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# Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

OCTOBER 1958

50 CENTAVOS

## HOPE IN THE U. N.

PAGE 40

LEYTE LANDING

PAGE 5

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158/58*



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

Editor: FELIXBERTO C. STA. MARIA

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Art director: Rodolfo P. Perez

Business Manager: MRS. C. A. MARAMAG

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

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## HOW TO SELECT CHINA

**W**HEN buying china look around and choose wisely. There are many points on which you should seek the advice of the expert."

This advice was given recently by Frank W. Kerry, export manager of Royal Doulton Potteries, one of Britain's largest makers of china.

"Remember that a good quality service should not 'craze,'" Mr. Kerry said, 'there should be no dryness at the edges of the articles where the glaze has missed, nor any running over of glaze from the edges of the plate.

"All articles should be perfect in form. Hold a dinner plate horizontally at eye level and turn it slowly round and you will quickly discover any distortion in shape. Watch large meat dishes particularly for this. Also look to see that handles have been fixed neatly and in perfect line. Look for pinholes in the glaze, see that defects have not been covered by a rather heavy pattern.

"There are two distinct types of tableware made in England—bone china and earthenware. People often ask what is meant by the expression 'bone'. It denotes that a large percentage of the body of the ware is actually burnt and powdered ox bone. In the best bone china, the proportion of bone ash is in the region of fifty percent. Do not be misled by the apparent delicacy of English bone china. Its outstanding characteristic is that it combines great strength and durability with a delicate white translucency. Hold a plate up to the light and you will see your fingers plainly through it."

*How MacArthur came back*

# Leyte Landing, 1944



**O**N OCTOBER 20, 1944 a fleet of about 600 ships gathered at Leyte Gulf. The ships ranged in size from tiny PT boats and minesweepers to giant troopships. This naval maneuver was the first phase

**By Andres Cangco**

in the liberation of the Philippines.

Leyte was selected by the American General Staff because

of its geographical position in the archipelago. It was to be used as the site of major air and supply bases for the conduct of the Philippine campaign. The landing at Leyte was designed "to establish an air and logistical base in Leyte in order to support operations in the Luzon - Formosa - China coast area and particularly to nullify Japanese strength in Luzon."

Before the Americans landed at Leyte, the Filipino guerrillas had been worrying the Japanese forces. Attacks on Japanese patrols, demolition of supply dumps and communication points and actual skirmishes with large Japanese contingents had sapped the strength of the enemy. The Filipinos at this time were supplied by submarines.

On October 21, 1943, General Douglas MacArthur sent this message to Colonel Ruperto Kangleon, the area commander: "I desire that you establish and maintain direct communication with this headquarters at your earliest opportunity and thereafter you keep me informed of major developments involving enemy movement, dispositions and other activity within your area and observation."

The guerrillas intensified their attacks on the Japanese. But the enemy probably sensed that something big was up because reinforcements were sent to Leyte. The 16th division and



6,000 naval troops from Samar and Palau were sent to Leyte. The enemy strength was estimated at over 21,700 soldiers. However, during the battle, more and more Japanese soldiers came.

THE CODE name for the Leyte operation was King II. The orders for its planning and conduct was given by General MacArthur on August 31, 1944. The day of the attack was October 20. Never in the history of Philippine warfare has such concentration of military might been used. Besides the naval strength, ground troops from the Central and Southwest Pacific were joined under the command of MacArthur. The air assault of the enemy installations lasted for days.



Three days before the attack, minesweepers scurried around the gulf to remove mines and obstructions. On the evening of the 19th a convoy advanced as near as 3,000 yards from the Dinagat shoreline. All ships arrived on schedule, entering south of the gulf. As the naval maneuvers were taking place, the air attacks became more and more intense. The Japanese were not even given a chance to fire at the fleet. After the ships had taken their positions, the big naval guns were let loose. The naval bombardment lasted up to nine o'clock the following morning. The firing stopped and the destroyers and cruisers moved nearer to the shore.

The first assault is vividly narrated by an army historian:

"Flanked by rocket and gun-boat LCI's and preceded by amphibian tanks, the 5th and 12th Cavalry Regiments which formed the 1st Brigade and the 7th Cavalry, which with the 8th Cavalry composed the 2nd Brigade, raced for the shore of Leyte. The escorting rocket ships laid down a heavy barrage which covered the beach defenses to depth of 1,800 yards inland and left the enemy incapable of organized resistance. As the boats neared the shore, only small arms and machine-guns opposed the landing. As planned, the regiments landed abreast, the 7th Cavalry Regiment on the right and the 12th Cavalry Regiment on the left ... both squadrons landed on schedule with only slight opposition, and immediately be-

gan to execute their assignments. The 2nd Squadron, within fifteen minutes after landing, knocked out two pill-boxes on the beach killing eight Japanese in one and five in another. It then organized rapidly and pushed on to secure its first objective: the town of San Jose. In the town, the squadron engaged in a house-to-house search but found few Japanese. By 1230, 24 Japanese had been killed, San Jose was in American hands, and the Cataisan peninsula was sealed off. The 7th Cavalry Regiment established its command post on the west side of the town at 1245 ..."

The enemy had fled the town and were hiding in the swamps and abandoned houses along the road. After the 1st Squadron and the 7th Cavalry had secured the Cataisan airstrip, more landings were made at

White Beach. By 1130 all the troops were ashore.

THE OBJECTIVES fell one by one. The resistance was very light. The naval and air bombardments were paying off. The contact between the Americans and the Filipino guerrillas was made and together they proceeded to mop up the area.

When news that American forces had secured Leyte reached President Roosevelt, he radioed to MacArthur the following message: "You have the nation's gratitude and the nation prays for success as you and your men fight your way back."

General MacArthur with President Osmeña waded ashore. When they reached dry land, the General turned to his staff and to President Osmeña and said with deep emotion: "I have returned."

\* \* \*

### Safety First

*The sergeant glared at an undersized, sharp-eyed rookie and demanded, "You, there, what's the first thing you do when you clean a rifle?"*

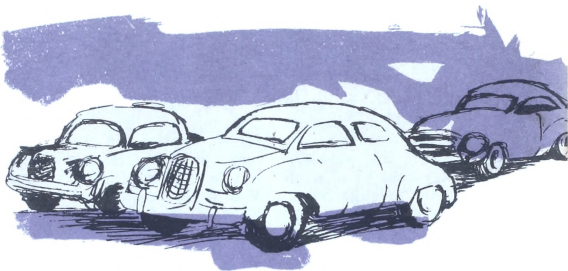
*"Look at the serial number," was the immediate reply.*

*"The serial number!" roared the sergeant. "Why?"*

*"To make certain," explained the rookie, "that I'm cleaning my own rifle."*

\*





## Coming: the Small Car

**Will it push the giants out of the road?**

**A** RECENT survey of the automobile dealers of Manila revealed that car-buyers are tending more and more toward the small car. The reasons are fairly obvious: the small car is cheaper in many ways than the medium-priced American car; it is more maneuverable in city traffic; it is easier to park; and design and models do not change every year.

The small cars that are popular in Manila today are Hillman, Austin, Volkswagen, Opel Rekord, Renault Dauphine, Standard Ten and Morris Minor. Except for Standard Ten, all these cars are European.

Now the questions are being

raised: Do the small cars give good performance? Can they stand hard sustained driving? In the long run, are they really economy cars?

It must be remembered that the small car is a product of European conditions. The horsepower tends to be low because European cars are taxed on the basis of horsepower. The car also stresses fuel economy because gasoline is more expensive in Europe than in America. It is small because the roads of Europe are narrow and winding and the distances to be covered are short.

There is general agreement among engineers that the European small car is well built.

Some European cars can withstand steady speed up to 60 miles an hour and generally the parts and materials are good.

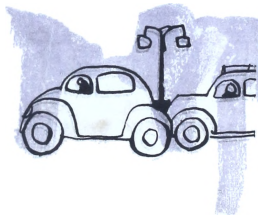
Lately, in America, the small car has been enjoying consumer popularity. American car dealers attribute this popularity to the low-cost of a small car and to its prestige value. However, in most cases, the small car is a second car, used for short distance commuting.

The American car manufacturers are aware of this. They are planning to put on the market an American version of the small car. The American small car will try to overcome some of the deficiencies of the European type: lack of comfort, limited performance and small margin of safety.

**T**HE CRITICS say that the small car does not have any reserve power for passing or sustained high speed driving. Consequently, highway driving is a risk for the small car. In hilly country, constant shifting of gears is necessary because of the low power. Another complaint is repair. The foreign, small car has to be repaired more often than the ordinary American car and usually there are no maintenance shops for them. Regarding comfort, the tall American finds the European car lacking in both leg room and luggage space. In

a direct collision with a larger car, critics say, the small car gets the worst of it.

On the other hand, the advocates of the small car have these to say: While it is true that the small car might conceivably suffer the greater damage in case of a collision, it is able to squeeze through spots that could result in a serious accident to a larger car. The matter of riding comfort is easily solved by good design not by length of wheelbase. Some small cars such as the Volkswagen are able to make 60,000 miles without a major overhaul. With almost all the European cars, one can drive between 60 to 75 miles an hour all day without damaging the car.



Among the experts in Detroit, however, the European small car has drawn favorable comments. They say that if one does not miss such features as fast acceleration, automatic transmission, power steering and power brakes, one can derive a great deal of satisfaction from the European small car.

George H. Brown, marketing-research manager of the Ford division of the Ford Motor Company finds that "some are much better than others."

"In the best of them," says Mr. Brown, "the quality of workmanship is good. They are not manmade, as some Americans seem to believe, but they are not inferior workmanship. Some of the engineering on the

small cars is superior. The quality of materials is good.

"Four or five of the major makers can take high, sustained speed without breakdowns. In our survey of foreign car owners we found only a very small percentage who complained of high repair costs."

The Ford company has a fleet of small, European cars it has been testing since 1953.

"What you have to keep in mind in regard to the small imports is that they are what we call 'a product sacrifice,'" says Mr. Brown. "To get economy, you sacrifice space for passengers and luggage. The speed is not more than 65 to 70 miles per hour in most of them. You sacrifice fast acceleration and passing power. The horsepower is low. It takes time to build up speed. We call it 'cranking it up' when we accelerate them. They are not well-designed for mountain states, where you need power for climbing.

"You don't have automatic transmission, or power steering or power brakes, unless you specially order them. Usually, even the choke is manual.

"They are a Spartan car. Some of them are good cars, if you can put up with the lack of conveniences."

**D**R. BROWN says that there is much dispute between small car owners regarding riding comfort. Some say that they



can drive all day in a small car without feeling cramped. Others disagree.

All owners of small car tend to exaggerate the gasoline mileage. The Ford tests have shown that small cars give on the average 25 to 35 miles to the gallon for all-round driving.

A favorite argument for the small car is its low depreciation—hence its high resale value. Mr. Brown says that this is not true. European cars depreciate at the rate of about 25 per cent in the first year, which is about the depreciation rate for American cars.

In other American plants, the experts are more skeptical. One of them said: "You can't really say now whether those cars are giving good service. The average American owner of a foreign car has had his car for less than one year. People don't usually drive them long distances. They seldom get any real endurance tests."

The engineers of automobile plants have discovered that the

European car holds up well under test conditions, but that most "begin to break up" after been driven about 25,000 miles.

When a European car does break down, there are usually no service stations for them. Spare parts are difficult to obtain also. It is therefore a risk to drive a European car long distances.

There are as yet no figures available on the safety features of the European car. It is however logical to assume that in case of a direct collision, the small car would sustain the greater damage.

The increasing popularity of the small car, however, might change all of these. Car dealers in America think that before the end of next year, Americans would have imported at least one million European cars. The Detroit car magnates have their eyes on the small car market. When they do decide to enter it, they might produce a car that combines the best features of the small and medium cars.

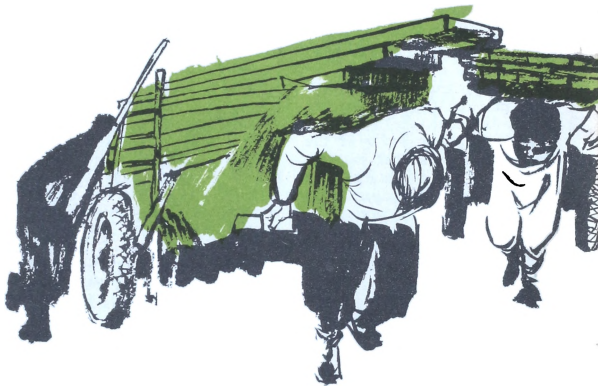
\* \* \*

### Unburned Auto Fuel

*The General Motors is trying to save gas, improve fuel economy, stop air pollution. Anti-fuel-waste and air-fouling measures (and their ~~wh~~ outcomes) under study by GM include: venting vaporized gas outside carburetor (may pollute air), venting vapor inside to intake manifold (causes "hot starting"), reworking entire fuel system, and reducing fuel volatility.*

*An eye-opener for Free Asia*

## *25 Days Inside Red China*



**By JESUS MARCOS ROCES**

Vice-Mayor of Manila

**Y**OU might be surprised to know that the trip I made to Red China was the culmination of a plan that was initiated over two years ago.

It was during a series of informal discussions with friends on our national future that we came to the conclusion that we in the Philippines knew very

little about what was going on behind the bamboo curtain. We decided that because of our geographic proximity with the mainland of China, it was vital for us to know first what was happening there.

The late Ramon Magsaysay, with whom the matter was brought up in 1956, thought the project a meritorious one and asked me to find out if a trip to the Chinese mainland would be feasible. Later, I informed him that I had been able to obtain an invitation from the Red Chinese Government. Although the President was personally in favor of the idea, he was somewhat hesitant to give me the green light because of other angles that might embarrass the government if such a trip was made.

It therefore waited for the President's authorization. I finally received it after his death, although a month before his death, he personally reiterated to me that such a trip was important.

Last July 16, I crossed the Lo Wu River that separates Kowloon from Red China and there I found myself in a strange world. Twenty-five days later, I recrossed the river.

Some of us perhaps may well survive the first year of Communism but even if you survive you will be totally changed. I will not, therefore, speak on the factories that we visited,

on the lavish and fancy dinners prepared for us, on the amazing industrial development of Red China nor go into great detail on the fantastic powers being built by total regimentation of one-fourth of the world's population. These are all incidentals, symptoms of a much bigger event which is the emergence of China as a new world power. I would rather give you an intimate picture of what the communists intend for us.

I want to share with you the conclusions I have arrived at on the basis of this impressive and yet you most unsettling experience. I shall therefore talk about China, its government, its people, its industrial development, chiefly as it affects us.

**L**ET ME tell you of a businessman I knew in Shanghai. Before the war he had a factory. In 1949, the communists came and like all capitalists he hid in his house in fear. Two weeks later he was called to the military garrison office and ordered to operate his factory. At first, business was as usual except for government dictation of what he must produce, what he must pay for raw materials, what he must pay his employes and the price for which he must sell his products.

In 1953, however, all private capitalists were compelled to

"voluntarily" join the so-called "joint state private enterprise." This was the closing step towards communism and under this system his property was assessed. Of the assessed value he was promised 5% yearly for a period of seven years. In short the expropriation of his property entitled him only to 35% of his properties' assessed value which was payable to him in seven yearly installments. After payment is complete, he would be given a chance to become an employe of his own enterprise.

This is the history of a capitalist who from the very beginning was sympathetic to the communist's cause. This is the history of one of the few capitalists that survived. Those who fled to Formosa and Hong-kong had their properties confiscated. Those who remained and hid were denounced by relatives, employes, and friends, or neighbors.

At first they were systematically plucked by the new regime. Victory bonds were offered for sale with each businessman receiving his respective quota. These quotas were set by the businessmen's own workers, who were asked beforehand how much their bosses could afford. The workers were encouraged to report venalities of the capitalists and to divulge back taxes evaded

during the past year. Accusations of concubinage or maltreatment of laborers or dishonesty, dating ten or twenty years back, were presented. Real estate taxes were made higher so that idle lands and buildings could be confiscated for non-payment of taxes.

Then came the Korean War and naturally more quotas for the businessmen. A rich man might wake up in the morning and read in the newspaper that he had volunteered to buy a fighter plane for action in Korea. Someone else might discover that he was sending a complete hospital to the front. There was no choice. But the worst was yet to come.

In February, 1951, a mass campaign for the liquidation of the "counter-Revolutionary elements" was announced by Mao Tse Tung. The workers were organized to hold rallies where their bosses were placed on the stage and were accused. Judging was passed and made right there and then. The participants of the rallies themselves shared in the enforcement of the charges such as beating a man who was condemned to be beaten to death. Mao Tse Tung, chairman of the Red Chinese Government in Peking, has publicly announced that more than 800,000 people were liquidated. Other estimates are much higher.

