

The London Parley

What a rearmed West Germany means to the future of Europe and world peace

from nine nations met to sign a crucial anti-communist defense pact for Europe.

The six-day London Parley, significantly called by some as "the most important European conference since Potsdam," was inevitable. Barely a month before, France had killed the European Defense Community—a six-nation military agreement designed to protect free Europe from communist aggression. The United States and Britain, sensing the great danger from this development, hastened to formulate a substitute defense plan.

On Sept. 28, in an atmosphere described by the press as "charged with cautious optimism," the



TWO MONTHS ago London was the scene of an important conference. The diplomatic spotlight, moving abruptly from the Manila Seato meet, rested on the stately Lancaster Home as top diplomats

parley started with nine nations participating: Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Italy, Canada and West Germany.

The conference was called for two purposes: (1) to restore German sovereignty, and (2) to rearm West Germany against the threats of communist aggression.

Quite logically, the strongest opposition to German rearmament came from France. Almost from the beginning, France and Germany have been mortal enemies. France has traditionally looked upon her eastern neighbor with suspicion and fear. In the past several decades, political supremacy on the European continent has, in fact, hinged on the struggle between these two powers. A rearmed West Germany, despite her political and military alliance with the democracies, would be a constant threat to France's vulnerable eastern flank.

But to the participating powers, the issue was bigger than that: Europe's defenses against communism must be strengthened, even at the cost of forming uneasy alliances. Thus, the conferees were willing to make assurances to the cautious Mendes-France, who was afraid that his countrymen would reject any proposal which smacked of

German resurgence, as they did the ill-fated EDC.

Briefly, here is what France wanted — and largely got out of the conference: (1) iron clad guaranty against the resurgence of German militarism (2) pledge that Britain and the United States station troops on the continent indefinitely, and (3) implementation of the 1948 Brussels pact, enlarged to include West Germany and Italy.

The United States' John Foster Dulles, barely shaking Manila's dust off his shoes to make a hurried pre-parley confab with West Germany's Konrad Adenauer, was by no means the only one to recognize the urgency of the London conference and America's stake in European peace. Britain's Anthony Eden had been busy laying the groundwork for the decisive meet, even while Dulles was sparking the Seato discussions in Manila. Both the United States and Britain knew that failure in London might well mean the collapse of the entire defensive structure of free Europe. It might also mean, in their estimation, the eventual crippling of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO).

From the first day of the London session, it was clear that the groundwork was well laid. Except for minor diplomatic

skirmishes between France's Mendes-France and Germany's Adenauer, the conference advanced smoothly to a stop on the sixth day.

An off-hand appraisal of the accomplishments of the parley shows:

(1) Britain, France, and the United States agree to grant independence to the West German Republic. Eventually West Germany and Italy will be asked to join the Brussels defensive alliance of Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

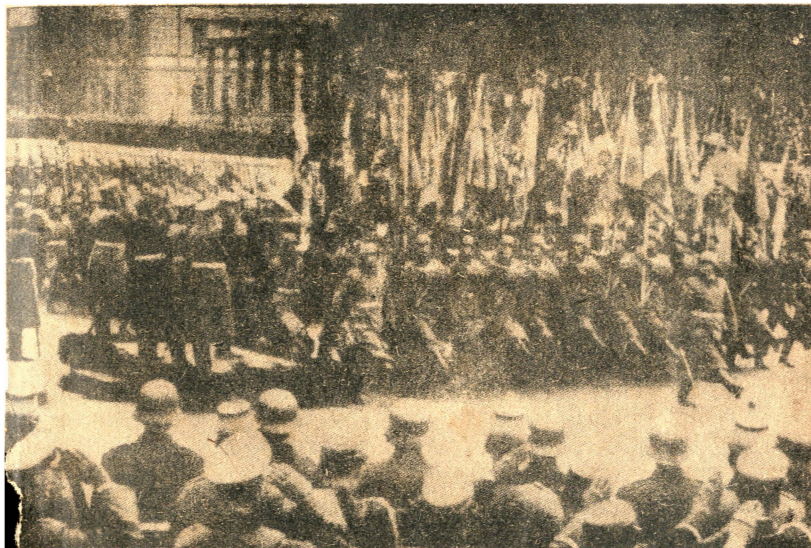
(2) West Germany will be rearmed, with the Brussels

group setting the armaments ceiling.

(3) Germany agrees never to make atomic, chemical or germ weapons.

