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# Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

JANUARY  
1956



## ◀ Know Your Heart

*Here is an extremely important and authoritative article about heart disease everyone must read.*

By Dr. CONRADO DAYRIT

## The New Soviet Offensive

*They smile their way through*

## To Be a Poet

By Bienvenido N. Santos

## Chinese-Filipino Marriages

*How do they fare?*

50 CENTAVOS

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## The New Russian Offensive

*How the smile campaign is alienating  
undecided Asia from the West*

**A**FTER THE Big Four foreign ministers' debacle in November, there was little left of the sweetness and light generated at the July summit conference in Geneva. The Soviets and the West were soon back at their old game, trading diplomatic bricks.

war was back.

In Moscow over the year's end Russian leaders, coming home from a triumphal trip in India and Burma, beamed with satisfaction. They had come, had seen, and had apparently conquered. What else could the riotous welcomes in New Delhi, Calcutta and other Indian cities mean but that? Or the equally warm, if not as generous, receptions in Burma? Or the friendly, if restrained, receptions in Afghanistan?

The Soviet bosses undertook the 5000-mile goodwill trip to woo undecided South Asia. India alone, with its teeming 350 millions—next to China the most thickly populated country in the world—would be well worth the trouble, if won. It is widely known that India's neutralist premier, Jawaharlal Nehru, has shown partiality to the communists. Winning him over with sweet words and economic aid should not be hard. At least the Soviets think so.

Then there is a special reason why Russia and India have to be friendly with each other. It is a reason arising from geography, above anything else. India with her seething millions is a potential leader—if not already is—in Asian affairs; she is, at the same time, bitter with colonial experience. She is a valuable ally for Soviet Russia. On the other hand, Russia with

a common border, is near the Indians.

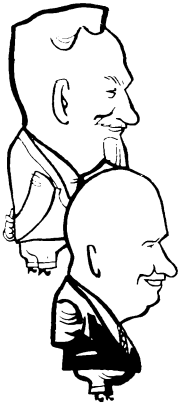
As for Burma, with its northern frontier on Red China backdoor and its backward economy an easy prey to redism, it should not be difficult to convince her, either. At best she could be an ally, at worst neutralist. But it is unthinkable that Burma should ally herself with the English, for example, who had been her colonial master.

Premier Nikolai Bulganin and Party Boss Nikita S. Khrushchev were extremely satisfied with their visits. They had admittedly done well. While they did not return home with military pacts, they had forged economic ties and made impressive promises of aid. Best of all perhaps, they had been able to mouth anti-West propaganda among cheering Asian mobs.

ARRIVING IN New Delhi by air November 16 on the first leg of their tour, Bulganin and Khrushchev were royally received: the roads leading from the airport were scrubbed clean, the slums on the way cleared, and the streets lined with rehearsed, wildly cheering school children. Here they were wine-dined and given big welcome headlines in Indian newspapers.

They also addressed a joint session of Parliament (although unofficially, since there is an Indian law prohibiting foreigner





from addressing the lawmaking body). Then in keeping with accepted practice, the duo inspected irrigation projects and talked with Indians in all walks of life.

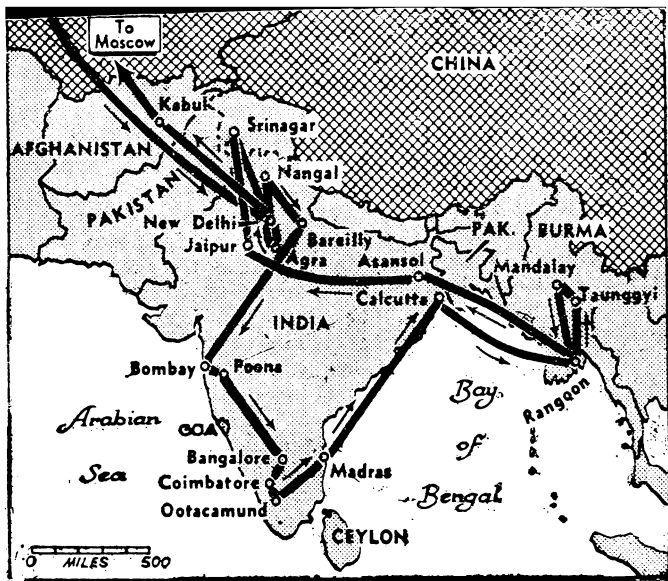
From New Delhi the party proceeded to Agra, then Bombay, and then Oatacamund deep in southern India, winding up across the continent to Calcutta. It was in Calcutta that 2,000,000 people met the visiting diplomats — the largest crowd, it is said, ever to turn out for anybody, including Nehru and Gandhi in his time.

On the Goa issue Bulganin and Khrushchev naturally availed themselves of a made-to-order situation in lashing at Western imperialism. A three-century old Portuguese enclave at the west coast of India, Goa has been a blot on India's territorial integrity. A few months

ago Indian nationalists, using a passive-resistance demonstration to regain Goa, were driven away by a hail of Portuguese bullets. Nehru called off the demonstration, and the issue had quieted down since.

But recently the United States' state secretary, John Foster Dulles, making a joint statement with visiting Portuguese Minister Paulo Cunha, referred inadvertently to Goa as a "Portuguese province in the Far East," and said that Russia had used the Goa issue "to foment hatred between East and West." Immediately the Indians lashed back at the U.S. Then in masterful timing the Soviet leaders rejoined: "Now you can see who your friends are!" The Indians agreed.

Before the Soviet party left Indian soil, they had tied up a few economic knots: (1) trade agreement providing for a tighter economic bond: for a period of three years beginning in 1956 India will purchase 1,000,000 tons of Soviet steel and some mining equipment, in return for which Russia will get equal but unspecified amounts of Indian raw materials and finished goods; (2) a continuing economic negotiation and an early exchange of trade delegations. Conspicuously absent: mention of the atomic reactor promised earlier by Khrushchev.



*The smile campaign: route of Soviet leaders' visit to India and Burma*

CROSSING THE border to Burma, the Russian party was received with less spontaneity though with as much official cordiality. Promptly the Red peddlers of goodwill criticized the English for their colonial-rule mentality. The English with only a thousand-year old civilization, the Reds said, scoff at Burma's two-thousand-year-old culture.

Neutralist Premier U Nu who would not accept aid from Americans, quickly gave in to Soviet offers. In the deal: (1) an economic agreement under which

Russia will build factories, begin irrigation projects and undertake farm development in return for long-term payments in Burmese rice, and (2) a Soviet commitment to build and equip a technical institute in Rangoon.

In addition to these tangible terms, Bulganin and Khrushchev secured a joint statement of principles aligning Premier U Nu with the communists on three points: first, the surrender of Formosa to Red China; second, the admission of Peking to the United Nations and, third

the unconditional prohibition of nuclear weapons.

If Burma had any semblance of neutrality, it was lavishly blown to the wind with the Soviets' visit. And as Bulganin and Khrushchev prepared to face back their route home, they had a deep inner satisfaction of having won one more "neutral" ally.

On the way back the traveling Reds dropped in at New Delhi again, tied up all loose ends, and continued to take potshots at the U.S. and Britain (Sample: "the second world war was started by U.S., Britain and France who sent Hitler's troops to Russia," etc.). They stopped at Kashmir, which is wedged between Pakistan and northern India, and again supported India's claim of this disputed territory against pro-West Pakistan.

In Kabul, Afghanistan, their last stop before Moscow, the Russians fared neither badly nor well. Here they raked up an old issue, whereby the Pathan tribesmen living in northwest Pakistan were supported in their wish of self-determination (against Pakistan's stand). But Afghan reception remained comparatively restrained.

Thus ended the month-long tour of Soviet Russia's top diplomats in Asia's vast south uncommitted lands.

But it is not the end of Russia's diplomatic offensive. In

spring the Soviet leaders are scheduled to visit Britain. Neither is it the beginning. For Russia's goodwill diplomacy started over a year ago, with a Soviet state visit to Peiping, in September of 1954. This was right after Red China had shown how tough she could get — on the battlefields of Korea. Mao Tse Tung had been throwing his weight around, jubilantly pounding on a puffed chest. A little friendly gesture from Comrade Bear was called for, and certainly timely — just in case Mao had any ideas about executing a Tito turn.

The next Red diplomatic assault was directed in May of 1955 — at Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia. In general there was pleasant talk and new camaraderie. It seemed for a while that this straying satellite would be lured back into the communist fold.

But Tito said "No!" — and the Soviet leaders contented themselves with strewing good wishes around. (Significantly, though, Yugoslavia was supported by Russia to the finish in her fight against the Philippines for a seat in the UN security council. Yugoslavia finally got the seat for a year, after which the Philippines would take over also for a year, in a compromise solution).

The Russian diplomatic offensive rolled on to East Berlin in July, culminating in the grant-



Burma must not be shown here!"

But much mischief, as *Time* magazine asserts, has been done. (Even if Nehru, in a statement for world consumption, proudly declared that India had *not* joined the communist camp.) It is unlikely that the Western Big Three would match — or even care to match — the Bulganin-Khrushchev performance in India and Burma. It is certainly doubtful if Eisenhower, for instance, would be popularly received by the Indians and the Burmese, who have never known a white man's kindness.

No doubt the vast uncommitted areas of Southeast Asia — including neutral Indonesia — are still officially uncommitted. Yet there is no guaranty that they won't get on the Red Bear's back anytime they would find it practical to do so. In fact some have apparently done so. No question about that.

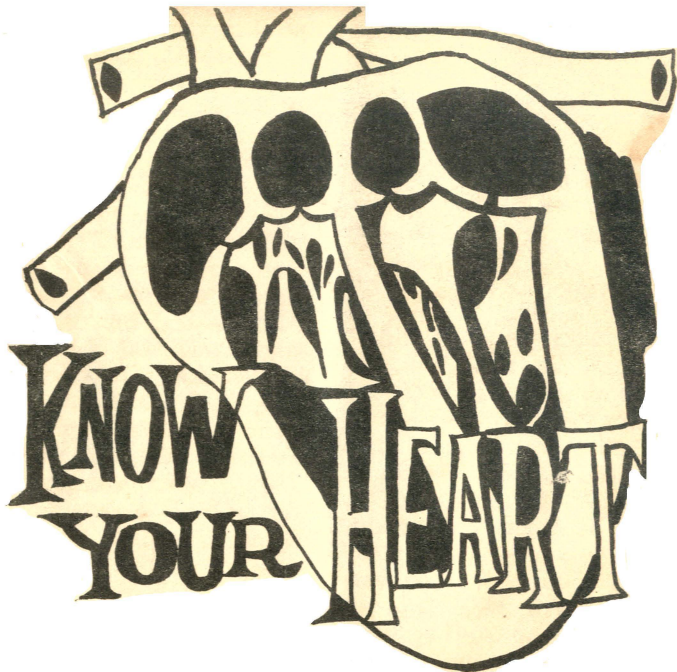
The new Russian offensive has been launched. It is neither as cutting nor as explosive as the atom bomb. It works slowly, but no less effectively. — Felixberto C. Sta. Maria, from the *Philippine Journal of Education*.

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### FORESIGHT

*Recruiting Officer:* "Don't you want to join the cavalry? That's a fine branch of the service."

*Tom:* "No, suh! Ef Ah has to retreat, Ah doesn't want to be boddered draggin' along no horse behind me."



*Here is an extremely important article about cardiac diseases written by a leading Philippine authority. Read it.*

**By Dr. CONRADO DAYRIT**

Associate professor of pharmacology and  
assistant secretary, College of Medicine,  
University of the Philippines

**H** EART DISEASE is fast becoming a leading cause of debilitating illness and death, and since professionals are among its favored victims,

prudence dictates that we try to know more about it so that we may combat it more effectively—prevent it, if we can, minimize its damages, which

we often can, or learn to live with it, if we must.

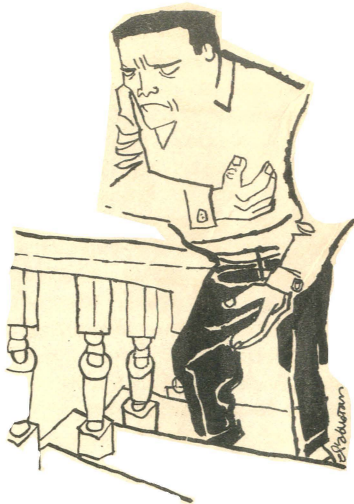
That heart disease is on the rise is evident, even from mere perusal of the daily news. Hardly a day passes that does not witness a chronicled "accident" from heart disease; and how many more such cases never reach the newspapers, we can only conjecture. Presidents, legislators, executives, lawyers, doctors, professors, businessmen, scientists, musicians, actors,—people of all sorts and from all walks of life—have succumbed to this ailment. Nor is heart disease a respecter of sex or age—the newborn, the child, the adolescent, the young adult or the aged—any and all may be its victim. It is no wonder, then, that there are now so many people who are becoming heart disease-conscious.

The heart, much celebrated in song, verse, legend and history, appears to be nothing more than a piece of lean meat, a small mass of muscles, with very little fat, and about the size of one's fist. It is the pump which propels the blood, at the proper pressure, throughout the whole body. It never stops or rests, save for fleeting moments

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Dr. Dayrit is chairman of the committee on public information of the Philippine Heart Association. In 1955 he was named by the *Sunday Times* as the "Outstanding Young Man in Science" in the Philippines.

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between beats, and night and day, through weeks, months and years, it keeps contracting and sending life-giving blood to every tissue and cell of the body. If and when it finally comes to rest, so does its owner.

The rate of its beat varies from time to time. It is slower when the individual is rested, and the more complete the rest, the slower the rate. Thus a rate of 60 or less per minute may be registered when one is asleep or in good repose. The rate rises with increased activity, physical or mental. Thus, hurrying up, two steps at a time, to the third floor of a building may cause acceleration of the heart rate to 100 per mi-



nute or more, especially in the non-athletic persons.

A similar acceleration may occur during nervous states, in the absence of physical effort. This stimulus can arise by various pathways. Thus, a lovesick swain catching a glimpse of the object of his affections; or a divot-digger startled by a sudden, probably intentional, noise while making a crucial putt; or a harassed instructor contemplating his awesome financial obligations and his thin pay envelope—all these emotions of love, anger, fear or hate may lead to acceleration of the heart rate.

**T**HUS, WE see that the heart is not an unvarying chronometer, but its rate may vary from moment to moment. Taking as a fair average a rate of 80 per minute, we can arrive at some impressive statistics: in one hour, the heart beats a total of about 4,800, which in one day will reach 115,200, in one year, 42,038,000, and in a life-time of 70 years, 2,942,660,000.

In order to appreciate more fully the magnitude of these figures, clench and unclench your hands 80 times per minute and find out how long you can do it. And that would not even be anywhere near what the heart has to do, for the heart has to work against a pressure of about 120 mm.

mercury, a pressure sufficient to raise a column of water approximately 5 feet high. So, if you were to modify the experiment and instead squeeze on a soft rubber ball with your hands as you clasp and unclasp them, you would come closer to the magnitude of the task.

This will give you some idea of the job the heart has to do. And yet, since this wonderful piece of mechanism works so uncomplainingly and silently, we seldom are even aware that it is there and take it as a matter of course.

After every contraction or systole, the heart relaxes for a brief instant (diastole) to gather up strength for the next effort. These alternate periods of systole and diastole are indeed very fleeting. At heart rates of 80 per minute, the systolic phase lasts only about 0.3 second and the diastolic phase about 0.5 second, the entire cycle taking only 0.8 second to complete.

It is no wonder then that the first observers of the live heart found its movements so mysterious and confusing. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation, wrote in his famous treatise, "De Excitatio Cordis," that when he tried to analyze the heart beat, he found "systole and diastole now here, now there, now reversed and everywhere."

The heart, as you may re-

member, is made up of four chambers—two auricles and two ventricles. The auricles have very thin walls and are not very strong, serving primarily as receptacles for the blood returning from the large veins. The ventricles, on the other hand, have thick walls, the left being two to three times thicker than the right. They are the ones that propel the blood and keep the circulation going.

With each contraction, each ventricle puts out about  $\frac{1}{3}$  glassful (60 cc.) of blood. In one minute, therefore, almost 5 liters of blood are pumped out by the heart. Since the volume of blood in the whole body is about 5 liters, it is evident that, theoretically at least, the blood makes one complete circuit of the body about every minute.

Another extraordinary property of the heart is its ability to stimulate itself. This property is called "automaticity" or "rhythmicity." Not every part of the heart has the same degree of automaticity; the sino-auricular node, a special structure located in the right auricle, possesses this property in the highest degree and therefore functions as the pace-maker or "Toscanini" of the heart.

It is the one that sets the tempo to which the whole structure of the heart responds. Thus, every impulse from the sino-auricular node is propagated throughout the whole heart

so that a coordinated and synchronous contraction of all the chambers ensue. Two sets of nerves supply the heart and control its rate: the sympathetics, which accelerate it, and the parasympathetics, which slow it. But because cardiac automaticity is an inherent property of the cardiac tissue, it enables the heart to continue to beat even when all its nervous connections are cut, and even when it is taken completely out of the body and maintained in a proper, albeit artificial, environment.