**T**HIS WAS followed by the "three anti" and by the "five anti" campaigns wherein all businessmen were put through wringers, a sort of human washing machine. Investigations on their methods of dealing with others including their workers, competitors, families, and the quality of their goods were made. Again it was a class struggle technique. Emphasis was also made on a businessman's performance in terms of "new thinking" demanded by the new communist authorities. Again, the workers brought up charges and were the accusers. Competitors who had grievances freely aired charges and the state imposed fines which generally stripped capitalists of all liquid cash and stocks of goods. New standards for doing business were also enforced which, according to the Red authorities, were necessary in order to live up to the new objectives of the communist rulers.

Many were sent off to experience—"reform through labor"—a nice word for the labor gangs included in the two million coolies who first built dams on the Huei River and some of whom are working on the Yellow River. Brain washing of some form was a common experience and there is hardly a Chinese today who dares to think freely out loud.



A man's children were indoctrinated to make sure that no one had rest even in his own home.

This is the brief history of the capitalist class in Red China.

The businessmen, however, were not the only ones who experienced a change in their status. The women of China experienced it too. Whereas before they were tied to their household chores, now they have been "liberated" and are factory workers like their male counterparts.



The landlord class was liquidated and the peasants were made to organize themselves into coops of a food producing machine. Freedom of religious belief is a thing of the past. For although the churches are officially opened, every Chinese knows that if he wants to get on with the new regime, religious beliefs and practices will be held against him.

All these changes, these brutal trials and total disregard for human dignity ironically are efforts dedicated towards making Red China a power. But his power will be used to enhance Chinese hegemony throughout our area in Asia. Do not doubt even for a single moment the effectivity of their efforts. It is a fact and I saw it. The harnessing of Chinese man-power of 670 million people towards this precise objective has made Red China today industrially powerful, a far cry from the poor agricultural China of years ago.

**N**EVER before in the modern history of the Philippines have we known far-reaching consequences of having China organized under a single and powerful government. Chiang Kai-shek's government at best was a shaky coalition whose authority depended mostly upon getting along with the warlords who held actual control of most of the country.

To understand the consequences for us of this new regime, let us examine the forgotten facts of our own history.

The Chinese really began to take interest in our country in the 12th century with the establishment of the Southern Sun Dynasty. Driven out of North China by the Mongols, the Sung emperors looked to overseas trade for income. Before that, trade between the Philippines and China were handled chiefly by Arab ships. Now the Chinese began to build huge junks that visited our shores every year coming down on the Northeast monsoons and returning on the Southwest monsoons.

During this period, the Chinese were particularly anxious to buy cotton which was grown on the Ilocos coast and in Borneo; also narra wood, pearls, bird's nests, etc. This was how all Chinese pottery and porcelain found in our graves got here.

With the creation of the Ming Dynasty in 1368, China had a vigorous new highly nationalistic and imperialistic regime somewhat like, but weaker than, the one that the communists are building now. The Mings were expansion-minded and hence sent their fleets of trading ships throughout Southeast Asia even as far as the east coast of Africa. In

1405 the Ming Emperors appointed a Chinese governor for Luzon. His name was Ko Ch'a Lao.

When the Spaniards arrived here, they talked of going on to China but soon became fearful of the Chinese as they learned more about them. This was one of the reasons for the repeated bad blood between Spanish and Chinese in the Philippine that led to the infamous Chinese massacres. But with the beginning of the nineteenth century the Chinese state decayed internally and all that we had to worry about were those Chinese who migrated overseas seeking jobs and opportunities.

Today we face a double threat: the direct military and economic power of the Chinese communists and their championship of revolution. Our only real defense against both is a democracy that works.

To the Chinese residents of the Philippines I must sound a warning. A new power in their ancestral land may bring to them temporary benefits, as the communists try to use them to control business in South-east Asia. But as sure as night follows day, the communists will in time destroy them. No Chinese in the Philippines are members of the proletariat or the peasant class and in the inexorable process of communist way, their business class

has to be destroyed. Their salvation lies not only in their staying in the Philippines and facing the requirements of naturalization, but in embracing, like real Filipinos, our ideals, our histories, our culture and our language.

**O**F COURSE, when we think of the threat of communism it is only natural that we look towards America. This is logical. At this very moment the Seventh Fleet of the United States is not only protecting the island of Formosa but also the island of the Philippines. While the Seventh Fleet remains here our danger of invasion is not imminent. But Red China's accumulation of power is inexorable.

Already the Red Chinese jet bombers based around Canton and on Hainan island can reach every island in the Philippines. In a single airport in Nanking I saw perhaps 200 twin engine jet bombers of Russian design and construction.

But what is more insidious than communism from within? Here we cannot look towards America because America can save us from the enemy from without but can never save us from ourselves. Through the ICA the Americans are attempting to put our economic house in order, but this help has been ineffectual in solving our basic problems. It will continue so



while the direction of the efforts remain so shortsighted and confused.

By contrast, from what I have seen in Red China, Russian assistance has been directed towards the basic essentials of building a modern economy. The Russians have rebuilt the steel mills in Anshan, which admittedly they had wrecked in 1945, and are now building the gigantic new steel work at Wuhan. The Russians have also built the dam and hydroelectric power stations on the Yellow River, China's sorrow. Nearly all heavy machine tool industries that we were permitted to see were of Russian design and construction.

The great opportunity opened to us by the reparations are being squandered by official mismanagement and corruption. We have nothing comparable to the Indian or Chinese five-year plans.

Our approach toward democracy is negative. We are trying to stop communism by the use of our army, by watching our shores and by making mass arrests. But these are ineffective measures in the total eradication of danger and establishes only temporary security. Meanwhile, more Filipinos are unemployed every year and our natural wealth lies largely idle.

The people must be conscious of their vital role in this life or death struggle. This requires a deeper sense of patriotism which we ironically, as a race, are short of in expressing except during times of war, when it may be too late.

**T**HE PATTERN of communist conquest in China suggests that there are at least six points in our society that make it vulnerable to communism.

1. Unemployment and the

discontent that this encourages.—A man desirous of gainful work in order to feed his children by honest toil but unable to find employment anywhere must naturally reject a society that has no place for him. This is natural. And in his exasperation he becomes an easy prey for subversion. The more specific danger, from the point of view of communism is, however, the discontent of the intellectual proletariat. Young people out of college who cannot find a place in society and therefore turn either to hooliganism or to revolution.

2. Insecurity, instability, and uncertainty and the fear that they engender.—Employees who have jobs but who are not sure that they will have the jobs tomorrow; peasants who have farms to till but are not sure that they will till them tomorrow; fear about our currency where men who have saved for years may lose their lives' toil to the threatened process of devaluation; fear that yesterday's savings of ten pesos may buy one peso worth of goods tomorrow; businessmen's fears that tomorrow their licenses with the Central Bank will not be renewed.

3. Low productivity both in agriculture and industry.—Physical effort is not properly rewarded because of faulty techniques, lack of scientific educa-

tion, and medieval minded management.

4. Lack of faith in and understanding of the democratic processes.—This situation will exist whenever there is graft and corruption in our society. This will endure as long as those we brought to power use their powers to oppress, for personal aggrandizement or, what is worse, for personal vengeance. This situation will exist as long as powers are vested nearly exclusively in the river banks of the Pasig, and not distributed and assigned closer to the governed. This situation will obtain as long as government officials have double standards of morality— one for themselves, their families, and their friends, and another for the general public.

5. Lack of knowledge of what communism really is.—Our efforts to fight communism emphasized the importance of not knowing anything about it, as if ignorance of communism was the best defense against it. Actually, one has to know communism both in theory and more specially in practice in order to successfully defeat it. For it is not those who know the real truth about communism that are so dangerous when they embrace it, but rather the masses who blindly fall into the communist trap.

6. Moral and religious degradation.—This situation is one

wherein people profess Christianity but do not practice it.

Do you believe that these six social cancers afflict us today in the Philippines? Then I ask you to start thinking for to-

morrow might be too late. Let us learn from history, always remembering that only through complacency can the communists obtain victory in our society.

\* \* \*

### Written Language for Minorities

**A**LL OF mainland China's two-score minorities will have written languages in the next five years, according to the Peiping radio.

A decision to this effect has been reached at a conference on the problem of minority scripts in the Communist Chinese capital. The conference decided that a speed-up in creating written languages for the millions of people in minority groups would be possible because of the adoption recently in Peiping of an official alphabet for Chinese.

Peiping radio reports here said linguists believed the alphabet for Chinese could be adapted for use by most of the minorities now without written language.

In the last few years Chinese linguists have worked out scripts for eighteen minority groups, including one for the 6,500,000 Chuangs, the largest minority in the country. Some minority groups, such as the Mongols, the Uighurs and the Huis, have had written languages for many years.

The Peiping conference decided that the minority groups that have long been using Chinese would not be given scripts for their dialects. They will be expected to learn how to write in the new Chinese alphabet.

\*

## Are You Word Wise?

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

1. **dazzle** — A. to deceive; B. to overpower by intense light; C. to move about briskly; D. to repel.
2. **debacle** — A. sudden collapse; B. a brilliant spectacle; C. solid opposition; D. supernatural event.
3. **rummage** — A. an excursion; B. storage; C. to search thoroughly among contents; D. to forfeit or give up.
4. **writhe** — A. to slander; B. to distort in pain; C. to flex, as muscles; D. to disappoint.
5. **engender** — A. to produce; B. to expose to danger or risk; C. to deliver; D. to separate forcibly.
6. **contingent** — A. connected to; B. a result of; C. dependent upon something uncertain; D. independent of.
7. **indigent** — A. angry; B. repulsive; C. poor; D. dangerous.
8. **occult** — A. elevated or raised; B. beyond ordinary knowledge; C. impossible of attainment; D. theoretical.
9. **surly** — A. sour; B. thick; C. sloppy; D. ill-humored.
10. **jibe** — A. to agree; B. to support; C. to hit with the fist; D. to make certain.

# OUR ECONOMY ISN'T AS BAD AS YOU THINK

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*Writer claims we are on the "take-off" stage to better times*

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By **AMADO CASTRO**

Acting Director, Institute of Economic Development and Research,  
University of the Philippines

**T**HE PHILIPPINES is now an economy in transition. We can cite reams of statistics to support this statement, but for our purposes the more significant figures will suffice. To begin with, there is the aggregative measure, national income: the data show that this has about doubled in a decade. Then as to the origin of this income by industries, the earliest statistics carry us back to only 1938 and in that year, by the estimate of the Joint Philippine American Finance Commission, 65.8% of net national product originated in agriculture, 7.2 per cent in mining, but only 3.0 per cent in manufacturing.

Our study shows how agriculture has been expanding absolutely while declining in importance relatively; in 1946 it accounted for 47.8 per cent of national income; in 1950, for 42.2; in 1957 for 37.8 per cent. On the other hand the growth of manufacturing is a significant contrast: from 7.8 per cent in 1946, to 8.5 per cent in 1950, and 14.0 in 1957. The change can be seen more dramatically if we consider that manufacturing quadrupled from 1946 to 1957, and more than doubled from 1950 to 1957.

This shift in our economy is also reflected in employment patterns. In 1939, 75.6 per cent of our work force was in pri-

mary occupations (agriculture, fishing, forestry, hunting); in 1956 the Philippine Statistical Survey of Households showed that the proportion had gone down to 58.5 per cent. Workers in secondary industries (manufacturing, mining and quarrying, construction) went up from 9.7% of the total in 1939 to 15.3 per cent in 1956. In tertiary activity (trade, transportation, utilities, and other services) the rise was from 12.7 per cent to 23 per cent.

**N**EXT WE can turn to international trade, where our problems have been concentration in products and concentration in direction of trade. Briefly, whereas before the war three products (sugar, coconut, abaca) made up approximately 90 per cent of our exports, in recent years the list of major exports has expanded to five—coconut, sugar, forest products, base metals and abaca. Our pattern of export products is slightly more diversified.

More meaningful, however, is the diversification of markets, for this is a factor more susceptible to human remedial action and less dictated by natural endowment. Here commendable progress is demonstrated: we have become less dependent on the United States market. In the period just before the war, 80 to 85 per cent of our trade was with the Unit-

ed States; in 1956 this proportion fell to 56.6 per cent and in 1957 dropped further to 53.6 per cent.

Hirschman (in **National Power and the Structure of Foreign Trade**) has devised a measure of concentration in trade, where an index of 100 represents a situation when all of a country's trade is with one other country alone, and an index of zero means an infinite number of equal trading partners. Mr. Hirschman has suggested a threshold of 40 as the dividing line between undue concentration and proper diversification; from an export index of 78.0 in 1938 to 56.3 in 1957. This is no proof that our trade is properly diversified as yet, but is an indication that we are solving the problem.

If we consider the import side, we can use the familiar Central Bank classification of goods as capital goods, raw materials and consumer goods. From 1949 to 1957, consumer goods fell from 64.4 per cent of total imports to 21.9 per cent. Raw materials, on the other hand, rose from 9.4 per cent to 19.6 per cent. In terms of absolutes, the amount of consumer goods imported in 1957 was approximately one-third of that of 1949, but raw materials and capital goods were over two times the totals in 1949. It is true that the bulk of the raw materials is intended for con-



version into consumer goods, but the point is that the final consumer-goods industries are located in this country, not in another.

One last set of statistics: the outstanding loans, discounts and overdrafts of commercial banks. At the end of 1950, 34.4 per cent of these loans were for agriculture, 35.5 for commerce, 13.2 per cent for real estate, and only 5.3 for industries. Seven years later, in 1957, outstanding loans were almost three times greater, and the distribution pattern was significantly altered; down to 27.8 per cent for agriculture, 32.4 for commerce, 8.4 per cent for real estate, and this is to be noted, a jump to 19.0 per cent for industry.

One can go on with a recital of statistics: the climb in indices of production, the rising tempo of capital formation, the shift in the government budget, the expansion of ACCFA credits, the growing activities of the more than one hundred rural banks. The point is not hard to make: this is a steadily expanding economy with an average rise in national product of 5 to 7 per cent per year, and while the advance is not spectacular, it is undoubtedly impressive. Furthermore, the country is growing in directions that promise a good future.

I think we all agree to consider as desirable goals an in-

crease in per capita incomes, coupled with a more equitable distribution of those returns. These would be accomplished, on the one hand, by expansion and heightened efficiency in agriculture, and secondly, by a rapid rise in the industrial sector to absorb a population that will more and more be unable to find employment on the farms. By and large these are where we are heading.

**L**ET ME put forth the argument more strongly. In W. W. Rostow's scheme (**The Process of Economic Growth**), there are three stages of economic development: the pre-condition state, the take-off of an agricultural economy into industrialization, and the period of self-sustained growth. I believe that the Philippines is now in the take-off stage to economic development. This is the phase when a bridge is crossed on the road to a sustained rise in per capita income. Here transformation take place in areas which work back their effects on economics—changes in psychological, sociological, political patterns. As for economic factors, we find emerging a significant number (though obviously not an oversupply) of entrepreneurs, a receptive climate for innovation, increasing pressure for the investment which will lead to enhanced production capacity.

How did this passage to the take-off stage come about? While I am sure a more detailed analysis of the transition is called for, perhaps that can be left for economic historians to undertake later when they can summon more perspective. At the moment, however, a summary survey of recent Philippine economic history can be revealing.

If we review the postwar years, a number of significant milestones stand out. We need not consider at length the years from 1945 to 1949 which are clearly part of the rehabilitation period; the bulk of physical reconstruction, of restoration of production and of financial and monetary stabilization was accomplished then, though plainly at the end of 1949 the reconstruction was not yet complete. The period began with confusion, but by 1948 some sort of stability in production and consumption had been attained, as evidenced in the price statistics. This was also a time of unprecedented windfalls in foreign exchange and of freedom in enterprise, especially in import and export trade. December 1949, however, when exchange controls dropped from above, definitely marks the end of that hectic and free-wheeling era.

The Quirino period from 1949 to 1953 saw the launching of economic development plans,

and the government role in these, important as part of the pre-condition stage, has been unjustly neglected. In 1949 with the establishment of the Central Bank came a credit of ₱200 million to be used for government development projects—the Maria Cristina complex, Ambuklao dam, the NASSCO drydock to mention a few.

As is well known, as we have had a number of economic plans since independence, mostly compilations of the projects of individual government agencies, but in the Quirino period we began to see the partial implementation of these. In 1950 the Bell Mission took place. The tonic effect of their visit can not be underplayed: we have only to recall the 17 per cent foreign exchange tax, the minimum wage law, the creation of PHILCUSA as a counterpart of the American aid agency (then ECA, later MSA, FOA and ICA).

The foreign exchange tax balanced our budget and gave us the means to fight the Huks. The minimum wage law ensured mass purchasing power to absorb the goods we were going to produce. Aid from PHILCUSA and the United States—technical assistance as well as material goods—has had an incalculable effect on our economic advance.