(4) U.S. Secretary of State Dulles promises to ask President Eisenhower to repeat that the United States troops will be kept in Europe. Similarly, Britain offers to keep indefinitely its present four divisions on the continent.

(5) West Germany will remain occupied, although having "full power of sovereignty," until the question of unification is resolved. The allies retain the right to negotiate with Soviet Russia on this issue.



Will the new German Army look anything like these goose-stepping robots of Hitler? Under the pact Germany will have 12 divisions.

IT is obvious that the pact is directed against Russia. With the inclusion of West Germany and Italy in the Brussels group and the NATO, the anti-communist defense wall in Europe is complete. It runs in an unbroken line from the Baltic to the Aegean. On both sides of this wall literally lie the chief protagonists of a divided world.

But what is the general significance of the accord? It is this:

1. The dream of unifying Germany under a truly independent, all-German democratic government has become more remote than ever. Russia certainly will not release East Germany under the terms of the Western powers.

2. France has been forced into a reluctant alliance in which she will have constant fears of a militarized, aggressive Germany.

3. The London Parley is a major diplomatic victory for the United States and Britain; conversely, it is a serious setback in the cold war for Russia.

4. Peace in Europe, despite the building of an unbroken line of defense against communism, seems to be as uncertain as ever.

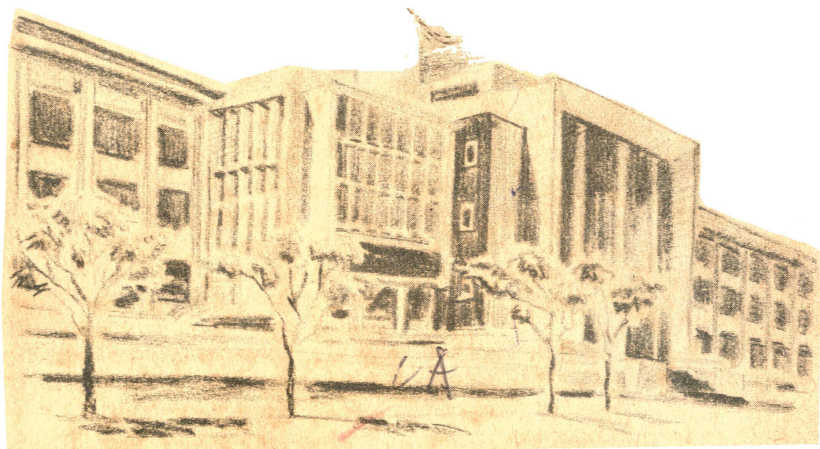
The Soviets on their part have desperately tried to stop German rearmament. Hardly had the nine power delegates packed for their return journey home when Russia boldly pro-

posed a new German unification plan. This the West promptly dismissed as propaganda.

Then Russia's Andrei Vishinsky, with the aplomb of a magician pulling rabbits out a hat, announced in the United Nations a new disarmament proposal. The plan, more reasonable than any previous Soviet offer, was evidently designed to offset Allied gains in the propaganda war. It was also hoped to cool French enthusiasm—in case there was any—for a re-armed West Germany.

More recently, the dogged Russians again proposed a European security conference. The West have already announced their intention to reject the offer, declaring that the ratification of the London accord should precede any peace confab with Russia. Ratification of the pact, which seems certain, will give the West a better bargaining power with the Reds.

Out of all these maneuverings only one thing emerges clear: Russia has lost the initiative in the cold war. Just how vital a victory it is for the West, the next few months should tell. Already diplomatic circles are noticing an amazing reasonableness in recent Soviet statements. Maybe the Russian big bear has been stopped in Europe after all. Or at least he has been fazed.



Keeping Higher Education High

By SALVADOR P. LOPEZ

TODAY, AS in years past, the struggle to keep the State University true to its appointed mission needs to be pressed without relenting.

That purpose, according to the university charter, is to "to

Career diplomat and noted writer, Salvador P. Lopez was recently appointed Philippine ambassador to Paris. This is an address he delivered before a University of the Philippines convocation last month.

Too many persons go to college who have no business being there

provide advanced instruction in literature, philosophy, the sciences, and arts, and to give professional and technical training." The law further provides that there shall be no political or religious test in the admis-

sion of students nor in the appointment of faculty members. Finally, the Constitution guarantees to the State University the enjoyment of academic freedom.