To accomplish its vital function, the heart must receive adequate nourishment. It is quite important to bear in mind that this nourishment comes, not from the blood within its chambers, but from the blood carried by two small arteries, the coronary arteries. These arteries arise from the aorta, the largest arterial trunk in the body, and ramify over the heart, penetrating into its deepest layers.

When these vessels become obstructed—a condition known as coronary occlusion or thrombosis—the area they supply degenerates and dies from lack of oxygen (myocardial infarct). The infarct may be of any size, depending upon the caliber of the vessel blocked, but if extensive, it may lead to sudden death.

**T**HE INCREASING incidence of heart disease is true not only in the Philippines but all over the world. In the United States, particularly, cardiovascular disease (i.e. disease of the heart and blood vessels) lead all other diseases in importance. In 1950, studies showed that this group of diseases was responsible for more than one-half (51.4 per cent) of all deaths from all causes in that country. In other words, one out of every two deaths in the United States in 1950 was caused by some form of heart disease.

How is it with us in the Philippines? Our statistics, unfortunately, are still far from complete or reliable, and no nation-wide study of the status of heart disease has ever been made or is foreseeable in the near future on account of many short-comings, financial and otherwise. It is, therefore, not possible at present to say just how much heart disease we have. But, it is safe to say that our incidence of heart disease is still far below that of the United States.

In our country, tuberculosis, gastrointestinal and other infections are still the leading causes of morbidity and mortality. But the trend in the changing pattern of disease is unmistakable; the handwriting on the wall is clear: heart disease eventually will rise and lead

all others here, as it has done in the other nations of the West.

Several causes are combining to bring this about. First is the significant increase in our life expectancy. As a result of the great advances in medical science and public health more people are now reaching old age.

Tuberculosis, gastroenteritis, pneumonias, malaria and other infections are fast being controlled and eradicated by miracle drugs and magic bullets, and by the improvement in public health and general sanitation, the control of mosquitoes and other pests, as well as the introduction of vaccines and sera. Malnutrition and deficiency states, as beriberi, are fast disappearing due to the institution of such projects as the Enriched Rice Program, as well as the education of the masses. Deaths during infancy and childhood are dropping precipitously due to improvement in prenatal and infant care.

All this is bound to result in one thing—longer life expectancy. More people will now reach the riper ages of life, the ages ripe for the development of the degenerative diseases, of which heart disease and cancer are leading members.

A second cause is the faster tempo of living that characterize modern civilization. This, with its daily load of anxieties,

worries and other emotional stresses, wreaks havoc on one's nerves, heart and circulation not to mention digestion, resulting in ulcers, nervous dyspepsia, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries and "heart attack."

Third are the remarkable advances in the recognition and treatment of heart disease, which have focussed attention and interest on the heart. The wider and mass intelligent use of the electrocardiograph and X-ray has improved the diagnosis of cardiovascular conditions and enabled the recognition of cases which otherwise would have been missed.

IT WOULD be interesting at this point to compare the prevalence of the various types of heart disease as

they occur in the Philippines and in the United States. In a recent survey among the patients admitted to four general hospitals in Manila, the Philippine Heart Associations committee on statistics found the following distribution and incidence:

Rheumatic heart disease .....		} 43%
Hypertensive heart disease .....	22.2%	
Arteriosclerotic-Coronary heart disease .....	14.8%	} 37%

On the other hand, the survey carried out by the American Heart Association and National Heart Institute in 1950 showed the following incidence:

Rheumatic heart disease .....		} 3%
Hypertensive heart disease .....		
Arteriosclerotic-Coronary heart disease .....		} 90%

## THEY SURVIVE

ACCORDING to *Time* magazine, doctors are now in a better position to give patients improved care in heart diseases. For instance, there are better electrocardiograms, better regulation of diet after an attack and generally better prescribed post-attack exercises. Such exercises may range from walking two blocks a day to playing three sets of tennis.

Some discoveries by doctors are the following:

1) About 80% of coronary victims survive their first attack. This rate may be as high 95% among private patients who are likely to have better care than ward patients.

2) About 40% have made full recoveries among large numbers of patients studied up to 30 years after an attack. Another 40% have made good recoveries with only mild symptoms.

These figures certainly should not be taken to mean that there are less rheumatics in the United States than in the Philippines, for, in fact, rheumatic infection is much more prevalent in temperate climates than in the tropics. The figure of 3 per cent for rheumatic heart disease, therefore, indicates not the lack of rheumatic heart disease but the overwhelming preponderance of heart disease resulting from high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries.

If the degree of a country's civilization were to be judged by the number of its hypertensives and arteriosclerotics, the above figures would not speak well for our civilization. Fortunately, that is not so and there are other factors playing a part in the causation of high blood pressure and hardened arteries—particularly, heredity and diet.

In a recent international survey conducted in several countries by several participating groups, the incidence of arteriosclerosis and coronary heart disease was studied in relation to the national diet. Their findings were revealing. They noted a direct ratio between the prevalence of arteriosclerosis and the amount of fat in the diet; the greater the fat content of the diet, whether animal or vegetable fat, the higher was the incidence of the disease.

Such surveys of international scope cannot be overlooked or denied. The average Filipino diet is quite high in carbohydrate. But it is significant that cases of high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis and "heart attacks" are much more commonly observed among the higher economic, social and cultural strata of society, where the simple Filipino fare is liberally diluted by richer foods.

These findings also give an insight into the basic cause of arteriosclerosis. Pathologically, the finding in this condition is a deposition of cholesterol plaques in the walls of arteries, rendering them lumpy and hardened and promoting the formation of clots on the roughened inner lining of the blood vessel.

Just which body mechanism breaks down and allows such deposits in the arterial wall is not yet known and is presently the subject of intensive research. Constitutional factors, undoubtedly, enter in for there is an apparent strong hereditary predisposition.

It is, however, also quite clear that the hormones play an important part, since arteriosclerosis and coronary sclerosis is almost exclusively a disease of men, women not being subject to it until they have reached the change of life or menopause. What is it in the female, during her younger

days when her ovarian function is high, that prevents her from developing arteriosclerosis? The answer to this question is very important and when found may furnish the key to our solution of this perplexing and vital problem.

**B**EFORE you get the impression that heart disease is composed of only the rheumatic, hypertensive and arteriosclerotic types, which are the more debilitating and dangerous forms, let me hasten to add that there are many other types, some with much better prognostic outlook. The term heart disease is used to denote all ailments and affections of the heart, both real and imaginary. Some of the real affections which leave some mark on the heart are the following:

- (a) Infectious (e.g. rheumatic, syphilitic, bacterial)
- (b) Degenerative (hypertensive, arteriosclerotic-coronary)
- (c) Metabolic (e.g. thyrotoxic, myxedema)
- (d) Toxic (e.g. diphtheria, pneumonia)
- (e) Congenital (e.g. "blue baby")
- (f) Nutritional (e.g. beriberi, anemia)

Heart disease, however, can also be and very often is due to purely nervous causes. Many times it may only be imagined. It is interesting how much we are the products of our own nerves, fears and imagination. One person hears of another—a relative, friend or

stranger—die a sudden death, have cancer, suffer a stroke, and presto, he starts to imagine that he has the same illness. He thinks he has heart disease, and presto, he develops palpitations and feels all sorts of pains over where he thinks his heart is. Our nerves are really wonderful in the art of masquerade, even as far as raising the blood pressure to very high levels.

This danger of exciting the highly suggestible into imagined heart troubles is quite real. There is a term for it: "iatrogenic" heart disease; that is, doctor-produced heart disease.

Even those types of heart disease that are basically serious may not necessarily bear the same prognosis in different patients. Depending, for instance, on the degree and extent of coronary sclerosis, the rate of progress of the disease, the development of collateral or supplementary circulation, even coronary heart disease may be so modified that the patient can, after an attack, live for many more years of useful, if not normal, existence, and may finally succumb to some other unrelated cause.

Rheumatic heart disease is a disease of childhood and early adulthood, caused by a streptococcus infection, usually of the throat, to which the body reacts in an abnormal way resulting in migratory inflamma-



tion of the joints, arthritis, and of the heart, pancarditis. The involvement of the valves of the heart (valvulitis) is the most permanent and salient feature of the disease, and results in their scarring and deformity. Insufficiency and narrowing of the valvular orifices ensue, which lead to obstruction or interference to the forward flow of blood.

In this disease too, however, the degree of affection of the heart is very variable. The degree of damage usually depends on the number of reinfections or relapses suffered. Prevention of these streptococcal infections by penicillin or other antibiotics can limit the damage and preserve the integrity of the valves. Many persons, in fact, have had rheumatic infection and heart disease, but since the amount of residual valvular damage is slight, they are none the worse for their illness and lead normal active lives.

Hypertensive heart disease depends largely on the underlying high blood pressure for its ultimate outlook. Fortunately with the new drugs in the physician's armamentarium, we are now able to control high blood pressure much more effectively than at any time in the past.

**M**ANY FORMS of heart disease are curable or preventable. The cardiac lesions associated with beriberi or toxic goiter, for instance, heal completely with the successful treatment of these conditions. And, as we have noted repeatedly, adequate treatment of the initial streptococcus infection may completely prevent the development of rheumatic heart disease.

Adequate treatment of syphilis, likewise, will prevent the involvement of the heart in the process. Many congenital malformations of the heart are now amenable to surgical correction. The so-called "blue babies," whose cardiac defect permits the mixing of venous and arterial blood, can now entertain hopes of survival by proper surgical intervention in appropriate cases.

A discussion of heart disease is not complete without mention of coffee, aspirin, tobacco and alcohol. Is coffee bad for the heart? Not necessarily. Coffee, in fact, is a cardiac stimulant and is often used as such. In some persons, however, coffee elicits rather unpleasant reactions of palpitations, rapid heart rate, nervousness and insomnia.

Such persons, especially if they are of the hypochondriac type or if they have a tendency to or are actually hypertensives, should avoid coffee and

all caffeine-containing beverages, such as the cola drinks, as these may aggravate their condition. Otherwise, in persons who are not so affected, a cup of coffee once or twice a day is certainly not a bad drink.

Aspirin is another much maligned drug, said to be bad for the heart. I do not know how such a notion ever spread among the laity. It could be due to the fact that many aspirin tablets are in combination with caffeine, such as Cafiaspirin, and the unpleasant effects from caffeine were wrongly attributed to the aspirin. The fact of the matter is that aspirin, which really is acetylsalicylic acid, a most important member of the salicylate group, is one of the most useful drugs for the treatment of rheumatic infection, and far from being harmful to the heart, it is actually used for the treatment of some type of heart disease.

Tobacco contains nicotine, which in large doses may produce spasm of the coronary arteries. In patients suffering from coronary arteriosclerosis, where the coronary arteries are already narrowed by disease, smoking, particularly if excessive, may result in attacks of angina pectoris or chest pain. However, it has been repeatedly demonstrated that a few cigarettes a day can do no harm, and if the patient is so steeped

in the habit that he just cannot go without smoking, or if he finds smoking to give him a comforting or relaxing effect, a few cigars or cigarettes a day may certainly be permitted.

**A**LCOHOL, taken in large amounts, has many ill effects on the body, including those on the liver, stomach and intestines, and brain. In small amounts, however, it has actually been advised, in doses of about 30 cc. of whisky several times a day, for prevention of anginal attacks, since it is believed to be a good coronary dilator. This latter fact has recently been disputed, but the fact remains that, taken in moderation, alcohol is not harmful.

You will note that the advice with regards to these three items, coffee, tobacco and alcohol, is moderation. The same may be applied to eating. Over-eating is never a good thing, especially since it has been found to be responsible for obesity in 99.9 per cent of instances. And obesity is something that a cardiac must avoid. For that matter, obesity is not good for anyone. Statistics show that obesity, especially beyond 45 years of age, may shorten life expectancy by as much as 20 to 30 per cent. Proper diet, therefore, is necessary, especially if one is suffering from or has a tendency towards heart disease.

In case you have reason to doubt about your own heart, prompt consultation with your doctor should not be delayed,

for nowhere as in heart disease is the saying as true: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

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## *Pre-Spanish Filipinos*

**T**HE SPANISH colonizers of the sixteenth century found the Filipinos with a culture that showed Indian, Chinese and Arabic influences. The Filipinos at that time had a literature that consisted of SABI (maxims), BUGTONG (riddles), KARAGATAN (plays), AWIT (ordinary songs), HYAYI and HELE (cradle songs), IHIMAN (wedding songs), KUMINTANG (war song which later became a war dance) and others.

They wrote with pointed sticks or iron on banana leaves, on the bark of trees and on polished bamboo. They had their own alphabet, possibly of Indian or Arabic origin. The first Spanish friars, however, burned all the ancient Filipino manuscripts they could find.

The Filipinos of that period were fond of personal adornment. The Visayans tattooed their faces, bodies and arms. For this reason, the Spaniards called them PINTADOS. Men and women wore gold ornaments with precious stones; armlets, bracelets, pendants and earrings were their favorites.

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# What About Chinese-Filipino Marriages?

*A sociologist analyzes a minor but significant segment of our population and comes up with many interesting facts*

By **LOURDES CRISOLOGO-SANTOS**

**I**N THE year 1952 alone, 14 marriages were solemnized in Manila between Chinese girls and Filipino boys. However, though such families obviously exist, they are few and difficult to locate. Consequently, Belen Tan-Gatue's recent study of intermarriage,\* in the *Philippine Sociological Review*, confined its survey to thirty Manila and suburban families where only the wives are Filipino.

Although Chinese trading vessels dropped anchor in ports such as Lingayen, Manila, Mindoro and the south long before the arrival of the first Europeans, there seem to have been no Chinese settlements made until the sixteenth century. Except for occasional expulsions of short duration, small

Chinese colonies were allowed throughout the centuries until, with the American occupation, Chinese exclusion laws from the United States went into effect. Thereafter, Chinese unskilled laborers could not enter the country, but Chinese businessmen and former residents could.

Despite immigration laws, illegal entry is believed to have proceeded continuously, until the Chinese group is today the largest of all foreign groups in the Philippines. According to Belen Tan-Gatue, the process of mutual assimilation has affected extensively Filipino culture. The offspring of such intermarriage have been absorbed into the native population. Because of the unbalanced sex ratio of the immigrants, the last names of male Chinese are common in the archipelago.

\* Compare "How Fil-American Inter-Marriages Are Working," *Panorama*, June 1955.

TEMPORARILY, the amalgamation of Chinese and Filipinos may be declining, because improved transportation facilitates frequent visits of Chinese to mainland families; growing nationalism tends to divide the native-born of the two countries; and more Chinese women have entered the Philippines recently. This temporary decline in assimilation of the two groups, however, may be offset soon by the "worsening Red situation in China," which by making visiting difficult predicts a return to the former situation.

In Belen Tan-Gatue's sample of 30 families, the income range was from P1,800 to P44,000 a year, with the average at P9,120. (89.4% of the Filipino population have an income of P1,800 or below.) Thus 73% of the families belong to the middle class, although only 9% of the Philippines lie in that same class.

This disparity can be accounted for in several ways. The average Filipino is a low-income agricultural worker. The average Chinese in the Philippines is a business proprietor or executive or agent: first, because mainland Chinese folkways encourage business; and second, because with the Filipino's emphasis on *professions*, Chinese here are restricted from other than *economic* pursuits. It is also worth noting

that, of the 30 couples studied by Belen Tan-Gatue, almost 47% first met *at their places of employment*.

Because of local prejudices, ten wives did not like their husbands at first sight. Four were not even in love with their husbands up to the time of marriage: two of these married because they had been kissed; two others were forced to marry because of settlements made by their elders.

In almost every case, the courtship time was almost half that of the typical Filipino: because the men were in a strange land and a strange culture; and because the courtships occurred in Manila where Western concepts of romantic love and individualism have penetrated deeply.

ACCEPTING LOCAL custom, the Filipino wives married husbands much older than themselves. The age pattern, however, significantly contrasts with the Chinese custom of marrying early, to have many children. In several cases, the cause for the males' advanced age at marriage lay in the fact that they came to the Philippines already mature and even married to Chinese wives.

Fourteen of the marriages were solemnized in church; eight couples were married by justices of the peace. The higher the education, the greater,

the tendency to obtain the full ceremony and blessing (denying the usual claim that religion in the Philippines breeds superstition and has its major appeal among the uneducated).

None of the couples were married in the Chinese style, with the bride wearing red and with red wedding invitations. "Those married in church generally wore white Filipina mestiza dresses or wedding gowns." The wedding parties were commonly Filipino, held at the bride's home. Only in one case were there two separate wedding parties, one for the relatives of each nationality.

Although the great majority of the women came not only from Manila but also from Tagalog provinces and the Bicol, all the intermarried families now reside in Manila and the suburbs.

According to Belen Tan-Gatue: "The residence of the first generation Chinese, or those born in China tend to be in Chinatown parts of Tondo, Binondo and San Nicolas, but the second generation or those born in the Philippines are all resid-

THIRTY FILIPINO WIVES	
<i>Regional origin:</i>	<i>No.</i>
Manila .....	9
Tagalog provinces .....	7
Bicol provinces .....	7
Ilocos provinces .....	2
Pangasinan .....	2
Pampanga .....	1
Iloilo .....	1
Agusan .....	1

ing outside of Chinatown and are more detached from the Chinese community." Nineteen of the families are distributed throughout various non-Chinese sections of Manila and suburbs.