**O**N THE private front, construction of the first oil refinery in the country began—a project calling not for a labor intensive process typical of an underdeveloped country, but for a highly technical, capital-intensive operation. However, even though much was done in the Quirino years, this was still the period when the inauguration of a zipper factory could draw rave notices from the press and the public at large. Evidently we were not yet at take-off; we were only entering the pre-condition stage.

It is in the Magsaysay era where, I believe, the pre-conditions were fulfilled and then we entered the take-off stage. Let us look at the year 1954. The peace and order problem was licked; the stage was set for concentration on productive activities. In May the retail trade nationalization act was passed. This carries meaning not because the law itself had economic justification, but because for the first time a Philippine president disregarded traditional modes of maintaining amity with closely-allied nations and allowed an expression of nationalism to come.

The impetus that this action gave to economic nationalism, which is almost an imperative for economic development in a country such as ours, cannot be disregarded. It is probable that

the recession of mid-1956 may be traced in part to uncertainty and retrenchment among the Chinese (the other factor was very probably adverse turns in foreign trade—recession in the United States, a drop in the prices of abaca and other exports). But the recession was only a short-run consequence; for in the long run, the push given to Filipino entrepreneurs is a bigger contribution. Finally, in 1954, economic controls were for the first time consciously and on a significant scale used as instruments of national economic development policy—to channel investments, to protect industries.

The year 1955 was a continuation of trends emerging in 1954; the second year of peace and order, the second year of the new nationalism. The significant fact I would like to bring up here is the drop in the international reserve by more than \$70 million in spite of controls—mute evidence of the pressures being generated with expanded incomes. These were pressures for consumer goods no less than for investment goods as businessmen began to grasp the profit opportunities opening up before them.

**T**O MY mind, however, the year 1956 is the most interesting yet in the postwar period. This was when the Laurel-Langley Act took effect; tariffs

were imposed on American goods, our trade began to veer towards Europe and Japan. It was also the year of the "great debate" — when charges and counter-charges flew in profusion and seemed to reign, when the notion was widespread that the country was sliding downhill towards and unrelieved depression.

But to me it is plain that this is the year when the country was already in the take-off stage. The Philippine was not going to the dogs. Rather the contrary — exports were the highest ever; production, profits, businesses, bank deposits, tax collections, government expenditures were expanding; and in a word, national income rose by well over 9 per cent — surely a remarkable achievement outside of a rehabilitation period. All this was accomplished without a fall (but rather a rise) in our country's international reserves. It is striking that the loudest complaints seem to come when one is most prosperous — perhaps discontent is an indispensable ingredient for progress. And the vigor with which the economic issues were debated is to me evidence of

the liberated energy of the people.

It was of course too good to last, and in 1957 the growing pains were sharp. The year 1958 is one of retrenchment. But while we have to pause for a breathing spell, and cast about for outside assistance, still I believe we are steadily moving toward the same goal. Of course a word of caution is in order: an apparent take-off can be abortive too. But short of catastrophe or gross mis-government, I do not anticipate this probability.

In the face of this experience of the last few years one can only be awed, excited and at the same time subdued. It is pertinent to remember that in many other emergent nations — Great Britain, the United States, Europe, Japan — economic development came even before the economists put in an appearance or at least made their presence felt. Surely, however, there is a place in our nation's economic development for more of honesty and good sense — businessmen, civil servants, economists — who will bend their efforts to the age that is before them.

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*"Why didn't you take your medicine?"*

*"I couldn't, doctor. It says right here on the bottle 'Keep Tightly Corked.'"*

## Decision At Quemoy



By F. C. Sta. Maria

**T**HE TENSE situation over the Quemoy islands continued to occupy the headlines during the month, even as feverish steps were taken on the diplomatic front to prevent an open war. There was generally a relaxing of tensions. This was brought about by several factors, foremost among which was the abrupt shift of United States policy from one of rigidity to conciliation.

This latest development was not entirely welcome to Nationalist China. In fact, Chiang Kai-shek has been greatly disturbed by it and has publicly stated that the new American position has the makings of a modern Munich. It is not clear until now what U.S. State Secretary John Foster Dulles meant exactly when he announced Washington's latest stand. But in Chiang's mind the vagueness is disconcerting enough. Conscious of the dwindling popularity of the Nationalist cause, the aging general is afraid that Uncle Sam would hand over the Quemoy

to Red China and thus shatter all hopes for a Chiang comeback on the mainland.

Actually Chiang Kai-shek's fears are well founded. The United States will pull out of the Quemoy quagmire, given a favorable atmosphere. That means in plain terms the Americans are only looking for a graceful excuse to quit the beleaguered off-shore islands without making the whole business look like a Yankee surrender.

Both Dulles and President Eisenhower have said so in diplomatic language. It does not need a suspicious Nationalist mind to make this deduction. Of course, a Quemoy withdrawal would involve a much more complicated decision than this. It would probably insist, for instance, that the evacuation be peaceful and that Red China guarantee not to use the islands as a staging area for future military action

against Formosa. In any event, the loss of the Quemoy to the Chinese communists seems to be only a matter of time.

**T**O BE SURE, there are two distinct schools of thought on the Quemoy crisis. The first is friendly to Taipei and tends to magnify the importance of the off-shore islands. This group views the indispensability of Quemoy to Nationalist China for three reasons: (1) Quemoy bottles up the Amoy and Foochow harbors, preventing their use and that of the adjoining sealane by the Reds; (2) Quemoy is a base of intelligence and guerrilla operations against the Chinese mainland; and (3) Quemoy is a symbol of the Nationalist regime and its determination to recover the mainland. It is believed by proponents of this view that the Quemoy is worth saving at any cost.

On the other hand a second school of thought, which is gaining ground, believes that the significance of the Quemoy has been exaggerated. Geographically, the islands are a part of the China mainland, Big Quemoy being less than six miles off the coast. The water separating the Quemoy from Formosa, on the other hand, is 115 miles at its narrowest point. It is difficult, if not impossible, from this viewpoint, to defend the islands from a

determined communist invasion. To many, the Quemoy is nothing but a symbol of Chiang Kai-shek's improbable dream of returning to the China mainland. And to hold on to those isles even at the risk of igniting a worldwide conflagration is sheer foolishness.

This group of observers do not see the value of Quemoy to the defense of Formosa and would rather regroup the 60,000 or so Nationalist troops on Formosa itself where their effort would count in the event of a real invasion.

The latter thinking has recently been strengthened by developments in the United States and elsewhere. Great Britain, for one, has supported it. It is widely admitted that American sentiment now favors any form of settlement that will avoid war. Such sentiment is reflected in the editorial pages of U.S. papers and, as already mentioned, in the recent statements of Washington. American parents are in no mood for another Korea. The feeling seems to be that if Uncle Sam had to send out his boys to another war, it should be one for bigger stakes.

Taipei, of course, would never look at it this way. But that is understandable.

There should be no confusion in the minds of those who fear that withdrawal from Quemoy would mean the abandon-

ment of Nationalist China by the United States. Quemoy is not Formosa. America has commitments to defend Formosa and the decision to yield the disputed islands should in no way reflect America's lack of determination to stand by her promise.

**7** HE HASTILY convened talks in Warsaw to discuss the critical situation here so far failed to yield good results. U.S. Ambassador Jacob D. Beam and his counterpart from Peiping, Ambassador Wang Ping-Nan, have been working hard and quietly to resolve unreconcilable positions. Interestingly enough, either side labels the other as aggressor: the U.S. by keeping troops in Taiwan and Quemoy violates Chinese territory; Red China by its seizure of the Koumintang government and by its repeated avowals to liberate Formosa is an actual aggressor.

The communist view, which incidentally is supported by India, is that the invasion and liberation of Formosa would be just a continuation of the civil war in China which saw the fall of the Chiang government in 1949. According to this opinion, the Formosa crisis is a purely internal affair. Neither the United States nor the United Nations has in this sense the right to meddle. President Eisenhower took exception to

this view when he explained in a recent press conference that any situation in the world which would likely cause a global war is the business of everybody.

Eisenhower's statement assumes timely significance in the light of proposals to elevate the Formosa question to the United Nations. It is hoped however that the Warsaw talks, supported by sweet reasonableness on both sides, could resolve the problem at that level. The easing of diplomatic tensions in the last few days gives hope that United Nations intervention may not be necessary.

Thus far the role of Soviet Russia in this conflict has not been mentioned. It is definitely an important position and one that has tended to make sharper the cleavage. Again, in this respect there is a divergence of views. One group sees Communist China as a potential rival of Soviet Russia, with the latter eager to provoke a large-scale war between the United States and Red China in order to weaken both in a protracted fight. This view further anticipates the desertion of Mao Tse-tung by Soviet Russia in the event of a war with America.

The other group regards Khrushchev and Mao as solid partners out to liquidate the Western "imperialists." Their

friendship may not be true or steadfast, but it is forged out of a common danger, and it will last until that threat to their existence is eliminated. In case of war, according to this view, Russia would not only help Red China with war materials but would plunge in to a total—most probably, nuclear—war with the United States.

In the heated exchange of notes accompanying the artillery barrage on Quemoy, Moscow had in fact threatened to unleash hydrogen bombs on U.S. bases in Asia (including the Philippines), should America provoke a Formosa war. The vagueness of issues involved is again stressed by the Soviet warning; the real aggressor or provocation is not defined. But in as far as the threat caused jitters in the Philippines and other parts of Asia, it was remarkably effective.

**A** CLOSELY related subject to the Quemoy crisis is Red China's repeated failure to win admission to the United Nations. The claim of some observers that Mao Tse-tung is using Quemoy as a jumping board to that international body

hardly sounds logical. Mao is not that stupid; he is realistic enough to know that tact and patience would get him inside the U.N. gates sooner than a shooting war. For if the last voting of the General Assembly (44 against, 28 in favor) is any indication, it should not be many years before the precious nod will be awarded to Red China. The opposition to the Peiping regime's entry was much greater in previous years.

As matters now stand, the Quemoy area is still the center of critical activity, with the fight largely confined to artillery firing and limited air action. With U.S. help supply to the besieged islands is being continued amidst a tight Red blockade. It is unlikely that the communists would launch an invasion at present although there is a strong probability that they will keep up the withering artillery barrage indefinitely—or until the Nationalists quit.

Chiang's troops will not quit on their own volition, needless to say. It is Washington that would tell them to do it, if at all. And it looks like Washington has little choice.

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**What do the statues stand for?**

## The Temples of Khajuraho



**By Mitron Paniqui**

**A**FTER THE Taj Mahal, probably the most popular tourist attraction of India are the temples of Khajuraho. This spot attracts thousands of tourists every year. So lucrative is the business that the government is compelled to keep the roads of Khajuraho well-maintained so that the visitors might arrive relaxed and comfortable. The Circuit House, a hotel built solely for the Khajuraho patrons, does not lack in guests the year round. There are already plans to increase its number of rooms and install air-conditioning.

The village of Khajuraho is a dead village sunk in dust and poverty. The villagers lead a sub-standard life. The whole area is flat and rather forbidding. There are a few fields cultivated in a rather indifferent manner and stunted date

palms from which the village probably took its name. This site was chosen during the tenth century by the ruling family to build a series of temples dedicated to the worship of Shiva.

The temples are less than a thousand years old and most of them are reasonably well preserved. Most of the statues are still recognizable. Some of the temples, however, have been destroyed but the pieces of sculpture have been gathered together and are now on exhibit near the intact ones. There are no radical differences between the temples so there is really no reason to decry the destruction of some of them.

The temples are plain; they are hardly architectural masterpieces. In some of them balconies have been added but on the whole the temples look plain and uninteresting.

It is the decorations that attract attention. The decorations are overwhelming in both number and exuberance. They cover nearly all the wall space—internal and external—of the temples. The sides of the temples are covered with perpendicular ribs which run from the top of the spire to the base. Horizontal lines encircle the width. Thus each sculptural grouping, however free in composition and conception has its own geometrical position. In some of the bigger temples every panel of figures is alternated with one of Sardula, thus conveying a sense of completeness.

IT HAS been said that most of the sculptures at Khajuraho depict every fact of life. However, most of the facets of life have been assigned to the corners of the less visible areas. The most prominent pieces depict an almost unbridled eroticism. There are pieces depicting men and women copulating in every conceivable position; there are men embracing two women at the same time; there are women in an attitude of love with one man.

The contortions of love did not seem so numerous as at Khajuraho. For this reason probably no complete pictorial book on Khajuraho has yet appeared. The coldness of the stone figures is lost in a photograph and only their porno-

graphic brilliance seems to be recorded. Also, most of the Khajuraho figures are more than life-size which accounts for a rather emetic effect. The same figures when reduced to the intimacy of a postcard become terrifyingly erotic.

There are a number of theories regarding the intention of these art objects. One theory says that it is an illustration of phallic worship. Another says that it is an illustrated Kama-Sutra for the illiterate. Another maintains that they are intended to depict the last phase of the Kaliyuga when women lose their modesty and the world is plunged into every kind of misery.

The kaliyuga theory loses its relevance when one examines the figures closely. In their faces and contortions, one could not discover any trace of misery.

The puzzling aspect of Khajuraho is its religious intention. Are these decorations on the temples intended to arouse feelings of reverence and worship?

It would probably be closer to the truth to say that these sculptures are secular rather than religious in intention. The repetition of the various postures were meant to exhibit the technical skill of the artist rather than to arouse a feeling of reverence.

**T**HE INNER walls of the temples are covered with work that is conventional and comparatively tame. Only the ceilings are covered with decorative motif that is not human. Here again the artist displayed his mastery of geometric forms.

The Jain Temples which are about a mile away are also covered with the same motifs. But here one gets the impression that the figures are less lush, the workmanship inferior. Probably a less gifted artist worked these stones.

One detail about the Khajuraho temples puzzles the art commentators. In all the panels the artist has exhibited complete mastery over the proportions of the human form but he did not know how to make a child. There are a few children in the panels and all of them are completely out of proportion to the adult figures. The

suckling children are no bigger than the palms of their mothers' hand. One fellow seated with his parents was no bigger than his father's fist and a child standing beside his mother looked like an utter dwarf.

Serious students of art are going over these temples in detail. We expect to hear from them soon. In the meantime the government of India is more interested in the dollars that these temples bring than in their strictly artistic value. Thus the attempts of the government men to restore these temples result in pathetic errors. The refitted figures look startlingly distorted. Heads and arms do not go where they broke off. These errors, however, can be remedied later as we get to know more about these temples—gems of art set in one of the unlikely spots in the world.

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### Unlucky Day

**A MAN** walked into police headquarters in Hackensack, New Jersey, and applied for a job on the force.

Detective Sergeant Leo Liberali gave him an application to fill out. The man wrote James P. Stagg, 30.

That sounded familiar. Liberali looked over a warrant and found the same name. Stagg was wanted for passing a bad check for 70 dollars.

He was released on 100 dollars bail for a hearing.

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**Our highway planners have  
geared their thinking and  
vision to the designing  
of roads to reduce  
traffic accidents**

## *Better Roads Are Safer Roads*

**By FLORENCIO MORENO**

Secretary, Public Works and  
Communications

**R**ECENTLY, metropolitan newspapers carried glaring headlines about the head-on collision on Highway 54 of an automobile driven by a U.P. professor and one driven by a P.C. officer, resulting in the instantaneous death of the professor and serious injuries to four others. This accident is almost a daily occurrence on our highways. The accident reports from traffic enforcement agencies all over the country that trickle into our Office indicate that our fatality rate of 15.5 persons per one hundred million vehicle kilometers of travel has not diminished.

In 1952, traffic accidents took a toll of 378 human lives and

incapacitated or injured 3,893 persons in 5,605 accidents of all types. This trend from 1952 up to 1956 showed an increase in the number of accidents of about 1½ times with a slight increase in fatalities and injuries. During 1956, 457 died; 1,148 were seriously injured and 4,490 were slightly injured. This means that ten Filipinos daily sustain injury in traffic accidents and that three persons die every two days all over the country from the same causes.

Compared to progressive nations in the world, particularly the United States, where the fatality rate is only from 2.2 to 4 per cent of every one hundred million vehicle miles on their

freeways and from 6 to 12 per cent of every one hundred million vehicle miles on their state and rural highways, our fatality rate is fearfully high. This is a very bad condition that the government — the Motor Vehicles Office, the Bureau of Public Highways, the TRAFCON unit of the Philippine Constabulary and local traffic officers — should share in the responsibility of reducing the toll in human lives and in the loss of millions of pesos paid in property damage and insurance. We cannot be complacent in the face of this utter waste.

I WOULD like to point out the three primary "E's" in traffic safety. These are Education, Engineering and Enforcement.