We should resist in the University the tendency to vocationalize higher education.

We should resist no less firmly the tendency to regard the University as an extension or an arm of the mass education movement.

The primary if not the sole purpose of a university education is the cultivation of the mind, the acquirement of knowledge as a value in itself, the development of the critical faculties, the encouragement of the pursuit of truth. All else is secondary or peripheral.

The development of manual or sub-intellectual skills is not an essential function of the University. Nor is the University, because it is a State University, obliged to offer its services except to the small minority of persons who are equipped to make full use of the opportunity.

By its very nature, the University is an "undemocratic" institution whose doors are open only to deserving; it can serve the interests of a democratic society at the second removed, that is, at the point where it provides a center for the train-

ing of leaders and administrators.

The continuing crisis in our university education as a whole derives precisely from the failure to recognize that there is a statistical upper limit to the number of persons who should go to the college or university. Too many persons go to college who have no business being there. While other institutions may cater to this rising tide of mass university education, the State University has a duty to resist it. By the same token, the State University should lead in providing an increasing number of free scholarships for poor but deserving students.

Because of its relative freedom from outside economic and financial pressures, the State University has a duty to maintain the highest possible standards of teaching and scholarship.

I have referred to the Filipino's instinctive love of learning and his awe of the learned man. However, there is a contrary tendency that usually manifests itself in the form of militant anti-intellectualism. This consists in a general distrust of intellectuals as a class because they are long on thought and short on action. They waste too much time analyzing theories and examinations. They study

and discuss problems in great detail instead of solving them. They have the academic mind. They read too many books. They are impractical.

The University man can hardly escape this criticism. Being what he is, his only tool is the human mind, and his only method is endless curiosity. He worries over the problem of ends and means, he is exercised by the large question of human destiny.

Nevertheless the criticism is sometimes deserved. Many a professor, unfortunately, is guilty of the charge of uninspired teaching and sterile scholarship. Let the professor be a bookworm; let him be an intellectual; let him be impractical. Yet if he can fire the mind of one student with his own love of learning and passion for truth, his work is not in vain.

The knowledge acquired in a university may not be directly relevant to a man's physical well-being and enjoyment of health or wealth; it may have little or nothing to do with such practical matters as curing disease, improving farm or factory production or building a bridge; but if it increases his awareness of the intellectual and spiritual values that separate man from the brute, then such knowledge has the highest form of practicality.

This should be the answer of the State University to the two-fold menace of over-professionalization and anti-intellectualism.

IT has been said of the University of the Philippines that it is attempting to set up as a "republic within the Republic". This has been said in disparagement. Yet, paradoxically enough, the University can truly become the faithful handmaiden of the Republic only to the extent that it is autonomous and free. If it is to be a dispenser of universal knowledge, a nursery of the free mind and the free-ranging intelligence, a citadel of our liberties, then it must itself be free within its own sphere, self-contained in the governance of its own affairs, the arbiter of its own destiny, responsible to itself, yet fully equal to its responsibility.

Even so were the great medieval universities some of which survive even today; they were autonomous, self-contained organisms, yet in no sense alien to the lands that nourished them. Between the university and the city or state there existed strong, invisible ties of mutual cooperation and sustenance. This is the relationship that we should envisage between the State University

and the Republic of the Philippines.

In much of what I have said you will recognize the shape of many familiar postulates concerning higher education: the emphasis on the cultivation of the intellect, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, the respect for the integrity and freedom of the mind, the need for academic freedom. Yet, it is never useless to reaffirm these postulates even when they sound platitudinous. Always

we must reassert them against the day when their opposites shall have become so firmly entrenched that these platitudes by contrasts will sound revolutionary and subversive.

To me this University is the seed-bed and nursery of our nation's intellectual life. To see it permanently charged with this task and to help make certain that it is able to meet the challenge should be the wish of all connected with it.

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It's Called Modern Art

Rodin had just finished an imposing statue of the poet, Victor Hugo, standing upright on the crest of a rock, with muses and ocean deities circling about him. One morning the sculptor brought a group of journalists to his studio to contemplate a new work. Unfortunately, the evening before, he had left the window open and, as a terrible storm had broken out during the night, a stream of water had reduced the huge group to formless pulp. Victor Hugo had flopped down into a sea of mud.