Because this sociologist's sampling is relatively small, no general conclusions can be reached yet. Nevertheless, the study's evidence that a Chinese-Filipino family differs widely from the standard Filipino family patterns, should encourage further investigations, such as those now being conducted by Professor George Weightman at the state university, at Diliman.

\* \* \*

### GOOD ADVICE

"Have you noticed the utter absence of comment upon my last play?" asked the author, of a bosom friend. "It is plain that I am the victim of a conspiracy of silence. What would you do about it?"

"I'd join it if I were you!" the bosom friend replied.



*So the young people would not be cut off from democracy . . .*

## *How English Came to the Philippines*

*By EFREN SUNICO*

**A** MONTH AFTER American troops entered and occupied Manila on August 13, 1898, public schools were opened—under a civil administration office of the Military Command.

The first teachers of these schools were the American soldiers themselves. Books and supplies which the Spaniards still had at the time of the capture of Manila were used. With Spanish editions of Wentworth's *Arithmetic*, Barnes' *History of the United States*, and Frey's *Geography* and without any knowledge of the vernacular, these early soldier-school teachers had to have "a missionary motive to keep them at their task."

Forbes said that the "American soldier had a profound faith in the value of public instruction and in the importance of popularizing the use of the English language as a medium of communication between Americans and Filipinos and for the Filipinos themselves, as their dialects were so different as to render free communication difficult if not impossible."

By July, 1900, some 100,000 pupils, young and old, were attending the primary schools established by the army. A month earlier, the Taft Commission which was to exercise all legislative powers of the government in the Philippines by September, 1900, had arrived in Manila to carry out President McKinley's instructions.

Among other duties, the Commission was "to promote and extend and, as they find occasion, to improve the system of education inaugurated by the military authorities . . ."

Primary education was to be extended free to all in a system which "shall tend to fit the people for the duties of citizenship and for the ordinary avocations of a civilized community." The instruction, ideally, should be given "in the language of the people." But considering the many and various dialects spoken by the "different tribes," McKinley said that "it is especially important to the prosperity of the Islands that a common medium of communication may be established, and it is obviously desirable that this medium should be the English language."

The difficulties of carrying on the public school system in "the language of the people" were apparent although the American teachers realized that a knowledge of the Filipino dialects "was essential if the teachers

were to transmit not only the book knowledge but also the new way of life necessary for a democratic society in the Philippines."

Ernest J. Frei, in his *Historical Development of the Philippine National Language*, said that there was the feeling on the part of the Americans that only in the English language could they make their cultural contribution to Philippine life and that by the masses of the Filipino people English was regarded as the indispensable language of liberty.

Taft said that the Commission first consulted the Filipinos and that they preferred English. Thus the Commission was impelled to appropriate English for the educational system for "it is the language of free institutions and of the government."

OF COURSE there was opposition to the use of the English language as a medium of instruction. It came from those who took an active part in the revolution. Aguinaldo in his captivity told an American officer that the Filipinos had their own language which should be recognized. In the United States itself, anti-imperialists made the official choice of English one of the targets of their criticisms.

Frei believed that "these forces were directed in their atti-

vities on this and other subjects by no other motive but that of party loyalty. . . . in reading the literature giving an account of the days of American occupation, whether it comes from Republicans or Democrats, one becomes aware of the destructive influence of politics and is somewhat reminded of the struggle between the liberal and conservative forces in Spain which made a constructive administration impossible in the Philippines."

IN 1902, A MEMBER of the Taft Commission reported: "Fuller knowledge of the condition of the Filipinos with respect to language seems to justify the decision formed in the beginning to make English the language of the schools. The great majority of the Filipinos are ignorant of Spanish . . . Those who profess to be able to use this language have but an imperfect command of it. The native languages are numerous . . . that no one of them can be employed as the common medium of communication. There are no books in

any one of them that could . . . be used . . . in public instruction."

Reasserting the importance of the new language, the Commission member declared that the "knowledge of English which the public school offers to the youth of the Islands will contribute materially to the emancipation of the dependent classes and the development of that personal independence . . . which is necessary to the maintenance of a liberal government."

As Frei himself said: "It was not merely a matter of language of instruction with its difficulties for teachers and teaching materials, if the dialect had been taught, but rather for the Filipinos the business of living, of preparing for intelligent citizenship, which was involved. What was the use of teaching in the dialect, if it meant that the young people would be cut off from the stream of ideas which were the life of democracy?"

Thus the language which had to be learned slowly and through a period of time provided the means by which Filipinos and Americans could come to terms.

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### ON SOCIAL JUSTICE

Let no one believe that he still continues exploiting his fellowmen without in the end suffering from it. He who owns had better give a part of what he owns to the community in which he lives if he wants to conserve the rest for himself.

—MANUEL L. QUEZON

*Should the curriculum of Chinese schools be revised so as to Filipinize the students? An education authority explains the problems attendant to such a move.*

## *Sino Schools in our Country: Are They For or Against Us?*

*By Dr. ANTONIO ISIDRO*

Professor and head, department of education,  
University of the Philippines

THE EDUCATION of the Chinese in the Philippines was recently the subject of deliberations by the Board of National Education. Its importance to the Philippines can be better appreciated when it is considered in relation to the Chinese population in neighboring countries.

The Chinese in Southeast Asia constitute a powerful force in the economic field and a serious problem in the national development of the newly born republics in the region. On account of their economic domin-

ance, they are the object of jealousy and suspicion on the part of the nationals; and because of their general unassimilability, their educational program has become a deep concern to the governments.

The Chinese population in Southeast Asia has been variously estimated from nine to ten million although in 1947, Purcell gave only 8,505,000. In relation to the total population, Malaya has the largest percentage of Chinese population. Out of a population of 5,849,000, 2,615,000 are Chinese. While

1,885,000 of them are found in Malaya, 730,000 are residing in the Colony of Singapore. The total population of the Federation was 4,908,000 and that of Singapore was 941,000. In 1955, Thompson and Adloff estimated the Chinese population of the Federation and Singapore at 2,795,000.

At this figure, they outnumbered the indigenous Malays and promise an even greater proportion in the days to come, because their rate of increase is 3 per cent a year as contrasted to that of the native Malays, which is only 2 per cent annually.

Next in the concentration of Chinese population is Thailand, where out of the 17,359,000 population of all races, 2,500,000 were Chinese. In 1955, Thompson and Adloff placed the Chinese population at 3 million, representing about 16.7 per cent of the estimated population of 18,000,000. Although the Chinese population of Indonesia is about as large as that of Malaya, they represent but about 2 per cent of the total Indonesian population. Most of them are found in the Outer Islands of the Archipelago.

In Burma, out of the 17,000,000 population in 1947, 300,000 were Chinese. Thompson and Adloff estimated the Chinese in Burma as only 2 per cent of the total population. The estimates of Chinese pop-

ulation in the Philippines vary considerably from that given by Purcell based on the 1948 figures which were secured from the Immigration Bureau. McNutt in 1947 and Malcolm in 1948 placed the Chinese population in the Philippines at 200,000.

An official source estimated that in 1951, there were 300,000 Chinese in the Philippines. Some estimates even place the Chinese population anywhere between 500,000 and 600,000, considering the "illegal entries."

**C**HINESE EDUCATION in the Philippines has been enjoying almost complete autonomy with respect to its organization and administration. Although the Constitution provides for government regulation of educational institutions, the Bureau of Private Schools has found it difficult to exercise effective control and supervision over them. The Bureau is handicapped by lack of supervisors who know enough Chinese to find out what is going on in the schools.

In 1955, there were 9 kindergarten, 97 primary schools, 93 intermediate schools, 17 high schools and 4 institutions of collegiate rank with a total enrolment of 27,140. The distribution of enrolment according to the schools is as follows: kindergarten, 637; primary, 16,058; intermediate, 6,626; high school,

3,594; and collegiate, 225. A large concentration of these schools is found in Manila with 27 schools; Iloilo and Dumaquete have 2 schools each; and Davao, Cebu, Baguio, Legaspi, and Zamboanga have 1 school each.

There are two types of Chinese schools according to the sources of support: independent private schools supported by businessmen as stockholders, and community-aided schools which are financed by contributions and donations from the Chinese community. The members of the Chinese community give a monthly contribution ranging in amount from P2.00 to P20.00 depending upon their income. Very few Chinese fail to give their share in the maintenance of their schools. All schools collect tuition fees from the students. The tuition fees in the secondary schools amount to about P60.00 to P120.00 in the Chinese department and P160.00 in the English department a year. Scholarships are offered to poor but deserving students.

The Chinese school has usually two departments according to the field of instruction: the Chinese department and the English department. The former is offered in the morning while the latter is conducted in the afternoon for both the elementary and secondary levels.

The Chinese department is

under the supervision of the Board of Directors of the Chinese Embassy, and the curriculum is prescribed by the Ministry of Education of China. The Ministry of Education through the educational consultant in the Embassy determines the qualifications of teachers, the scholastic standards, the books, school discipline and the selection of the administrators like the president and members of the Board of Directors, supervisors, and principals.

The Chinese Department uses Chinese as the medium of instruction. The textbooks used are imported from China except those used in the English classes which are subject to the approval of the Chinese Embassy.

THE FACULTY is composed of teachers who have graduated from the teacher training institutions in China and in recognized schools in the Philippines. An elementary teacher's certificate is required for elementary school teaching and a B.S.E. degree is needed for teaching in the secondary schools. Most of the teachers are Chinese nationals who speak both Mandarin and English, who have studied both in the Chinese universities and American universities. Because of the nature of the curriculum and the methods of teaching, teachers who speak Mandarin and English are preferred be-



cause they can easily shift the language of instruction from English to Chinese as the occasion arises.

Some teachers are Chinese professionals; others are students who speak both English and Chinese. There are several Filipines who are employed as supervisors, principals, and teachers in the English department. The monthly compensation ranges from P100.00 to P200.00 in the elementary and from P150.00 to P300.00 in the secondary schools, depending upon the number of hours they stay in school. Other teachers are paid from P30.00 to P35.00 per period. Supervisors and principals receive fifty pesos more than the classroom teachers in both levels of education.

In the Chinese department the 6-3-3 plan is followed, which requires 6 years in the elementary, 3 years in the junior high school, and 3 years in the senior high school. In the English department the 6-4 plan is adopted or six years in the elementary and four years in the high school. Chinese schools are confined to primary and secondary instruction only, although it was understood that an order was received some time ago from the Ministry of Education of China to open collegiate courses. For the present the students who desire to continue their university education attend the colleges and universities

conducted by non-Chinese elements.

In the primary course which covers six years both in the English and the Chinese departments, arithmetic, Chinese reading and writing, language, social studies with emphasis on geography, music, drawing and nature study are taught in Chinese. A typical curriculum in the Chinese department as prescribed by the Ministry of Education of China and that of the English department as required by the Bureau of Private Schools may be seen in the table elsewhere in the following pages.

While compulsory attendance is prescribed in the Chinese department no such requirements are made in the English department. Tutors are employed by some wealthy families for their children who do not like to go to school in the afternoon, or by those who seek additional help in their studies.

THE SECONDARY course in the Chinese department is divided into two stages—three years in the junior high school and three years in the senior high school. In the high school the teaching of the Chinese language is emphasized by giving it six periods a week. Two hours are allotted each week for Chinese History, except in the third year of the junior high school and the senior high school. Some fundamental prin-

ciples of Zoology, Botany, Elementary Chemistry, are also given. The Ministry of Education requires the teaching of vocational subjects in the high school, but these subjects are not offered in many schools because the students are overworked and the time is limited. Chinese nationalism is instilled in the minds of the youths. Boy-scouting or girlscouting, music and drawing form an integral part of the curriculum. Advanced mathematics is also offered to prepare them for college work.

The academic curriculum in the junior high school of the Chinese department as prescribed by the Ministry of Education of China and adapted in the Philippines is presented in the table given elsewhere in the following pages.

The curriculum for the English department prescribed by the Bureau of Public Schools is as follows:

FIRST YEAR	SECOND YEAR	THIRD YEAR	FOURTH YEAR
English (9)	English (7)	English (7)	English (5)
Algebra (1)	Plane Geometry (1)	Chemistry (2)	Physics (2)
World History (5)	Gen. Science (2)	Adv. Algebra (1)	Phil. Eco. (4)
Nat'l Language (5)	U.S. History & Oriental Hist. (5)	Phil. Social Life (5)	Phil. History & Gov't (4)
	Nat'l Language (5)	Nat'l Language (5)	Nat'l Language (5)

Physical Education is usually held in the morning session. Very few students stay in the afternoon, for some of them prefer to stay at home, while others study in universities.

Recently the problem of Chinese education in the Philip-

pines became a serious question between the Philippine government and the Chinese embassy in the Philippines. The Bureau of Private Schools, the government entity, which is charged with the functions of regulating and supervising private educational institutions, found that there are Chinese schools which have been operating without permit from the government, and which were even suspected of teaching communism.

The Board of National Education created a committee to investigate the matter. The representatives of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Philippine government and the Chinese embassy in the Philippines threshed out the problem.

THE LIMITATION and extent of government supervision that should be exercised over the Chinese schools was raised.

Under the Philippine Constitution all educational institutions are subject to regulations and supervision by the State. At the same time the Treaty of Amity between the Republic of China and the Republic of the Philippines provides that the

nationals of each country shall be accorded the liberty "to establish schools for the education of their children . . . in accordance with the laws and regulations of the other." The representatives of the Philippine government claimed that under the Constitution the power to supervise and regulate the schools belong exclusively to the Philippine government. The representatives of the Chinese schools, on the other hand, maintained that under the Treaty of Amity the power given to organize schools automatically includes the right to supervise them. Dr. Wang who represented the Chinese schools proposed the following points regarding the supervision of the Chinese schools:

"(1) To recognize joint supervision of Chinese schools by both the Philippine and Chinese governments. In the case of the latter, through the Chinese embassy;

"(2) To recognize the right to put up schools under the amity treaty as the same right to supervise said schools;

"(3) To permit a pattern of Chinese supervision of their own schools, so long as these schools operate without infringement of Philippine sovereignty, and are not anti-democratic and anti-Filipino; and

"(4) Request for consultation of both governments on policies concerning Chinese private schools, either on diplomatic or professional level."

The special committee of the Board of Education discovered that of the 135 Chinese schools

in operation in 1955 only 97 are registered with the Bureau of Private Schools, which are considered evidence of failure of the said Bureau to exercise proper supervision of the Chinese schools. It was also reported that the Board of National Education observed that "there was undue exercise of territorial jurisdiction by the Chinese government" when it undertook supervision and control of Chinese schools operating in the country. In accepting the report of the committee, the Board recommended that the Department of Education seek the cooperation of the Chinese Embassy in the supervision of the Chinese schools.

The question aroused considerable discussion in the press, and the *Philippine Herald* in its editorial of August 10, 1955 advocated serious study of the problem which should result in a workable plan for the Chinese children who are likely to stay in the Philippines, and for those transients who are likely to leave the country after a short stay.

For those children who are likely to become permanent residents and citizens of the Philippines, the school should provide the same type of education as that given to Filipino children. To the curriculum there should only be added the subject of history, geography, and the basic culture of the home

country.

For those children of the transient aliens, the schools should be allowed to offer the same kind of education that obtains in the homeland, and the government may supervise such schools only to prevent teaching that is derogatory or inim-

ical to our ways of life. The *Manila Times* urged editorially a revision of the curriculum of the Chinese schools so as to produce Filipinized Chinese citizens who know the essential facts about the country in which they intend to reside permanently. —from the *Philippine Journal of Education*.

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## Dance of the Duck-Peddlers

**P**ATEROS, known best for its balut industry, is sometimes known as well for its unusual town fiesta, celebrated during the full moon in February. The town fills early with people come to make promises to and ask petitions from St. Marta, the patron saint. Masses last from five to ten in the morning, followed by a procession and dance. That is, the petitioners do the fandango in celebration of their patron. Each group of people has its own costume. In the afternoon the river festival begins, at the Pateros river where people gather in a great pagoda. Behind this pagoda, attached by a rope, is a crocodile on whose back dances a man armed with a bolo. Meanwhile, bancas compete with each other, racing or throwing native suman and balut to those along the shores, as PASUBO. Everyone rejoices in dancing, except the poor musicians who have to play the fandango from dawn to midnight.

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## Are You Word Wise?

