panoramic paintings in realistic detail. It was as the author of these paintings that the now forgotten painter Jose Lozano of Sampaloc won early fame.]

Lozano typified the secular Filipino painter of the generation which immediately followed the establishment of the first art school in the country, by Damian Domingo, between 1815 and 1820. Although a mildly successful portrait painter, Domingo, a Spanish mestizo, was better known for his religious

paintings, done on metal sheets or cloth overlaid with gesso.

THE ITINERANT painter was a familiar figure among the well-to-do families of the era. Like his predecessor in colonial America, his portraits were often ready-made from the neck down, the subject's head being painted in as orders were filled. Antonio Malantic, the most accomplished painter of this period appears to have been not above using this method, but his best works were painted from lifetime from start to finish.

Malantic was taken into the family by Hilario Francia, of Pagsanjan, Laguna, to paint the members of the household. One of these was the daughter of the house, Soledad. Malantic's portrait of her, painted in 1876, is not only a family heirloom but a masterpiece of Filipino painting worthy to rank with the best of Juan Luna and later painters.

Further comparison with the history of Western art is inevitable as the age of Luna approaches. Once more, as in Europe of the mercantile era, painting was emancipated from architecture. Wreaths and cornucopias in "raised" style still graced the walls of the rich man's sala and foreshortened goddesses reminiscent of the Venetian school were a favorite ceiling adornment in the larger

residences.

But more and more the easel picture was coming into vogue. The profusion of paintings in the homes of the well-to-do is best described by Rizal in *Noli Me Tangere*, which also gives us a vivid glimpse into the prevailing fashion in furniture. Here, in part, is the inventory of art objects in the house of Capitan Tiago:

"Contrasting with these earthly preparations (for the Capitan's soiree) are the motley paintings on the walls representing religious matters such as Purgatory, Hell, The Last Judgment, The Death of the Just, The Death of the Sinner and, in a central place, amidst a splendid and elegant setting in the style of the Renaissance fashioned by Arevalo (contemporary painter and sculptor of religious subjects), a curious canvas of great proportions wherein are seen two aged women. The inscription says: 'Our Lady of Peace and Good Village, who is venerated in Antipolo, under the disguise of a beggar visiting in her idleness the pious and celebrated Capitana Ines'."

The Baroque realism of the church images, already noted, is still strong during this period. Rizal continues:

"The picture, while revealing neither taste nor art has by way of compensation extreme realism: the sick woman alrea-

dy seems like a corpse in putrefaction by the yellow and bluish tints of its face, the glasses and other objects, the effects of long illness, are reproduced so minutely that the very contents are visible."

On the furniture: "He has hung from the ceiling precious lanterns of China, frosted crystal balls, red, green, and blue, faded air plants, dried and inflated fishes which they call botetes, etc. closing entirely the side that faces the river with curious arches of wood, half Chinese, half European, affording a view of an azotea arbors and bowers dimly lighted by paper lanterns of all colors."

After paying his respects to other details such as "massive mirrors and brilliant chandeliers," the author's eyes light on yet another painting, "of a fine man in full dress, rigid, erect, symmetrical as the tassled cane he holds in his fingers covered with rings. The picture seems to say:

"'Ahem! Look what I have on and how serious I am.'"

No doubt, this is none other than the master himself, Capitan Tiago.

**A**LL FILIPINOS of means in the 1880's were not as exuberant in taste as this particular Capitan. But of the popularity of oil paintings at this time, good as well as bad, there

can scarcely be any doubt, judging by the large number of Filipino painters who flourished immediately before and during Luna's time. There were, to name just a few, Lorenzo Guerrero, Lorenzo Rocha and Felipe Roxas. Guerrero painted religious pictures, in addition to bedegones or still life, but they were marked by restraint doubtless others like him, but on the whole we may safely assume that the average religious painting was hardly better than the chromoes sold at feria stalls.

If anything, however, they would only be further proof, if they were extant today, (of the Filipino painter's unconscious injection of his own temperament, of a peculiarly Filipino quality, even when literally copying a foreign work.

Juan Luna seems at a casual glance to be completely Europeanized. The same is true of Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo, his equally famous contemporary. Together they made Europeans aware of the Philippines through art for the first time. To put it rather naively, they proved that Filipinos were just as good painters as Europeans, if not better. This is the motivation of their grandiose works. But their smaller paintings, are no less Filipino than those of, let us say, Fabian de la Rosa. The sunsets and seascapes of Hidalgo strike poetic moods

dear to the heart of our countrymen. There are landscapes, genre and portraits of Luna's that might have been painted by De la Rosa.

The closing years of the Spanish regime and the early years of the American era were, in more senses than one, a time of transition. Until years after the revival of the old school of fine arts as a department of the University of the Philippines, in 1909, there were no new influences in painting. But genre painting, which traces at least as far back as Felipe Roxas, flourished as never before or since. De la Rosa, who wielded pen and brush with equal facility, wrote occasionally for the literary press on subjects like Color and Design. Perhaps the most cultured painter of them all, he was what people might have called "Europeanized." But even more than in Luna's case, the appearances were deceiving. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find among De la Rosa's many works one which would merit the label "foreign."

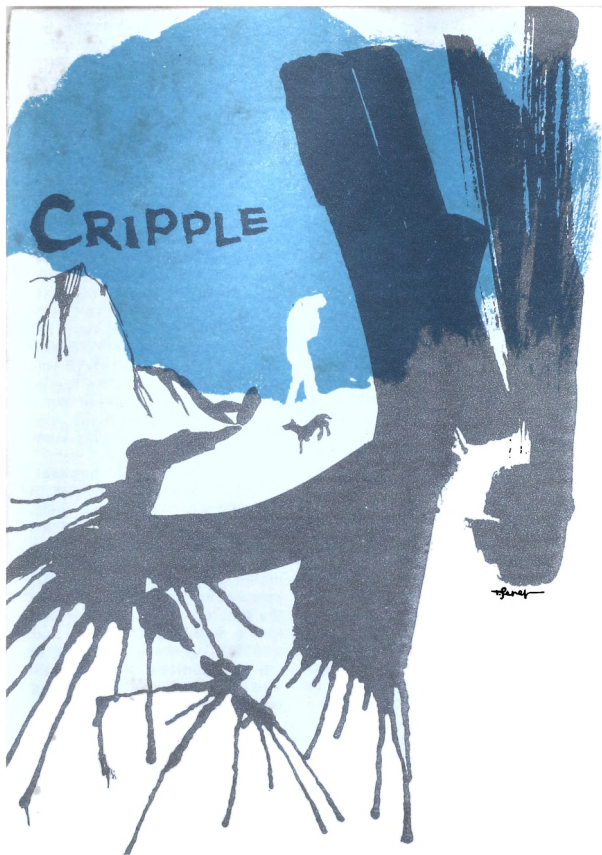
Fernando Amorsolo, the pupil of De la Rosa whose fame was to rival that of his teacher and, in some respects, surpass it, has often been criticized in the past as an imitator of the

Spanish form. The Baroque, the romantic, the sentimental and irrational are not entirely missing and often, indeed, speak out boldly behind the mask of impersonality that is supposed to characterize abstract art. Many who are familiar with contemporary Filipino painting, foreigners included, have commented on the affinity between Amorsolo on the one hand and Carlos Francisco and Vicente Manansala on the other.

Farther on the artistic left, they have noted also the "native colors" of Hernando Ocampo. One might even say that Ocampo's preoccupation with texture and interlocking forms are baroque in modern dress. Other painters, except in more or less pure abstractions, unconsciously reveal similar emotional content.

When all is said, however, painted masterpieces meant to the men who first owned them. Even less can be got from books, useful guides though they may be and certainly valuable for name-dropping purposes at arty gatherings. But in the opinion of at least one person, a well-designed chair that combines utility and beauty in one harmonious whole would illustrate better the meaning of art. — *Progress* '57.

\* \* \*





By JOHN MADDEN

THE BOY stretched lazily on the stairs and looked at the sweeping range of mountains that stretched all across the horizon. He watched the changing pattern of blues and greens that the shadows of the low clouds formed on the thick foliage, and off in the distance tried to identify the towering peaks through the gray, swirling mist that had begun to wrap itself around them and hide them from view.

"Hell of a way to spend a summer."

Turning from the mountains he looked at his companion, a boy perhaps one or two years older—maybe sixteen or seventeen. Both wore the white aprons which identified the kitchen help of the resort hotel on whose back stairs they were sitting.

"What's that?" the younger boy asked.

The other lit a cigaret and took a deep drag.

"How can you stand looking at those damn mountains?"

"What's wrong with the mountains?"

"I hate them. The damn

things are all around us. They move in closer every day."

The younger boy looked back at the mountains and decided they looked gray and cold in the mist, and they made him feel uncomfortable.

"Yeah," he said.

The older boy changed his position uneasily and took another drag on his cigaret. Looking down he saw beneath him a large, black ant crawling along the length of the stair. The hand holding the cigaret dropped down to the stair and moved to a position beside the ant. The younger boy started to say something, then shrugged and began to watch with careful interest as a quick movement of the fingers brought the glowing tip directly in front of the insect's head. With a nervous twitch the ant recoiled and turned back in the opposite direction, only to be once more blocked by a blast of heat. As often as the bug retreated before the fiery barricade, the boy's hand moved back and forth like a pendulum, paralleling his victim's movements, and each time the glowing tip moved

closer.

"Damn summer," he muttered. "Got the time?"

"Four-thirty."

"Forty lousy minutes before we eat. I don't think I can stand this for another month."

"Yeah."

"Place makes me sick. Nothing to do but wash their crumbly dishes and sit here looking at mountains."

"Yeah, I guess it is kind of dull."

"Just sit here and wait for supper. Louisiest summer I ever saw."

The younger boy looked across the parking lot toward the garage.

"I wonder how Alex stands this place."