Education means instructing the driver, pedestrian, and the general public on traffic laws, codes, rules and regulations, along with the widespread dissemination of traffic safety information that will materially help in minimizing traffic accidents and in re-awakening the motorists to a conscientious observance of the rules of the road. Driver education may start in the schools or through actual experience but it behooves the driver-licensing agency to place, apply more strictly the accepted methods of examination before any new driver is given the authority to sit behind a steering wheel.

The written, physical and actual driving examination should be thorough and comprehensive. And there should be no leniency in denying the privilege of driving to those who are physically, morally and mentally unfit because to do otherwise is to endanger human lives and forfeit valuable property. If we are appalled at an airplane crash, we can no less be horrified by daily tragedies on our highways.

The engineering phase of traffic safety concerns the incorporation into highway planning such features of design and construction that would minimize, if not actually prevent, traffic accidents. The Bureau of Public Highways is working along progressive lines, incorporating into road designs such features as extended no-passing lanes, divided highways that preclude head-on collisions, grade separators at intersections, speed zone indicators, uniform signs and signals to reduce intersection difficulties, wide shoulders to provide safe refuge for disabled vehicles, marked cross-walks for pedestrians, channelizations, and many other improved engineering devices.

Our highway planners have geared their thinking and vision to the planning of such highways that will contribute immensely to reduction of traffic accidents. They now propose

to make studies of the eventual construction of modern controlled access roads in our highway system, possibly to give priority to those portions which have a heavy volume of traffic. But on less important roads they propose to apply the same plan, with the eventual incorporation of those operating features of the controlled access type of highway. Which means that both as a national project and as regional public works, our road construction program is geared to new and progressive planning.

In this impartial way, we in the department of public works and communications will aim eventually at relieving traffic congestion everywhere, whether in a short section of the Manila North Road from the Balintawak Monument to Tabang, Bulacan, as a modest beginning, or in a scale bigger than that.

The present project is not a super-colossal job, by the way, as may have been misrepresented through over-glamourized newspaper reports, because we do not intend to construct right now the whole 168-kilometer diversionary route from Manila to Pangasinan. Our section of this road, consisting of only about 25 kilometers, because there is no other road in the whole country with its main trunk route as heavily congested as this particular section of the Manila-North Road.

If other roads in the national system, be it in the Visayas or Mindanao or on any other island, or region, should need this or other type of improved highway, our highway planners who are constantly appraising statistics of our road needs, would certainly design similar or approximately similar types of highway. And because this is, as I emphasized, only a modest beginning, no region or province or island need therefore be sacrificed when it comes to allocation of national funds.

THE LAST E of traffic safety promotion is enforcement, and it is here that police traffic enforcement comes into play. Without the last E, the two other E's are neutralized. We may have all the laws, rules and regulations governing the use of the road, driver behavior and the movement and control of traffic, but without rigid and judicious enforcement of these rules and regulations, our efforts would be negative.

On this score, let me relate a very interesting experience of some engineers, the driver of whose car was apprehended by a TRAFCON patrol of the Philippine Constabulary on the Manila-North Road. The officer politely waved them to a stop and in the most courteous way said: "Sorry, gentlemen, but please understand that your driver is endangering your lives; I am

apprehending him because he was overtaking at an unnecessarily high speed on a non-passing zone."

If the engineers in the car had ever the faintest notion of interceding on behalf of their driver, this approach changed their minds because the TRAFCON officer was not only convincing but reasonable, which is a far cry from the ordinary run of police officials. This is one of the many facets of traffic enforcement that properly strengthens the policing of our highways.

The TRAFCON unit of the Philippine Constabulary and many local traffic officials should be commended for their efficient and knowledgeable enforcement and control of traffic laws on our highways. There should be no relaxation of efforts. On the other hand, it is sad to note that there are a few police officers who appear easy prey to venality. What we need is an organization of more dynamic force, composed of dedicated police officers with a high sense of duty, civic consciousness and selflessness.

There are other traffic problems worthy of study, specially among urban and suburban police traffic divisions. I refer particularly to the conditions in Manila which are interlaced with the problems of nearby suburban areas. The traffic problems of Manila have become

their problems too. The traffic difficulties in urban Manila are reflected in the type and volume of transportation used by suburbanites, in the pursuit of business and in their private motoring. There is need therefore to integrate police functions among areas of heavy traffic activity that overlap certain jurisdictions. The responsibility of traffic police can no longer be limited by boundaries.

**I**N THE concerted effort to create ideal conditions on our roads and minimize the daily toll of human lives from traffic accidents, there should be uniformity in the interpretation of the rules of the road and more cooperation with the Public Service Commission, the Motor Vehicles Office, the TRAFCON and the Bureau of Public Highways.

To achieve better coordination, more and serious training of police recruits is needed. The uniformity and regularity of maintaining and forwarding to a central agency traffic accident reports will come in handy, too. If a person is sick, he can only be cured if there is a proper diagnosis. In the case of traffic analysis, experts in my department are hampered in their search for corrective measures by the incomplete and often incorrect data furnished us, or

sometimes the total lack of data.

While the Motor Vehicles Office has a compilation of traffic accidents, I am not too sure that all accidents investigated by local traffic officers are properly reported and properly compiled, such that they will be of value to our traffic analysts. All local police officers should therefore make their re-

ports carefully and transmit them as regularly as possible. And we shall do our part in correcting the physical and geometric deficiencies of our highways to the end that we will have highways that will give the motoring public a guarantee that the road they travel is safe, that as long as they do their part in observing traffic safety, they need never gamble with their lives.

\* \* \*

### Lonely Cats

*In Los Angeles, Matt Weinstock tells about a lady who loves cats who was dining with her husband in her apartment one night when she fancied she heard a cat meowing a floor or two away. "I'll bet that pussy is lonely," she remarked to her husband, and playfully meowed back.*

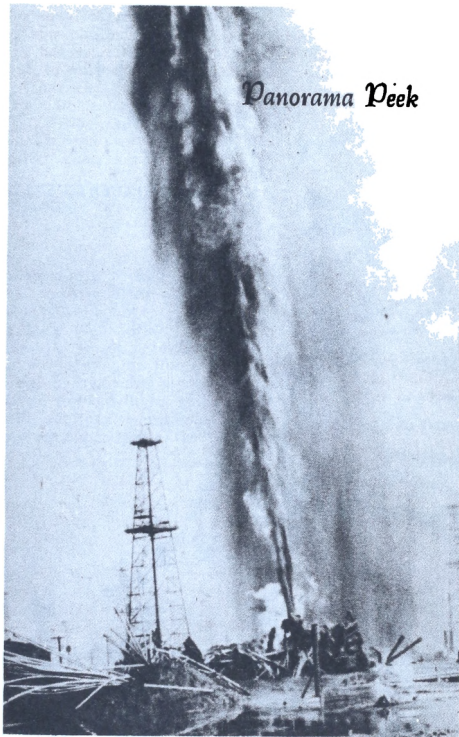
*To her surprise the cat answered her! She repeated her meow, this time putting extra feeling into her performance, and there then ensued the darnedest cat conversation ever heard in that neighborhood. It continued for a full half hour, while the husband marveled.*

*The next day her triumph was deflated when a neighbor dropped down to borrow some sugar. "The funniest thing happened last night," said the neighbor. "I meowed at a cat and he meowed back — and we must have kept it up for forty minutes!"*

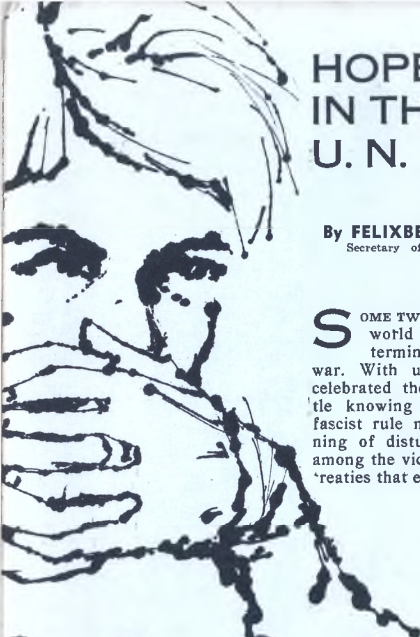
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*Panorama Peek*



**NOT YET — BUT SOON, MAYBE — is this picture of an oil well run wild a familiar sight in the Philippines, with the oil prospecting fever running high.**



# HOPE IN THE U. N.

By **FELIXBERTO SERRANO**  
Secretary of Foreign Affairs

**S**OME TWELVE years ago the world rejoiced over the termination of a terrible war. With unbounded joy it celebrated the great event little knowing that the end of fascist rule marked the beginning of disturbing dissensions among the victorious allies. The treaties that ended the war were



***Written a year ago, this searching article about the world organization is timely even today***

treaties of peace between combatants but did not work as treaties of friendship among the victors.

Disagreement over the interpretation and implementation of accords pertaining to the treatment of the vanquished enemy sowed the seed of discord which was to generate into a giant force splitting the world into groups with interests seemingly irreconcilable. These disagreements presented a picture which was a completed antithesis of the scene in the Crimea Conference at Yalta, at which the heads of three great powers—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin—"resolved upon the earliest possible establishment with our allies of a general international organization to maintain peace and security," which organization they believed to be "essential both to prevent aggression and to remove the political, economic and social causes of war through the close and continuing collaboration of all peace-loving peoples."

In seeming mockery of the Atlantic Charter and the Yalta accords, nations were soon engaged in struggles for power

and influence which once more plunged the world into a series of delicate and dangerous political crises, pushing it several times to the brink of war. The war in Korea, the blockade of Berlin, the war in Indo-China, the conflicts on Kashmir and Cyprus, the nationalization of the Suez Canal, the strikes in Poznan, the revolts in Hungary, the Turko-Syrian conflict—all these have contrived to undermine the faith of mankind in its own ability to maintain a lasting peace. They have served to draw attention to the ironical situation where disarmament talks alternate with launchings of new weapons. They have set minds to wondering if peace is not just an interval between wars.

**I**T IS IN this atmosphere that the world today watches the developments in international affairs with a mixed feeling of fear and hope. Will the dangers and the suspense of the past few years be just carried forward to the next page of the ledger of international affairs? Or will the year 1958 produce something that will assuage the thirst for power and strengthen the desire to live in a world free of suspicion and distrust? Will there be a concrete agreement on disarmament with the necessary corollary of mutual inspection? Or will mankind, in a frenzy of hate and anger,

once more plunge into another global war, unmindful of the possibility of the complete destruction of civilization?

For want of anything with which to foretell what the coming year will bring in the way of relief from, or increase in, international tension, justification for hopes or fears may be gauged by the way the nations conducted themselves, singly or collectively, in the different crises which they underwent during these post-war years.

In the face of the different fearful situations that have been menacing various parts of the world, there is a source of consolation in the observation that in all their serious disagreements and bitter controversies the nations' grim determination to win has in most cases been modified by a sober disposition for a peaceful settlement of the conflicts. And it is comforting that such disposition for amicable settlement has been shown in response to measures taken by the United Nations.

The war in the Indo-China states ended with the creation of an International Commission to supervise the application of the provisions of the Geneva Agreement on the cessation of hostilities.

A cease-fire has been accepted by Pakistan and India in their fight over Kashmir. Mr. Gunnar Jarring, the UN inves-

tigator, has reported that, "despite the present deadlock, both parties are still desirous of finding a solution to the problem."

Although the Suez Canal controversy has not been finally settled, the great waterway has been reopened to international shipping. The policy of moderation, which called for the restoration of peace first and the determination of rights afterwards, played a decisive role in getting the warring sides to lay down arms before discussing the case on its merits.

Responsibility for the tragedy in Hungary has been fixed and hopes for the righting of the wrongs inflicted upon the Hungarian people may be reasonably entertained.

**V**IEWED against the numerous explosive situations which could have thrown the world into another and undoubtedly most destructive war, the acceptance by the opposing parties of mediation and at least temporary settlement of their disputes projects a ray of optimism about what might be expected of the year 1958.

On the other hand, something more convincing than mere acceptance of temporary settlement of disputes is needed to constitute an assurance of a lasting peace. There are several factors, contributory or alternative, which could bring about



the restoration of peaceful, normal relations among nations.

About the most effective of these is a genuine desire for peace over the desire for power and for political, military or economic control over alien interests. This is necessarily complemented by a sincere willingness on the part of each nation to let the others live in freedom and to let them decide for themselves what way of life to pursue, what form of government to have. More than an individual undertaking, this principle has been made a common resolve of all United Nations members when they agreed "to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace."

The last war in Korea was at once a test and a manifesta-

tion of the effectiveness of collective action. In that war the success of the sixteen nations in suppressing aggression amply demonstrated what more the great majority of the states could do to stop aggression by one country against another. The thought of a combined force applied to stop aggression is a rein that holds back any would-be aggressor.

Whether the coming year will bring something which will assure us of a lasting peace or will throw the world into a third global war, no one can tell. However, it is to be presumed that, with the modern weapons of destruction, no country will commit anything that would be a direct cause of war.

It seems safe to predict that if ever another conflagration should break out, it will not

be ignited by direct provocation but by an act of indiscretion of one country done in underestimation of the ability and readiness of the others to take measures in retaliation.

Peace, therefore, hinges on

prudence and on mutual fear of atomic destruction. As long as such fear is harbored in the hearts of men, the world will be free from a global war. There may be an uneasy peace but there will be peace.

\* \* \*



## Voluptuary

*A rose warming a worm  
Shouts out a storm warning  
A worm warming a rose  
Posits a poet's raging  
And I, votary to these  
Holds, if you please  
That I rage at a rose  
That is warmed by a worm  
And storm at a worm  
That is warmth to a rose.*

—David B. Bunao



## WANTED: 50,000 WIVES

**F**OUR years ago Dr. O. C. Mazengarb, a leading lawyer and sociologist, gave a warning that New Zealand needed more girls to become wives of the country's surplus bachelors. Now he says the unbalance is getting worse.

New Zealand today has 50,000 young men of marriageable age who cannot find wives, he maintains. The country's big problem, he asserts, is not its surfeit of butter or shortage of overseas funds but the shortage of marriageable women.

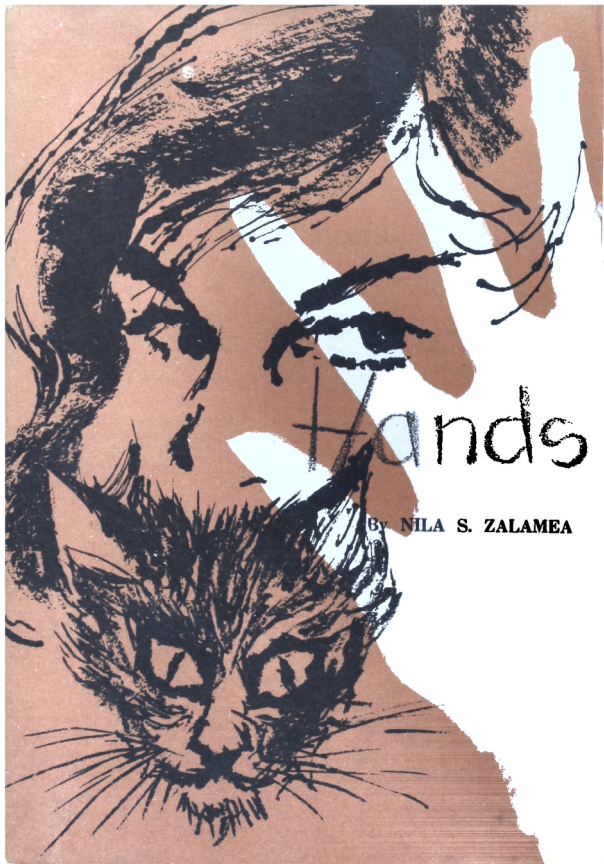
Dr. Mazengarb advocates a campaign to bring 20,000 20,000 girls of good character from abroad to assured jobs and the added attraction of "a sound prospect of happy romance in nature's most favored land."

Attributed the situation to unbalanced immigration, Dr. Mazengarb says thousands of young men have been lured to construction jobs in a country with a surplus of bachelors to start with.

Men in the 21-to-35 age group who have never married now total 82,764, the sociologist says whereas the number of women in the same category is only 38,537. Bachelors thus outnumber unmarried women by more than two to one. If men in their twenty-first year are added, the male surplus is more than 50,000.

The lack of balance is responsible for grave social effects, in Dr. Mazengarb's opinion.





# Hands

By NILA S. ZALAMEA



FATHER'S right hand was gripping my own that Sunday evening. I sat on his lap staring at the long white fingers, stemming from a smooth narrow palm and tapering at the tips; at the almond-shaped nails shining like lustrous pink shells.

I turned to examine my left hand resting on Father's own as it lay on the arm of the chair. It looked very much like Father's: soft, delicate—even gentle. Yet how vigorously it had pounded the piano this morning, I thought, recalling the thunderous sound it had summoned from one bass key.