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

1. *puerile*—(a) strong; (b) childishly foolish; (c) vast in extent; (d) above suspicion.
2. *scrimp*—(a) to scrub thoroughly; (b) to screen; (c) to hit vigorously; (d) to use severe economy.
3. *goad*—(a) to drive or incite; (b) to make watery; (c) to scatter; (d) to prevent.
4. *blatant*—(a) studious; (b) offensively noisy; (c) improper; (d) made white by bleaching.
5. *prosaic*—(a) involved or difficult in construction; (b) truthful; (c) commonplace or dull; (d) winning.
6. *prone*—(a) against; (b) contradictory in nature; (c) disposed or liable; (d) open-minded.
7. *stolid*—(a) not easily moved mentally; (b) suspicious; (c) very courageous; (d) wise in judgment.
8. *maw*—(a) the beak of a bird; (b) the horizon; (c) the stomach; (d) a surprise move.
9. *trudge*—(a) to trust; (b) to walk laboriously; (c) to separate; (d) to harbor hatred.
10. *pester*—(a) to include; (b) to make into a paste; (c) to greet noisily; (d) to annoy.
11. *imbue*—(a) to look into; (b) to inspire or impregnate; (c) to differ; (d) to deduct from.
12. *plod*—(a) to defend; (b) to mix thoroughly; (c) to frighten; (d) to walk laboriously.
13. *decry*—(a) to discredit or condemn; (b) to cause to weep; (c) to stimulate; (d) to make dirty.
14. *surcease*—(a) to come to an end; (b) to continue uncertainly; (c) to put under; (d) to condemn.
15. *apropos*—(a) without stop; (b) proper; (c) in reference or regard; (d) overdone.
16. *august*—(a) rainy, as in August; (b) militant; (c) of supreme dignity; (d) incomparable.
17. *inane*—(a) silly; (b) harmless; (c) undecided; (d) conventional.
18. *namby-pamby*—(a) disorderly; (b) jolly; (c) greatly reduced; (d) weakly simple or sentimental.
19. *mentor*—(a) one who mends; (b) a salesman; (c) a trusted counselor; (d) a skilled laborer.
20. *rodent*—(a) any mammal with four legs; (b) any nibbling or gnawing mammal; (c) a traveller; (d) any animal with claws.

# The Touch of a Hand



By HELEN KELLER

*Into the wilderness of oneself*

WERE YOU ever at sea in dense fog when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in? "Light! Give me light!" — that was the wordless cry of my soul in my early childhood.

Then one day when I was six, I stretched out my hand; someone took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all things else, to love me.

That was the most important day I remember in all my life — March 3, 1887 — the day on which my teacher Anne Sullivan came to me.

Before she came, I did not know that I was. I cannot hope to describe adequately that un-

conscious yet conscious time of nothingness. I did not know that I lived or acted or desired.

Through my teacher's infinite patience, love and understanding, my left hand slowly became to me what your hearing and sight together are to you.

As I ponder on Anne Sullivan's work, I am further impressed by one of her most beneficent experiments — inspiring me to explore and make a home in the still obscure but wonderful country of individual consciousness.

She knew that, deprived of sight and hearing, I couldn't depend on the community of experience that springs from the use of the eye and the ear. Therefore, as I grew older, she urged me to go as deeply as

possible into the wilderness of myself as an individual.

I have never given up the belief that intelligent cooperation with our fellowman is essential to progress, but it seems to me that the development of each person's resources and abilities is equally important.

In my case it was a slow process, and it required all Teacher's persistence and ingenuity to keep alive the spark that would make of me an individual human being with freedom to be myself.

It was not until after the start of World War II, when I spent two and a half years visiting wounded servicemen in hospitals from coast to coast, and saw their sublime courage, that I fully realized my inner power.

Thankfully I say that, long after Teacher's earthly presence has passed, she animates me to cultivate "the world which each human being uniquely is."

That is why my travels from one end of the earth to the other have thrilled me, opening great windows upon a world still stumbling on its way to civilization, but alive with good will and undreamed possibilities of achievement.

Seeing India and Japan in all their new splendor of creative effort, Egypt and Africa striving toward a higher humanity, I have been spurred by Teacher's vision to use my individuality in serving the handicapped everywhere — and so long as I am on earth, I shall continue reaching out for fresh goals.

\* \* \*

## MAN SHALL PREVAIL

**M**AN SHALL endure through fitness of character and intellect. It will be because man has a soul. He has created machinery to be his slave; but his danger is that he will become the slave of that machine he has created. He will have to conquer and control his machinery because he has a soul. Through his intellect, he has capacity to believe that all men should be free, that all men are responsible to all other men, not to the machinery but to all races, to the family of mankind.—William Faulkner

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# The Making of a Farmer

*What agricultural education should be*

By **LEOPOLDO B. UICHANCO**

Dean, College of Agriculture  
University of the Philippines

**B**URN DOWN your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country."

The picturesque words are those of William Jennings Bryan and they well illustrate the importance of agriculture to the welfare of mankind. In

fact, the origin of basic civilizations arose out of assured sources of food supply. H. J. Spinden, an anthropologist, cites:

1) The civilization of wheat (about 5000 B.C.) with its center in Mesopotamia and the Nile Valley and its principal extension, eastward over northern India, the Tarim Basin and the plains of China. The



food complex consisted of wheat, barley, lentils, peas, grapes, with rye, oats, cabbages, etc. as comparative late-comers. The domestic animals consisted of cattle, sheep, and goats, which were the sources of meat, milk and butter.

2) The civilization of maize (later than 5000 B.C.) with its center in the arid highlands of Central America. The food complex was strongly vegetarian, with maize, beans and squashes occupying first place. There were but few domesticated animals and these, such as the turkey, were relatively unimportant in the diet.

3) The civilization of rice (about the Christian era, with first indication of culture from 1000 to 500 B.C.), with its original center in southeastern China, Indonesia and Bengal. The food complex consisted of rice, yams, breadfruit, bananas and coconuts, and the domestic animals, pigs and chickens.

4) The civilization of manioc (inaugurated by the Mayas before 600 B.C., but not under way until about the Christian era) with its original center near the mouth of Amazon. Its food complex consisted of maize, beans, squashes, etc. modified to meet humid conditions. Its wetland plants were cacao, camote and manioc roots, which furnished tapioca and cassava.

As a study, agriculture presents an endless array of interesting problems. The field is almost limitless, involving as it does not only the question of "making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before" but also of whether the two blades should be made to grow at all in place of one and how profitably to dispose of the blades after these are grown. It deals not only with the physiology of plants and domestic animals, but also with the physiology of society on the farm.

ONE MAY say that the whole of nature is the agricultural scientist's playground and workshop, remembering that cultivated plants and domestic animals and the man who owns them were originally wild and that they still obey in general the primordial laws of life in the raw.

"We get the idea," said Albert G. Keller, a sociologist, "that man does not adapt to the environment, but adapts the environment to himself and his needs. But we attain no power over nature till we learn natural laws, to conform and adapt ourselves to them. And then we come to be as dependent upon our adaptations as the bear upon his coat of fur or the woodpecker upon his sharp beak. Our lordship

over nature consists in the adroitness with which we learn and conform."

Nature, with her bag full of tricks, yields constant and varied surprises to those who will take the trouble to pry deep into her secrets. Wearisome monotony need not characterize agricultural work. Needless duplication among researchers sometimes occurs but is seldom justified. There is, for instance, no call for such unimaginative and wasteful performance of producing the Ramelon rice hybrid by using Elon-elon pollen on Ramai stigma after another laboratory had brought out the Elon-ram rice, which resulted from dusting Ramai pollen on Elon-elon stigma, considering that in the Philippines we probably have over one thousand varieties of rice.

Long-accepted ideas and practices in agriculture must be constantly questioned and retested to determine if they actually conform with natural laws. Neither custom nor authority necessarily gives adequate guarantee of their validity. It is a revelation to read a recent book in which doubt is expressed of the wisdom of using the plow; an item in which it is claimed that not all kinds of soil erosion should be prevented, that there are certain types of soil erosion

that are actually beneficial to plant life; and another, that the general claim that organic fertilizer is superior to the inorganic is a fallacy.

Some years ago, an American investigator advanced a theory that on the basis of the habits of wild animals, which eat frequently and in small amounts, our practice of eating in three large meals is unnatural and was probably instituted by a capitalistic society in order that labor may not waste a great deal of time eating.

New discoveries are having a profound effect on world agriculture. Chromosome doubling and mutation have been purposely induced in plants. Hybrid vigor has been used to increase production in corn and other crops and in chicken and dairy cattle. Effective new insecticides, rat poisons, and selective weed-control chemicals have been made available thus helping the farmer to control agricultural enemies. More exact nutritional and climatic needs of various crops and animals have been determined to assure better health and performance. Timely prediction can be made with reasonable accuracy of the occurrence of bad outbreaks of certain destructive pests and fungus diseases. Improved breeds of food plants and live-

standardized.

ALL THESE recent advances have been attained through patient research in many scattered laboratories all over the world by many workers. In a number of cases they represent the end product of successive generations of workers.

Ideally, the prospective agricultural researcher should receive at least a good undergraduate training in which he is adequately groomed in the basic sciences and technical agriculture, with enough of the humanities required to give him a sound cultural background. A cultural background for a scientific career is more important than is generally realized; it not only gives one a broader perspective but also helps sharpen his discernment—to tell which is fact and which is not fact.

Aside from adequate financial support, an important requirement for a scientific worker is independence of re-

sity, which enjoys academic freedom, wild ideas receive respectful attention. Controversy is, of course, unavoidable and is to be welcomed, but the argument should be carried on a high plane. The principle of academic freedom inhibits an administrator from imposing his opinion on his colleagues, although no rule prevents him from taking part in the give-and-take of scientific discussion.

In research work, leisure and idleness are not synonymous. The researcher needs some leisure time, free from interruption, to mature his idea, organize his thoughts and reduce his findings to a scientific report. Research work and scientific writing, as in Augustus John's art, are like courting a beautiful woman. You do not approach her brusquely with your proposal, but you bide your time, cultivating her friendship, sowing the germ of intimacy, and nurturing the slow ripening of love.

\* \* \*

"As wind in the body will counterfeit any disease and seem the stone and seem the gout, so fear will counterfeit any disease of the mind. It shall seem love, a love of having; and is but a fear, a jealous and suspicious fear of losing."—*John Donne*.

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## *Malaya: the Long Road to Music*

By PAUL ABISHEGANADEN

**B**ECAUSE PARTS of the Malay Peninsula do not have music which can be called, natively, their own, the term "Malay music" has to include that of various peoples from surrounding regions — Sumatra, Java, Bali, Borneo, the Moluccas and even

the Philippines — who have settled in the Malay Archipelago. The music presently in Malaya, therefore, is not necessarily the music of Malaya, in the sense of indigenous compositions. The earliest aboriginal music has responded and adjusted to many incoming influences; perhaps for

every loss there has been a gain.

For centuries the peninsula has felt the influx of ways Buddhist-Hindu in origin. The impact of Islam also is still visible not only in music but even in the life of the people affected by Muslim culture. Even the West, and particularly Portugal, has penetrated deeply the skin of Malayan sensibility.

However, assimilation is another matter. Despite these centuries of (usually peaceful) contact, music in Malay has usually existed and still does exist largely on a community basis, with tastes varying and dividing from region to region, depending on the special origins of the locality's music. For example, the large Chinese population settled in Malaya play and listen to their own music, both classical and popular, while the Malaya have their own indigenous music in other communities in the peninsula. The Indian element enjoy either Northern or Southern Indian music or both; and a large cross-section, Portuguese or otherwise, enjoy the select forms of Western music.

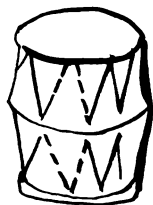
**W**HATEVER their national origin, however, almost no one except a very few of the educated younger generation displays an interest in serious or classical music. Folk songs, light and romantic ballads, are the general favorite.

These observations are evidenced in the organization of programs at Radio Malaya where broadcasts are divided into four sections, along the expected communal lines: the English section, the Malay section, the Chinese section, and the Indian section; with classical music, in all these sections, being in the minority.

Such a division of interest would seem to be a sign of the country's cultural compartmentalization: the effect of Malaya's history as a dependent and divided "nation."

It can be seen therefore that the evolution of any kind of music distinguishable as the Music of Malay has hardly begun. The country and its culture are young; nationalism may be in the air, and in the blood and mind, but not yet in the creative intellect. It may take many years before a common understanding between communities of interest is developed, between nationalities and between music listeners and makers, so that a common musical expression may emerge. Meanwhile, almost no research, almost no self-knowledge has been attempted.

From a few preliminary (and elementary?) attempts at information, it seems certain that folk music and dancing form the basis of what will come to be termed Malay music. The country is rich in folk-lore; even

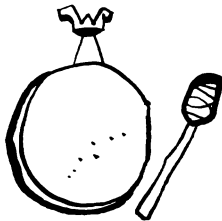


THE PHILIPPINE National Museum owns and displays a remarkable collection of non-Christian musical instruments, including those of the Kalinga, Bontoc, Ifugao, Negrito, Ilongot, Dumagot, Tagbanua, Batak; Moro; Ata, Mandaya, and Guiangan peoples.

The largest collection is the Mangyan, although its instruments are typical of the others also: harp (*subing*), six-holed flute (*bangsi*), six-stringed guitar (*kudyapi*), three-stringed violin (*git-git*), bronze dance gongs (*agong*), delicate Jew's harp (*kinaban*), bamboo stringed instrument (*kudlong*), and drum.

The most metallic collection is the Moro: flat brass gongs from Lanao, ordinary gongs from Magindanao, and xylophones (*gabang*).

The Tagbanua samplings include percussion tubes (*lasong-lasong*), wooden drums (*bimbal*) and bamboo zithers (*pa'gang*).



in remote *kampang*s and villages especially in cultural pockets along the eastern coast of Malaya where the influence of western civilization still has not penetrated sufficiently to erase native art, this comfortable, most natural form of folkways

in music is strong.

Strangely enough, with the infiltration of Sumatran immigrants to Malaya two or three hundred years ago, there was a return to indigenous music encouraged because of the great affinity between the music of

Sumatra and the quite regular forms of entertainment practised in Molacca and Penang: the Dondang Sayang. This music is said to be at least four hundred years old and Portuguese in origin.

**A**S IN THE days when music in Europe would have died out but for the patronage of the wealthy and the noble, music in Malaya has long flourished with the help of rich Chinese who hired the services of musicians for festive occasions, when rival musical parties and the bandying of verse provided entertainment for all.

Besides such festivals, there was the ceremonial music by court musicians on state occasions and, more recently, the Malay stage performances known as the Baugsawan. Not unlike the opera of the West, the Baugsawan was based on stories from Malay chronicles and mythology and, until the advent of talking films, was the most popular form of pleasure for Malay-speaking people.

With the coming of the English to Malaya and the spread of the English language, interest in the study and practice of European music developed. However, serious music has only lately gathered any momentum, while thousands of young Malaysians prefer the easy appeal of popular music brought to them first through Hollywood movies! Examiners come to Singapore from as far as London, to test the hundreds of candidates in musical education programs. Three-fourths of these candidates play piano; one-fourth are violinists or singers. All are the product of private schools or tutors.

The growth of interest in music other than one's own (one's own community, not even country) is slow; and the country is still too young culturally to be able to produce serious music peculiar to itself, born out of the multifarious influences at work among the people. We have yet to produce a Tapales or a Pajaro, and we salute Manila and the Philippines for showing us the way. — Adapted from *First SEA Music Conference*.

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### ABOUT MARRIAGE

The bride's father usually thinks of it not as losing a daughter but as regaining a living room.

—Joe Ryan

## Panorama Peek



Photo by DERRICK KNIGHT, Shell Photographic Unit, London

**THE HUMAN HAND** serves the human foot. A few weeks after this abaca has been stripped, its dyed fibers may already be woven into labyrinthine designs for hardy Bicol rugs. The out-of-doors steps into the living room.





By PACIFICO APRIETO

EMERGING FROM the swamps, the old man heard the angry shouts coming from the direction of the town. He halted behind a tree and heaved the bundle of cleaned mangrove roots from his shoul-

der to the ground. He was soaked all over and his stripped pants and coarse shirt stuck to his skin, but he could feel sweat breaking under them. His breath shot out in gasps. He leaned on the wet trunk to rest

himself and listened.

It had rained the night before and the tree still dripped and gave off a fresh bitter smell that mixed freely with the heavy smell of mud. Through the low-flung branches he could see the narrow stretch of sand bar after the trees, sprinkled with dead broken shells that caught and threw back the glaring sunlight, up to where the piles of refuse made the ground rise. Farther on, the talahib stood brown and unmoving. Only the rooftops showed above the tall grass. Dust rose over them and the old man caught himself waiting for the rumble of the truck that would be cruising down the road, but the shouts and the curses had grown louder.

The old man felt his feet start to numb and he stamped on the ground. The water was unusually high after that night's rain, the first in a long drought, and he had to wade in up to his navel to reach the hanging roots of the mangrove trees. It had been just the roots lately. He had to be satisfied with them and hoped that the people who bought wood from him would be satisfied with them too. The roots were much easier to gather. It needed a young man to fell a mangrove and he was no longer young.