"Who?"

HE FOLLOWED the other's gaze and saw a short, thick stump of a man shuffling across the gravelled area. The old man dragged a burlap bag, and every few feet he stopped and picked up a paper or bit of trash which he put in the bag. Behind him a small, black dog half-walked, half-limped as it followed him through the lot. The dog had only three legs.

"Oh, him," he smiled. Then, "Hey, Alex, how's your love life?"

His companion laughed. The old man looked up and smiled, a childish simple smile—the smile of the insane.

"Ho boy. How you?" He shuffled off to pick up more papers and the little, three-legged dog trailed behind.

On the stair the boy's hand, holding a newly-lighted cigaret, continued to move almost automatically, back and forth over an ever lessening space. Within that space the ant's movements became increasingly frantic and erratic as the searing heat came always closer.

"Old fool," the boy said. "Nobody but a crazy old man could stand coming back to this place every summer."

"Is he really crazy?"

"Damn right he is. If he wasn't do you think he'd keep that three-legged monster? He doesn't even talk to anybody hardly except that dog. Crazy as a loon."

"He wasn't always that way," the younger boy said. "Y'know he used to work down the garage. I guess he was even married."

"Where'd you get that?"

"One of the guys down the garage told me. He said the old woman fell down a mountain or something and died."

"Maybe that's when he went crazy. Sure as hell nobody would marry him the way he is now. Look at him. Getting a big kick out of just picking up trash. Damn fool."

Alex had turned around and was coming back. The bag that he was dragging marked out in

the gravel the zig-zag path that he travelled as he wandered back and forth looking for any papers he might have missed. He heard the sound of the boy's voice again and looked up, the simple, empty smile spread on his face.

"Ho boy. How you?"

The dog continued to limp on just a few paces behind him.

The ant's movements had become slowed and hopelessly confused by the pain and heat of the fiery wall that seemed to surround it. It dragged itself sluggishly and without purpose in directionless flight.

"What time is it?"

"Twenty of five."

"Damn afternoon's never gonna end."

"Hey, look over there."

THE BOY shifted slightly and glanced over in the direction his companion was pointing. He saw Alex and one of the cooks apparently having a conversation; then he noticed that while the cook was saying nothing the old man was shaking his fist and trying to shout as much as his feeble voice would let him. After a minute or two the old man began to shuffle toward the cook still shaking his fist. The cook shrugged his shoulders and walked away toward the stairs where the boys were sitting.

As he passed the older one

called out to him. "Hey, what's eating Alex?"

The cook laughed. "The crazy fool said he'd kill me."

"What for?"

He laughed again. "I asked him why he didn't get rid of that cripple that was following him. I told him I could make hamburg out of the mutt and put him to some good use."

"So he said he'd kill you?"

"Yeah. The fool thinks that mutt's the best damn animal in the state. He's crazy about the thing."

The cook went on to the kitchen and the two boys sat on the stairs laughing to themselves about the old man.

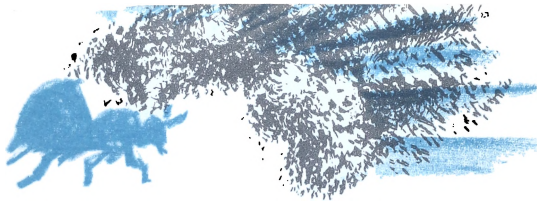
The ant crawled blindly around in a small, tight circle of pain. The heat had become a part of its body and its black shell had been turned into dull, gray ash. The boy lit another cigaret and placed it across his prisoner's back, preventing any further movement. The ant squirmed and twisted and the fiery tip burned its way down the cylinder.

"I just got a great idea," the older one said.

"Let's hear it."

"Just follow me. Come on."

He got up and started off in the direction that Alex had taken and the younger boy followed eagerly. Together they went across the parking lot to the shed in back of the garage where Alex was dumping his



trash. Finding the little black dog lying near the door waiting for the old man to come out, the older boy took a chocolate bar from his pocket and broke off a little piece which he threw to the dog who immediately snatched it up. Moving backwards he continued to break off small pieces and drop them to the ground, and the dog got to its feet and hobbled after him nibbling at the trail of candy. The other boy followed eagerly behind the dog.

The procession went along the side of the garage and turned in the front door. The boy continued walking backwards, leading the dog on until he came to a small storage closet in the far corner of the building. Here he stopped and swung the door open, then continued his trail so that it led right into the closet; the dog followed, its head bent as it searched for candy. The door slammed shut and two hollow

laughs echoed throughout the empty garage, almost drowning out the faint sound of barking.

"Well, what do we do now?" the younger boy asked.

"We have a little fun," said the other.

THE TWO of them left the garage and started toward the shed, but as they rounded the corner they saw Alex shuffling toward them. Before they could speak he greeted them with his usual, toothless smile.

"Ho boy. How you?"

The older boy didn't answer but walked up to the old man and stood silently before him.

"Alex," he said after a minute, "I'm sorry but I'm afraid . . ." He stopped and stared at the old man, watching the smile fade. "I'm afraid your dog is dead."

The man stood dumb, insensible for a minute, as if he hadn't heard. Then he turned slowly and looked behind him but saw

only the empty lot.

"My dog dead?" he whispered.

The boy nodded gravely. "We saw the whole thing. The dog was chasing a rabbit over past the garage and he came too close to the edge of the cliff and slipped off. We tried to get him but he fell too far. His back was broken."

The younger boy turned away as he tried to hide a laugh. The thought of the lame crippled dog chasing a rabbit was really funny.

The old man was silent. His eyes were closed and he stood mute, unfeeling for a long time. Finally he looked up at the boy and stared directly into his eyes almost as if he were pleading with him; then he tried to smile but tears came instead. He rubbed his eyes and tried to clear them but they became only red and dirt-stained, and tears began to run down his face.

"My dog dead," he said, then turned and walked slowly away.

The younger boy was still laughing and the older one turned to him and said fiercely, "Get the damn dog, will you?"

"But . . ."

"Get the damned dog."

He ran toward the garage and a minute later the dog came out barking and limping as fast as it could. It bounded awkwardly toward the retreating figure of the old man and reached him

just at the edge of the lot. The old man turned and looked at the dog and spoke to it. He spoke again and again and seemed to become angry. Suddenly he stooped, picked up a handful of gravel, and threw it at the dog. The animal yelped and limped off into the woods.

THE BOYS raced across to the old man and stopped him as he turned and began to shuffle away.

"Alex, what's the matter?" the older one asked.

The old man said nothing.

"What's the matter?" he cried. "That was your dog."

The old man looked at the boy for a minute. "Not my dog," he said. "My dog dead."

"That was your dog. He's not dead, Alex." He was pleading now.

The old man's voice was almost inaudible. "Don't want another dog. My dog dead."

Then he turned and walked down the empty driveway. The younger boy turned to his companion.

"How about that," he grinned. "The old fool didn't even know his own mutt. How'd you ever think of a stunt like that?"

The other said nothing but walked over to the stairs where he had been sitting earlier.

"It's time to eat," said the younger. "Going in?"

"No, I think I'll just sit here for a while."

"What do you want to do that for? You'll miss supper."


"I know. I don't want any supper. I just want to look at

the mountains."

He sat down alone on the stairs and looked out toward the high peaks, but they seemed to have disappeared in the ash-gray mist.

\* \* \*

## The Useful Goat



**C**ONTRARY to popular notion, goats do not eat tin cans, old shoes and shirts. True, few if any goats starve to death, but they can make do on the scantiest of diets.

If domestic goats have a tendency to regard themselves as folks it may be because they have been among people for such a long, long time.

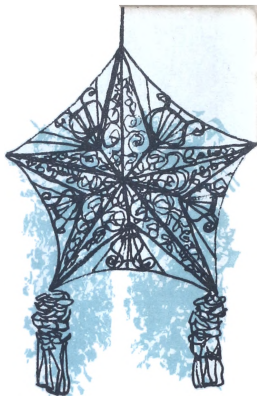
Domestic species sprang from the Pasang, a wild goat of Asia Minor. This goat probably was domesticated before the cow, some time prior to 3000 B. C. Goat milk, butter, cheese, flesh, hide and hair have always been indispensable to people of the Near East. Ancient Egyptians worshipped the animal.

The Angora goat has long been prized for its fine mohair. And the Cashmere goat was famed for its undercoat of downy, soft fleece in the days of the Roman Caesars. At one time, cashmere yarn was reserved exclusively for kings and their countries.

Today the goat is one of the most widespread of domestic animals and lives everywhere except the polar regions. In the United States the mohair-bearing Angoras lead the goat population with more than 2,330,000 individuals. Milk goats, basis of a small outgrowing dairy industry, number about 117,500.

The common or American goat, a hybrid, numbers less than a million. It is valued chiefly for clearing underbrush, a dietary item it does on.

# OUR DISAPPEARING CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS



**M**OST OF OUR old Christmas traditions have been discarded in favor of new, more sophisticated practices. One by one these traditions have been dropped and the future is not very far when all our Christmases shall have been purged of these ancient customs.

In the Visayas, for instance, one of the oldest customs, called the **colacion**, is disappearing. This is a sort of penitent fasting, consisting of a slight supper of root crops or fruit. The idea here is to re-experience the the stories told by older folk about the after life, the long travail of the Virgin Mother

By **J. P. Sto. Domingo**

during that night some two thousand years ago. This has been replaced by the practice of uninhibited feasting.

The colacion rules out the eating of all kinds of food except root crops and fruits. All adults and children over 12 years were required to observe this.

During the colacion, the members of the family would gather around a table and listen to tales of the saints, heaven and

hell and the Holy Family. Barrio folk who want to attend the midnight mass usually joined their relatives in the **poblacion**, bringing with them food for the colacion.