"The hands of a pianist," Father had said when I was five years old. They looked so small then, as he held them in the cup of his hands. Now they were large and long; yet, how humiliatingly petty was their occupation, compared to that of Father's hands.

Only last night, his right hand held the baby up by its feet; his left hand parting the steely cold air in a slap that still cracked like a whip in my mind.

The imprint shone white like a hand on the baby's red skin,

instantly regaining color as the wail split the chilly night air.

Mother's eyes, shining with tears, lovingly caressed the new baby; then, unblinking, searched father's impersonal face for some hint of happiness; but suddenly, they withdrew from the hard thin lips, the thoughtful eyes, in horror, then shame, then pity.

What had her eyes seen in Father's eyes?

VAINLY, I tried to penetrate the depths of those two round pools that sought me out, standing at the foot of the bed. But some unknown hand cast obliterating shadows over them, and my gaze met only the inky blackness of her eyes, glimmering under the cool light of the bulb that hung, swaying from its wire.

The water in the basin caught the fitful light and glowed on the baby's soft red body. It trickled over Father's right hand as it rubbed the fat from the baby's skin.

The ripples ran crazily and dizzily, and made the hand, working under the water, become grotesque and ugly.

"What are you thinking?" Father's voice broke the silence,

cutting short my thoughts. I turned to face him but did not answer.

Smiling, he released my right hand and tousled my hair. "You're always thinking," he said; then asked again: "What are you thinking?" I did not answer. He pulled me closer to him. Consciously, I moved my arm protectively over my breast, which was just beginning to pain me.

Suddenly, he said: "How would you like to have a new mother?" His eyes blazed with a strange evil gleam in his thrust face.

I did not understand. I was shocked. No, I was frightened. I knew he had a paramour.

Quickly, I stood up to face him. But his eyes, where evil flashed only a moment ago, now glistened with a soft, gentle light as they looked up into my eyes. I turned to go, and he put out his hands to stop me. Deftly, I darted out of their reach. "Hey!" he said, but I was already running to the kitchen. At the threshold, I looked back and saw that he had not followed.

**B**ERTA was in the kitchen, getting ready to leave for the night. She started as I entered. She was wrapping up something in a piece of brown paper. Rice, perhaps, I thought, or lard. She got the butcher's knife from its place on the wall

and cut the string with it; then she placed it back on the wall. She patted the package with a satisfied air. I did not say anything. Instead, I went down on my hands and knees and crawled under the worktable. Immediately, she was upon me, uttering curses.

"Come out from under that table!" she ordered indignantly. But I was not listening. I made an opening through the woodpile and put an eye to it.

"You young people are far too advanced," she continued in an accusing tone. "Imagine," she said, as though speaking to someone in particular, "watching a cat in labor?" She paused. I could feel her eyes glowing at me like live coals. "Why, in my day—" she started to say and suddenly stopped. Then as abruptly, she charged toward the back door, spitting disgustedly. "Tse!" she said, and slammed the door behind her.

Relieved of her presence, I shifted to a more comfortable position — straightening out my legs and lying flat on my stomach. Then I put my eye to the hole again and watched, fascinated.

The cat was breathing hard and laboriously. Her eyes were closed, and her nostrils dilated. After a while, a tri-colored kitten appeared and whimpered at once. The cat reached out to it and pulled it to her side. She started licking its organs. It

was a male. A tri-colored tomcat.

I'll be the proud owner of a rare tri-colored tomcat, I thought happily.

Suddenly, as I watched, the cat stopped licking the kitten. There must be another one coming, I thought. I waited, trying not to guess what the color or the sex of the next one might be, because I wanted to surprise myself.

I watched and saw, not with surprise, but with horror, the cat biting the tri-colored tomcat by the neck and swinging it mercilessly to and fro. The kitten whimpered for an instant, then became silent.

**D**ESPERATELY, I put my right hand through the opening and tried to release the kitten from its mother's mouth when something hard and sharp struck my hand. I felt something warm and sticky run through my fingers. I jerked out my hand. It was covered with blood. The skin was dreadfully torn and scratched. Slowly, it started to hurt. I gripped it in my left hand and tried to crush the pain. The pain increased, however, as the blood continued to flow—and that angered me.

Working feverishly, I detached a bundle of firewood nearest the opening, and gripped the sturdiest piece in it in my wounded hand. I approached



the now large hole and prepared to strike, but the sight of the cat placidly chewing the half-eaten body of the kitten stayed my hand. Stunned, I slowly backed out and pulled myself out from under the table.

My mind still saw the cat giving birth to a kitten, and then . . . No. I must stop thinking. I must not think anymore. I must not . . . I must tell Mother. I'll go to Mother.

**T**HE BEDROOM door stood ajar. I went in without knocking. Father was there, bent over the bed, his hands gripping Mother's neck. I stood there—shocked; dazed. Then I saw the baby again, Father's thoughtful eyes, his thin lips,

Mother's eyes, the half-eaten body of the kitten in the kitchen. Father's words drummed through my head: a new mother? A new mother? He's strangling her, I told myself. Killing her. I saw her struggling to release his hold. She gasped. I screamed and charged Father. The piece of wood was still in my hand. I raised it and brought it down on his head. He fell unconscious to the floor, his arms spread eagle-like. His hands lay on the cold floor—the palms up, the fingers relaxed. They looked so beautiful, so gentle. They seemed incapable of causing harm, or pain; of destruction. They did not seem to belong to the man. They shouldn't be parts of his body, I thought, and suddenly knew what I had to do.

I went to the kitchen and picked up the butcher's knife with my right hand which was now soiled and dirty with the dry blood. I returned to the bedroom and knelt beside the prostrate body on the floor. Slowly I raised the knife and brought it down hard. Blood

gushed out from the severed palm. I crossed over to the other side and cut the other hand to the quick.

"Child!" Mother's voice called me. I turned and saw her rising from the bed. "Child!" she cried again. I ran to her just in time to catch her from falling.

"What have you done?" she asked. She knelt before me, her hands grasping my arms. Her upturned face was streaming with tears.

"I did not kill him, Mother," I said. "I did not kill him, because he is your husband."

"Child!" she cried. "Child, he is your father."

"He's your husband, Mother," I repeated calmly.

"He's your father," she insisted.

"No, Mother."

She buried her face in the hollow of my stomach and wept piteously.

The moonlight streamed through the window and shimmered on her hair. I stroked her head, vainly trying to catch the light.

\* \* \*

### Can What?

*A canner, exceedingly canny,  
One morning remarked to his granny,  
"A canner, can can  
Anything that he can,  
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"*

# JOSE MARIA PANGANIBAN: A PATRIOT COMES HOME

*Bicol's little-known Revolutionist*

By Roberto Fernando



WHEN THE Philippine Congress, on December 1, 1934, changed the name of Mambulao, Camarines Norte to Jose Panganiban, it was paying a belated tribute to one of the staunchest champions of Philippine freedom.

Mambulao was the hometown of Panganiban. Here he was born on February 1, 1863. His parents were Vicente Panganiban of Hagonoy, Bulacan and

Juana Enverga of Mauban, Quezon. His father was the a clerk of court at Daet, the capital of the province. Jose was one of the three sons of Vicente.

Jose was a precocious child. He learned the cartilla and the caton in one month. He mastered the Catecismo in another month. It was his mother who taught him now to read and write.

He showed an early interest in reading. Once his mother found him under a tree reading *Don Quijote*. His father encouraged his intellectual propensities. He was kept supplied with good books. At twelve, he could speak and write Spanish and Latin. At fifteen he was acquainted with the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey* and the *Divine Comedy*.

There is a story that once Jose's uncle refused to lend him a telescope. Frustrated, Jose assembled his own from bits of glass and cardboard. When the makeshift telescope was tested, the uncle found that it worked perfectly.

As a boy, Jose was thin and frail. However, his physical deficiencies did not prevent him from participating in the rough sports of boys. He learned horseback riding quite early.

When Jose was eight, Fr. Francisco Fernandez took him to Labo to learn Spanish. The following year, he was sent to the public school at Daet. In that school, he finished his primary education.

For his secondary education, Jose was sent to Nueva Caceres (now Naga City) and enrolled in the seminary of the Paulist fathers. He became the protégé of Fr. P. Santonja, the rector of the seminary and his teacher in the natural sciences. This priest sent him to Manila for further education. When Jose took his *revalida* at the University of Santo Tomas on February 4, 1883, he obtained *sobresaliente* and a degree was granted on March 1, 1883.

At the University of Santo Tomas he enrolled in the schools of medicine and agriculture. He finished his agricultural course in 1885.

**I**N MAY 1888, he was a junior at the College of Medicine. Because he was an *indio*, he was closely watched and suspected. The treatment was more than he could bear so he decided to finish the medical course at the University of Barcelona. He became a student here in 1889. However, because of illness which was aggravated by a fight with two Spaniards, Jose failed to take the examinations. He therefore did not get his degree that year.

In Barcelona, too, he fell into the company of the other Filipino propagandists. For a time, his parents threatened to cut off his allowance if he did not give up his political work.

Once in a café in Madrid, some Spaniards began mocking the Filipinos. They called them "a bunch of ignorant and flat-nosed people." The Filipinos challenged the Spaniards to a contest of intellectual skill. The Spaniards chose memory as the basis. A fresh copy of a Madrid newspaper was given to the Filipinos and one of them was told to read the editorial. The task fell on Panganiban, who read it for one minute and then repeated it almost word for word. Then the paper was given to a Spaniard. He failed to match Panganiban and the Spaniards were forced to admit defeat.

Panganiban kept his interest in intellectual matters even un-

der the most adverse of conditions. In his sick bed, he learned German well enough to translate Weber's **Die Religio und Die Religionen** into Spanish. He also learned English and Italian.

Panganiban won many honors. When General Domingo Moriones y Murrillo, governor-general of the Philippines from 1877-1880 visited the Paulist seminary in Nueva Caceres, Panganiban was chosen speaker. His speech and manner so impressed the governor that he pinned a medal on the boy.

When he was fifteen, he was already assisting the seminary physician and was even allowed to handle minor ailments. In April, 1878, when Bishop Francisco Gainza visited Mambulao, Panganiban wrote a poem in honor of his visit. Later on at the University of Santo Tomas he won second honor in a literary-scientific contest. He failed to win the first prize be-

cause the other contender was a Spaniard, Vicente Cavanna. The same happened to his **Anatomia de Regiones**, an important medical paper which he wrote in 1887. It was not adjudged the best because of the participation of some Spaniards and mestizos.

But later his papers on general pathology, therapeutics and surgical anatomy won all the first prizes. One of his professors, Dr. Cato L. Brea, was very impressed with his work. Upon his recommendation and Fr. Gregorio Echevarria's, the papers were printed and exhibited at the 1887 exposition at Madrid.

PANGANIBAN became interested in politics during his first months in Madrid. He wrote for the **La Solidaridad**. He did not quit politics despite the advice of his father, Fr. Santonja and his poor health.

The other Filipino propagandists liked his work. Ponce on July 1, 1899 remarked that Panganiban was "useful and very necessary to our cause."

As a speaker, he could move his audience by force of hard logic. Even the anti-reform press of Madrid felt disposed toward his oratorical abilities. Rizal appraised Panganiban in the following words:

Panganiban was a true orator of easy and energetic words, vigorous con-



cepts, practical and transcendental ideas and of elevated thoughts. He was eloquent, at once very seductive and convincing. Deeply informed of things Philippine, how many times he moved his audience depicting the ills of that land, the great agonies it suffers, the immense pains it feels.

The pen name of Panganiban was Jomapa or J.M.P. In his **El Pensamiento**, he advocated freedom of the press without which "it is hard for the government to interpret faithfully the aspiration of the constituents." In his **Los Nuevos Ayuntamientos de Filipinas**, which was published on July 31, 1890, he attacked the municipal reform in several provinces in the Philippines. In his **La Universidad de Manila: su Plan de Estudio**, he advocated academic freedom.

On April 25, 1889, he signed a petition drafted by the Hispano-Filipino Association and **La Solidaridad** and sent to the minister of war. It asked for the granting to Filipinos the same rights enjoyed by the Spaniards. Among these rights were representation in the Cortes, prohibition of deportation without due process of law, and abolition of the **censura previa**.

The other extant writings of Panganiban were: **Ang Lupang**

**Tinubuan, Noches de Mambulao, Sa Aking Buhay, Bahia de Mambulao, La Mujer de Oro, Clarita Perez, and Kandeng o Recuerdos de Mi Pueblo.**

LATER on when he was really very sick he dropped off. He wrote to Rizal, advising the propagandists to continue the campaign. He said: "Whatever we have begun should be carried to the finish even if it results in the sacrifice of our lives, our honor and our wealth... If I had the strength which I used to have, I would go with you wherever you go."

He died on August 19, 1890 at No. 2 Rambla de Canaletas, Barcelona. He was only 27 years old. The issue of **La Solidaridad** that came out on September 20, 1890 was a Panganiban issue. The next day he was buried in grave No. 2043 of the Southwest Cemetery of Barcelona. The funeral was attended by the Filipino community and by Cubans and Porto Ricans sympathetic to the Philippine revolutionists' cause.

On September 27, 1891, in view of the failure to renew the right to use the grave, the remains of Panganiban were removed to the Osario General of the cemetery. In 1956, Dr. Domingo Abella had the remains exhumed and after 65 years in a foreign country, Jose Panganiban finally returned to his native land.



# The Fallacy of Heresy\*

By LEONARD CASPER

## Part II

IT WAS the modest assumption that a novel or poem experiences itself more perfectly than any reader can which, freeing the Fugitive critics at Vanderbilt from romantic self-importance, made them serviceable as employees of art. Similarly, it was the mutual tolerance of their diversity which helped them survive. John M. Bradbury's *The Fugitives* is valuable for exploring the vast distances which have separated John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren at the dark and far corners of their elliptical paths around common foci; and during seasons of change in their now New Agrarian, now New Critical thought. What these three learned from each other came seldom by agreement, and rarely by imitation. Since in no exact sense did they ever constitute a school but have been most distinguished because distinct, Bradbury's account suffers somewhat from being unable to shake off the minor Fugitives (the majority of the Vanderbilt group, actually, including Merrill Moore, professed author of 50,000 inconsequential sonnets). This defect in discrimination, however, is at least overcome by the kind of judgment passed on the work of these others who, to their credit, it must be said were not really coattail-riders but have only been made to seem so for the convenience of historical critics.

The same impulse to prove a homogeneity, in spite of his own prefatory warning makes Bradbury find Eliot under

\* John M. Bradbury, *The Fugitives* (University of North Carolina Press: Chapel Hill, 1958).

Hugh Kenner, *Gnomon* (McDowell-Obolensky: N.Y., 1958).

Robert Penn Warren, *Selected Essays*, (Random House: N.Y., 1958).

every Fugitive bed; and in two lines of Warren's poetry some instinct tells him which word shows Tate's influence, which Eliot's, and which Ransom's! Such examples of over-reading (unfortunately not rare) perhaps were designed to compensate for all the neglect these figures have suffered previously from more opaque sensibilities. Far more objectionable in the unintelligible random-shuffle which distributes the contents neither according to writer (Tate, Ransom, Warren) nor according to genre (criticism, fiction, poetry). The suspicion is bound to occur that here is another academic field hastily posted, because already being quartered by someone else's hounds. The impression is unfortunate because Bradbury's may be a standard book for years, perhaps even after the authors involved have been studied individually and more thoroughly, to the modification of present readings.

○ F ALL these books, Hugh Kenner's **Gnomon** is most likely to become an interim volume. What were originally review-articles have been expanded inadequately, and without cross-reference. Nor is their sequence suggestive of any unswerving grand swing through human space. Partia'ly, this would seem to be reckoned carelessness on Kenner's part: the book is offered as preliminary footnotes to a major unfinished work, presumably about the remains of literature's latest Vortex to which Kenner sometimes alludes with the air of a smug hostess making the pudding go around. No one could fail to respect the manner of his discovering "implications by collocation," in Yeats' poetry; or the archival quality of Pound's **Cantos**; or the purely American grain in William's **Paterson**. But Kenner is reluctant to make clear yet exactly what these, his heroes, have to do with chapters on college textbooks (is it because no one has created an equivalent to the Chinese Book of Odes which Pound makes sacred for him?) or Freud's Victorianism or Empson's method of studying literature by mathematical formulae. The gnomons' shadows, supposed to steer the seasons, overlap under light from too many undifferentiated sources.

Unless such sketches are preliminary diagrams only, for a later geometry, their incompleteness may well be germane to Kenner's so-far uncritical admiration for Pound, Williams and Yeats. His talent for exegesis is not matched by judicious evaluation, but turns rapidly to enthusiasm. Because he under-

stands the workings of difficult art, he seems compelled to accept it; as if to do otherwise were somehow to deny his initial efforts. Both faults may be attendant on his excessive love for things-as-they-happen-to-be: not truth earned by induction, but the dogmatic assertion of simplified essence which his favorite ex-Imagists contrive. Hence, the cocksureness of his style, the occasional indifference to proof by argument. One backhand swipe removes the late Conrad, a shrug nudges T. E. Hulme to the rear of the crowd, a dented eyebrow says Eliot is too European to notice. . . . Shortage of space is the curse of reviews; but the limitations of Kenner's expanded "essays" are his own.