Rodin opened the door and allowed his guests to go in first. Suddenly he beheld the disaster. He all but tore his beard with despair. But the chorus of praise had already begun:

"Wonderful! Marvelous! Victor Hugo rising from his bed of slime, what a symbol! Master, it is a stroke of genius! You have tried to represent the ignominy of an epoch in which the inspiration of the bard alone survived, noble and pure. How beautiful!"

"Do you think so?" Rodin asked timidly.

"Of course! It is the masterpiece of masterpieces!"—*Anatole France.*

A Christmas Typhoon

AN HOUR AFTER midnight of Christmas, 1947, Manilans woke up to churning 80-mile gales and flying rooftops. It started as a slight drizzle at about ten o'clock that night, and by one o'clock the city was reeling under the full impact of Pacific typhoon *Jean*.

Missing Christmas in the city by barely one day, *Jean* had previously been announced to Manila residents. Four typhoons had passed by in less than two months, grazing the metropolis and causing damage to crops and buildings in the outskirts. But *Jean*—the last during the year and the most furious of them all—hit the city squarely, after cutting a path of chaos and destruction in the southern Luzon provinces.

In Manila the toll was heavy. Eight persons were killed. More than 20,000 representing 3,600 families had to go on relief for a week. Hardest hit

were the makeshift huts and flimsy post-liberation houses in the poor districts of Tondo and Sta. Mesa. Even sturdy edifices like the famous Manila Hotel were either unroofed or dented by the twister, which was said to be the most destructive to visit Manila in 15 years. In fury it has not been excelled to the present. Screamed the newspapers: Storm damage may exceed ₱20 million.

The whole morning of December 26 the storm raged in the city, making travel impossible. Toward late afternoon the driving winds subsided, indicating that the storm's eye was moving away. But the pelting rain continued.

First known casualty was a 65-year old woman who was crushed to death by a falling *dapdap* tree while taking breakfast at her home in Sta. Ana district. She was killed as a vicious gust of wind uprooted

the tree and hurled it into the house, crashing the galvanized iron roof. Two others were electrocuted by falling wires. No less than 50 others were injured.

By nightfall Manila was under water. On the flooded thoroughfares, completely divested of vehicular traffic, floated debris and the carcass of drowned animals. There were hardly any people in sight.

In the morning a drenched city came back to life. Enterprising persons, taking advantage of the waist-deep flood, shuttled commuters on bancas and improvised rafts. Those who could not afford a fare waded along the shallower places, shoes in hand. It was a picturesque sight reminiscent of famous Venetian scenes. And the children enjoyed it all immensely, probably hoping for another *Jean*.

Meanwhile, from the provinces trickled in reports of devastation. Telegrams poured into Red Cross headquarters, asking for immediate relief, punctuated by the familiar phrase "destruction unprecedented."

The Bicol region sustained the heaviest damage. By its peculiar position, this southern portion of Luzon island forms a natural gateway for Pacific-bred typhoons from October to the end of the year. While the previous ones had caused only minor damage, *Jean* battered four Bicol provinces into a pulp. Loss in crops, communication facilities and buildings was conservatively placed at ₱12 million.

Continuing her unholy journey, *Jean* roared across the grain-laden fields of Central Luzon, where she left a similar swath of desolation. Before she finally headed off to the China Sea, *Jean* had given Luzon the worst beating in over a decade.

It was indeed a memorable Christmas for Manila's one and a half million. Those who were caught in that gale still talk about *Jean* whenever a strong wind blows into town. They shake their heads and say "We have seen many of these lady-named typhoons. But it's hard to beat the most unladylike of them all, *Jean*."

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A rich man must hire a valet, a laundress, a secretary, a cook, and a housekeeper; the poor man just gets married.

If I Had a Daughter

By Dr. VIDAL A. TAN
President, University of the Philippines

IF I HAD a daughter, I am sure I would love her dearly. I would take good care of her health, of her education and of her morals. I would be so fond of her that I would probably spoil her and in that way I would be a bad father to her.

However, I would try very hard to train her so that the things she would ask for are not frivolous and foolish. I would try hard so that she develops a sound appreciation of relative values, a desire to work with her hands, a non-too materialistic attitude towards life, and a sincere friendship for those below her.

I do not think that I would want my daughter to be perfect; for I know that she could not be even if she wishes. I expect her to have her little eccentricities, her small pet aversions and unusual cravings. I would allow her weakness for clothes,

Here's sensible advice for every parent of today

her occasional flights of temper, her stubbornness, her ordered disorderliness in her room, her lack of punctuality in her meals, and even her little vice of playing bridge. In short, I would be a rather indulgent father, but my indulgence would be within certain reasonable limits.