Another fading Visayan custom is the **daigon**, the **panawagan** among Tagalogs, which is a pastoral drama or a tableau depicting the events that led to the Nativity. Practiced all over the Visayas, it reached its most elaborate form in Panay, particularly in Capiz. The parish priest usually initiates the affair.

The selection of the cast is done with care. The girl who is chosen to play the role of the Virgin Mother is usually the prettiest and the most religious girl in town. The man who plays Joseph must be equally saintly in character. As early as a fortnight before

Christmas, everybody rehearses until the lay is letter-perfect.

Then the daigon is brought from house to house from December 16 until Christmas day. The patrons reward the players generously who in turn donate the money to the parish church.

**B**RIEFLY, the four-part religious tableau starts with the appearance of the archangel Gabriel, announcing to the Virgin Mary the coming of Christ. This is followed by a scene showing Mary and Joseph seeking lodging for the night. The third scene depicts the appearance of the angels before the shepherds, informing them of the birth of Christ. The final scene, usually the most elaborate, is the Nativity. This includes the shepherds, the three wise men and angels.





The music that accompanies the action is usually an improvisation on religious themes and in parts it is quite touching.

The **panawagan**, the Tagalog counterpart, used to be widely observed. Now it is held only in a number of towns. In Kawit, Cavite where it is still observed, the characters costumed in our idea of ancient garments roam the inland rivers in boats. The last boat, carrying Joseph and Mary, knock on doors of houses on the way for the elusive "inn". In Taal, Batangas the couple walk the principal streets and they are politely turned down by well-meaning hosts.

In other regions, this practice is called the **posada**. On Christmas Eve, the chosen couple, accompanied by parishioners, make their way to a prepared barn with some animals inside. In other places, the couple go to the parish church. This practice disappeared in the Ilocos region even before the war.

Another Christmas custom, still observed in some Ilocano towns, is the visit of the Niño Jesus. The visits start on New Year and last until the feast of the Three Kings. A small statue of the child Jesus, perfumed and dressed in rich garments, is accompanied by the more religious elements of the community from house to house where equally rich and elabor-

ate cribs have been prepared.

Upon reaching a house, the statue is deposited in the crib and carried to the family altar. Then a group of religious songs are sung. The visit is concluded with a *Salve Regina*. Before the host gives the customary alms, every member of the family kisses the statue. The Niño is transported to the next house and the ritual starts all over again.

In other regions, the Holy family is honored in an usual way. A family would invite an old couple and a boy to compose the "family". It is not necessary for the couple to be man and wife since the basis for selection is not matrimony but saintliness. The invited couple is fed and entertained royally. After the feasting, the left-overs, now considered sanctified are given to ailing members of the family.

In Manila and the larger towns, Christmas is marked by a **Belen** or Christmas crib. Some of these cribs are so big that they occupy an entire room. A belen usually depicts Bethlehem, the manger, a portion of the surrounding country and contain figures of shepherds, angels, merchants, soldiers, pharisees, children and animals.

It is also customary to have an "open house" during Christmas. Everybody, strangers included, were lavishly fed and

wined during Christmas day. All the tables in Manila were laden with food, fruit and drink.

**T**HE HIGH point of the celebration in Manila usually occurs on January 6. The three kings, carefully selected among the handsomest males, are dressed and mounted on well-groomed horses and escorted to church by "Romans" in armor. The procession is accompanied by the parishioners.

Before Santa Claus became a popular figure, we had our own—a bearded Methuselah who rode around the city in a carabao-drawn cart. His face is painted white and lined with wrinkles to suggest old age. Invariably, he is costumed in blue. Dr. Rizal described him as "an old man with exceptionally long beard, seated at the edge of a grave under a tree filled with all kinds of stuffed birds. A kalan with a clay jar, a mortar and a kalikut for mashing buyo were his utensils as if to indicate that he lived on the border of the tomb and was doing his cooking there."

In the cities of Western Visayas, a ball is held on Christmas eve. The elite of the town would come clad in evening

gowns and *camisa de chino*. They would dance until the start of midnight mass. Then everybody left the ball to hear mass. The ball is resumed after mass.

Probably the only Christmas traditions that we have retained to the present are the early morning mass and the Christmas lantern. The early morning mass is said to have been originated by a priest who did not want to keep his parishioners away from the fields. The Christmas lantern was a tradition borrowed from the Mexicans. But even these long-lived traditions are in danger of extinction. Nobody wakes up early these days to early mass. They would much rather hear afternoon mass. And the Christmas lantern is being replaced by the garland of colored lights that every department store sells. We now find the lantern much too flimsy and prosaic.

Christmas in the Philippines is not what it used to be. A time probably will come when the Western symbols of Christmas such as snow, reindeer, pine trees, Santa Claus will replace all of these. Our country and culture would, by then, have suffered a complete transformation.

\* \* \*

# Philippine Freedom\*

By LEONARD CASPER

ALTHOUGH Robert Aura Smith has no illusions about Aguinaldo's ability, in 1899, to found lasting independence, he does not obscure either American generalship's failure to clarify its intentions before accepting, and then betraying, the role of liberators presented them. However, as he points out, the Democratic party made Philippine independence a political plank almost as soon as the military forces had committed the nation politically; and Taft's civil rule and the behavior of occupation troops themselves did much to ameliorate the initial ill-feelings. Although still not independent, Filipinos immediately began the exercise of rights long withheld not only by colonial Spain but by their own family and tribal heads in pre-Spanish communities.

The temporal power of churches was limited, but freedom of religion was extended, for example, to Moros and Mt. Province non-Christians even when local custom technically violated general laws against concubinage. Despite natural friction, a mutual respect also grew, so substantial that when Manuel Roxas organized his Ang Bagong Katipunan in 1931, the movement failed for lack of adherents convinced that they had chains to lose.

The nearest thing to revolt that Smith can record was the replacement of Governor-General Harrison, who had bankrupted the treasury, by Leonard Wood: for seven years Wood had Manuel Quezon to contend with, for dismissing certain incompetent Filipinos from the civil service and for curtailing the extra-legal Filipino "Council of State." Wood was

\* Robert Aura Smith, *Philippine Freedom: 1946-1958* (Columbia University Press: New York, 1958).

just and efficient; but his bluntness hurt Filipino pride.

Freedom became practicable through early recognition of its necessary instruments: free and general education (despite lack of a compulsory attendance law, the number of public school children leaped from 200,000 in the last days of Spanish rule to 2 million under the Commonwealth)—centrally administered, to permit efficiency and to create a national consciousness, though there was no intention of preserving such inflexibility forever; public health (when the American occupation began, life expectancy in the islands was in the low thirties; t.b., malaria and dysentery were endemic, beriberi prevalent, leprosy widespread, cholera and smallpox killers: today, public sanitation though still deficient is superior to most of the Orient); an economy which could afford such public services.

Of all these, only a stable economy has not yet been achieved; and its tardiness is understandable. From the beginning the Philippines specialized in crops and ores, relying on the sure support of U.S. markets, so that now even after independence has been gained, an adequate turn to more versatile production still lags, and consequently special trade privileges still must be granted the Philippines. It is a matter of constant anxiety that the Philippines, in its determination to end the "economic colonialism" of the U.S., will simply shift markets for its abaca and cordage to Japan instead of at least partially industrializing itself in order to manufacture its own rich supplies of raw materials.

**P**ARTICIPATION in the civil service and in self-government prepared Filipinos for not only independence but a fuller understanding of the rights of free men once political separation came. Philippine legislative bodies have been remarkably objective and legal-minded, with few exceptions, from the beginning. The constitutional convention of 1934 would have been an extraordinary body in any country: Quezon, Recto, Roxas... Theirs was a clear comprehension of self-government and the requirements of social justice, though attainment of the latter came slowly.

The cooperation of Quezon and Osmeña symbolized the first days of the Commonwealth peaceful striving. Although overcapitalized mining stock collapsed under their efforts to keep speculation sound, actual production of gold, chromite,

iron, manganese and copper boomed. In addition U.S. "wind-falls" in the form of returned revenues enabled broad programs of public works.

The nation would have been successfully launched, had it not been betrayed by the Japanese—and in a sense, according to Smith, by Gen. MacArthur's defense plan which built up a "citizen reserve" too slowly and failed to see how planes might be an extension of artillery and not just of cavalry-reconnaissance. MacArthur, though claiming to be an expert on the Oriental mind, was among those who underestimated the Japanese (as he was later to miscalculate North Korean strategy).

Nevertheless, the experience of freedom among the Filipinos by invasion time was so great that they fought mortally and endured death and disconsolations not for any alliance, nor even for nationalism, but for the ideal of liberty which had become an actuality. The Japanese, this time, had misunderstood.

However, freedom always must be more than an abstraction; it has to live with human circumstance: and conditions were not pleasant in the postwar years, even though independence had been won in 1946. Physical and moral damage had been done; a new generation had learned to rob and to kill, and the old was hungry for black market and war-surplus goods, or more legitimately for foreign luxuries in a time that required austerity.

Two billion American dollars in the first 8 years were lost in currency inflation. Roxas' sudden death and Quirino's weakness in the face of corruption in his own family fed the nation's cynicism and abetted the Huk revolt. It is no mere mythmaking that recognizes the supreme importance at this historical moment of Ramon Magsaysay. His moral severity brought justice to farmers subverted by Communism; penalized political corruption; returned health and self-respect and clean elections to the people. The wonder and splendor of this honest man of energy, redeemer of democracy from disrepute, is too well known for Smith to be able to add to it, though in his admiration he devotes nearly one-fourth of his text to Magsaysay's administration, both domestic and international. The assumption by the Philippines of full status in the U.N., the Korean War, SEATO and the Pacific Charter, the Bandung Conference was neither a gift from condescending big nations nor an accident of history.