**I**N THE preface to his **Selected Essays**, Robert Penn Warren speaks of "the variety and internecine vindictiveness of voices" among today's critics. Personally, he denies any part in the multiplicity of new orthodoxies; and he refuses to believe that electronic computers will ever replace the necessary uneasiness of human decisions, literary or otherwise. Appropriately, therefore, his collection is oriented by the famous lecture-essay, "Pure and Impure Poetry," which first repudiated mandarin detachment as the artist's ideal. The human condition and the condition of art are noticeably one: a poem has to live with itself, just as a man must live with the utmost self-knowledge permitted him. The great appeal to Warren of Conradian immersion in the awful responsibilities of life is clear in the succeeding essay, on **Nostromo**. In terms of that commitment, the attempts in the fiction of Faulkner and Hemingway to accept the existence of evil, sin and error without being overwhelmed, by drawing up rules for human conduct in battle, are considered. The successful management of complex experience, not quite at the level of world vision, is traced in Frost and Katherine Anne Porter, and various degrees of failure in Welty, Wolfe and Melville. The essay on Coleridge's **Rime of the Ancient Mariner** is kept for last not only because of its length, but also because its interpretation of elements met in communion, both substantially and implicitly, in the poem epitomizes the function of art for Warren. It offers a means to human redemption, by its power to found a myth stronger than any history, which will explain man's presence and aspirations to himself. The final words of the essay echo the preface: poetry's "symbolical reading of experience" reconciles "the self-devisive internecine malices which

arise at the superficial level on which we conduct most of our living." Criticism rises above daily spite and special pleading as it recognizes a resemblance between its own nature and other fictions.

Warren's own criticism has always had to live with his novels and poems; because of their frictions they have rubbed individual features into each other. The importance of these essays to the understanding of Warren's method and canon, however, does not detract from their being major commentaries on the literature more directly involved. They are eminently readable—the authentication to which myths in any form aspire.

— From the **Western Review**

\* \* \*

### **Wrong Track**

*T*WO JEWISH race-track addicts met on the way home from Belmont, and one began immediately to bemoan an unbroken streak of miserable luck. The other boasted, "Not me. I've gone right back to fundamentals. Every morning now I pray for 15 minutes at the synagogue, and since I started not a day has gone by that I haven't picked at least two winners."

"What have I got to lose?" said the unfortunate one. "I'll try your system."

Three weeks later they met again. "I followed your advice," began the steady loser. "Not only did I pray every morning, but every evening as well. All day Saturday I spent in the synagogue, too, not to mention a couple of holidays. And in all that time, believe me, not a single winner I picked."

"I can't understand it," said his friend. "What synagogue did you pray in?"

"The one on Grove Street," was the answer.

"No wonder, you schmo," shouted the friend. "That's for trotters!"

\*

Francoise Sagan:  
White Thunderbird

In France, no speed limits

WHEN FRANCOISE SAGAN brought her tousled head to New York a few years ago to arrange for her first two novels to be made into movies, she carried her leopard skin coat slung over her elbow and posed delightedly with the white Thunderbird hired for her use. "In France you may drive as fast as you like. My car will go 140 miles an hour," she explained. "But here, I understand, you have speed limits."

Her first novel, *Bonjour Tristesse*, was written in a month. Her others have required a little more labor but sold more rapidly. Only four weeks after its Paris publication, her third novel, *Dans un Mois, Dans un An*, had sold three-fourths as many as her second, *A Certain Smile*, had sold in a year and a half. Total sales have already run into several millions, an ironic victory for a young defeatist, counterpart of America's Deadbeat Generation which has become spokesman for the multitudes simply by being louder than they were. The words which Sagan uses most often in her third novel (*Those Without Shadows*, in its translated version) sum up critical opinion of her: "What a mess!" she keeps saying; "a dreadful feeling of waste." In April of 1957, the 22-year-old girl had turned over her fast Aston-Martin on a road where five others had died; and the critics could not have cared less, but the readers loved her as movie-goers had loved Jimmy Dean for dying in a hot-rod.

Curled up on her bed of pain, she cried, "God deliver me from my physical sufferings. I'll take care of the moral ones." Perhaps she should have asked for more. Having convalesced, she continued to live and write as she had before.

\* An exclusive *Panorama* feature.

**H**ER RISE to notoriety came so fast that it has shown her inadequacies, her lack of poise poignantly. She was a 17-year-old college girl from a substantial bourgeois family when she sent a novel, written between examinations, to a strange publisher. In a few years she has made hundreds of millions of francs on her little books. Her fan letters include many insulting her person and style, and many begging for money which she has already wasted without counting. For her fabulous royalties she had only a half-furnished apartment on a Seine quai and \$48,000 owed the tax collector (but then, in France as in Manila, who pays taxes?).

Before her marriage, recently, to Guy Schoeller, bands of young people used to follow her, living on her expense account, borrowing cars and sweaters, and keeping the change when they went out for a newspaper. Without being asked, they choose her company; she has never had to worry about money, so . . . From some she had hopes of communicating, of reaching out beyond her solitariness; but she is surprisingly naive, even gullible, and her acquaintances have used her badly. Actually she has always dressed modestly—a black sweater, a light coat; she is well-mannered and reticent, receptive, somehow charming. But only her parents are her disinterested friends.

Guy Schoeller, nearly 20 years her senior, has inherited a considerable fortune from his father, director of Hachette, powerful French publishing and distributing syndicate. He is also the proud father of a girl whose mother he divorced over ten years ago. Fashion mannequins particularly seem to have enjoyed his public company. He was off, big-game hunting in Kenya when his forthcoming marriage was first announced. Love, from such a man, does not come as simply as writing a best-seller.

**T**HE FRENCH critic Françoise Giroud has described Sagan's personal problem as that of the present young French women "who want to keep their newly won independence and at the same time to surrender it for a few hours every day to a 'strong man.' Either the strong man refuses this episodic role or he accepts, thus proving he is not strong at all, and becomes a disappointment."

Françoise Sagan has another limitation. "Life is like music," she says. "It should be possible to hear it twice." But even Sagan is mortal.

## Sivi and the Dove



**S**IVI WAS the greatest King in India. All the other kings did homage to him, and ruled under him.

Sivi was merciful and charitable to all. The least among his subjects could approach him in the certainty of receiving help. No one appealed to him in vain.

So great was the King's reputation for charity and mercy, that the gods in heaven heard it.

Indra, the chief of the gods, decided he would test Sivi. He called the god Yama to him.

'We will see,' he said, 'whether it is real kindness of heart, or whether Sivi merely wishes to make a show before the world.'

So the two gods made a plan by which they would test Sivi's goodness.

Indra, in the form of a dove, flew into the Hall of Justice just as Sivi took his place upon

the throne. Yama, disguised as an eagle, flew after him.

The dove flew to Sivi, and dropping at his feet, implored his protection.

'Oh King, save me from this eagle!' Sivi lifted the dove to his breast, and stroked it gently.

'Do not be afraid, little one,' he said, 'you are safe with me.'

But the eagle flew down and bowed itself before Sivi.

'Oh King, I ask for justice. This dove is my natural food. If you will not give it to me, I shall go hungry. Is that justice?'

'Sire,' said the dove, 'I claim your protection. You have promised me safety. You cannot break your word.'

'That is not fair to me,' said the eagle. 'You are depriving me of my right. I hear that you are renowned for your justice, and that no man appeals to you in vain. Give me then this dove, for I am very hungry.'

'I cannot give you the dove,' said Sivi, 'for I have promised it my protection, but I will order my servants to give you as much meat as you can eat. That will satisfy your hunger, and there will be no need for you to eat the dove.'

The eagle replied, 'I cannot eat meat that has been killed by others. It must be fresh and warm and dripping with blood. If you will give me as much of your own flesh as will equal the weight of the dove, I will accept that instead.'

"So be it," said Sivi.

All the courtiers raised their voices in protest and horror.

'This must be a foul demon that wishes to destroy you,' they cried. 'Be warned, sire, and do not give him what he demands.'

'I have given my word,' said Sivi. Then he ordered a pair of scales to be brought to the Hall of Justice. The dove was placed in one of the pans.

WITH HIS own hand Sivi cut off pieces of his flesh, and put them in the other side of the scale. They did not weigh as much as the dove. More and more he cut, but still the dove weighed down the scale.

Sivi was growing weak from loss of blood. He could hardly hold the knife in his hand, and still there was not enough of his flesh to weigh equally with the dove.

So bowing his head, Sivi got into the scale, thus giving his whole body as a ransom for the dove.

He had no sooner done so than Indra and Yama appeared in their true forms.

'Well done, King Sivi!' they said. 'We have tested you, and found you have real love in your heart. At the cost of your own life you would keep our word.'

Then they made the King's body whole again, and giving him their blessing they vanished away.

\* \* \*

### A Near Miss

*Wilfred was notoriously bashful in the presence of the opposite sex, so his parents were pleased but surprised when he announced he was headed downtown to see a girl. He was back, however, within the hour.*

*"You're home mighty early, son," observed his mother. "Didn't you see her?"*

*"Sure did," enthused Wilfred, "and if I hadn't ducked down an alley she'd have seen me!"*



## Caissons in Zambales

By Ben Revilla

**T**HE OFFICIAL march song for the U. S. Army will be easily recognized by any G.I. as the old Field Artillery number, "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along." What few will remember, however, is that the original was written by an artillery lieutenant in the Philippines, in 1908—the late Brig. Gen. Edmund L. "Snitz" Gruber.

He was known as "Snitzer, the Flying Dutchman" at West Point simply because he was the son of a German immigrant. The nickname was far from being derogatory; no man could have been loved more than this young violinist who wrote all the music for the undergraduate shows.

When the First Battalion of the Fifth Field Artillery arrived in the Philippines in 1908, regimental officers felt they needed a marching song to hold

the men together. The order came down to Gruber.

While he searched for a catchy title, he recalled a difficult march across the Zambales mountains. He had been sent ahead with a scout sergeant to a high peak from which to view the terrain and the battalion's movements. The countryside for miles was rolling and green. "Listening closely," he said, "we heard the distant rumble of the carriages, punctuated by shouts and commands echoing up the valleys as the men urged their teams along. The sergeant said, 'They'll be all right, Lieutenant, if they keep 'em rolling. 'Later I again heard a chief of section call out to his drivers, 'Come on, keep 'em rolling.'"

There was the expression that characterized the battalion's determination to push on in spite of obstacles. "At a des-

pedida given at Stotsenburg before our battalion sailed home, we sang the Field Artillery song for the first time. I had no idea it would become popular."

**A**FTER Gruber failed to copy-right his song, he was amazed to hear it played often but attributed to John Philip Sousa. Nevertheless, the man who had learned so much about hospitality campaigning among the Filipinos refused to quarrel over the credit due him. He was pleased that his song gave courage to American troops during World War I and asked no more.

He continued his duties as staff officer (eventually a

camp in Texas was named after him): in 1933 he conducted one of the first experiments in transporting artillery by air. And he went on entertaining his growing children at home "concerts." When he was asked to compete for a \$1000 prize in an Air Force song contest, he declined, saying, "Soldiers' songs grow up where soldiers gather. When that song comes, it will be written by a young flier who's got the feel of flying in his bones."

It took a bill by Congress to compensate Gruber's widow for her husband's contributions, after his death in 1941 while commanding Fort Leavenworth in Kansas.

\* \* \*

### **Bottled Light**

*Latest hillbilly story concerns the poor fellow who had to spend a night in Little Rock and saw an electric light for the first time in his life. Returned to his mountain shack, he sank into his favorite chair and told his wife, "Don't know how them city folk catch any sleep. There was a big light burning in my room right through the night."*

*"Why didn't you blow it out?" asked the wife.*

*"Gol dang it — I couldn't," grumbled the hillbilly. "It was in a bottle!"*

\*

## Julius Caesar and "Bagoong"

WHEN JULIUS CAESAR'S army went to sea, it ate salted anchovies and oil-preserved tuna, and the officers took along their bathtubs.

Terracotta jars and bathtubs from the bottom of the Tyrrhenian sea have revealed these facts to scientists. The jars and tubs, as well as many other curious objects, were found recently in a number of wrecked Roman ships on the seabeds off Corsica and Sardinia and the coasts of Liguria and Salerno.

These oar and sail boats date back to the first century before Christ, during the reign of Julius Caesar, and were used by him for quick transport to the conquered lands of France and England.

Much of the ship's cargoes, however, have been fairly easily recovered. Many of the amphoras, or terracotta jars, were found intact and contained residues of spiced-salted anchovies or tuna preserved in olive oil. Others jar were filled with a wheat flour or wine. There were also a number containing a kind of fish sauce called Garum.

Garum was made of several species of fish cut up into small pieces and, together with most of their inside, put into a receptacle which was exposed to the sun. This broth-like mixture was then stirred until it fermented. It was used as a condiment for many meats and fish in ancient times.

Experts who studied some of the Albenga shipwrecks said there were about 3,000 wine amphoras in a single ship's cargo and that each of the amphoras contained 20 liters (five gallons) of wine. After nearly 2,000 years the wine had retained only a slight pinkish color, no longer alcoholic. It had a watery taste but was not salty.

—H. V. MACLENNON

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**A** REMARKABLE piece of metal—weighing only twelve pounds but costing \$1,700—is being prepared in Arizona as a possible tool for astronomers to study the sun.

The substance is beryllium, one of the lightest of metals. It is in the form of a disk, about twelve inches in diameter and two inches thick.

The beryllium disk is of potential value in astronomy because it may be able to face the sun and absorb its heat without getting too much out of shape to act as a light-collecting mirror for a solar telescope.

The government-supported national science foundation is planning to set up a test telescope at several sites in the United States and the Pacific islands as possible locations for observatories. The tentative sites thus far picked include Junipero Serra peak in Monterey County, Calif., and the summit of volcanic Mauna Loa in Hawaii.

At the foundation's observatory project in Arizona the disk first will be subjected to the sun's heat and measurements made of the extent of its warping under thermal attack.

How it behaves in this test will determine whether it may itself be ground into a mirror for one of the instruments.

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## *The Rare and Promising Beryllium*

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***A new metal may aid astronomers in studying the sun***

Glass is the principal material for solar as well as star telescopes. It heats up slowly and the image it reflects thus is fairly free from distortion.

Beryllium heats up rapidly. But it may turn out to be good mirror material, says Dr. A. B. Meinel, observatory project director, because there is a possibility that it will throw off heat about as fast as it absorbs it.

The way beryllium molecules fit together in the metal also indicates its desirability as possible mirror material. In addi-

tion it is very hard, and can be ground like glass.

A portable solar telescope will be set up in the near future at the various tentative sites to calculate the "solar seeing." They will be under the supervision of Leon Salanave, astronomer from the California Academy of Sciences, who recently joined the project.

The sun's brilliance is one thing that has prevented astronomers from solving numerous solar mysteries. That is why eclipses are valuable to observers. An eclipse momentarily blots out the blinding light of the sun's face so that hot gases

above its surface can be studied.

By minimizing the heating effects on mirrors the new solar telescopes will further aid astronomers in getting around the blinding light problem, Salanave said.

Beryllium is rare because it never occurs in metallic form in nature. It always is bound with sand or other common materials. In some rock formations it makes beryl, a semi-precious stone. Modern ore refining methods have made it possible to produce beryllium in metal form. It is used widely in studying the nuclei of atoms.

\* \* \*

### Ticklish Situation

*The favorite animal story of the late H.T. Webster, creator of Casper Milquetoast and "Life's Darkest Moment," concerned the kangaroo who suddenly leaped twelve feet over the barrier at the Bronx Park Zoo and took off in the direction of Yonkers at 80 miles an hour. A keeper dashed up to the baffled lady who had been standing in front of the kangaroo's cage and demanded, "What on earth did you do to that kangaroo to make him run that way?"*

*"Nothing, really," the lady declared. "I just tickled him a little."*

*"You'd better tickle me in the same place," suggested the keeper grimly. "I've got to catch him!"*

\*

## *Promise Of Plenty*

***Better farming methods may solve the food problem for Pakistan's 80 millions***

**V**AST ACRES of luxuriant, carefully cultivated crops and imposing white buildings are rising on the rich lands of the Indus River Valley, northeast of Karachi, to help solve the problem of providing an adequate and stable food supply for the 80,000,000 people of Pakistan. This is the new Tando Jam Agricultural College, and in its laboratories and on its experimental farm Pakistani and American agricultural experts are working together to train young men in modern agricultural methods, and to adapt these methods so that they will be most useful to the farmers of Pakistan.