This is a general picture of my imaginary daughter, and now I should like to deal more specifically about certain qualifications I want her to have.

FIRST of all, I would encourage her to be seriously religious because I know that religion is the safest pro-

tection that I could imagine for her. It will tell her in a clear-cut and decisive fashion the things that she should do and the things that she should not do. I know that if she takes her religion seriously she will find in it a great source of comfort and strength and will offer her the greatest feeling of security.

I would be sure that if she is in trouble she would know what to do; that if she is in grief she would be strong to stand it. She could be away from my eyes, out of my reach, but I would feel quite certain that under normal conditions she would be able to take care of herself.

However, I would not want her to be fanatically religious. I want her to take up her religion with sanity and with reason. There is logic in religion and I want to teach her that logic; because being educated, she should know her religion from the educated men's point of view. In short religion would be her most priceless possession, her strongest tool, her greatest guarantee to, happiness.

I expect my daughter to be charming, not beautiful. Indeed I would be afraid if she is beautiful; because more often than not physical beauty is a hindrance rather than a help to her

happiness. There is danger that her beauty would go to her head and make her selfish, vain, proud and lazy. But I do want her to be charming. I would tell her that while beauty fades with the years, charm grows, mellows, and acquires a rich bouquet as her hair turns from black to gray. I would tell her that the main ingredients of charm are sincerity, interest in people, a genuine friendliness for them, neatness and physical cleanliness.

Of these qualities, the most important is sincerity. There must be genuineness in her feelings, in her words, and in her attitudes. She must like people if she expects people to like her. She must be neat, not overdressed. She should dress in a manner befitting her character, depicting her personality and taste, and accentuating her finer qualities.

Physical cleanliness is also very important and with very little effort this could be achieved. The saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is quite true. And I would emphasize this idea to her from early childhood. There would be no excuse for her to go to her class in a dress of conflicting colors, because good taste in clothes and color harmony can so easily be learned by simple reading and looking at color

A good wife—

Is a man's best movable, a scion incorporate with the stock, bringing forth sweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, less than a trouble; an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shares alike, nothing pleases her that doth not him.

She is relative in all; and he without her, but half himself. She is his absent hands, eyes, ears, and mouth; his present and absent all.

She frames her nature unto his howsoever: the hyacinth follows not the sun more willingly. Stubbornness and obstinacy are herbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the gossips of the town, and is more seen than heard.

Her household is her charge; her care to that makes her seldom non-resident. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her discretion she hath children, not wantons; a husband without her is a misery in a man's apparel; none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staff and a chair.

To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

—Sir Thomas Overbury

combinations used in dress materials sold everywhere.

I would send her to college in order that she may get a basic background of the fundamental experiences, that she may view life with greater appreciation and confidence and the world with greater understanding and sympathy.

I would want her to have an education so that she would learn to love books, so that

wherever she is and whatever may be her lot, she will never find the hours hanging heavily on her hands. I want her to love books because they are her best friends, and because they would keep her growing, instead of falling into a rut or stagnation. I like to see her go through college, so that in case that she has to live through life alone, she can earn a living and take care of herself.

BEFORE she falls in love with a boy—and I suppose some day she would and should—I would caution her about falling in love with a handsome boy just because he is handsome. Boys gifted by nature in this manner are generally spoiled and self-conceited. Handsome boys do not generally make good husbands. I would advise my daughter to look instead for a manly man who has energy, enthusiasm and ambition. He does not have to be rich, but he should be a man of promise and a man willing to work.

She should not expect him to be perfect just as he has no right to expect her to be. She should not allow him any liberties which in the eyes of other boys would cheapen her. Those freedoms that are so often seen in American movies are not looked upon in this country with favor. A girl who allows liberties on her person would soon lose the respect of the very man who enjoys them; because he would soon begin to doubt her virtues and the stability of her character. With all his protestations of love he would soon tire of her and look for other girls to conquer, leaving her disillusioned, unwanted, and perhaps broken-hearted.

Thereafter her chances of meeting other boys would be

greatly lessened. Girls who are popular among boys because of these freedoms are generally left standing by the aisle when the wedding march is played.