SMITH tries hard to hope that Garcia cannot undo what giants before him labored to achieve; and where he has his doubts, he suspends his disbelief and waits. When the 1957 elections are called "clean," reference is only to lack of violence, not to the buying of votes. Nor is mention made of Garcia's spiteful and insulting deprivation of public power from the candidate whose popularity exceeded his own on the ballot, Macapagal. And Smith could not know that Garcia would continue to embarrass his countrymen: that in mid-year, 1958, he would squint at television cameras on America's **Meet the Press** and to reasonable, clear questions give less competent answers than the average man in Quiapo could; and that a few months later, having just succeeded in borrowing needed U.S. millions, would be asking the Filipinos of Boston to find a \$200-a-month suite for his daughter and son-in-law during their expected year or more on its campuses. It is hard to imagine Magsaysay robbing his people's self-respect in such ways.

Nevertheless, because Magsaysay's presidency was personal in a peculiar way—he gave all of himself for others—the strength of the people has grown so unmistakably that, although Smith has no delusions about the ability of President Garcia to replace his predecessor and although he sees the present period as one of continuing strict austerity, he has faith that too much has already been accomplished to be lost. In its pilgrimage to freedom the Philippines has already so committed itself that neither mediocrity in leadership nor piecemeal corruption can turn it back.

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### Purely Accidental

*On a lake steamer in Scotland, a lovely young girl fell overboard. The waters were very choppy, and the girl had already gone under twice when a middle-aged Scot, extremely well dressed, kerplonked into the lake and dragged the girl aboard the steamer. The girl's father threw his arms around the drenched Scotsman and enthused, "You're a great hero, sir. How can I ever repay you?"*

*"Just tell me one thing," said the Scotsman grimly. "Who pushed me?"*

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Christopher Fry:  
Sightseer from Within

SO THOROUGHLY has the future seized Christopher Fry, verse dramatist extraordinary, that his natural shyness about the past is reinforced. "Each new play," he says, "is bound to be an exploration"; and each new year, he might add. In the late thirties, about which he is usually close-mouthed, he lived by cartooning, by being secretary to a novelist and editor of a magazine, and by acting in repertory troupes. In 1935 he wrote the words and music for an Andre Charlot revue, **She Shall Have Music**, simply because he wanted to learn more about the theater. It was not memorable. Then in 1938, his local parish vicar asked him for a pageant to celebrate the church's fiftieth anniversary. Fry wrote **The Boy with a Cart**, then several other pageants, and so began his fast and famous career.

Although the world did not really recognize him until **The Lady's Not for Burning**, in 1950, it is now willing to watch Katherine Cornell in **The Firstborn**, the very first full-length play which he wrote. An early draft was finished before the war, then first viewed during the war while, as a Quaker, he worked in a labor battalion, cleaning up London's buzz-bomb rubble. The title of this play about the passions and labors of Moses is most apt not only to its subject, but to its author as well, for it is Fry's eldest child, in the literary sense, and also speaks for him in probing the pity and compassion of Moses, confronted with the necessary death by plagues of his people's enemies.

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\* An exclusive *Panorama* feature.

ESSENTIALLY, Fry is a man who loves to stay at home. More than 20 years after its writing, he came to America for the first time to see their production of the **The Firstborn**. Even then he did not act like the average tourist, looking through a travel-folder for the tallest building, the biggest hippo, the richest mansion. Most of his time was spent in either theaters, watching the direction; or in hotel rooms, discussing changes in lines and listening to actors read them: a most satisfactory holiday for a man who "stumbled" into the theater years ago. On the street no one would have noticed the shy, slight man with the high forehead and sudden smile around the old, old pipe. Some critics have said that he looks more like a lecturer on Wordsworth in some sleepy university than a man engaged in the violent business of the living drama. He seldom attends parties, speaks to no women's clubs—and can rationalize his privacy.

"A feeling of anonymity is useful in writing," he says. "It isn't good to trail your past after you, thinking of plays you have done, things you have written years before. You should start each play as though it were the first, that you never had tried even a scene earlier.

"Each new play is bound to be an exploration. Ideally, an author should not even read the critics, writing about his plays. Being human, a playwright would find this coming pretty hard, but it is the ideal. As far as is possible, it would be good each time to start all over again. In my case, I feel—well, there has been so much publicity for the so little I've done."

For that matter, Fry knows little of what **other** writers are doing, as well. Of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller he is not ignorant, but he sees little of London's theaters simply because he lives in Wales, a five-and-a-half hour drive from London. They happened to like the house in Wales at first sight, and settled there; but to drive half a day, in and out of London, seems hardly worth it to him. Besides, London is too noisy, with all the horn tooting of autos. Christopher Fry is not a traveler, except inward and downward, to the roots of man.

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## BELATED BUT GOOD

*A Season of Grace* by N. V. M. Gonzales. The Benipayo Press, Manila, 1956. \$2.25. Philippine Currency.

**T**HIS EXCELLENT novel by the most brilliant fiction of Philippine literature written in English, comes to us late. N. V. M. Gonzalez, who has taken an active part in the literary movement in his country, publishing magazines and promoting the works of young Philippine authors, has behind him, in spite of his own youth, a considerable body of literary work. Among his works I should particularly like to single out *Seven Hills Away* and *Children of the Ash-Covered Loam*. Gonzalez has always been a good storyteller, but the importance of this new book is that from now on, he is novelist who must be taken into account. The novel is especially interesting because, although set many miles away in distance, it is very close in certain of its aspects to the Latin American novel: the social theme and the religious theme. There Mr. Gonzalez knows how to present with drama and force, with poetry and purity, alongside the necessary and symbolic landscape. One very special dimension runs through the invigorating threads of this novel: irony. Thanks to this, Gonzalez is able to show us dramatic world in a lush of lucid and sparkling humor.

It is not customary for us to review books two years after their publication. This book, because of its special significance, because of whose it is and where it comes from, because it is an example of a new phase in English letters, more than merits it. Without mincing words, we recommend it to the reader who will find in it a true work of literature — that is, it has life.

From NEWS (Mexico City, October 12 1948)  
Courtesy, Legacion de Filipinas, D. F.

## BY CAR FROM VIENNA TO VIETNAM

**A** CAR is not the fastest or the cheapest or the most comfortable transport from Europe to the Far East, but it certainly provides the best way of getting to know one of the most interesting parts of the world. Two enterprising motoring enthusiasts, Mr. Ernst Wiese and his photographer companion, Miss Marianne Thal, set out recently from Vienna on this trip, which took them across 16 frontiers and along some two-thirds of the length of the Equator. When they reached their destination, Saigon, the mileometer registered 16,000 miles. ,

The difficulties of the journey were manifold. Rivers had often to be crossed by ferry, or, in Afghanistan where private cars are a rarity, by ploughing through three feet or so of water. Drier, but no less difficult to negotiate, were the ox-cart trails through the jungle of the Shan States in Burma. In this region, and in Afghan-

istan, there was the additional danger of attacks by bandits. As if that were not enough to occupy the traveller, a formidable array of entry and exit visas had to be obtained, and special permits to cross certain territories that are military zones. Communication was less of a problem, despite at least a dozen languages being encountered in the course of the journey; Mr. Wiese and Miss Thal found they managed quite well with English and French. Where those languages failed, a little ingenuity and a picture-book helped them along. When an illustration was shown to a villager, Miss Thal almost always got the offer of eggs for sale, and these, for days on end, supplied the best lunches and dinner.

Creature comforts were not neglected. By chance, just before leaving Austria, Mr. Wiese met the inventor of a very comfortable and practical auto-tent,

and these provided better shelter from mosquitoes or cold than did some of the primitive resthouses sparsely scattered along the route.

**T**HE WORST experience of the trip, in Mr. Wiese's opinion, was undoubtedly that of driving through tropical heat in a car without air-conditioning. It is one thing to stay in a tropical place long enough to grow accustomed to the heat; quite another to pass rapidly through differences of up to 85° Fahrenheit when climbing 9,000 feet or more. Once, on the newly-completed Himalaya motor road—Mr. Wiese was the first European private motorist to use it—the Ford Taunus was actually travelling higher than the normal airplane route, which at that point makes a detour through lateral valleys below.

Through all this arduous and testing trip, there was not a single mechanical breakdown. Shell service stations were often the only stopping-places where Mr. Wiese and Miss Thal could be free of a large inquisitive crowd of 'locals,' and make their camp for the night.

Sometimes the itinerary went through territory where there were considerable distances between one service station and the next—in the Shan States distances could be anything

from 60 to 120 miles, but even this compared favorably with 300 to 500 miles on the 'black' highways of the Middle East and India. As a safeguard, Mr. Wiese always carried spare supplies of petrol.

Neither was there any hold-up, even on the most dangerous stretch of the journey, from Rangoon to Bangkok, although shortly before, the Burmese newspapers had carried front-page stories of robbery, kidnapping and shooting. Probably the marauding bandits realized that the shiny white Ford would be a poor source of rifles and munitions. They were right: Mr. Wiese's only weapons were some souvenir swords and spears bought in Afghanistan and Nepal.

As on any long car trip, there were mishaps. Twice all the petrol was lost after stones had struck the tank. The first time, in Afghanistan, Mr. Wiese was able to get back to the last village he had passed and there, in the middle of the night, he roused the bazaar blacksmith. The next time it happened, the car was stranded in the middle of bandit territory until a military truck came to the rescue. Ironically enough, the next afternoon the same truck, cutting across a curve on the narrow road, smashed the Ford's headlamp and bumper!

**A**T THE Salween River in the eastern Shan States, a rather more serious hitch occurred. Mr. Wiese arrived at the only vehicular ferry in the whole of Burma, to find it had been put out of service by a broken cable. The ferry master was gloomily prophesying a wait of four to six weeks, when there suddenly appeared another motorized tourist wanting to cross the river. The arrival of the second customer stirred the ferry master into action — post-war tourist traffic in this region has amounted to not

more than six jeeps or cars — and he began constructing a raft with two of the sampans used for transporting goods and petrol drums from one bank to the other. Two days later, with the raft dangerously shaken by the current, the travellers crossed the river safely, and in first gear started the four-hour climb up the next mountain.