A. R. Akhtar, a graduate of the University of Punjab and an Associate of the Agricultural Research Institute in Pusa, India, heads the staff of 45 professors, researchers and lecturers. To help the expanding staff with the problems arising from the demands of modern agriculture and increasing enrollments, seven American professors from the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts have come to Tando Jam.

These men are a part of the U.S. International Cooperation Administration's (ICA) Inter-College Exchange program. This program, for which ICA has authorized the expenditure of more than U.S. \$7,000,000, provides, on a contract basis, for American professors to teach at various institutions in Pakistan and to help the colleges and universities modernize their curricula while members of the Pakistan college staffs are sent to the United States for advanced training in the fields of education, agriculture, engineering, medicine and forestry.

In the three-year term of the contracts, 78 American professors will come to Pakistan, and already more than 29 Pakistanis have gone to the United States.

At Tando Jam the American educators, in close cooperation with their Pakistan associates, are working in varied fields. They are helping to develop a research program, to gear the college to give courses for an advanced degree, to revise the

undergraduate curricula to make use of the latest education techniques, and to build a modern and effective extension service.

An active extension service is one of the best ways to get new ideas directly to farmers on their land. ICA has provided mobile audio-visual units for this purpose, and Mrs. L. S. Kutz of the New Mexico party has trained operators for these vans. Under the auspices of the West Pakistan Agricultural Department, they travel from village to village, teaching as they go.

The emphasis in extension services, as in the research and academic study at the college, is on practical aspects of farming: increased cooperation between the government and the farmer, and the "how-to-do-it" side of agricultural training.

These concentrated and cooperative efforts mean more food to supply normal needs, abundant crops and a more dependable yield from the fields to provide reserves against the caprices of nature.

\* \* \*

#### **Four-in-One**

*When her girl friend expressed her desire to catch a tall, rich, dark and handsome man, Susie replied, "You don't want a man, you want a quartet."*

# Meet Roy Harris, Musician



## *The rhythm of a free land . . .*

**O**N HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, Leroy Ellsworth Harris, distinguished composer of impressionistic music in the United States, received this citation:

"As a composer, you have given our schools, churches, and concert halls American music which characterizes our people and our time; as a teacher, you have spoken to students of the worth and dignity of American culture, and you have by your example given encouragement to them to create and play the vital, new music of this free and democratic land."

The praise came from the Governor of the State of Colorado, but it reiterated the feelings of people all over the country who had benefited from the musician's genius.

Roy Harris, who is proud to remind everyone that he was

born in an Oklahoma log cabin on Abraham Lincoln's birthday in 1898, began to compose music rather late in life. He was almost 30 years old when he wrote his first concerto, yet he has succeeded in creating a staggering quantity of music of all descriptions, distinctly American in subject matter.

In 1933, Harris met the late Serge Koussevitsky, the ardent champion of so many American composers. He asked the struggling composer to write a work for him—a "big symphony of the West." When completed, Harris called it "Symphony: 1933." The reaction of the critics was mixed, but there was no mistaking the impression that it made on young American musicians. It was the first real modern American symphony. There was no jazz rhythm nor folksong quality in it, but



there was a melodic sweep, a harmonic freedom and perhaps a certain awkwardness in handling the materials that suggested an original utterance, authentically native.

The brilliant composer reached a peak of symphonic popularity with his "Third Symphony" brought out by Koussevitsky in the spring of 1939. It was called an "extraordinary" work.

**H**IS CHILDHOOD and adolescence, spent among simple people, made Harris a gregarious person, capable of easy communication with all types of people. He had spent a frugal early life, became a soldier in World War I, and for four years after the war, he drove a delivery truck. When he began to study music seriously, Harris was 20 years old. In the

years that followed, his enthusiasm and originality brought him the patronage of some of the United States' and Europe's outstanding musician-teachers. Harris received a private stipend to study in Europe under Nadia Boulanger, the musical nurse of a whole generation of American composers. For his first lesson, she asked Roy to write 20 melodies. He brought her 107.

Roy Harris thoroughly enjoys people, and loves to teach. He has had numerous positions in schools throughout the country. But he is never content to be just a professor. Invariably, his program has expanded; he has organized festivals, invited famous musicians to be guest teachers, and in numerous ways has encouraged young American musicians to record the rhythm of a free and democratic land. — *Free World.*

\* \* \*

### Timely

*A well-known but improvident author was toiling over a new novel when there came a ring on his doorbell. His caller proved to be a comely young woman who announced, "I represent the Federated Community Charity Fund."*

*"You've arrived in the nick of time," enthused the author. "I'm starving."*

\*

## ***More Secrets from the Atom***

**W**ORLDWIDE recognition has been won by two Chinese-born scientists, now permanent residents of the United States. They have received both the 1957 Nobel Prize for Physics awarded at Stockholm, Sweden, and the 1957 Albert Einstein award in science, awarded in New York. The joint winners of these distinguished awards are Dr. Chen Ning Yang, 34, of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, and Dr. Tsung Dao Lee, 30, of Columbia University, in New York City.

These two young scientists received these awards for their "profound investigations of the so-called parity laws which have led to important discoveries regarding sub-atomic particles." Their research has disproved one of the basic laws built into all physical theory for the past 30 years.

Using the new giant atom-smashers, the two scientists studied the behaviorism of components of the atomic nu-

cleus and advanced the theory that some of these sub-atomic particles should not be expected to behave according to previously conceived rules. Experiments at Columbia University and at the U.S. National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C., have verified that some of the particles do indeed have different intrinsic properties. This is expected to open the way to a unifying theory to explain many of the mysteries of the atom. Some promising theories have until now been blocked because they run counter to the parity law.

Dr. Lee and Dr. Yang have been friends for many years. They first met at the University of Kunming, China, in the early 1940's. They resumed their friendship at the University of Chicago in 1948. Since 1951, they have collaborated closely on sub-atomic researches. Dr. Lee, youngest full professor on the faculty of Columbia University, has been on leave while working with Dr. Yang.

## 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. The U.S. rocket **Pioneer** failed in its attempt to reach the moon, but before falling back to earth, it went out about: **A. 180,000 miles; B. 6,000 miles; C. 79,000 miles; D. 2,000 miles.**

2. Little known is the fact that dynamite was invented by this well-known figure: **A. Rockefeller; B. Nobel; C. Carnegie; D. Confucius.**

3. All of the following, except one, are among the seven wonders of the ancient world. Which one? **A. Great Walls of China; B. Pyramids of Egypt; C. Colossus of Rhodes; D. Hanging gardens of Babylon.**

4. In sports the immortal name of John L. Sullivan is remembered as: **A. the first great football player; B. the originator of hockey; C. the greatest name in car racing; D. the first heavyweight boxing champion of the world.**

5. The largest lake in the world, measuring 170,000 square miles, is: **A. Lake Michigan; B. Aral; C. Caspian; D. Baikal.**

6. In Japan, your dollar would fetch, at the official rate of exchange: **A. 360 yen; B. 8 yen; C. 1,200 yen; D. 100 yen.**

7. The French expression *vis-a-vis*, widely used in English, literally means: **A. away from; B. atop; C. contrary to; D. face to face.**

8. A member of the Nacionalista Party, this fighting senator has hugged the local limelight for his expose of Administration graft and corruption: **A. Senator Lorenzo Tañada; B. Senator Mariano Jesus Cuenco; C. Senator Claro Recto; D. Representative Bartolome Cabangbang.**

9. Dacca, where the speaker of the legislature was killed following a riot recently, is a city situated in: **A. India; B. East Pakistan; C. Ceylon; D. Kashmir.**

10. Of course you know that *abattoir* is just another term for: **A. customs; B. slaughterhouse; C. guardhouse; D. air or train terminal.**

ARE YOU WORD WISE  
ANSWERS

1. B. to overpower by intense light
2. A. sudden collapse
3. C. to search thoroughly among contents
4. B. to distort in pain
5. A. to produce
6. C. dependent upon something uncertain
7. C. poor
8. B. beyond ordinary knowledge
9. D. ill-humored
10. A. to agree

PANORAMA QUIZ  
ANSWERS

1. C. 79,000 miles
2. B. Nobel (of the Nobel Prize fame)
3. A. Great Walls of China
4. D. the first heavyweight boxing champion of the world
5. C. Caspian (in the U.S.S.R. and Iran)
6. A. 360 yen
7. D. face to face
8. B. Senator Mariano Jesus Cuenco
9. B. East Pakistan
10. B. slaughterhouse

\* \* \*

**Pigeon Service**

**A** CARRIER pigeon express service has been started by the Japan Pigeon Communications Association. The specially trained pigeons will be rented to fishermen and mountain climbers.

Carrier pigeons are frequently used by Japan's major newspapers to expedite the delivery of news stories and film.

The association plans to establish pigeon bases at about fifty fishing ports. Each base will have 50 to 300 pigeons.

In tests conducted in nearby Chiba Prefecture the pigeons have been successfully used in carrying message of fish school sightings back to the village elders.

For a fee mountain climbers will be able to rent pigeons at the foot of the popular excursion mountains in the Japan Alps to relay word in case of emergency. Mountain deaths of high school and college boys and girls are rather frequent in Japan.

The birds will be trained to fly 400 kilometers (about 250 miles) in unfavorable weather or at night.

\*

## In the Beginning. . .

**FULCRUM** (support or point of rest on which a lever turns in a moving body)

Strangely enough, the origin of this word is from the Latin meaning "bedpost"!



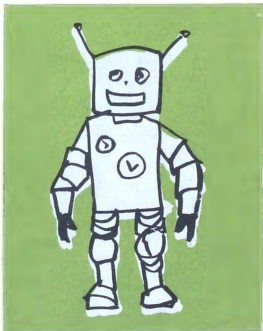
**ROBOT** (a machine-made man)

First used by Capek in the play "R.U.R.," the term robot comes from the Czech *robotnik* meaning "serf."



**SHAMPOO** (a preparation for washing the hair)

From the Hindu *champna*, meaning literally to "squeeze or press" comes this modern word.



## COTABATO: PROMISED LAND

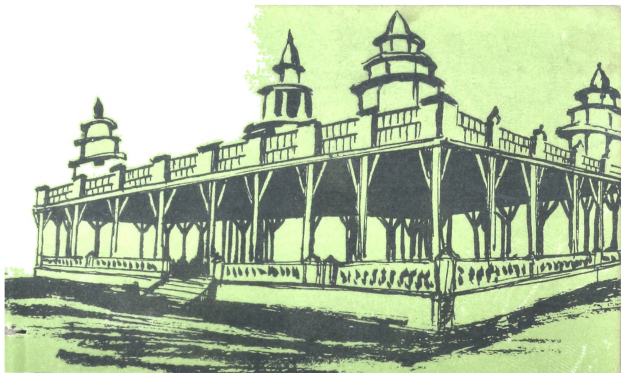
COTABATO is the biggest and potentially the richest province of the Philippines. At present it is a vast expanse of forest and fertile land, fed and made more fertile by the second longest river in the Philippines—the Rio Grande. The marshes and swamps along the river, if converted into fishponds, could supply the entire archipelago with fish. Its vast plains if converted to ramie plantations could produce enough fiber for twice the population of the Philippines. The rich alluvial soil along the river if properly cultivated could feed the entire nation.

As it is Cotabato is just growing. A Malabon entrepreneur who constructed a group of fishponds near the mouth of the river has to charter a plane to bring his fish to Manila. The ramie plantation at Buluan keeps the Japanese textile mills continuously supplied with fiber. And the corn produced by the mechanized farms is sold

in the Visayan markets. And yet, one feels that the present level of production has hardly touched the fringes of its vast potential wealth.

The Rio Grande is the most important transportation lane of the province. This river in spite of its size is shallow in many parts. Thus transportation is crude and expensive; and thus the cost of commodities that go in or out of the province rises almost automatically. Road building in Cotabato is just starting and the bureau of public works estimates that it might take another decade before the province is provided with an adequate system of land transportation.

Probably because of this one gets in Cotabato a sense of feverish impermanence. It is as if those who are engaged in the extraction of its wealth feel that their days are numbered and therefore they have to get what they want with almost hedonistic frenzy. The pulse of life here is unnatural;



it lacks the evenness and rhythm that usually goes with seasonal pursuits.

**T**HE CENTER of the province is Dadiangas now called General Santos, in honor of the late General Paulino Santos who opened the territory for settlement. Dadiangas has more than 45,000 inhabitants. The town nestles in an area that produces coffee, corn and cotton in abundant quantities. The original 3,000 settlers who came with General Santos in 1939 had spread to Ala Valley, Koronadal, Lagao and Marbel. Their struggles against locusts, malaria and poverty are now paying off. They now own farms that are worth a hundred times more than their original value.

Cotabato can very well be called the melting pot of the Philippines. Here people from all groups live together—Ilongos, Cebuanos, Tagalogs, and Maguindanaws. They have raised towns that they have purposely named after the places of their birth—New Capiz, New Iloilo and New Cebu. But the houses of the settlers in these new towns are uniformly drab and makeshift. Newness is equivalent to impermanence. However, nobody seems to be bothered by hard gruelling labor because here work is the rule of existence.

Like Sulu and the coastal regions of southern Mindanao, Cotabato was settled before and during the Spanish regime by Malays and Indonesians. In the 15th century, the Malayan

settlers in the province were converted to the Moslem faith by Sariph Kabungsuan, an Arab-Malay imam who visited the region with traders. Like the rest of Moroland, Cotabato has never known the domination of the Spaniards.

The Americans however were able to subjugate the Maguin-danaws. This was the beginning of the progress of the province. With the establishment of the rule of law in the province, settlers from all over the Philippines emigrated to the province.

Agriculture is the basic industry in the province. The farmers of Cotabato are now beginning to realize the advantages of mechanization. The cotton and coffee plantations are now mechanized.

**B**UT THE crop that Cotabato has claimed for its own is ramie. This remarkable fiber thrives very well in the porous soil of Cotabato. Ramcor, the biggest ramie plantation in the Philippines, covers an area that stretches from one horizon to another. The corporation sends its fiber down the Rio Grande to steamers waiting at the mouth. The fiber is sent to Japan for processing and weaving. Ramcor is planning to put up its own plant soon.

The biggest problem of Co-

tabato is rats. The rice-producing area of the province is periodically attacked by hordes of rats. The government is doing its best to eliminate the pest.

Another big problem of Cotabato is the cultural conflict between the Moslems and the Christians. There seems to exist among them a feeling of mutual distrust. This distrust sometimes erupts into bloody battles. One still remembers the massacre on Tigkawayan when a group of Christian settlers descended upon a moro village and practically wiped it out.

The basis of this conflict is economic. The datos, fearful of loss of power, still wish to assert their authority over the christian settlers. Once an area is cleared and planted, a datu would demand its return. The Christian, quite naturally, would defend his right and a fight would start. However, the Philippine Constabulary has the situation well in hand and now even the powerful datos think twice before they decide to tackle this band of professional soldiers.

Cotabato is the promised land of Mindanao. Properly directed, it could become one of the Philippines' most important provinces. The industry of the pioneers in Cotabato would surely transform that province to an economic force.

\* \* \*



## THE STORY OF X-RAY



**I**N NOVEMBER, 1895, an obscure physics professor, working in a modest little laboratory at the University of Wurzburg in Bavaria, came upon a mysterious ray which had the power to penetrate flesh, cloth, wood, and metal. This tall, slender, bearded teacher was Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen.

Using the mathematical symbol "X" for the unknown quantity, he called his discovery the x-ray.

When he first came upon the new "wonder ray," so powerful that it could pass opaque objects, Roentgen told his good

friend, Boveri: "I have discovered something interesting, but I do not know whether or not my observations are correct." Except for this remark, he talked to no one about what he had found. For days he locked himself in his laboratory and, without sleep or food, worked out his experiments again and again.

Certainly there was nothing elaborate about his laboratory to inspire him. There was a wide table shelf on one side of the room, in front of two high windows which gave plenty of light. In the center was a stove; on the left a small cab-

inet whose shelves held the small objects the professor was using. There was a table in the left-hand corner, and another small table — the one on which the bones of living human beings were first radiographed — was near the stove.

**T**HE APPARATUS used by Roentgen in making his discovery represented the labor of many students and scientists in centuries past. All had contributed something to developing knowledge of the characteristics of electricity and to the methods of its production, beginning with the creation of high-tension currents and continuing on to the study of various effects produced by such currents in a vacuum.

One of these scientists was Michael Faraday who, in 1837, carried out brilliant research on the luminous effects created in various gases by electric discharges. Perry Ghent, in his biography of Roentgen, said that to the patient study and endless experiments of this modest Englishman, and his discovery of the phenomenon of electromagnetic induction, we are indebted largely for the production of electric power as we now have it. His work marked the true beginning of the long series of investigations that ultimately brought about the discovery of the x-ray.