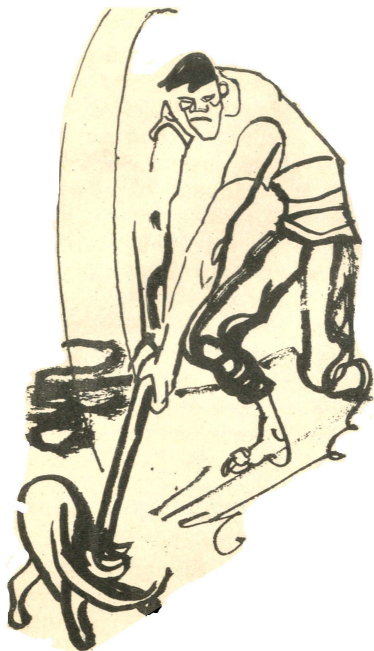
A thrashing movement in the talahib held the old man's eyes. The grass parted and a

dog, its matted fur a brown worn out coat, walked quietly across the dump to the bar where it started lapping the water from a mud puddle with a long red tongue. The dog looked familiar to the old man. He had found it one morning under his hut, bedding on the pile of wood. It was almost the color of the red half-dry roots and it watched him with its gray gelatinous eyes until he had to drive it away to get the wood and toss them out in the yard to dry.

The dog now raised its head, shaking it from side to side, and the old man saw that it was bleeding profusely from an ugly cut between its eyes. It paced towards the trees, its ribbed sides laboring with every pant, flecks of foam clinging around its black mouth, and the old man thought: It must be mad. I wonder what I should do if it made for me?

He started to tug at the bolo on his side but changed his mind and let the half-drawn blade slip back into its leather sheath. He remembered that mad dogs were said to see only in the direction they were going. If he kept himself well behind the tree, the dog would by pass him.

A loud yell broke out from the talahib and two hard-breathing men whom the old man recognized at once as Paco, the mechanic, and the tu-



bercular Rotor, crushed through the clumps and raced after the dog, the bolo and the steel pipe glinting sharply in their hands.

The dog seemed quite unmindful of the danger behind it jogged on the sand and the old man felt a desire to cry out a warning, but Paco was already upon the animal, his bolo

back. It reeled, its legs buckling under it, and the old man thought that now it would make its death howl, but the dog still kept its strange silence. It staggered up and took a few futile steps and Paco jumped after it and struck again with the bolo. It sank on the mud, turning on its side, its muddy legs flailing the air and Rotor bounced forward and hit it in the face with the pipe.

OTHER MEN AND children had cleared the talahib and they came running towards Paco and Rotor who stood panting over the dead dog, their faces flushed with excitement. The crowd milled around the animal, prodding it with their sticks and the old man felt the rough bark of the tree under the grip of his hands. His back ached when he bent down to retrieve his bundle.

The bundle dripping mud on him, the old man struggled past the noisy crowd, half-expecting everybody to turn on him with hostility. He felt like a stranger, but except for Totoy Maria, the town aguador, who was trying to elbow his way through the crowd and who glanced at him sidewise, nobody seemed to notice him. He crossed the dump, avoiding the rusty tin cans and broken bottles strewn around and took the path through the talahib, the grass

and filling his ears with a tiny harsh noise.

At the edge of town, the crowd caught up with the old man. They had not lost the excitement of the chase. Paco and Rotor led them past him. Paco strode in his blue overall with the confidence of a successful hunter, wiping the bolo with a handful of dry grass. The sickly Rotor, his pale thin face shining with perspiration, double-stepped after him followed by the rest of the crowd, talking among themselves. People stepped out of stores and shops and leaned out of windows along the road, throwing eager queries at them.

Did you kill the bazzard? Was it really mad? a loafer in one of the stores asked.

It's dead, and it's mad alright, a man in the crowd answered him. Only a mad dog could foam like that in the mouth.

The crowd dispersed reluctantly and the old man walked heavily down the road. The bundle bit deep in his shoulder and he could feel the mud on his body drying up and caking in the sun, tightening around him like a shell.

He walked past Paco's shop and though he was not close enough to hear what the mechanic was saying to a group that stood before him among the piles of steel and oil-

chine, he recognized his gesture with the fatal bolo. He walked faster. Turning the small alley past the coca-cola stand, he remembered another time he saw the dog. It was coming right at him in the alley, and for a moment he thought it had gone mad, but the dog ran past him and he saw a piece of bread clamped tightly in its mouth. A group of children soon collected in the alley and ran after the animal.

HIS HOUSE, a low one-room hut, roofed and walled with nipa, stood on mangrove posts at the end of the alley. The old man thought of the days before the busses were re-routed through the town, when the rain never failed to come and the swamps were filled with fat mudfish and crabs and the mangroves were never harder for firewood. He remembered how the house stood over the water. In the afternoon, when the day's catch had been bought by the out-of-town buyers and the huge rattan baskets and traps lay cleaned and drying in the sun, he would lie on the bare floor, closing his eyes. He would feel so happy and contented and the water lapping the mangrove posts would lull him to sleep.

The ground in front of the house was covered evenly by neat rows of the slim mangrove

roots that the old man gathered the week before. He stepped on them and they were hot and brittle under his feet. He could bundle them now to be delivered to the **Enginiero** or to **Mrs. Canoy** or to **Mr. Lopez** at the farther end of the town. He threw down the fresh bundle under the hut and picked up a discarded buri bag to fan himself. As he started fanning the bag in the still air, a few strands of fine hair fell out and the smell of dog assailed him. He inspected the bag for a few moments and concluded that the dead dog must have used it to lie on many times.

He threw it away and leaned against one of the gnarled posts. Soon he had forgotten the dog. Shaded from the scorching sun, he regarded the rows on the ground and figured seven bundles would be just right. At a piseta each, they would give enough to buy half a ganta of rice and a few pounds of dried fish.

The old man unstrung the rattan belt around his waist and tossed the bolo near the wet bundle. Slapping his clothes and legs to break up the coat of dry mud all over him, he stepped out from the shade and bending over the dried roots, gathered them by the armful, bundling them with strips of rattan. It was almost noon when he finished. He stood in the middle of the yard, the sun

beating on the stack of wood. Each bundle was the size of his waist. One on top of another, they formed a small pyramid that reached up to his chest. As he had estimated, he had made seven bundles.

He felt so light-hearted he decided to eat his lunch after he had made at least one delivery. The lunch had been ready since that morning. The old man had made it a point to boil more rice than he could eat in the morning so that he did not have to cook again at noon. He shouldered the two topmost bundles on the pyramid. They were hot and heavy as one wet bundle, but he did not mind.

**T**HE ENGINIERO'S house being the nearest from his direction, he decided to make for it first. It stood two blocks from the bridge that separated the town from the rice fields of the next poblacion. It was a squat-looking cottage and newly painted. Its white coat threw a hurting glare at the old man as he stood at the gate and reached through the steel bars to beat the heavy padlock against the grill.

Pepe, the **Enginiero's** gardener and son of one of the town natives, came out of the servants' quarters, a square tall building at the left of the cottage. The old man greeted him, indicating the two bundles he

gate. The gardener smiled timidly and thrust an arm through the bars. The old man raised an eyebrow at the sight of the two silver pisetas clamped between the tips of Pepe's thumb and forefinger.

The Ingeniero has gone to the city, the gardener said. He had left instruction to tell you that we shall need no more wood. And this, he went on, proffering the coins, is payment for your last delivery.

The old man stared at the coins that stuck out like little metal gears from Pepe's fingertips. He passed a hand weakly through his sparse wet hair and blinked his eyes. He took the money and slipped them into his pants pocket without saying a word.

The Ingeniero bought a set of kerosene stoves early this week, Pepe explained. The Ingeniero said woodfire will blacken the kitchen in no time at all, and the house is newly painted.

I see, the old man said, looking down at his mud-caked feet. I see. That's right. That's right.

When the gardener made no sign of leaving the gate, he went on. That's all right. I'll take the wood to Mrs. Canoy down the road.

Pepe said hurriedly, but I don't think Mrs. Canoy needs firewood either. I heard she has bought herself a set of stoves,



too. Everybody is turning to them. They are cleaner and cheaper. But there's no harm if you tried. She may need wood after all.

I'll do that, the old man said. He believed the gardener, but he would try anyway. The house was not very far and there seemed nothing to be lost by trying. For a moment Pepe seemed about to say something more on the matter, but he only remarked, It's very hot. I better get back to the house, and turned his back to the old man.

THE OLD MAN watched him march along the short concrete driveway and turn the curve to the servants' quarters. When the door shut after him, the old man picked up the bundles and walked down the street on heavy feet.

I'll try anyway, he said to himself, his arms curled around

the bundles on his shoulder. I can take these to Mr. Lopez if Mrs. Canoy would not need them.

It was now high noon and heat waves rose and twisted from the rock surface of the road and over the grass lots that used to be truck gardens between the houses. The houses appeared empty without people looking out of the wide windows. It was lunch hour and they were probably dining. The old man thought of his own lunch waiting for him. He could still make it attractive if he could fry the cold rice and fish in fat.

He was panting when he crossed the unfenced yard in front of the school teacher's house. Mrs. Canoy, a plump middle-age woman, her graying hair cut short above her fat shoulders, stood at the window dressed in a white silk sleeveless blouse. She stopped picking her teeth to greet the old man.

The old man threw down his load with a grunt. His knees were starting to wobble under him.

Mrs. Canoy leaned out and in a voice that sounded unusually shrill to the old man said, You needn't have put them down. I'll not be needing wood any more. And as the old man had expected, she added, I've bought myself a kerosene stove.

Pepe told me about that, the old man said, I just came over to make sure.

Mrs. Canoy was wise and seemed to be talking with someone inside the house. She turned back to the old man shortly. You may come next month. One of my nieces will be christened and we'll probably need wood to do some extra cooking in the yard.

The school teacher resumed picking her teeth and the old man noticed the twisted hairpin in her hand. He could hear the sharp ring of forks and spoons and the noise of children in the house. He gazed down the road and measured the distance to Mr. Lopez's house. An old almost leafless mango tree partly hid it. The old man felt he could not make it to the house. The heat was making him giddy.

Mrs. Canoy, may I leave the bundles here? he asked. I'll pick them up tomorrow. Mr. Lopez down the road may need them.

Why, of course, the school teacher said, but you ought to cover them with something. It may rain again tonight, you can never tell.

THE OLD MAN looked around the yard and picked up a piece of flattened corrugated iron beside a clump of snrubs. He heard himself repeating after her. It may rain again tonight, I guess you're right, he said and you never can tell.

He placed the iron over the wood and started to go. Half-

way to the road, he stopped and looked back. Mrs. Canoy was still picking her teeth with the hairpin. If I didn't come back tomorrow . . . he started to say. He was no longer sure if he could come back and pick up his bundles. He felt he might not pass that way for a long time. He wanted to tell the school teacher that if he did not come, she could have the wood, but Mrs. Canoy had turned her back and seemed engrossed in a conversation with the unseen person.

On the road, the noon bus drove past him, swirling the dust along the way. The old man watched the red vehicle, its top filled with baggage, coast to a stop in the middle of the town. He could see several passengers leap out and enter the stores, a few of them hanging in front of the stands to stretch their cramped bones. They clambered back on the vehicle when he reached Mang Roman's sari sari store. The bus backfired and rolled away.

Rotor, Mang Roman and a stranger were seated on stools at the farther end of the store, talking about the dog. Nobody paid the old man any attention as he stood before the counter, passing his eyes over the rows of canned food and small board boxes on the shelves and over the mounds of brown sugar and rice. He espied the cellophane-wrapped lard wedged in

between the cans of milk and the bottles of coca-cola.

Rotor was still wearing the dirty T-shirt he had on that morning and was pointing to something on the shirt front. It spat blood on me, he was telling the stranger. I hit it once with a pipe when it tried to get up after Paco got it twice from behind.

I was the one who gave the alarm, Mang Roman said. He was a former fisherman and the deep tan he had developed in his younger days still clung to his face, hiding the pale sickly look on his loose cheeks. I was sweeping in front when it came out of the alley, foaming in the mouth like the devil.

YOU SHOULD have killed it right there and then. It almost got to the swamps, the stranger chewed as he talked. He was young and his skin was fair. A brown cap and a pair of steel-rimmed glasses lay on the counter near him and the old man recognized him as one of the substitute bus drivers stationed in town.

The old man fished out one of the coins in his pocket and rapped softly on the counter with it. The noise stung the conversation to a stop and the three men all turned their faces to the old man. The old man felt ill at ease in their stares. It seemed suddenly that the matter of purchasing lard was not



worth bothering Mang Koman about, and he felt compelled to say something on the subject of the dog.

Searching his mind, the old man said, Did you bury the dog?

Rotor scowled at him, his thin sharp nose reddening. Who would be crazy to bother about burying a mad dog? he retorted belligerently.

Even while eating the fish and the rice cold because he had entirely forgotten his purpose in the store after Rotor had exploded, the old man still kept thinking of the dog. He could not understand why Rotor should be so antagonized when he asked him if he buried the dog. It seemed to him the proper thing to do. Perhaps if he had explained that he was only worried about the stench that the dog was sure to raise when it started to rot in the mud, Rotor would have felt differently.

All through the long afternoon, the old man lay stretched on the bare floor of the hut, thinking of the dog and trying to rest his aching body. The small room with its wide windows looked spacious with nothing in it except the rolled mat and the two hard pillows in the corner and a wooden trunk near the door. Every now and then

a gust of wind came under the house and the old man would feel it slipping through the spilt bamboo that made the floor. It was warm and dry under him. The dog must have felt no less tired than he felt now in its outcast existence in the town. He was wondering if being killed was not the best thing that happened to the animal when he dropped off to sleep.

The old man woke up in the night to the noise of rain sweeping across the town and beating hard on the roof of his hut. The rain poured in torrents, washing down the dump and shaking the swamp trees and the water rose and crept swiftly over the rise and rushed through the field of talahib. It brought with it the smell of fish and the heavy odor of mud. He listened with eyes closed to the familiar noise of water striking the gnarled posts of the hut and the sound filled him with joy. But when he flicked his eyes open, the sound ceased. A white star kept twinkling in the window and a light breeze blew sluggishly into the room. He stood up and went to the window. It was cold, but there was no sign of rain. The huddle of houses across the yard was a dark indifferent mass in the night.

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# The Diplomat and Other Poems

By LEONARD CASPER

SOMETIMES AMERICANS, aware of Philippine independence, are startled at the scarcity of distinctly local reference in Filipino poetry. Although Robert L. Peters, Boston instructor and editor of *Neo*, has helped manuscripts of such writers as Daguio and Viray reach print, he wondered why "more natively Filipino material — landscape, myth, barbaric leftovers, etc." was not apparent in *Six Filipino Poets*. He had expected "a vital, unique subject matter not dependent on April rain, pains of love, etc. Too, there are no unique cultural speech rhythms . . . to provide something in the way of experiment?"

The question is still an open one, particularly since an adolescent nation always exaggerates differences, rather than similarities, in its identity. Naturally, such nationalism finds greater satisfaction in fiction (or in rambling prosaic free-verse rhetoric) which being more specifically *placed*, is hard to confuse with any other shore, any other climate. Poetry — concentrated, essential, scraped bone-deep and not muffled by fat — thrusts more directly into the imagination, so that more than metaphor — metamorphosis itself — occurs.

At least in Ilio's poetry, first in *Six Filipino Poets* and now in *The Diplomat*, local reference is noticeably absent. Of course, most of these poems were actually written in America. But the American scene is no more exploited than the Philippines! Despite the individual naming of Chicago and New York, these places are represented by interchangeable images: they are City, the mechanical labyrinth populated by

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DOMINADOR I. ILIO, *The Diplomat and Other Poems* (Diliman, 1955).

walled-in, walled-out strangers. They could be Helsingfors, Alexandria, Delhi, Manila. Boston, as Ilio uses it, could be Mecca or Rome or Lhasa.

None of the proper names in such a specific-sounding title as "St. John in Chicago on Holy Saturday" are meant literally. Ganymede, Percival, Icarus, Narcissus, Dante — Americans? fellow students at Iowa? Each is chosen for its aura, then caught in an ironic context that reduces it to incongruity, rupturing haloes.

FOR WHAT all of Ilio's poems, both the named and the nameless, have in common is man's sense of his own loneliness and irrelevance. His discomfort in the world is more than the loss of animal pleasure; it is the dis-ease of his soul. In "Land Beyond the Garden" the archetypal story of Cain and Abel is seen repeated in Christ and the Jews: the saintly are created for sacrifice, the redeemer is spurned. Percival, in search of the grail, is just as much out of place and time, in his jostling modern city. Icarus and Peter White and Dick Ganymede squirm, are uncomfortable with the prophetic word of history and religion, and aspire to die. Narcissus defiles himself with his own tears.

This feeling of uneasiness, of the desolate spectator is peculiar to the world's post-war worry, the unended war. Some of us, like aristocrats on promenade, sacrifice respect for pride; dare not see the comic in ourselves, and so compel a tragedy. Or, in the words of "Storm Warning":

*But in this carefree valley, do we know,  
And do we care, how strong the winds will blow,  
And how heavy the rains? Our fences and shorings  
Have been left to rot.*

Ilio's world is divided between The Sleepers ("Whose hearts lie banked in burglar-safe safes") and The Insomniacs (like the Diplomat), men of some conscience and therefore disturbed. It is this guilt, this mature acceptance of responsibility ("The Face of My Brother I Saw") which differentiates twentieth century loneliness from the romantic self-conscious but not self-aware isolation of Byron's nineteenth century. Modern sleeplessness is informed — by dreams which, like the unapacific past, are man's rediscovered present, memory in action, or fantasy's projects for the future.