In spite of all the mishaps and discomforts, the adventures and incidents, Mr. Wiese means to go on driving round the world. After 25 years, a habit is hard to break. — *From Shell Magazine.*

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## Golden Umbrella

**J**EWELLED and glittering, a golden umbrella now crowns the Botataung Pagoda in Rangoon. Botataung has been reconstructed recently, to take its spectacular part in the great Buddhist Synod to be held in Rangoon this year.

*Piece by shining piece the golden umbrella was carried to the summit, eagerly hoisted by Buddhists who gain merit taking part in an umbrella-raising ceremony. An ornamental trolley, held up and guided by guy wires, took each piece of the umbrella or "hti" separately.*

*Everybody was very happy on this occasion. Buddhist dancers performed to add to festive air of the ceremonies.*

## *M. Edmond, Country Doctor*

**I**T IS SUNDAY, in a small country town in the heart of France. The main street is deserted, all the shops are shuttered. Everyone is at lunch.

At Dr. Edmond's, the family had just sat down to table when a car stopped outside. The outer gate banged shut, a dog barked, then came the ring on the doorbell.

"It's an accident," the maid called out when she had let the visitor in.

The doctor left the table and slipped on his white coat. In the little surgery the patient was already seated. At the doctor's approach, he thrust out his right hand in which a big wood splinter was deeply embedded. Dr. Edmond quickly made an incision, extracted the splinter, and disinfected and bandaged the cut. The patient, a husky youth about 20 years old, remained silent throughout, but his face was the color of a shroud.

"Give this poor fellow a tot of rum," the doctor told the

maid.

The emergency was over, but so was lunch. The doctor returned to the now empty dining room with the hope that the doorbell and the telephone would remain silent long enough to allow him to finish his solitary meal.

"For 40 years it's been like that day and night. I cannot call my soul my own. I belong to them."

"Them" are the 150,000 patients who have been treated, comforted and inspired by Dr. Edmond since the day just after World War One when he put up his country doctor's brass plate: "Visiting hours 10-12 a.m. Afternoons by appointment only."

"The relief and thanks of a grateful patient are more important to me than the fee. That's the payment that makes it worth while," says the country doctor.

Strongly built, red-cheeked, with rebellious grey hair, light blue eyes topped by bushy eye-

brows and a comforting smile which makes the patient better already, Dr. Edmond comes from a long line of country doctors who, since the days of Louis XIV, have been practising in this same corner of France.

**T**HE COUNTRY doctor's work is his life, and it is all-embracing—the sick and the poor, the cottage and the chateau, the infant and the senile, the secret confidence whispered in the surgery and the gossip of the market place.

Dr. Edmond's realm extends in a radius of 20 kilometers around his turretted home, a chateau built by Henri IV to mark the limit of his domains. In 40 years Dr. Edmond has worn out ten cars, travelling a million kilometers doing his rounds; no road, no byway, not even a single face remains unfamiliar to him.

"Beau pays, braves gens," say the postcards sold by the village tobacconist.

This is a strange land of briar and bracken, over-shadowed by black boulders that were worshipped by the Gauls; a land where once the persecuted Protestants and later the hunted men of the Maquis sought refuge.

In the valleys, ivy and bramble cover the crumbling ruins of the chateaux of the old king-

dom of France. In the plains, the meadows are green, and cultivated fields contrast with those left fallow and neglected. Here is a borderland between wealth and poverty between modern progress and the old backward ways handed down through the centuries.

**T**HE MEN, the old men, dark, sharp-featured and thick-set wear flowing moustaches like those of Arabian shepherds. The black-garbed women, timid, retiring but missing nothing, can wail at the graveside like the professional mourners of Syria. When there is a wedding in the village the young men let off guns and shout the same guttural "hyfou-fou" that is heard in the villages of Mesopotamia.

Many traces remain of the Saracens who failed to conquer France 12 centuries ago, and left some of their numbers behind on these least hospitable fields of that smiling land.

They remained semi-nomads for a long time, according to Dr. Edmond. "When I was a young doctor, the men migrated each year to Paris or other big cities. The land was too poor to support them, so they took work as masons during the season and returned here for the winter. Unfortunately, it was not only their savings that they brought back with them."

Undernourished and badly housed, the masons were an easy prey to tuberculosis. They had not acquired any natural immunity to it during their childhood in the good country air. They met the disease for the first time in the crowded conditions of the cities, and often returned home sick to spread the bacillus among their families.

Let Dr. Edmond tell the story in his own words: "When I started out, tuberculosis was rampant in this country and there was hardly anything I could do. There was syphilis too, brought back by the seasonal workers as a souvenir of their city adventures. And there was alcoholism, of course, which is the only one of these problems still remaining unsolved today.

"In the 1920's, with tuberculosis, venereal diseases, malnutrition, poverty, and lack of hygiene, few of these people grew old. The women died in childbirth, while only the tough babies survived the dangers of their early years. The doctor was called only as a last, desperate resort.

"Life was hard in those days. The farmhouses were without electricity or piped water, and the floors were usually of hard-packed earth. Many of the roads were impassible for a car. The telephone was unknown.

"I delivered the babies, set fractures, banded wounds, pulled out teeth, did everything short of major operations. Each time I was called on a serious case requiring surgery—there was only one surgeon for the entire Department in those days—I would tremble because it was almost always too late."

Dr. Edmond does not believe in miracles, but the peasants do, in this country where coins and even banknotes are offered to the statues of the saints; where prayers are said over sores . . .

One night during the carnival season, Dr. Edmond was called to the Mill. The miller's son was choking on a rabbit bone. The doctor told him to swallow crusts of toasted bread.

The entire family was gathered around them except for the old miller who, seated in his armchair in the chimney corner with his cap pulled down over his eyes, was mumbling into his grey moustache.

The doctor's treatment worked. The youth swallowed with a gulp and began to breathe freely. Then the old man got up, clapped his son on the shoulder, and said, "It's all right now, my boy, you're cured."

He had been mumbling a prayer and wanted to convince the others, before the doctor could say a word, that it was

his power as a healer that had saved his son.

**W**HEN HEALERS are mentioned, Dr. Edmond shrugs his shoulders.

Healers fall into two categories in the doctor's opinion. There are those who resemble the witches of bygone times, the old men and women in the hamlets who attempt cures with magic incantations passed down to them from their forbears. They cause little harm except that they delay the call for the doctor.

Much more dangerous are the charlatans in the cities who attract the sick by a cleverly built-up reputation to which irresponsible newspapers frequently contribute.

"But don't healers often get results?" To this question the doctor replies: "Yes, certainly, when dealing with hypochondriacs or in cases when the medical profession has failed to inspire confidence and to give moral support. And often the healers claim for their so-called magnetism results which are really due to the doctor's treatment."

Dr. Edmond is surprised by the popularity enjoyed by healers just at a moment when the medical profession is better armed than ever before. Perhaps the explanation lies in people's love of the supernatural and the unexplainable.

Doctors have lost some of their prestige with simple folks now that they no longer scribble illegible prescriptions in Latin; now that the pharmacist sells packaged medicines with clear, printed directions for use instead of pills and "mixtures" mysteriously dispensed behind a screen; and now that the X-ray machine and the microscope reveal the once invisible, and the laboratory analyses help accurate diagnosis.

"To get rid of a wart, toss a pea down a well," some of the women still say.

And Dr. Edmond will admit that when he started out, doctors were still following practices not far removed from those of Moliere's times. There wasn't much besides enemas, diets, potions, even sometimes blood-letting.

"Of course, we knew how to vaccinate against smallpox and we had a serum against diphtheria. After Pasteur there was enormous progress in aseptic technique. Yet women were still dying in childbirth from fevers to which we had no answer. Each summer there was typhoid; pleurisy and congestion of the lungs were grave conditions. An infected thorn could mean death. Even measles were no laughing matter."

The most exciting pages in the history of the country doctor were closed just at the end



of the Second World War. Dr. Edmond's young colleagues already find it hard to imagine the experiences he had lived through up to then.

"For me," says Dr Edmond, "the case of 'Mr Unkillable' was the last of an epoch — the epic days".

It was during the war. The doctor was called to an isolated farm where he found a young man with acute peritonitis. He knew the patient well as he had previously treated him for a wound in the neck, made by a cow's horn that had just missed his carotid artery.

How could an operation for peritonitis be managed? There was a Parisian doctor living in the woods with the Maquis. Dr Edmond sent for him. A little chloroform for an anaesthetic, an old scalpel, needles and ligatures and some mercurochrome were got together. The surgeon opened the abdomen and removed the burst part of the intestine. A drain was needed; one was made out of a piece of inner tube.

Today, "Mr Unkillable" is very much alive. Dr Edmond only recently had both his son and his old father as patients.

"Since the war, the life of a country doctor has become much less romantic. It's still a hard life because we are on call at all hours, every day of the week. But now we really

have the means to fight disease."

Dr Edmond has known three eras of medicine. In 1918, it was the era of serums and vaccines. Around 1935 came the era of the sulfa drugs; and in 1945, that of the antibiotics.

There were changes too in the country itself. From 1936 on, the telephone reached the most remote villages. Roads became surfaced and the old lanes began to disappear. All the farmhouses got electricity and even piped water!

**T**HE MODERNIZATION of farms, the redistribution of land, mechanization and automobiles (on motor vehicle per five inhabitants in some villages) have brought prosperity to the peasants of the Department since the end of the war. The "Social Security" makes it possible for them to call in the doctor, to visit the pharmacist, oculist and dentist. Electric stoves, refrigerators and television are making their appearance in the farms.