An important forward step toward Roentgen's discovery was made by Plucker, for whom Geissler had produced the first tube in which a vacuum, although a low one, could be indefinitely maintained. Electrodes of platinum wire were fused into the walls of the Geissler tube, which Plucker then excited with electric current, creating attractive luminous colors at the cathode end.

Later Hittorf made important researches leading to the discovery of hitherto unsuspected rays which appeared to originate at the negative pole. Scant attention was paid to them, however, until the absorbing experiments of Crookes in 1897. Hertz, in 1892, conducted experiments which led him to the conclusion that the cathode stream could pass through the glass walls of the tube, and suggested further investigation outside the vacuum. After Hertz's death, his pupil, Lenard, carried on the experiments of his teacher, coaxing the cathode stream out of the tube through an aluminum window, and noted its effects, including the fogging of photographic emulsion. The work of Hertz and Lenard were the final steps of a long journey in science before the actual discovery of the x-ray.

Most scientists agree that Crookes, with his relatively high vacuum tube, produced x-rays,

yet did not actually discover them. It remained for the 50-year-old Professor Roentgen to discover that rays emanating from a Crookes tube, when a high-voltage current is sent through it, will penetrate objects opaque to ordinary light and will affect the photographic plate.



**T**HE FIRST published report of Roentgen's discovery appeared in the December 28 issue of "The Transactions of the Physico-Medical Association." It was not until two months after his actual discovery — on January 23, 1896 — that Roentgen officially reported his findings in a paper, "A New Kind of Ray," presented to the Physical Medical Society of Wurzburg. His report became news that electrified the world, spreading like wildfire.

Newspapers all over the world printed ghastly skeletons of hands and feet of living persons and extolled the mysterious power of those strange rays which could "see" through almost anything. The accounts, many of them displaying a curious ignorance and pessimism, were enough to arouse an assemblyman in New Jersey to introduce a bill in the House prohibiting the use of x-rays in opera glasses at theaters; and in London a firm "made prey of the ignorant women by advertising x-ray-proof clothing."

New York newspapers went so far as to say that the new rays might solve such age-old problems as spiritualism and soul photography. One paper reported that the Roentgen rays were used at the College of Physicians and Surgeons to reflect anatomic diagrams directly into the brain of students, thereby making a much more

enduring impression than the ordinary methods of learning.

The stories and tales gradually grew to such feverish heights that the London Pall Mall Gazette came forth with the laconic statement: "We are sick of the Roentgen rays. Perhaps the best thing would be for all civilized nations to combine to burn all the Roentgen rays, to execute all the discoverers, and to corner all the equipment in the world and to whelm it in the middle of the ocean. Let the fish contemplate each other's bones if they like, but not us."

WITH ALMOST equal prejudice, one of Roentgen's fellow countrymen, in an article on German intellectualism, published a contemptible statement that the Wurzburg professor was a mercenary — "selling his discovery to the world for what it would fetch." Actually, the professor, by publicly describing his experiments and inviting the world to join in the x-ray's development, made it public property, beyond the

reach of exploitation for the benefit of himself or other private interests.

In contrast to the skeptics were many strong believers in what Roentgen had found; especially medical men who could foresee how the sufferings of mankind might be lessened by the ministrations of these new rays. The acclaim of such scientists helped to make Roentgen famous overnight. Whether he liked it or not, Roentgen was showered with honors. He was summoned to the Royal Palace at Potsdam, where he dined with Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia. A government decree bestowed upon him the title of "Excellency," boulevards and streets were named for him, and monuments were erected in his honor.

Roentgen died in 1923 at the age of 78. He virtually made a gift of his x-ray to humanity, seeking no reward and receiving no monetary gain from the great discovery, except the Nobel prize for physics awarded him in 1901.

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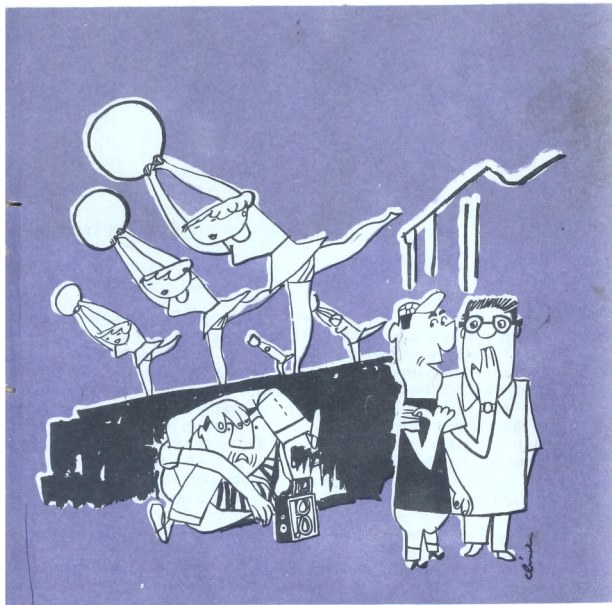
### **Anchored, Maybe**

*A man in a television studio told Jack Paar, "My wife falls for every commercial she's exposed to. Before retiring each night she uses four face creams, two chain creams, and even one elbow cream."*

*"I'll bet she's beautiful," mused Paar, "but tell me: how do you keep her from slipping out of bed?"*

\*

# Fun-Orama . . . . . by Elmer



*"Ben takes his hobby too seriously, don't you think?"*

## Shakespeare Still Lives Here

**By Sixto D'Asis**

**T**HE WORLD'S best collection of Shakespeareana is housed at the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C. This library, next to the British Museum, is a major research center for literary study. Its collection is not limited to Shakespearean materials; it includes almost all significant topics in the history of English civilization in the 16th and 17th centuries. This library is managed by the trustees of the Amherst College.

The Folger library was founded by Henry Clay Folger. In 1879 Folger, a poor senior at Amherst College, wandered in-

to a lecture by Ralph Emerson. The philosopher impressed the young Folger with his beautiful English and subtle intellect.

Later Folger read a speech delivered by Emerson in Boston in 1864, tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth. The lines read:

England's genius filled all  
measure

Of heart and soul, of strength  
and pleasure.

Gave to the mind its Emperor,  
And life was larger than before:

Nor sequent centuries could  
hit

Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.

The men who lived with him  
became

Poets, for the air was fame.  
These lines so inspired Folger

that he made a thorough study of Shakespeare. When he left Amherst, he had developed a deep love for Shakespeare.

After graduation, he took a job with a New York oil-refining company. He studied law in his spare time and in 1881 he was admitted to the bar. He did not go into private practice but chose to stay with the petroleum industry. It was a wise choice because he rose to become president and later chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

Folger never lost his interest in Shakespeare. In 1885, shortly after his marriage to Emily Jordan, he purchased for \$1.25 a reduced facsimile of the First Folio. "Here you may see Shakespeare's plays as they were actually presented to the world," he told his wife. His wife considers that volume "the cornerstone of the Shakespeare Library."

**F**OLGER bought his first rare book, a copy of the Fourth Folio, at an auction in 1889. He got it for \$107.50. Later when he became a millionaire he collected Shakespeare materials with passion. Fortunately, his wife was an enthusiastic partner.

He did his collecting in complete silence. Not even the other collectors knew about his activity. In order to buy the rare

items, Folger and his wife were forced to live beyond their income. Thus even as a millionaire he lived in a modest brick row house in Brooklyn. The Folgers undertook every step of the project from ordering to classifying. Gradually Shakespearean items became scarce. Then Folger's name became known.

The British press raised a cry against this wholesale export of national treasures. Nobody saw the items, thus even the scholars were forced to join in the general uproar against Folger.

The British tried to persuade Folger to leave his collection as a Shakespeare memorial in Stratford on Avon. He refused because his ambition was "to help make the United States a center for literary study and progress."

Late in 1928, Folger quietly announced his intention to construct a library in Washington D.C. to house his collection. He chose Washington because he felt that it would be the nation's research center in the future and, besides, proximity to the Library of Congress is a decided advantage for the scholars. He bought the land and approved a plan for a 2 1/2 million-dollar building. The architect was Paul Philippe Cret.

THE CORNERSTONE of the Folger Library was laid May 28, 1930. Two weeks later Henry Clay Folger died. He never saw the library that had become his only dream. He left the library ample funds and the management was put in the hands of the trustees of Amherst College.

Folger wanted an Elizabethan building but the architect was able to convince him that such a structure would clash violently with the existing buildings in the neighborhood. A compromise was reached. The exterior of the building would be modern classic but the interior would be Elizabethan.

To give the interior more character, the effect of age was created artificially. The marble wainscoting was punctured with holes and stained with acid. The stones of the doorway were plastered in the rough. Solid bronze fixtures were treated so that they may look ancient.

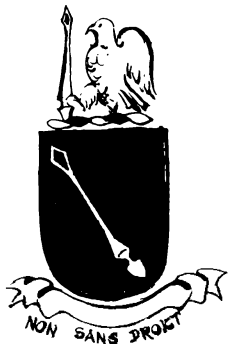
The Folger library has three main sections: the exhibition hall, the theater and the reading room. Four large air-conditioned vaults hold all the rare manuscripts. Some of the more interesting are on permanent exhibition.

The theatre is seldom used because of local fire ordinances; it does not have fire escapes. The large, two-story reading room resembles the hall of a Tudor manor. Despite its

size, however, it conveys a sense of closeness and intimacy. Over the fireplace in this room are the lines from Emerson that launched Folger on this massive enterprise.

The non-literary materials such as busts, paintings, costumes, statues, prints, furniture, tapestries, stage properties, relics and curios of the Elizabethan and Tudor eras are stored in the attic rooms. Some of them are displayed with the manuscripts.

To illustrate the wealth of the library, here are some figures: of the 240 known copies of the First Folio, Folger has 79; its nearest competitor, the British Museum, has five copies. The library has in its vaults 57 copies of the Second Folio, 25 of the third and 37





of the fourth. Of the Shakespearean plays in quarto, the Folger has the biggest collection, the most precious of which is the first edition, 1594, of **Titus Andronicus**.

In addition to the rare editions, the library has about 1,300 different editions of the collected works of Shakespeare and countless separate play publication. There are also volumes of Shakespeare once owned by George Washington, King George III, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas Gray Shelley, Burns, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lamb, Madame de Pompadour, Napoleon III, etc.

The shelves also contain rare books by such contemporaries and predecessors of Shakespeare as Jonson, Marlowe and Bacon. The library also possesses the only known obituary of Shakespeare. It is an entry in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, vicar of Stratford. The minister wrote: "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jhonson had a merry meeting and it seems

drank too hard for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted."

**A** **SIZEABLE** addition to the Folger library was the acquisition of the Harmsworth collection. This collection is supposed to have cost Sir Leicester Harmsworth more than two million dollars to assemble and yet he parted with it for less than one-tenth of its original cost because the family liked the Folger library. Sir Leicester did collect Shakespeare and drama and in nearly every other phase of Elizabethan culture—poetry, history, exploration, theology, music and printing—his collection is priceless.

The acquisition of the Harmsworth collection changed the character of the Folger—it now became a major library of 16th 17 century English civilization. The close rivals of the Folger in this field are the Bodleian Library at Oxford and the Huntington Library at California. The only library that beats them all is the British Museum.

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**F**LYING SAUCERS — or falling saucers — have been developed to drop fuel, water other liquids to stranded troops, explorers, hunters. Saucer-like containers, 30 in. in diameter, are made of rubber, hold five gallons, have oil-resistant liners for petroleum and rubber liners for water. Test drops of 2,000 ft. have not burst them.

## *fish For Ceylon*



**F**ROZEN fish are helping provide the answer to Ceylon's fish shortage. A cold storage and freezer plant, one of the most modern in the world, is the key to the problem. The plant is a part of a brand new fishery center—located just outside of Colombo at Mutwal—that includes a sheltered harbor for two fishing trawlers, smaller boats, a by-products factory and a machine shop.

In the past, Ceylon's home demand for fish has been greater than the supply provided by local fishermen. Although it is an island with a thousand miles of sea coast, Ceylon has been forced to import about 70 million rupees worth of fish each year.

The monsoons make fishing in Ceylon seasonal. Also, the inadequacy of cold storage facilities did not allow keeping a fish supply for the off season.

To help solve this problem, the Ceylonese Government, with about 17 1/2 million rupees worth of aid from Canada—under the terms of the Colombo Plan—put up the fishery center.—Free World.



## A New Deal For Tokyo's Ragpickers



**I**N A cold windy day about ten years ago a small group of ragpickers started building makeshift huts in an abandoned riverside park in northeast Tokyo. Now the group of junk collectors, spurred by an extraordinary community spirit, hopes to move

to its own version of a model town.

The present site, with about 300 inhabitants, is widely known here as Ants' Town, a name derived from the industrious habits of the inhabitants. Social workers praise the increasingly stable social security system developed in private by the hard-working community of professional scavengers.

Motamu Ozawa, gray-haired leader of the community, said recently: "We are slowly but steadily walking the way leading to our eventual aim of security from the cradle to the grave."

The group, which started with nothing, now holds common property valued at more than \$55,000. By paying small daily contributions, the members get modest wedding, funeral and medical services free.

Living quarters, though far below the public standard, are rent free. Aged members who are unable to make a living

are supported by the group. Ants' Town's most recent acquisition is a graveyard for the community's members.

The ragpickers roam the streets of Tokyo long before dawn. They collect anything they can find—waste paper, broken glass, rags or bits of metal. Almost anything helps toward making up their individual daily income of about 200 yen (56 cents).

Later, they make house-to-house calls or visit small factories to buy old newspapers, empty bottles or tin cans. In the afternoon the material is sorted and sold to dealers.

An efficient division of labor has been perfected in this small community. When the ragpickers go out to work, one member stays behind to clean all the living quarters. Another prepares the bathhouse for those who come back tired and dirty to this traditional comfort.

**T**HE ragpickers' busy schedule gives them little time for their children, who until the winter had an ideal companion and leader. The late Miss Reiko Kitahara, who was born into high social position, had for eight years devoted her life to the town's neglected youngsters.

Giving up her status as the daughter of a college professor, the young Roman Catholic



woman nursed the sick children of Ants' Town and taught the girls how to mend clothes. Once she organized an excursion to the mountains for the youngsters, when she learned that they had never seen such rural sights.

Miss Kitahara died last January at the age of 28 in a hut of the town where she had lived for years. At the requiem high mass, the ragpickers and their children paid a tearful last tribute to the "Madonna of Ants'

Town," as they called her.

About 10 per cent of the town's residents, impressed by Miss Kitahara's example, have become Catholics, including the leader, Mr. Ozawa. Mr. Ozawa hopes to see all the members converted to Catholicism before the group has reached the total membership of 1,000 expected in 1963.

In planning their expansion, the town leaders feel a new site is necessary since present location is part of a public park, with only makeshift buildings of broken boards and scrap metal.

A group of engineering students at Waseda University has designed, without charge, new buildings that the community hopes can be completed within five years. The Tokyo government has granted the ragpicker group the right to buy about five acres of waterfront land at a reasonable price.

The blueprint of the new town shows apartments, a dining hall, a nursery and a bath house. Yards large enough for recreation, and space for 1,000 chickens and twenty pigs also are provided.

\* \* \*

### On Fishing

*"Fishing is simplicity itself," explains Hamilton Clay, Jr. "All you have to do is get there yesterday when the fish were biting." One disciple of Izaak Walton picked the wrong day for sure. He was discovered by the father of a seven-year old boy, pole discarded, hopping on one foot, caressing the other and howling with anguish.*

*"What happened?" demanded the father.*

*"I guess it's my fault," said the seven year old. "This man told me he hadn't had a bite all morning — so I bit him."*

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Department of Public Works and Communications  
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Manila

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Business Manager: C. A. Maramag	1986 Herran, Sta. Ana, Manila
Owner: Community Publishers, Inc.	1986 Herran, Sta. Ana, Manila
Publisher: Community Publishers, Inc.	1986 Herran, Sta. Ana, Manila
Printer: Community Publishers, Inc.	1986 Herran, Sta. Ana, Manila
Office of Publication: Community Publishers, Inc.	1986 Herran, Sta. Ana, Manila

If publication is owned by a corporation, stockholders owning one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks:

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Bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders owning one per cent or more of total amount of security: NONE

In case of publication other than daily, total number of copies printed and circulated of the last issue dated March 1958:

1. Sent to paid subscribers .....	5,100
2. Sent to others than paid subscribers .....	1,000
Total .....	6,100

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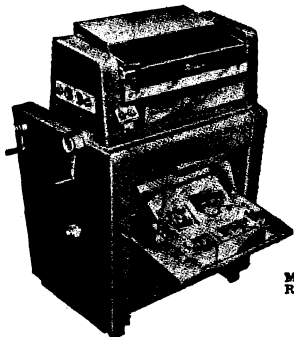
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