A series of poems, scarcely half a year old, illustrate the destruction of order which must have been dear to Ilio (an

engineer by occupation). "Ermita, 1946" keens over war's ravishment of "my little street;" but the others—"Quiapo, 1950," "Intramuros, 1955" and "Neighbors in Morningside Heights"—tell of a fate worse than obliteration: life among the dead, painful immortality. The new neighbors are not neighborly: their hectare is off-limits; there is no more short cut to town. Worse: greasy asphalt rivers flood the toppled towers of Manila's past. In one poem, the visible form itself, moving from compact, balanced stanza to helter-skelter heterogeneity, suggests the deterioration of the ordered past, the self-mutilation of dreams one once tried to live.

THESE LATE POEMS are rare in their local reference; but even they have gained in universality (the scene could be Paris in 1870, Elizabethan London, or Nome during the gold rush) by their author's having undergone the discipline of objectivity observed in his earlier work. At last the reader understands the function of the absence of nationalism in these poems: the voice of alarm is that of a man become alien in his own country, as all men are alien to this world of time, having as they do some remote notion of another land possessed once in promise. It is the voice of the deprived, wrung with cosmic loneliness. Local patriotism can never satisfy that loyal longing, that desire to pay allegiance again to a first and final cause, a desire so deep that it is embedded in our worldwide myths and religious rituals and, as with Ilio, our metaphysical poetry.

In terms of such pervasive pattern, the last poem "Filipino Youth" must be considered either a mistake, or a parody. Its flamboyant chauvinism, election-time clichés, and plaza *pasikat* are completely unlike the idiom and imagery of any other Ilio poem. Its theme, disregarding the seriousness of the poet's vision elsewhere, is cocksure: strong, clean, vigilant youth will take the battlefield now and triumph where all their ancestors failed! Since such naivete is not betrayed anywhere else, its appearance here must be parody and Ilio at their bitterest.

\* \* \*

The vagabond, when rich, is called a tourist.

—Paul Richard

# To Be a Poet

By BIENVENIDO N. SANTOS

Author of *You Lovely People*



THE DESIGNATION "poet" is, in this country, the most insecure of titles. I doubt whether even an act of Congress could do anything about making it more permanent, or, what is truly more important, more becoming to its wearer. As it is, the name "poet" is something we put on and off like expensive electricity. In spite of what our literary chroniclers have said, regarding the strides Philippine literature in English has taken for the past half-century, our poets in the Philippines have not been too happy. They wear their title more like a badge of courage than anything else.

Fortunately, however, the poet in the Philippines is not known as a poet all the time, but as a teacher, if he is a teacher; or doctor, if he happens to

be one; or merchant, student, mechanic, newspaperman, sweepstake ticket vendor, depending upon the job he holds or what he happens to be at the moment.

After liberation, I met a poet who sold American-made shoes and made a lot of money until the bigger shoe emporiums arose in their usual places in the business districts, and he had to turn to something else for a livelihood, but not back again to writing poetry. There is a well-known poet in our province who stays in a rice-mill shed all day. Another one from the same region joined the Boy Scouts years ago and forgot all about rondels and triolets until the other day (oh, happy day!) when a poem of his appeared in a national weekly.

There is another poet who went to the University of the Philippines a few years ahead of me, who has written some of the most correct poems in English, whose brother has published his poems in book form (paper bound), who now teaches in a private school which is housed in a nipa shack. Sometimes this poet comes to school in old rubber shoes. The first time I met him he was peddling his books, and when I bought one, his hand trembled when he received the money.

Some of the poets have not fared badly, though. For instance, I hear that one of our national poets is an important executive in a million-peso corporation. Another owns, among other things, a building which is named after him, of course, along Session Road in Baguio. And there are poets in the foreign service, the glamour or of whose positions has completely hidden, perhaps for all time, the fact that they are poets.

IT IS FORTUNATE that the poet in the Philippines is not known as a poet, but as something else more reasonable. Because the few rare times he is known as a poet he doesn't feel quite well; he feels like apologizing everytime a friend, in an expansive mood, introduces him, say, in a gathering, as a poet, and both the male and the female of the spe-

cies look at one another and at him as though he were a strange creature, having just been identified by the strange title. And if the crowd were engaged in something quite important that required some sort of concentration, say mah-jongg, or an exchange of the latest gossip, or politics, the introduction dies a natural death and the poet begins to breathe normally again.

But if the gathering had nothing better to do, then it begins to pay attention to the strange creature with the funny title. Some would say, yes, I remember having read one of your poems. Was it not published in the *Free Press*? In the provinces, everything has been published in the *Free Press*. And the group, the more it talks, the more it reveals its ignorance about true poetry, whatever that really means.

The poet in the Philippines is on the defensive. That is, to my mind, better than being offensive. Which he is not. Those who do not like poetry are free not to read it, although the poet is hard put to task when asked but why do you write poetry? What for? How much do you get paid for a poem? When do you write? How do you write? What is inspiration? If you are a poet, why don't you look like one or act like one? Meaning, perhaps, like Poe—or like Keats, who was tubercular.

Poets in the Philippines have no readers. Those who appreciate us and those who abhor our poems are fellow-writers or persons who at one time or other in their lives nurtured the hope of becoming writers. In fact they say so. Some say it in such a tragic tone, you get the feeling that their frustration was the country's loss. Oh, yes, students and teachers read us. But these are readers in captivity. Somewhere along the way, they have to read poetry, some of it Philippine poetry.

But even these readers have not advanced beyond the stage of the murmuring pines and the forest primeval. For them, the highest peaks of poetry are bright with neon signs that flash such lines as: "If eyes are made for seeing then beauty is its own excuse for being." Or "As unto the bow the cord is so unto the man is woman"... The rest is peanuts.

**B**EFORE THE WAR, I still remember, thanks to Federico Mangahas and, I think, S. P. Lopez, there were afternoon teas at Malacañan, at which fetes poets were invited, given tea or something more potent than tea, and, at a precise pre-arranged moment, the poet would be called upon to recite his poem. Now that is nice. I say that is nice not because it is really important, but it seems as though it meant appreciation

from the highest places.

The poet needs appreciation. He lives on that. He loves to recite his poem to an interested, attentive audience. There are such groups in America. In my wanderings in that great continent, I once came upon a group, north of the Ozark mountains, who came together, usually at a teacher's house, bringing their own food. Here the poets read their poems, and everybody was happy, even those who had to listen only and had nothing to contribute.

But there are compensations to being a poet. People think poets are wise. So they are consulted on, say, what to do with a sprain, or a fever that has been coming on and off for the past week; or whether the volcano showed any signs of erupting, or whether these harsh winds presaged a typhoon. Sometimes, the poet is asked to crown a beauty queen, that is, after the committee has tried every politician in town and has found not one of them available for the evening. He ghost-writes for officers of civic clubs who must deliver a speech.

But he is never invited to become a member of any of these civic organizations because aside from that fact that he does not have the money for the usual dues and fines it would not be easy to explain how such a bird got into such

a select menagerie You see, the directory of such civic societies includes the business or calling of the member. Name, rice-mill owner; name, hacendero; name, civil engineer. Now, you can see how the poet with no other title than poet could make an otherwise neat classification quite awry.

The poet in the Philippines doesn't have any ground to stand on. He must be something else in addition; to belong, to have a place in our scheme of things, to write what he pleases with an unfettered spirit, in order that the despair that man feels might have less sting and the fear in our hearts be tinged with the hope that all is not lost. He seeks a sanctuary, a refuge in the mind not necessarily at peace but in turmoil.

But even as he tries to say these things, the language of

the poet takes a heavy pall that obscures the sense and muffles the music and his images become too private and his griefs too personal to affect the public and the cold strangers. But all that he is trying to say is that man is base, that man is noble, that sometimes he is capable of grandeur and courage, that he shall know in a lifetime what there is to know of the changing seasons of good and evil, of the glory and the shame that lie all around us.

He is trying to say that there need not be panic in the human heart so long as man continues to walk the earth without an apian stoop or count for too much loss the blood that has been shed for both the real and the illusory; and that perhaps he, the poet, could continue with his singing, even if there are other voices, more compelling, in the air.

\* \* \*

## LAYA AS EDUCATOR

"Perhaps the most arresting contribution Laya has made to the cause of Philippine education is his assertion (drawn after careful experiments) that the use of a foreign language in the primary schools is responsible for the unchanging primitivism of *barrio* life. The child has to learn a foreign language in addition to the multitudinous basic skills he has to master, and the result is mental indigestion or starvation. The child learns little, and quickly forgets what he has learned. It would have been worth our while to know what Laya thought of the universal or compulsory requirement of Spanish for 'cultural' purposes in a nation that can ill afford to teach one foreign language to the level required for reading literature necessary to the cultivation of social values."

—Prof. MONA HIGHLEY, *The New Review*, Aug. 1953.



## F. Scott Fitzgerald: the Morning After

Something in reserve

FEW ARE THE cynics who, watching the present American boom, predict another Wall St. crash. Not business cycles so much as moral bankruptcy—the watering of stock; paper assets and avaricious speculation—swept the economy of the 1920s out of control. F. Scott Fitzgerald was almost the epitome (and epitaph) of those “flaming youths” riding that toppling crest of the jazz and prohibition age. But his finest novels, *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*, prove that he died short of having overdrawn the grace in his personal deposit.

Though he sometimes posed as “The Great Individualist,” even as a child Scotty was painfully aware that society expected more of him than he could give. His mistake was that he let this matter. Despite his Midwestern family’s money, he could not forget his mother’s “potato-Irish famine” background: “I spent my youth in alternately crawling in front of the kitchen maids and insulting the great.”

He felt better at Princeton in the tweedy East, where his good looks and shrewd gentlemanliness early made him literary editor and clubman extraordinary. But he wanted most of all to be a football hero, and was cut out of the squad the very first day! In his junior year his grades were so bad that the dean let him withdraw from college “because of ill health.” He enlisted in the Army at once and became an officer, largely on account of his air and looks.

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This is the thirteenth of an exclusive PANORAMA series on leading literary personalities the world over, written by an authority on the subject.

In the spring of 1918, he proposed to Zelda Sayre above whose house pilots stunted their planes so regularly that the C.O. had to forbid such dangerous courting. Her refusal of his offer hardly chilled Scott. Realizing that she was too ambitious to marry any man without money, he took his discharge in 1919 and went to New York, supremely confident that its grandeur would multiply his own. He had decided to become a name in an age where young Lindbergh, Eliot's *Waste Land* and Al Capone were already famous.

Tired shortly of his job in an advertising agency, Scott went on a three-week drunk, then decided to finish a novel begun as a sophomore. *This Side of Paradise*, the story of college drinking and petting, was so successful that on its first royalties he married Zelda and, triumphant with excitement, left his hotel often with five or six \$100 bills peeking from his vest pockets. The honeymoon seemed never to stop: all America, in fact, in the early '20s was on a gaudy spree, an everlasting party. The more people met Scott, the more they read his book: he seemed his own hero, handsome, graceful, charming, in love with popularity. And sunburned, unconventional Zelda was his incredible heroine, "a barbarian princess from the South."

**M**ONEY HAD COME to them when they were so young that they spent their innocence with gusto. Arthur Mizener says, "They rode down Fifth Avenue on the tops of taxis because it was hot . . . or, in sheer delight at the splendor of New York, jumped cold sober into the Pulitzer fountain in front of the Plaza. Fitzgerald got into fights with waiters and Zelda danced on people's dinner tables." Even then, Scott wept, knowing he would never be so happy again.

After three months of extravagance, he was broke. They had their child in the Midwest (the quiet center to which Scott and his characters always returned for restoration of their souls), then went back to Long Island. The parties began again as soon as the royalties were renewed. Having spent \$36,000 this way their first year in Long Island, they decided to pack for Paris and live "on practically nothing." Unfortunately, on the Riviera, Zelda became so interested in a romantic French aviator that Scott, who was "temperamentally incapable of the '20s habit of tolerating casual affairs," bitterly drove the other man away.

*The Great Gatsby*, in 1925, brought them more of the gay, demoralizing life from which Scott had barely rescued his narrator-character, Nick Carroway. But the fun already had lost its edge and was turning into an impulse to destroy, as if Scott realized the emptiness of their debaucheries and cruel "practical" jokes.

In the summer of 1928, Zelda (who had studied ballet as a girl) began to dance for hours with frightening intensity. For his part, Scott wound up in jail for drunken brawling. Then, in 1930, Zelda went insane; and Scott felt responsible, his own career often having deprived her of her own ambitions.

After her second breakdown in 1932, the "fabulous Fitzgeralds" forced themselves to live quietly, almost in retirement. Despite insomnia, caused by his anxiety about Zelda, Scott worked on his fourth novel, *Tender Is the Night*, about a psychiatrist who helps to cure his wife, only to lose her affection and, almost his own self-respect. It remains one of his finest novels—the heroic attempt of a man, with a conscience as well as a consciousness, to save his harrowed soul: but its meager sales, coming shortly after Zelda's third breakdown (after 1934, she never left the sanitarium) nearly felled him.

HE TRIED to make up for his past irregular life, by overprotecting their 14-year-old daughter. Even when she was at Vassar, later, he tried to choose courses and friends for her, almost begging her, pathetically, to develop his way "a little longer."

Frightened and discouraged, he drank uncontrollably; but by 1937, \$40,000 in debt, he forced himself to realize that not his daughter but himself needed to mature. He stopped drinking and contracted himself to MGM for 18 months. A year later, however, in typical Hollywood fashion, a producer re-wrote and destroyed a superb script which Scott had just finished. He continued to write afterwards, but for money only and without enthusiasm.

Late in 1940, he suffered a serious heart attack. Frightened more than ever, he struggled to finish a novel parodying Hollywood and his own past pretensions. A month later, in the middle of Chapter IV, he had a second, fatal heart attack. Almost nobody came to the funeral. Eight years afterwards,

Zelda burned to death when her sanitarium was destroyed by fire. They had their taste of purgatory.

Scott particularly had grown away from the careless people who had supported him, the socially resplendent, the irresponsible whose opinion he had valued so much even as a child that he had continued to be a destructive pampered child, outside his novels, a long long time. The scourging moral vision in his books, which passes hard sentence on the fair vanity of the glittering '20s, is more than fiction's device: it is F. Scott Fitzgerald's hard-earned wisdom, bought with the unhappiness that only a playboy can know to whom all life has become "the morning after."

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## Sawali in the Sky

**F**OR OVER a year, the Philippine Air Force has been flying experimental planes built for them by the Institute of Science and Technology. What makes the planes unique is their "skin," a new processed sawali called Wobex, "woven bamboo, experimental."

The first was a light three-seater; the second, a glider. The third, XL-15 "Tagak," has twin booms like a P-38; its maximum speed is 120 mph, its cruising speed 105 mph, its normal range 420 miles: it can stay in the air, therefore, for almost four hours. "Tagak's" versatility is amazing: easily converted into a seaplane, it is usable as light ambulance or utility aircraft.

The experimental plane cost ₱27,000; yet the experts hope to make a commercial model for almost half that price.

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A monologue is a conversation between two people, such as husband and wife.



# Philippine Democracy: It's Pre-Spanish



By *MODESTO FAROLAN*

**T**HE DEMOCRATIC ideal is generally regarded as the great American contribution to Philippine political development. The forty odd years of American sovereignty saw the development of democratic institutions and practices at a rate with few parallels in history, and nine years of Philippine independence have demonstrated how thoroughly democratic principles have been assimilated into our way of life.

The depth of the democratic spirit, however, is evidence of the existence of a democratic pattern in Philippine traditions, customs and practices that antedates the arrival of the United States in this country. The successful revolt against Spain in 1898 was itself the culmination of a liberal movement dating back to the middle of the 19th century.

Indeed, its roots go back to pre-Spanish times; the "barangays" (pre-Spanish communities) were governed by a coun-

cil of elders, and the absence of absolute rulers is a notable feature of early Philippine history. What might be called the formal introduction of democracy into Philippine life found a receptive soil and a hospitable atmosphere.

The deep-seated — we might say, intuitive — feeling for democracy manifested itself throughout the centuries of Spanish domination. Filipino agitation brought about their first representation in the Spanish Cortes (parliament) as early as 1810. A Filipino was among the signers of the Spanish Constitution of 1812, a liberal document that raised high hopes in the country for an improvement in colonial government. When Ferdinand VII was restored to the throne and the constitution abolished shortly thereafter, the reaction in the Philippines was immediate revolt.

It was the Spanish revolution of 1868, however, against the absolute monarchy of Isabella II, that spelled the beginning of democracy as an organized movement in the Philippines. The reforms brought about by the revolt in Spain were extended to the Philippines by liberal colonial administrators. A native school of democratic reformers arose, led by Joaquin Pardo de Tavera, Antonio Regidor and others. Their teachings were to survive and dominate the thought of the colony for years after their sources were snuffed out in the parent country, where liberalism proved to be short-lived.