"I do not get any more tuberculosis," says Dr Edmond. "Venereal diseases have disappeared, the babies are all born at the maternity ward with the bill paid by the "Social Security". Only thirty kilometers — half-an-hour away, I have a radiologist, different specialists, two surgeons, a 90-bed hospi-

tal and a 60-bed clinic. If there should be an epidemic, the departmental health service takes over.

"Today I am as well-equipped as a town doctor to treat my patients. Perhaps even better, because I know them all as well as if they were my own family."

Many of them Dr Edmond brought into the world. When he visits a farm, the men get up and take off their hats, the women speak to him with respect. The children are not afraid of him. Gifted with an excellent memory, he always asks after each member of the family. His presence alone comforts and reassures patient and family alike.

Cancer is the most anguishing problem today. Since the disappearance of tuberculosis,

cancer is much more frequent in rural areas. People live longer, and many more arrive at the "age of cancer". Improved methods of diagnosis mean more cases detected. Eating habits have changed. Smoking, air pollution, food additives, increased use of fertilizers are each a possible factor.

Research goes on, but little is known for certain and people get more and more frightened. They lose confidence in medical science, and turn to quacks. As for Dr Edmond, he admits his ignorance. This is greatly to his credit, but does not help him or his patients.

Dr Edmond knows it well, but what can he do for incurable cases? Practically the only weapon he has today with which to fight the great fear of modern times is his smile.—*World Health*.

\* \* \*

### Ancient Royalty

*The tomb of Emperor Cyrus, founder of the Achaemenid Dynasty which ruled ancient Persia in the fifth century B.C., was discovered on Aug. 13 in the ruins of Persepolis in southern Iran, according to a Teheran dispatch of Agence France Presse. It was found in the ceiling of the Hall of Tombs.*

*Dr. Madoafavi, director of the Museum of History and Art in Teheran, told reporters that the historic discovery confirms the great respect the Persians showed to Cyrus by hiding his tomb in the ceiling in order to protect his body from enemies of the empire.*

## Panorama Quiz

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

1. Soviet Russia's latest rocket missed its original target, the moon, and is now orbiting: **A. Venus; B. the sun; C. mars; D. the earth.**

2. That metal at ordinary temperatures is not always in a solid state is proved by: **A. strontium; B. lead; C. mercury; D. manganese.**

3. The Argentinian flyweight champion, Pascual Perez, recently beat the Filipino challenger: **A. Leo Espinosa; B. Flash Elorde; C. Dommy Ursua; D. Star Romulo.**

4. Regarded as the oldest geologic era is the: **A. Paleozoic age; B. Mesozoic age; C. Cenozoic age; D. Cambrian age.**

5. The modern short story owes its form to this writer: **A. Bret Harte; B. Charles Dickens; C. Robert Louis Stevenson; D. Edgar Allan Poe.**

6. What is a minaret? Is it: **A. an artist's bonnet? B. the lofty, slender tower of a Mohammedan mosque? C. a Turkish dancing girl? D. a stately dance of French origin?**

7. A commonly used Latin term, *ad hoc*, means: **A. in the meantime; B. in addition to; C. for this (special purpose); D. about this (matter).**

8. In which of these countries would you spend bahts: **A. Indonesia; B. Thailand; C. Korea; D. India.**

9. If your girl friend should tell you that you are talking balderdash, she means you are speaking: **A. slang; B. colloquialism; C. nonsense; D. riddles.**

10. Widely used as Christmas decoration is a European plant with yellowish flowers and white berries, called: **A. mistletoe; B. cypress; C. holly; D. pine.**

**ARE YOU WORD WISE?  
ANSWERS**

1. B. occurring in the morning
2. D. to cool or refresh
3. B. slovenly, untidy woman
4. A. daringly close to impropriety
5. C. of the same parentage or descent
6. C. without distinctive qualities
7. A. insulting or rude
8. D. a watcher at an examination
9. C. to cause to contract or shrink
10. B. habitual or usual

**PANORAMA QUIZ  
ANSWERS**

1. B. the sun
2. C. Mercury
3. C. Dromy Ursula
4. A. Paleozoic age
5. D. Edgar Allan Poe
6. B. the lofty, slender tower of Mohammedan mosque
7. C. for this (special purpose)
8. B. Thailand
9. C. Nonsense
10. A. Mistletoe

\* \* \*

**Punctual**

*There is no end to the situations in which a nurse is continually embroiled. There was the case of a much-publicized railroad official, for instance, who was rushed to the hospital following an exceptionally gay celebration, moaning with anguish.*

*Don't ask me how he did it, but he had swallowed a big gold watch his father had given him for his 21st birthday.*

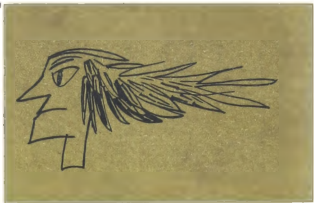
*When his nurse showed him the X-ray, the railroad man leaped from his bed of pain, crying, "Let me out of here! I'm three minutes late!"*

# In the Beginning . . .

## COMET

(a celestial body with a tail-like stream)

The Greek *kometes* means "long-haired"—an apt description indeed of a comet as seen by the human eye.



## MINARET

(a slender tower attached to a Mohammedan mosque)

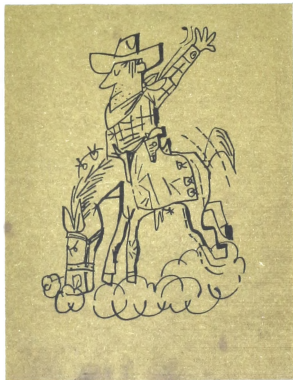
From the Arabic *manara* meaning "lighthouse" this word has been derived, and it picturesquely describes the Mohammedan tower.



## RODEO

(an exhibition of a cowboy's skills in riding)

It was from the Spanish *rueda* meaning "wheel" that the American cowboy got this term to describe the skills of riding a wild horse or steer.



## BAGUMBAYAN: *Cheese Town* *of the Philippines*



**B**AGUMBAYAN, a barrio about two kilometers from Sta. Cruz in Laguna, is the cheese town of the Philippines. Here a variety of cheese called "kesong puti" is the principal delicacy. Its manufacture is also the principal occupation of the barrio.

Most of the cheesemakers of Bagumbayan believe that they learned the art of cheesemaking from Dutch traders who visited that barrio during the Spanish regime. The process that they learned from the Dutch has remained unchanged since then.

Kesong Puti is made from pure carabao milk. Its manufacture is not as simple as most people think. Whey and rennet are the main ingredients of kesong puti.

Whey is the watery part of milk. It is separated from the thick, coagulable part called curd by letting fresh milk stand overnight. Rennet is a substance taken from the innards of unweaned calf or other young animals. This substance helps to curdle the milk. The cheesemakers of Bagumbayan get their rennet from the department of animal husbandry of the University of the Philippines Col-

lege of Agriculture.

Whey and rennet are mixed with fresh milk. The mixture is allowed to stand for about 15 minutes. Then new whey is separated from the curd with a strainer. The whey is saved for next day. A small quantity of salt is added to the curd for flavoring. The curd is then stirred by hand to give it that fine texture so well-known among connoisseurs of kesong puti.

The mixture is allowed to stand again for another 15 minutes. Before it hardens, the curd is poured into square molds made of banana leaves. The mold is covered with banana leaves. Two or three bundles are tied together with twine and dispatched to the market.

The cheesemakers say that name "keso" was derived from a question asked by a Spaniard. It seems that during the Spanish occupation, a cheese vendor was accosted by a Spanish soldier. He pointed at the small bundles wrapped in banana leaves and asked: "Que es so?" The ignorant vendor thought that that was the Spanish name for cheese. The vendor repeated: "Que so." The Spaniard departed and spread the information that the Filipinos call white cheese "queso." The name stuck.

**T**HE SIZE of the packed cheese varies with the price. The smallest portion costs 10

centavos. Medium-sized ones cost between 20 to 30 centavos. The really big ones command as much as one peso per square.

There is always a big demand for kesong puti but the cheesemakers of Laguna are unable to meet the demand because of the inadequate supply of fresh milk. During the planting season, the carabaos give less milk.

As practised in Bagumbayan, cheesemaking is a family enterprise. It requires little capital and it is not time consuming. Hence, it has become a profitable sideline for these people. The best cheesemakers in Bagumbayan are women. It is probably because they have finer and more delicate hands.

The industry has drawn the attention of foreign visitors and ICA personnel. Some of them have recommended that the industry be put on a wider base. Through their efforts also the Bureau of Animal Industry and the Bureau of Health have corrected antiquated and unsanitary methods.

Cheesemaking is now done under the most sanitary conditions. The equipment is sterilized and the cheesemakers clean themselves properly before they touch any ingredient. Health inspectors also insist on periodic X-ray check-ups.

The cheese of Laguna reach as far north as Baguio. During summer, when the price of cheese is at its peak, Bagum-

mayan becomes a regular cheese center. Dealers and cheese distributors flock to the barrio to buy the produce. Kesong puti keeps as long as three days. It is probably the only cheese in the world that could be fried.

With government interest, cheesemaking could become a

major industry. In a country perennially short of protein, the consumption of native cheese should be encouraged. Meanwhile, the cheesemakers of Laguna carry on, turning out the soft, finely flavored cheese that has made their town famous.



### Magsaysay Awards

**T**HE Board of Trustees of the Ramon Magsaysay Award Foundation in the Philippines made recently the first six winners of the Awards who "exemplified the greatness of spirit, integrity and devotion to freedom" of the late President Ramon Magsaysay.

They are: Acharya Vinoba Bhave of India for *community leadership*, Dr. Chiang Monlin of China for *government service*, Robert McCulloch Dick of the Philippines and Mochtar Lubis of Indonesia jointly for *journalism and literature*, Dr. May Rutnam of Ceylon for *public service*, and "Operation Brotherhood," a mission of mercy in Vietnam and Laos, for *international understanding*.

Formal presentation of the awards was made in Manila on August 31, the anniversary of the birth of the late President Magsaysay.

The award program was established to honor the late President by encouraging those ideals that characterized his life and the courageous service which he rendered to his people. It seeks to recognize throughout Asia outstanding individuals whose contributions to the public welfare enhance this tradition.

The awards are open to persons in the Republic of the Philippines as well as in other countries of Asia regardless of race, creed, sex or nationality.





## Colored Rice and Newly Minted Coins

**T**HERE IS a famous Burmese proverb which states: "Monks and hermits are beautiful when they are lean; four-footed animals when they are fat; men when they are learned; and women when they are married." And

married women in Burma can be beautiful, for not only are they loved—which is not unusual for married women anywhere in the world—but they are also economically and socially independent—which in southeast Asia gives them a

singularly unique position.

When a Burmese girl marries she does not change her name. If she is a doctor or a lawyer, she is not expected to abandon her profession and spend the rest of her life in the kitchen. If her husband is in business she soon becomes his partner.

This is so customary that under Burmese Buddhist law the wife's earnings after marriage are fully protected. If she is unhappy—and that is unusual for most Burmese marriages are spectacularly successful—a divorce is relatively easy to obtain and carries no stigma. Among Burmese Buddhists, when the husband and wife no longer desire to continue the marriage, they may agree to dissolve it. And if the husband dies first, which is a tragedy for any married woman, at least the Burmese widow is assured of receiving the major part of the estate, and there is no social taboo should she decide to marry again.

For centuries, both by law and by tradition, the Burmese women have been masters of their own destiny. And yet these "daughters of dreamers," as they are sometimes called, spend a lifetime preserving the illusion that the husband is lord and master, whereas in reality almost every important decision is made by the wife. Thus, in

the daytime a Burmese woman shyly walks a few steps behind her husband indicating his superiority, but at night when danger threatens, she goes first carrying a lamp to light his way.

**E**VEN THE Burmese wedding ceremony is an indication of the relationship that will exist between the couple, for she does not pledge to "love, honor and obey," and he, in turn, does not assume responsibility for her welfare.

The wedding is entirely civil in character and has no religious significance because the Buddhist priests, known as **pongyis**, having renounced all worldly pleasures, never participate in such ceremonies. But to give the wedding dignity, Manipuri Brahmans, descendants of those brought from Assam when the Burmese King, Anawratha, conquered that part of India, often recite long and romantic verses in Sanskrit or Pail.

Now, it has become more fashionable for an outstanding person in the community to officiate at the wedding ceremony. In elegant and flowery language he praises the grandparents and parents of the couple and then lists, in detail, the attributes of the young people. As he speaks there is constant chatter and laughter among the guests who are more interested in watching

the bride than in listening to his eulogy.

A Burmese bride is a dazzling sight. Dainty, charming and utterly feminine, with an uncanny ability to combine colors, she is breathtaking in her loveliness. Whether she is from a village, wearing a simple silk **lungyi** and blouse, with flowers as her only adornment, or whether she is from the city, wearing a **lungyi** embroidered with pearls and a nylon blouse fastened with rubies, she elicits sighs of admiration.

All Burmese brides arrange their hair beautifully so that it rises high above the head, having been wound around a small raffia basket, and then falls in one long mane from the top, rippling over the shoulder like a soft dark cloud.

The groom is generally eclipsed by the comeliness of his bride, representative perhaps of the way women in Burma so often outshine their male counterparts. But his outfit is also gorgeous as he wears a **paso** of pink silk brocade, pink being the traditional color of a Burmese groom.

The **paso** is a very long piece of silken cloth which is used only for special occasions, as on ordinary days a **lungyi** is worn. Over the **paso** the groom wears a white silk jacket fastened with Chinese ties. Like the **paso**, his **gaung-baung**, the na-

tional head-dress of Burmese men, is also of pink silk.

**A**CCOMPANIED by their relatives, the bride and groom sit on the carpeted floor of a raised dais. The groom sits on the right, the bride on the left, for in Burma only if he is a commoner and she of royal birth, does he sit on the left. They listen with great respect to the speaker.

When he has finished his eulogy, he gives to the bride and to the groom a small branch of **thaybe** leaves. Taking it in their hands they bow very low. This first bow or **shiko** is to honor the Buddha. After bowing, they place the **thaybe leaves** in a large silver bowl.

This ritual is repeated six times; the second **shiko** is to honor the teachings of the Buddha; the third to honor the **pongyis**; the fourth to honor the parents; the fifth to honor the teachers and elders; and the last to honor the guests who have come to the wedding.

Then comes the climax when an elderly and devoted couple, who have been married for many years and are known to be happy, place the hands of the bride and groom in a golden bowl filled with water or offer them a drink from the same vessel. Now, they are really married, but to make it more official the master of ceremonies

repeats three times in a triumphant and joyous voice: "Aung Byee; Aung Byee; Aung Byee—The marriage has been fulfilled."

With this pronouncement, the guests shower the bride and groom with colored rice and newly minted coins.

After the ceremony the bride is conducted to the bridal chamber, but the groom is prevented

from entering. His friends block the way. Finally, in desperation, he gives something to each one who will not let him pass. This token is known as "stone money," for in ancient times if the groom refused to pay the house was stoned. Having placated his friends, he is then allowed to enter the room where his beloved awaits. — UNESCO.

\* \* \*

### New Names for Old



**A** NEW LAW in Poland offers a fresh start in life to those burdened with "ludicrous and humiliating" names.

Its purpose is to make namechanging easier for persons with names such as *Kielbasa* (sausage) or *Piwko* (small Beer). But those who change such names are not to adopt one "dear to the nation," like *Chopin* or *Kosciuszko*.

Poles have more than their share of unfortunate, and unwelcome, names. Many of them date to the century, when family names for poorer persons were just coming into fashion. Feudal landlords took a delight in giving peasants names that landlords regarded as funny.

Occasionally, in the army, a peasant lad, whose only name was *Janusz* or *Witold*, became known as "Big Ox" or "Little Drum." The nickname stuck as a family name. For generations, the children of the family were ridiculed in school.

Now, these unfortunate families will be able to get rid of these hated names without raising the suspicion of the authorities that they are trying to disappear to evade justice.

# Fun-Orama . . . . . by Elmer



# Nehru in the Himalayas

**India's prime minister  
courts his highlander  
neighbors**



**P** RIME MINISTER Jawaharlal Nehru of India recently spent some ten uncomfortable days travelling to and from a neighbor country. While the distance from New Delhi to Paro in Bhutan is less than a thousand miles as the crow—or modern aircraft—flies, the journey entailed a trip by horseback, mule and yak, and took the indefatigable Mr. Nehru over mountain passes 16,000 feet high and through parts of both Sikkim and Tibet before he reached his destination.

What motivated the Indian Prime Minister—at a time when he still has his share of problems at home—to take a difficult trip that even a young athlete might avoid?

A look at an atlas will show that India's northern borders abut on Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim, Tibet and the disputed areas of Kashmir. India has treaties—going back to the days of the British—with Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim, but the exact border of India with Tibet has for long been a question.

As recently as two months ago, Mr. Nehru exhibited to the Indian Lower House a Chinese map showing many areas marked as Chinese which India considers to be within her borders. While the Prime Minister indicated that the map was one the Chinese communists said had been made before they took over in Peiping—and had not been changed yet—he did say that he intended to have the Chinese communists change it

and/or explain why they were still distributing a map they claimed had not been made by their regime.

**I**N MANY parts of the disputed region, a topographer's line on a map, a different color to represent the country, or even a dotted line with the statement, "Frontier Undefined," means nothing. The fact is that in many places the borderline runs through unmapped and uncharted country covered by trackless jungles and inhabited by rugged tribesmen who have little interest in the United Nations or national aspirations. For the most part the territory embraces the high Himalayan range that divides Chinese Tibet from India. Much of it is uninhabitable, and in the thin air above 16,000 feet, about the only things that would be willing to dispute possession are yaks and possibly abominable snowmen. Some parts of the range are 10 miles thick, and there is no way of telling while crossing it where India ends and Tibet begins—or the other way around.

Nonetheless, the doctrine of peaceful coexistence laid down in April 1954 as the "eternal basis" for relations between India and communist China wears thinner the higher up the Himalayas go.

Before the Chinese commun-

ists moved into Tibet in 1950, the frontier question was largely academic. Remote Himalayan villages had been loosely administered, and trade with Tibet was the lifeblood of many of them. While they may not have liked it, it was not uncommon for many traders to pay a double tax, both to the Indian and Tibetan Governments, rather than enter into an argument about nationality, customs duties and other vexing matters.

This went on until the Chinese communists arrived in 1950, when the Indian Government reminded its people that they were not to pay taxes to the Tibetans.

The Indian border tribesman, who had never heretofore bothered much about these matters, now found himself in a situation where trading became difficult, and in some cases vitally affected his livelihood.

Take the Darma area in Almora. The villagers, in the sloping pastures where sheep graze in the summer months, had depended for centuries on their trade with Tibet. Forbidden by the Indian Government to pay taxes to Tibet, they found themselves in a situation where the Tibetan Government retaliated by not allowing them to trade in their territory. Deprived of trade, they do not know how else to make a living. New Del-

hi is aware of their plight, but helpless to do much about it until an understanding is reached with Peiping.

**B**ETWEEN India and Tibet are two small feudal states, Sikkim and Bhutan. Sikkim is a protectorate of India. India's special treaty with Bhutan has never been more than a vague treaty of friendship. In contrast to this the defense, foreign relations, postal system and communications of the tiny mountain kingdom of Sikkim are handled by India.

Bhutan has maintained a kind of "peaceful coexistence" with India. Its frontiers are usually sealed to Indians, but its frontiers with Tibet hardly exist. The whole of southeastern Tibet depends on food and vegetable supplies from Bhutan. There is so much trade and freedom of movement between the two that for practical purposes there is no such thing as a border.