**T**HE RETURN to a strong monarchical form of government in Spain was accompanied by vigorous attempts to suppress liberal ideas in the colonies. Starting in 1872, a series of violent uprisings took place, and were put down only after much bloodshed; from this time on, Spanish rule was to be maintained in the Philippines only through military strength.

Faced with the continual prospect of revolution, and heeding a lesson learned in South America, the Spaniards once again began the introduction of reforms. The payment of tribute was abolished, provincial governments were reorganized, and the Spanish Civil Code was introduced.

But the fires of nationalism, once aroused, are not easy to extinguish. Where better colonial government would once have sufficed, only independence was now acceptable. Spain's South American possessions had revolted successfully. Reforms failed to keep pace with even the moderate demands of a new school of Filipino leaders, among whom Jose Rizal, our national hero, was foremost. It was not long before the Filipinos decided that more radical steps were necessary to achieve their aspirations.

In 1896, a secret organization, the Katipunan, rose in rebellion once more. Strongly influenced by the French Revolution a century earlier, its leaders made the ideals of equality and brotherhood the cornerstones of the organization's purposes. The fight against the Spaniards ended momentarily with the Pact of Biak-Na-Bato under which most of the reforms demanded were guaranteed in exchange for a return to peace.

This proved to be temporary. The desired reforms were not carried out, many revolutionary leaders were imprisoned and executed. Warfare broke out again throughout the Islands in 1898. This second phase of the revolution had just started when Admiral Dewey and an American fleet sailed into Manila Bay, to engage Spain in a con-

flict that had started half-way around the world, in Cuba.

**E**MILIO AGUINALDO, who had taken over the leadership of the rebellion from Andres Bonifacio in 1896, returned from exile in Hongkong in May, 1898, to lead the new uprising. The rebels captured most of Luzon from Spain, and Philippine independence was proclaimed in Cavite in June.

The Filipino Congress that assembled at Malolos, Bulacan, in September 1898, framed a constitution for the new nation embodying the highest ideals of democracy, freedom and human dignity. In the history of Asia, the Malolos Constitution stands out as one of the finest charters of human rights ever formulated.

Nor was this exceptional. All documents of the Philippine Revolution were inspired by the spirit of democracy whose flood-

tide had already swept over Europe and America. Not merely national independence, but personal liberty and equal justice were the rallying cries of the rebellion.

When Spain ceded the Philippines to the United States, over the protests of the Philippine Revolutionary Government, it signalled the renewal of the fight for independence against a new adversary. Against the well-organized American forces, however, the Philippine army proved futile, and the invaders slowly drove Aguinaldo northward through Luzon, finally forcing his capitulation in 1901.

Sporadic fighting continued for a short while after the defeat of Aguinaldo, but there no longer was a serious challenge to American rule. On July 4, 1901, William Taft became the first civil governor of the Philippines.

#### SPANISH HERITAGE

"Our history books are filled with stories of political oppression from Spain but you will not find word printed against the cultural heritage that Spain has left. You will hear our politicians warn against the return of that type of oppression that the Spanish colonial policy imposed upon our people but you will not hear any one decrying the deep religious consciousness, the traditions of chivalry, and the many ineradicable roots which the spirit of Spain has left implanted in our soil. You will not hear any one lament over the unmistakable Spanish strain in our 'Kundiman' or over the Castilian ancestry of our 'Fandang Sa Ilaw.'"

—Hon. Raul S. Manglapus

Loss of their independence proved, paradoxically, to be the start of a new era in the democratic current in Philippine history. A succession of high-minded American administrators pursued a then unheard-of program of inculcating a people conquered by force of arms with the practice of democratic self-government. A system of public education was introduced, Filipinos were appointed to the central governing body of the country, the Philippine Commission, and autonomous provincial and municipal governments were established. Political parties came into existence; by 1907 the Philippine Assembly, which shared duties with the Philippine Commission, was organized.

**T**HE SUCCESS of our drive for the recognition of our right to independence is but one measure of our competence in the ways of democracy, and our devotion to its principles. When aggressors once more wrested freedom from us in the second world war, our continued and effective resistance to occupation and totalitarianism proved again that democracy was too deeply imbedded in the Filipino soil to be swayed by the early success of an anti-democratic surge.

But more significant than these two instances of the strength of our democracy was

the determination to establish our Republic at a time when the country was in ruins, its resources laid waste and its people helpless.

If ever there was an unfavorable occasion for a new nation setting out on the road national independence, it was 1946. It required a strong moral fiber to bind the people together and bend them to the task of lifting the country from its tragic state. This fiber was found in the ideals of democracy which had sustained Filipinos in all the long years of their struggle for independence.

In our years of independence, the challenges to our national existence have been many and serious. The demoralization that war brought, the economic crisis that has never been completely overcome, are factors that could have steadily sapped our spiritual vigor; that they have not is proof of the efficacy of democratic solutions.

The Communist-inspired Huk dissidence posed at one time a grave threat, but it has been put down without once sacrificing the protections guaranteed by the Constitution or subverting the purposes and methods of justice. The government has leaned over backwards in assuring that just grievances are not disregarded in the hysteria and general revulsion over a threat to the very substance of our way of life.



**T**HIS SAME spirit that has given us sustenance in our growth has been translated to the international field in our continuing good relationship with our former rulers, contrasting with the bitterness characterizing feelings between other former colonies in Asia and other colonial powers.

Even more actively, it has been demonstrated by a display of initiative in mustering the freedom-loving countries of the Far East in the present cold war against Communist imperialism. The Baguio Conference

of 1950 summoned by the then President Quirino was a forerunner of SEATO, at a time when the United States itself had not yet recognized the need for an alliance in the Orient against Communism.

When the United Nations went to war to defend South Korea, the Philippines was the first to respond to the call for soldiers, and many brave men perished defending a distant land and people whose only tie with them was that they were another young democracy resisting the aggression of a totalitarian power.

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## The Worm that Tastes Like Carabao Milk

*First the Itas, then the people near Abucay, Bataan, discovered the TATAD worm which looks like hybrid larva of some caterpillar but is edible. The TATAD generally reaches a length of four and one-fourth inches, with a diameter of 7/16ths of an inch. Unlike the earthworm, its body is neither slimy nor segmented; instead, it is soft and creamy white, both inside and out.*

*Usually the people of Abucay wash the gathered worms, then pierce them lengthwise on thin bamboo shavings, and proceed to roast them. The aroma is sweet, and the taste is like that of hot succulent milk. During "Japanese time" great numbers of the TATAD were sold for prices equal to that of carabao or goat's milk.*

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# East Pakistan's Folk Culture



By *ABBAS UDDIN AHMED*

**D**URING THE RAINY season East Pakistan, which in other seasons has only one water boundary (the Bay of Bengal), seems overnight to become a land of large rivers, each a sea. These mighty rushing and standing waters, joined by the innumerable ponds, lakes and lesser rivers, virtually slice the nation into a criss-cross network of islands beyond measure, like a Venice multiplied. Because the "normal" rainfall is always abnormally heavy, for the year's major part sailboats, steamers and launches are the only means of communication in certain East Pakistan regions.

Such rivers obviously have a prominent hand in shaping the people's life and culture. They bring not only prosperity

but also, in the form of devastating floods, untold misery to millions. Knowing their rivers as they do, East Pakistanis accept their bounties with reservation and their challenge, when the rivers run ferocious, with dignity. This constant attitude of the people towards their floating life is reflected in their folklore and folk-music.

The words of their songs often come from poets whose names have been forgotten long ago; played on such instruments as the *dotara*, *banshi*, *mridanga*, *khanjani*, *doogi*, etc. The boatman's ballads generally are called *bhatiali*: they reflect the rhythm of boat-rowing and are sung in chorus, repeated after a solo lead in hissing waves that mimic the sounds of water. One

such song is this:

*O Majhire Aji Jhartufane  
Chalao Tari Hushiar*

*Take care, o boatman,  
while your boat in  
storm and gales rocks;*

*Take care, o boatman.  
Sharks and crocodiles are  
our neighbors.*

*The waves of the dark  
torrents bead this raised  
hood at the stroke of  
our oars.*

*If the storm would come,  
let it come: what do I  
care for gales?*

*Lightnings and thunders  
are comrades at arms,  
those who have built  
this dwelling on the  
Padma.*

*Now my heart leaps at  
the sight of storm, and  
sails of my boat are at  
play.*

*Raise your voice, o my  
boatman, and knock at  
your heart, setting  
alight the clouds.*

*Who is that mad girl  
dancing yonder, having  
set fire to the clouds?*

*She moves ahead and ac-  
companies you,  
Showing the way of  
eternal accomplishment.*

**S**OMETIMES, during the rainy season, boat-races are organized in long, torpedo-shaped boats containing fifty rowers in each. As

they sail, they sing the famous *shari* songs, with words such as: "The clouds are thundering intermittently, Rush to the shore, The boat has no covering . . . there is no end of this river . . . untraced is the shore, The sky has come down and is lost in the river, None is with me . . ."

When a folk song includes some guru, or spiritual guide, it is called a *murshidi*. Such songs have been influenced by Muslim mysticism, as in "O Amar Daradi Age Janle":

*O my friend,  
Had I known early, I  
would not have entered  
your broken boat.*

*I would not have got upon  
this broken boat and  
started for a distant  
place.*

*I would not have loaded  
this boat with  
Nine lakh items of com-  
mercial commodities.*

*I had ores of gold and  
wine and also*

*I had a peacock-shaped  
boat.*

*The moonshine used to  
scatter flowers  
Through the bags of moon  
and sun.*

*The waves roll during a  
storm with high sounds:  
Don't cross the river dur-  
ing this storm.*

*I am about to die at the  
sight of the*

*Water of the dreadful river.*

*There is splashing of water. The water is moving.*

*Go forward, you have no strength,  
Still you go.*

*O boatman! why have you become indifferent today,*

*The gold colored girl dances before you  
With lightning.*

Another song tells of a boatman's pushing his tottering boat into the widening flood in search of his beloved: "There I saw my golden image for a moment, It has vanished from my sight."

**7** HERE IS another type of song, the *jari*, in which a principal voice narrates a story, with intermittent choral background. It may be about the sacrifice of Hazrat Ibrahim or the sadness of Karbala, or a recent event like the creation of Pakistan, or a simple prayer for rain: "Allah Megh De Pani De":

*In the noon the sand stretches to the distant horizon,*

*In the sun the heart burns and tosses with thirst.*

*Oh Allah, give us clouds and rains and shade.*

*The sky has cracked, the earth is parched,*

*The king of clouds is sleeping,*

*Who will give you rains?*

*The farmer weeps: his plow oxen idle;*

*The woman of the house weeps:*

*She has cooked only until and rice.*

*Mango leaves tremble in the trees,*

*Jack fruit leaves are dropping off*

*Crying for water.*

*The waterfowl is dying in the dry swamps,*

*Doves are weeping in their cotes,*

*Dry flowers are withering off their stems.*

*Oh Allah, give us clouds,  
Oh Allah, give us clouds and rains and shade.*

#### DEATH BY WATER

*"The handles of oars make laughter, The boat prow trembles with the motion of waves and the jumping of my feet, The boat roof slowly takes the measure of sun and storm, The bees play in the chirali flowers, The monsoon plays in the water and on the field with black naked looks: Rush!"*

—NAOCHARIA De.

In the northern part of the nation, land of wide pasturage, singers like to make their voices break as if with sorrow. One such *bhaoaiya*, for instance, is the cry of a village maid begging a bullock-cart driver, with whom she has fallen in love, to tell her when he will return from his voyage: "My woman's mind weeps."

An example of the *chatka*, where rhythm and echo predominate, is "Abo Naodharita Maria":

*O grandma, what a loss  
the death of  
My beloved has caused  
me!*

*I remain now alone in this  
dreary house and tears  
trickle down from my  
eyes*

*In a trickling tone.  
The girls in their red  
sari's*

*Visit from house to house.  
The dkakai sari of my be-  
loved is there but  
None to wear it*

*In a sweet noise of  
dressing.  
The girls go to their fath-  
ers' house—*

*My beloved also would  
have gone, dressed in  
That red sari and the rear  
part of it would  
Have made clatters in the  
wind, in wavery tones.  
During summer days  
everyone sleeps—  
If my beloved were with  
me, she would sit  
By my side and fan my  
body with her fan*

*In a fanning tone.  
In the rainy days, I bring  
fishes—*

*If she were there, she  
would sit by my  
Side and cut those into  
pieces*

*In that cutting tone.  
What a grief I am suffer-  
ing from*

*The death of my beloved.  
My heart breaks like the  
crumbling*

*Bank of the river  
In its crumbling tone.*

Folk melodies are usually as simple but nevertheless as moving as the words of such a ballad. The appeal is direct and penetrating, and universal, as universal as the brooding presence of wide, waiting waters.

\* \* \*

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power.

—George Meredith

**I**N 1926, AN AMERICAN anthropologist doing scientific excavations in Novaliches, Rizal near Manila, stumbled upon a very old grave site belonging to the early Iron Age). Among the grave relics the professor found a curiously shaped piece of rock, with a black glassy surface, and differing from other earthly rocks. It was realized that it was the first "tektite" to be found in the Philippines. The discoverer is H. Otley Beyer of the University of the Philippines.

Tektites, according to Beyer, have been the object of much study and research by geologists, mineralogists, astronomers and a few archeologists, during the past 60 years. "The conviction," he said, "has been gradually but surely growing that they can be adequately explained as forms of glass meteorites that have reached the earth from outer space, through the agency of various meteoritic showers during widely separated periods of our geologic past."

More specimens were taken from various graves in the same site in Rizal. In most cases the little rocks showed markedly worn surfaces, indicating years of carrying about as charms or amulets. In other sites they have been found with polished agate, rock-crystal, amethyst, carnelian, and other precious gemstones, manifesting probable

## Charmstones from the Earth's Bowels

*If you haven't heard of  
TEKTITES, here is an article  
for you to read*

*By JESUS P. STO. DOMINGO*

use as jewel-settings. In two cases in Rizal small whole tektites have been perforated for use as beads.

It has long been known, Beyer said, that various primitive peoples, in the few earthly regions where tektites occur in natural deposits have from time immemorial regarded these strange objects as originating from the sky — and have there-

fore valued them as charmstones or amulets.

**D**ESCRIBING THE interesting history of the study of tektites, Beyer said: "They first came to the serious attention of archeologists when in 1918, flaked palaeoliths of tektite glass were found in an Aurignacian site in Central Europe; and at later dates in various other Stone Age sites in the Far East. In other areas, particularly in Malaysia, tektites were found in graves of diverse character and date—from Neolithic times down to the Iron Age—under circumstances which indicated their ancient use as charmstones or amulets; while in Indo-China a large image of a Hindu god of the late Bronze Age was found to have eyes made from polished tektites! However, the greatest archaeological interest in Tektites as a class came through the finding in Central Java of natural tektites in the deposits containing Pithecanthropus fossils; and in the Philippines of finding them in similar deposits containing early human artifacts and mammalian fossil remains of mid-Pleistocene date."

The Philippines, according to Beyer, contains not only the world's largest deposits of tektites, as found to date, but also apparently the greatest number and the greatest variety of natural subtypes.

The first Philippine tektites found in Novaliches in 1926 were identified tektites two years later and were called Rizalites on account of their special characteristics. The evenly pitted specimens were described as having a brilliantly lustrous black surface; their average weight is 20 to 30 grams.

Explorations in the Islands reveal "subtypes" such as the Billitonite, occurring in other sites in Luzon and in south-central Cebu; the Bicol subtype, in Camarines Norte; and the Anda subtype, in northwestern Pangasinan. The last is described as presenting a type of surface sculpture not only new in tektite studies but very curious in itself—more resembling the patterns of certain natural corals, and other animal products from the sea, than a mineral product.

**O**THER KNOWN tektite sites are in Cubao and Sta. Mesa in Quezon City, in Babuyan barrio, about 15 kilometers inland just on the border of Zambales and Pangasinan provinces. The war and the local movement (since the discovery of the last site shortly before the outbreak of the Pacific war) have prevented any further exploration of the Babuyan site. In December, 1953, however, Dr. von Koenigswald found many Babuyan types (one of the specimens weighed about 100 grams) in northwestern

Pangasinan. Nowhere in the Far East, says Beyer, has this subtype yet appeared except in northwestern Pangasinan — along a narrow strip or corridor on the western side of Cabaruyan island, of the Pangasinan mainland, northern Indochina, and border sections of South China.

At the Museum of Archaeology of the state university, Prof. Beyer keeps nearly a half-million Philippine tektites, found in eight provinces of Luzon (the total number from five other islands being less than 2,000, plus two doubtful islands having only one specimen each); and 90 percent of all have been found in the two provinces of Rizal and Bulacan.

Beyer cited evidence that throughout the Philippines both in prehistoric and modern historic times tektites were regarded as supernatural objects, originating from the sky and possessing unusual qualities. "The degree of respect accorded to them seems to depend to a considerable extent on the number found in the different areas where they occur — and the greatest value is attached to them in areas where they are very scarce, or where they do not occur naturally at all," he said.