Despite the control that India has over Sikkim, it recognizes that its people are both religiously and culturally closer to the Tibetans than to the Indians. The same applies to Bhutan—where the control is non-existent so far. What India appears to be trying to do—according to Western observers who have visited the area—is to build up an awareness of their own identity as Sikkimese



or Bhutanese, while leaning on India for support, and not be swallowed up by the Chinese communist colossus.

In the light of these facts, Mr. Nehru's journey makes a great deal of sense.

It might be added that the Indian Prime Minister was scheduled to go to Lhasa, Tibet, this autumn, but for some reason or other the Chinese communist authorities withdrew the invitation. Sporadic reports reaching the outside world indicate that there is still a great deal of opposition in Tibet to the communists.

"Peaceful coexistence" is receiving a test in the high Himalayas. — *The Asian Student*.



## The Faces of Mao



**M**AO TSE-TUNG, whose latest contributions to Communist theory suggest he may become the contemporary successor to Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin among Communist theoreticians, is perhaps the most contradictory sort of Communist leader the world has ever seen: poet and war lord, classical scholar and ruthless politician, dictator and preacher of Socialist democracy. These are but a few of the contradictory roles he has managed to play in one of the most eventful lives of modern history.

The contradictions he embodies were somehow summed up recently in a letter he sent to

a Chinese Communist editor giving reluctant permission to publish some of his poems.

"I am afraid of sowing a wrong seed that might influence our youth incorrectly," Mr. Mao said of his poetry, for his poems were not in the Marxist idiom or the Soviet tradition of Socialist realism. They were mainly non-political appreciations of nature written in the stylized patterns of ancient Chinese verse and following a form made rigid 800 years ago. An American analogue would be for President Eisenhower to publish poetry in the archaic English and the poetic form employed by Chaucer.

Head of both the Chinese

Communist party and the Chinese Communist state, Mr. Mao now probably commands more power and more prestige in the Communist world than any man has since Stalin. But it was hard road Mr. Mao had to climb before reaching his present eminence, and for most of his career he has had precious little time for writing poetry or studying classic Chinese literature.

**M**R. MAO learned 30 years ago that Stalin was something less than infallible. Then, as a leader of the Chinese Communists, he founded the party nearly destroyed by Chiang Kai-shek as the result of major blunders committed by the Chinese Communists under Stalin's orders. Mr. Mao then found a new path that brought Chinese communism from the brink of extinction in 1927 to its present dominant role on the Chinese mainland.

First, Mr. Mao turned from the great cities of China to the rural areas and based himself on peasant Communist armies. These were raised by carrying out land reforms that wiped out landowners and money lenders and made millions of poverty-stricken Chinese peasants feel themselves masters of their own land. Second, Mr. Mao appealed to all Chinese re-

gardless of class or economic position. He used nationalist slogans designed to show that Chinese communism was as much as Communist.

For more than two decades Mr. Mao fought to communize China by taking over particular rural areas, organizing centers of power, and then extending them. In the 1930's, Generalissimo Chiang's pressing caused Mao to take his forces on the famous long march to Yen-an, which remained his headquarters until his victory in the late 1940's.

When the Soviet Union marched into Manchuria in 1945, Mr. Mao took advantage of the opportunity to take over that rich province outside the great cities garrisoned by Nationalist Chinese troops and it was from Manchuria that he drove southward until Generalissimo Chiang was forced off the mainland.

That Mr. Mao should turn to the peasantry rather than the proletariat in his search for victory was very natural in view of his origins. He was born in the village of Shao Shan in Hunan Province sixty-four years ago. His father was a rich peasant, that is, a man who owned a few acres and had an annual surplus of rice that he could sell after his family's food needs were satisfied.

**M**R. MAO was a devout Buddhist in his youth, following his mother's example, and he often tried to convert his father, a skeptic about religions and gods. His stern father frequently beat him, creating in the young Mao a hatred for oppressive authority that was eventually to turn him into a revolutionary.

Mr. Mao's development into a radical passed through several stages. A radical teacher in the local school he attended as an adolescent, indignation over the humiliation and dismemberment of his native land, pride in the victory of a yellow people, the Japanese, over white Russians in the Russo-Japanese war—all these helped to start him toward political consciousness.

Though he attended normal school from 1912 to 1918 and there actually became a Marxist, Mr. Mao was in large part also self-educated. As an omnivorous reader, he ranged from fairy tales and action-packed romances to the works of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill. He began organizing as a student in this normal school by inserting an advertisement in a newspaper inviting young



people interested in self-sacrificing work for their country to correspond with him.

From these school and outside activities developed contacts that took him to Peiping and a job as a librarian for \$80 a month at Peking National University. And it was from this setting that he went, in May, 1921, to Shanghai to help found the Chinese Communist party.

Mr. Mao's first wife was Yang K'ai-hui, who was executed about 1930. His second wife was Ho Tze-nien. He is believed to have several children.

\* \* \*

*Beautiful miss: "How many successful jumps did a paratrooper have to make before he was ready for combat?"*

*Army man: "All of them."*

## Fingerprints, Anyone?

A NEW ORLEANS physician shattered today a belief long held that fingerprints are permanent and unalterable. Dr. James W. Burks of the Tulane University School of Medicine, described two medical cases in which fingerprints were obliterated with a revolving wire brush of the type used to remove acne or smallpox scars.

The technique is called skin planing. The skin that grew back over the denuded area was generally smooth, except for minute, thin, criss-crossed and parallel lines.

Writing in *Archives of Dermatology*, an American Medical Association, publication, Dr. Burks said identification experts considered the post-planing fingerprints of his two patients "worthless in establishing the identity of the subject or even in their general classifications."

"The results herein reported," he said, "will be somewhat disconcerting to workers in the field of identification who rely heavily on recorded prints and who advocate universal fingerprinting."

"The potential inconsistency of fingerprinting renders positive identification by this means uncertain and thus has legal implications which will undoubtedly affect certain judicial decisions."

Dr. Burks' patients were treated with the high-speed electric brush to remove horny growths, caused by exposure to arsenic in industry.

The doctor warned dermatologists against "the hazards of abetting criminals who seek their services for removal of their fingerprints."



**D**OGS were cat-like 50,000,000 years ago, Smithsonian scientists report.

Two excellent fossil skulls of an animal that apparently was a close relative to the common ancestor of all the dogs of today now are being studied by Smithsonian Institution paleontologists.

The creature was daphoenus, about the size of a collie, which lived in the Oligocene geological period, when dog and cat lines were less widely separated, but beginning to take on essentially their present forms. The skulls were obtained by Dr. C. L. Gazin, Smithsonian curator of vertebrate paleontology, from a fossil bed in Nebraska. The bed also has yielded fossilized bones of ancient horses.

These deposits are dated geologically from the Oligocene period. The clearly distinct dog family appears in the next ge-

## WHEN DOG AND CAT WERE ONE

*Scientists study a creature  
50 million years old*

ological period, the Miocene, about 25,000,000 years ago. At that time there were several sorts of dog-like animals—some gigantic carnivores as big as modern grizzly bears, whose remains sometimes have been mistaken for those of primitive bears.

**A**LL ARE long extinct, but from one of the smaller forms emerged the domestic dogs,

coyotes, wolves, the dholes or wild dogs of southeast Asia, foxes and so forth.

These various modern types differ markedly, but all are included in the dog family. The evolution of this family is fairly well defined and the common ancestor in the Oligocene, it generally is agreed, was an animal somewhat like *Daphoenus*, but much smaller.

The general appearance of *Daphoenus*, Dr. Gazin says, was that of a dog but it retained some cat-like features. It had a moderately long skull, a short face and a short muzzle which narrowed abruptly in front of the eyes.

All the brain areas, as reconstructed from the skulls, were relatively smaller than

those of extant dogs. This was true especially of the frontal lobes, presumably the seat of animal intelligence. The smallness of these frontal lobes probably accounts for the narrowing of the skull.

THE first real dog, paleontologists generally agree, was *Pseudocynodictis*, which also appeared in the Oligocene period and who appears to have diverged entirely from the cat line. From the first, Dr. Gazin says, the animals of the dog line appear to have been voracious flesh eaters. Very early, however, they became companions and partners of man and remains of dogs, probably kept as pets, appear with some of the earliest human remains.

\* \* \*

## Chain Luck

*Overworked girls in the Pentagon Building are circulating chain letters of their own:*

*"Fellow slaves! This is a plan to bring happiness and steak dinners to tired government working girls. It won't cost you a nickel. Simply send five copies of this letter to girls underprivileged and neglected as yourself. Then tie up your boss and send him to the girl on the top of the list. When your name reaches the top, you will receive 12,938 bosses.*

*"Have faith! Don't break the chain! The girl who did get her own boss back!"*

**Attention: All organization heads and members!**

**Help your club raise funds painlessly . . .**

Join the *Panorama* "Fund-Raising by Subscriptions"  
plan today!

The PANORAMA FUND-RAISING BY SUBSCRIPTIONS PLAN will get you, your friends, and your relatives a year's subscription to *Panorama*.

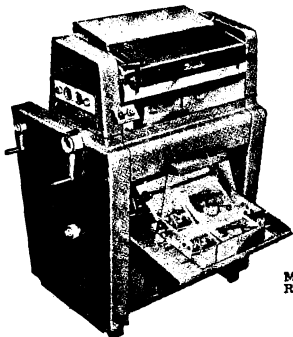
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The terms of the PANORAMA FUND-RAISING BY SUBSCRIPTIONS PLAN are as follows:

- (1) Any accredited organization in the Philippines can take advantage of the PLAN.
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- (3) For every subscription sold the organization will get ₱1.00. The more subscriptions the organization sells, the more money it gets.

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