Talking from experience in Rizal and Bulacan, the professor said that people today seldom bother to pick tektites up

unless some stranger or collector asks them to do so. They usually laugh, he said, when some stranger speaks of the supposed power and magic qualities of these objects. They say: "Oh! that was just a superstitious belief of our ancestors! We see these things every day, and they do not behave in any unusual way!" Beyer, however, has often noticed that the older people frequently cross themselves when the young folk speak in this sacrilegious manner. He would also find a few tektites stored away by the old people in a small pot or can on a back shelf, or hidden in a bamboo tube.

**I**N PLACES far from the tektite sites, people are found carrying a tektite on their persons or concealing it in some part of the house or field. They usually admit, Beyer said, (though sometimes rather sheepishly, if questioned) that they believe the stone has magic or protective properties. In other provinces where tektites do not occur naturally in any place, people know about them by hearsay or not at all — but "judicious inquiry will usually bring out the fact that certain individuals are said to carry such stones as charms or 'anting-anting,' and sometimes such persons are rather feared by their neighbors."

Fr. Miguel Selga, one time



director of the Philippine observatory, found an old man in Capiz on Panay island, who had carried a small tektite in his mouth for over twenty years, until he developed an ulcer and had to remove it. The man refused to part with it for less than twice its weight in gold.

In 1938, Beyer wrote: In the Paracale-Labo districts of Camarines Norte, tektites have long been known . . . as *mañga bisnu*, *asawa nang ginto*, that is "bisnu, mate of the gold." It is

generally believed that wherever a large tektite is found, sizable gold nuggets will also occur . . . nearly every native miner in this district (particularly among the older inhabitants) keeps a sizable tektite or two in his kitchen—usually over the fireplace—and when he brings home each day his little bag of gold dust, he puts it beside the tektites, in the fond belief that during the night the two will mate and the gold increase in size."

\* \* \*

## The New Recipe

*"Now music is always spoken of as a 'universal language.' That is true for those parts of the world who have been brought up in that universal language, let's say Europe and all the parts of the New World that were colonized from the old, North and South America, Australia and New Zealand; but it is not true of all those parts of the world where music is based on a different conception entirely; the world of Arabia, India, China and Japan. The European, especially the British, lived in India and China for hundred and fifty years, appreciated their arts in painting and metal work, brought home their fabrics and their pottery, ate their cooking, but could not swallow or understand their music."*

— Sir Steuart Wilson

\*

An unbiased account of Philippine events can emerge  
only from the pen of a historian with integrity  
and whose loyalty is pledged to truth

## Let's Write Our Own History!



By **GABRIEL F. FABELLA**  
President, Philippine Historical Association

**I**N THE PAST, writers on Philippine history were for the most part foreigners. It was only very recently that Filipino scholars, in the face of public apathy and straitened circumstances, devoted some of their time to writing the history of their country.

Of course we need the viewpoint of foreign writers to lend balance and provide challenge to different evaluative interpretations. But at the same time Filipino historians should make their own contributions to historical knowledge for only Filipino scholars can present in true perspective the history of the Philippines.

There are many gaps to be filled in Philippine history. Except for the monumental collec-

tion of the 55 volumes of Blair and Robertson, *The Philippine Islands*, no comprehensive project has so far been undertaken in relation to many phases of Philippine history.

Nothing or almost nothing has been written about the Philippines before the 13th century, which, as the history of other countries goes, is a fairly recent period. There must be some records somewhere in Indonesia, and in other lands within the narrow arc of Southeast Asia, which await the linguist-historian to unearth and decipher such records for whatever light they throw on unknown points in the development of Philippine civilization.

Somewhere in South Asia, including southern China, there

there must be some important leads that a research historian can follow which may add immensely to our meager knowledge of important missing segments of Philippine history. The relations and contacts of the Philippines with other Asian countries have been mentioned in brief history books but only generally and fragmentarily.

To follow leads and tap hitherto untouched sources in Asia, we must know the languages of Asian countries. We should train young men and young women in the languages of those countries in our own universities or send them to those countries for language training and research assignments.

**SOURCES IN SPAIN**, in the British Museum, in Mexico, in the museums and universities and in public and private libraries of the United States and elsewhere in the western world, must be tapped by professional Filipino researchers. Of course this can be done only through financial assistance under the auspices of government, private foundations, or even of wealthy individuals.

News of a rich and so-called "untapped source" that presumably would throw light on the history of the Philippine revolution was mentioned by the Associated Press dispatch from Washington on November 18,

1955. The AP said that "400,000 historical documents and records captured by the U.S. Army from the Philippine revolutionary leaders more than 50 years ago may be heading back to Manila soon—if Congress agrees." This should be welcome news for researchers.

Unfortunately the discovery of these sources is attributed by the local papers to someone who has just returned from the United States, as though no one before him knew anything about the said documents. The late Dean Maximo M. Kalaw, while Secretary to Resident Commissioner Manuel L. Quezon, had occasion to utilize those documents in writing his books. Dr. Leandro H. Fernandez while preparing his dissertation, the *Philippine Republic*, secured special permission to use some of those documents. Dr. Honesto A. Villanueva, and other individuals have had access to the said documents.

Their return to the Philippines would be a great boon to historians and researchers on the Philippine revolution. There are many other sources in the Library of Congress and other libraries in the U.S. and elsewhere that could fill the gaps in Philippine history.

**T**HE GUERRILLA history has yet to be written. And the Japanese occupation. More important and as urgent for the

moment is the writing of the history of the provinces. This has not been done before systematically. Private persons and individuals have attempted this task but failed.

The project of writing the history of the provinces should not be undertaken by government historians, for officialese slanting could well vitiate the historical value of such a project. It should be undertaken in the universities or by private foundations. Or, if the government finances such a project, it shall be stipulated that the historians are guaranteed the utmost freedom to analyze and evaluate no matter where the chips fall. That would seem to be the only way to make the effort respected and worthwhile.

Speaking of freedom of historical writing—that is, prejudice-free kind of writing—we would like to mention a trend that prostitutes the calling of a historian. It is that peculiar sort of history writing that courts the money changers in the marketplace or that caters to the whims of pressure and vested groups. Such a method of writing is repugnant to the integrity, freedom and intellectual hon-

esty. It is vicious and leads to confusion.

Already efforts are being exerted to slant the facts about Rizal and the Philippine Revolution, and to belittle the libertarian and nationalist basis of Filipino historical literature.

A HISTORIAN is first and last a historian of severe integrity and his loyalties must be pledged and dedicated singly to truth. The truth is his only master, and his personal affiliations and preferences must be considered peripheral, or better, must be submerged and subdued, in deference to the truth, notwithstanding his affiliations and preferences whether they be economic, political or religious.

The moment we bat for pressure groups and vested interests or allow ourselves to be enslaved by their viewpoints—whether they be governmental or private—we degenerate into mere hacks and propagandists. Of course, our evaluations may differ and our discernments may vary according to our gifts, but this fact does not give license to a historian worthy of the name to falsify the records to fit his conclusions.

\* \* \*

### *Lost and Found*

Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

# 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. A mouse is called a "rodent" because it belongs to a class of mammals which: *A. keeps food in its cheeks; B. roams continuously; C. nibbles or gnaws constantly; D. has four feet.*

2. Are you planning your honeymoon on the moon? Traveling continuously at the speed of sound (about 760 miles per hour), you should get there in: *A. 2 days; B. three months; C. 13 days; D. one year.*

3. Of course you know that in the last Philippine senatorial elections the only majority party (Nacionalista) official candidate who lost was: *A. Justiniano Montano; B. Quintin Paredes; C. Juan Chioco; D. Macario Peralta.*

4. In the U.S. and in the Philippines, a Navy captain has the equivalent Army rank of: *A. colonel; B. major general; C. major; D. brigadier general.*

5. All of the following terms refer to the young of certain animals, except one. Which one? *A. pullet; B. ewe; C. colt; D. squab.*

6. Your friend who is a tympanist is certainly at home with: *A. drums; B. the latest dance steps; C. foreign dishes; D. expensive wines.*

7. Recently Russia's leaders tried to woo back this straying satellite leader into the communist fold, but failed: *A. Cardinal Midzenty; B. Generalissimo Franco; C. Marshal Tito; D. Chancellor Adenauer.*

8. Generally hailed as the greatest genius of all time, he was a sculptor, architect, engineer and painter whose fame among other things lies in "The Last Supper": *A. Francis Bacon; B. Leonardo da Vinci; C. Andres del Sarto; D. Raphael Santi.*

9. Creator of inimitable Mutt and Jeff of comics fame, he died recently: *A. "Bud" Fisher; B. Milton A. Caniff; C. Peter Arno; D. Bill Mauldin.*

10. With a total daily newspaper circulation of 18,000,000 this country leads all the rest in the Orient: *A. Japan; B. India; C. China; D. Philippines.*

## Answers

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. (b) childishly foolish ✓               | 1. C. nibbles or gnaws constantly   |
| 2. (d) to use severe economy ✓            | 2. C. 13 days (mean distance be<br>tween earth and moon: 238,<br>860 miles) |
| 3. (a) to drive or incite ✓               | 3. C. Juan Chioco   |
| 4. (b) offensively noisy                  | 4. A. Colonel   |
| 5. (c) commonplace or dull ✓              | 5. B. ewe   |
| 6. (c) disposed or liable ✓               | 6. A. drums   |
| 7. (a) not easily moved mentally ✓        | 7. C. Marshal Tito  |
| 8. (c) the stomach                        | 8. B. Leonardo da Vinci (Florer<br>tine, 1452-1519)                         |
| 9. (b) to walk laboriously ✓              | 9. A. "Bud" Fisher  |
| 10. (d) to annoy ✓                        | 10. A. Japan  |
| 11. (b) to inspire or impregnate ✓        |   |
| 12. (d) to walk laboriously ✓             |   |
| 13. (a) to discredit or condemn ✓         |   |
| 14. (a) to come to an end ✓               |   |
| 15. (c) in reference or regard ✓          |   |
| 16. (c) of supreme dignity ✓              |   |
| 17. (a) silly ✓                           |   |
| 18. (d) weakly simple or sentimental      |   |
| 19. (c) a trusted counselor ✓             |   |
| 20. (b) any nibbling or gnawing<br>mammal |   |

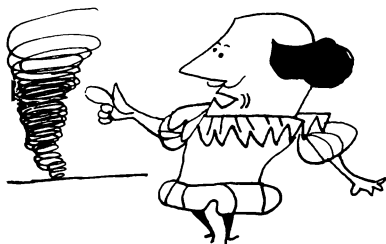
\* \* \*

**ATTENTION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS**

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

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

## In the Beginning. . .

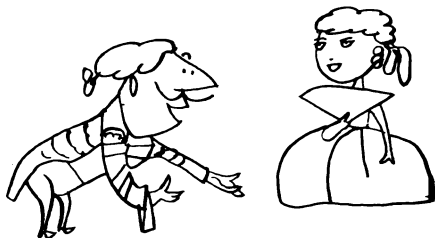


### TORNADO (a whirlwind)

The Spaniards took over the Latin word *tornare*, meaning "to turn," and converted it to the violent windstorm of today.

### ARDON (to excuse or tolerate)

The French borrowed the Latin *donare*, "to give," and modified it enough to mean, more or less, "to ask to be given."



### LOOT (booty taken in war)

From the Hindu *lut* which in turn was borrowed from the Sanskrit *luntati* ("he robs"), is taken this present-day word.



## Candaba:

### SWAMPS, HUKS and WATERMELONS

**T**HIS LITTLE Pampanga town, some 87 kilometers north-east of Manila, is certainly not an ideal tourist spot; but it is famous just the same for three things—swamps, Huks and watermelons.

The first item will always be there, it seems, for the place is a basin of the Pampanga river

which leisurely flows through a parent peaceful territory. The government is trying to reclaim some 30,000 hectares and distribute the land among the deserving farmers.

The second item is now not much of a problem, considering the relentless efforts of battalion combat teams in their dis-



-ent campaign.

As for the third, it is considered Candaba's first claim to fame in the more peaceful days. With the onset of the dry season this year, the harried city and town dwellers start looking for cool things such as watermelons; nowhere do they grow bigger, sweeter and more juicy.

The town of Candaba retains the picture of a once affluent and first-class town. It is now a second-class town; its population has decreased from 20,000 in 1941 to some 16,000. It's understandable. Candaba, like the rest of the vast and rich Central Luzon, seethed with the first fires of agrarian troubles. The swamps had been one of the bloodiest battlegrounds of the eight-year Huk war. The army has since driven the dissidents back to the Central Luzon Hills and an uneasy peace has at last settled on the plains.

The evacuees have returned and are starting anew. There had been no building of any permanent kind since the peasant troubles began, although nipa huts of those from the barrios had sprung up in the poblacion where they were better protected by the garrison. Huge Spanish houses which used to house the town's landowning rich have fallen apart, or are in the process of falling apart. The landlords have moved to Manila, certainly a much safer and more peaceful place.

~~THE TOWN PLACE~~  
its *glorietta*, where the present spokesmen of the Huk movement had their first forensic training, delivering speeches against the "bourgeois land-proprietors." It was a time when red-wearing peasants were tramping in formation, singing marching songs in Tagalog, in their fiery demonstrations. There were all shades of Red peasant parties. The landowners, not to be outdone, put up their own peasant organizations. These naturally resulted in violence.

The *Hukbo ng Bayan Laban sa Hapon*, the Communist strong arm, was organized in the Candaba swamps. It was early enough directed against both the Japanese occupation troops and the landowning class. Candaba townfolk soon came to dread the Huks more than the Japanese who kept a small garrison in town. Tenants were the easiest Huk converts: organizers soon had them studying crude dialectics, memorizing party slogans, and bearing guns.

Huk leader Luis Taruc, now serving sentence in an army stockade, lived just across the swamp from Candaba in San Luis. The town itself, at the height of the Huk campaign, had been a ghost town and a no-man's land when its 6,000 inhabitants sought refuge in other towns. It is now a lonely third-class municipality and the site of a government resettlement.

ment project. A month ago, another Huk leader, a brother-in-law to Taruc, was killed in a barrio of San Luis, among the swampy thickets.

THE SWAMPS of Candaba begin back of an old church. During the rainy season from June to November, the area is a natural water reservoir, some parts as deep as a bamboo tree's length. In December, a rich deposit of soil is left by receding waters, making good land for watermelon cultivation.

When the Candaba farmers are not working in the field, they catch shrimps and collect soft-shelled grups in the swamps, or fish in the Pampanga river. Little boys also drain out mudfishes in the water-lily ponds that abound in the place. The women engage in home indus-

tries such as weaving mats.

A local pride is the cleaned suspension bridge which was built in 1952 on war-damage money to replace the span blown up by the army in 1941. Aside from the government elementary schools, the town has a private school handling high school courses. Dances are held in the square in front of the municipal building.

Occasionally, units of the United States Information Service come to town to show films, such as *Bagong Umaga*, a picture on labor unions, and to distribute reading material in a peaceful campaign to reorient Candaba folk.

One of these days, the markets may start selling watermelons, and very likely they may come from Candaba, starting again with courage and in peace.

\* \* \*

## HUMAN SPARE PARTS

OVER 34 artificial parts are now in use, to replace sections of the human body. Made largely of vitallium and plastic, these parts include the skull plate, eyes, nose supports, tear ducts, false teeth, jaw bone, esophagus, arm and hand, chest cavity (when one lung is missing), breast plate, shoulder socket and joint, elbow, wrist, complete arm, finger joint and cap, bile duct, spinal fusion, hip socket, blood vessels, legs, knee caps, and ankle bones. So far there has been no replacement for the mind, the heart, or the spirit of a man.

\*

# *Fun-Orama. . . . . by Elmer*



*“. . . and don't sign my name 'Carding'  
or by whatever name you call me!"*

## By Magic Camera Through Africa

**A** SECOND-HAND \$47 camera, the kind that makes a print in sixty seconds, took 28-year-old Murray Melbin "across mountains and deserts, jungles and savannas, rivers and swamps," through 24 African countries. He traveled by camel, airplane, riverboat, dugout canoe, and motorcycle, and still wore out two pairs of shoes. But it took him only one year and \$27.61 to cover 16,000 miles—in the company of witch doctors, pigmies, and Mau Mau; living off monkey meat, land snails, and crocodile steaks.

Murray had left Cornell University with a Master of Science degree and a desire to see the world. Two years ago he landed in Oran with a 70-pound rucksack, ready to start his strange trek around a continent. He hardly survived the first few days.

He had hitched a ride on a big six-wheeled truck loaded with grain, bicycles and wines, bound for an oasis in the Sahara. They had just passed the crest of a mountain when the air brakes and lights refused to work. In the twilight



By *MATHIAS SEGOVIA*

dusk, the driver leaned out of his cab and steered with one hand. On every zigzag turn, he skidded the truck to cut down speed. Finally, at the edge of a cliff, the truck lost enough momentum skidding so that Murray had time to jam a watermelon-sized rock under

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# How Are U.P. Graduates Doing?

*By Efren Sunico*

## The Woman Beside You

*Look closely: she may be your wife*

Book Review by LEONARD CASPER

Fiction \* Features      Cartoons

### *Nationalism and the Filipino Intellectual*