Now some of you might ask, "How can you tell whether a boy means well or not?" or "How can you tell whether he would make a good husband?" Unfortunately, so far no chemical or mathematical formula has yet been discovered that would answer this question.

Every girl that marches to the altar is taking a chance; but so does the man who receives her there. But these chances can be minimized by carefully observing the behavior of the man she likes to marry—whether he is honest, whether he is clean, whether he is ambitious, whether he is neat, how he treats the poor, how he acts towards his superiors, how he behaves towards those below him, how he reacts under fire, in victory and in defeat. All these are factors to be considered. But one of the safest guides is whether he takes his religion seriously or not. While this is not an absolute guarantee that he would make a good husband, it is the best one that I know.

WHEN she gets married I would still continue to pester her with my fatherly though by then unwelcome ad-

vice. I should do so at least during the first year, because the first year of married life is one of the most turbulent of her years, one of the most trying, one of the most difficult.

I would tell her that she should learn to love her work at home, that being a mother is the most important role that any woman can ever expect to do. This is the most valuable contribution that any woman can make to society.

The rearing of good children is her main task. From these we must seek our leaders. For it is not enough that we have wise leaders, but we must also have good leaders. Good leaders come from good children and good children come from good mothers. The peace of the world depends on leaders with goodness in their hearts and this peace is worth all sacrifices that mothers and fathers can make.

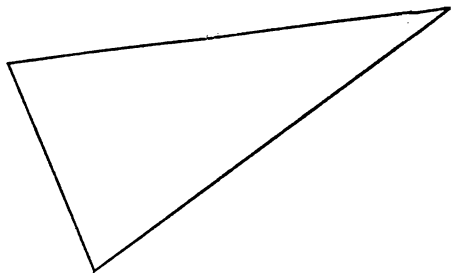
I know that many a so-called modern woman rebels against the drudgery of cooking and dishwashing, against those periodic incarcerations when the beginnings of motherhood change her physical appearance and confine her to her home. If there are women who are successful in their professions and successful mothers at the same time, I feel that they are too few to prove a rule, sufficient to prove an exception. As far as I

know there has never been known a good substitute for a good mother to growing children.

THE crying need of the world has always been, is and will be for good and wise men. Men without these Christ-like qualities have been responsible for most of the sorrows and for all the wars that have scourged the world.

Who is going to produce these men with goodness in their hearts? Will it be the housewife who is making a vain attempt to be a mediocre doctor? Will it be the woman politician that goes home after the children have already gone to bed? Will it be the society matron who entrusts the rearing of children to "amahs"?

Certainly not. If we want peace in this world the women of every nation must be willing to do a certain amount of this disagreeable work as a price that they have to pay for that peace, just as men spend days and nights in the bowels of the earth, digging coal to keep the hearth warm, just as men spend hours in the hot sun tilling the soil to produce cereals that were once the concern of the women, just as men are willing to go through the hell of wars to win peace for their wives and children and themselves.



MOVIE CAMERA MAGIC

Hitchcock explores the resources of the movie medium

ALFRID HITCHCOCK is the director who "signs" his motion pictures by appearing in them briefly, plump and anonymous. Consequently he knows the industry's problems from both sides of the camera.

According to him, the most serious difficulty encountered by players is their stage experience. Some of them find it impossible to adapt themselves to film technique because they do not understand fully what it involves. They like to play long scenes without interruption. Yet only once in the history of the screen, in a Hitchcock film *The Rope*, were there ever a story and set so planned that continuous shooting was

possible. Even then, for variety, several cameras were used, one for close-ups and one for long shots. This is the technique now commonly utilized by "live shows" on television.

However, one of the chief advantages that a motion picture has over television is the former's responsiveness to minute editing. A director like Hitchcock can photograph a scene piece by piece, from any desired angle and with changing, last-minute instructions. Careful editing later gives these pieces continuity.

Directors prefer the freedom of such piecemeal filming, to the necessity of photographing something already formed by the demands of continuous act-

ing on the stage. They do not feel that film techniques are used to their fullest potential if, for example, an opera is reproduced on the screen from a stationary camera in the audience. When this happens, the moviegoer can never get closer to the action than the front row. He is forced to remain an onlooker. His identification with the actors, therefore, is always strained.

A camera, on the other hand, through close-ups can direct the viewer's attention directly to any object—the glitter of an eye, the unnoticed edge of a knife. The viewer then can anticipate an action; suspense becomes subdued. Instead, focus execution. The close-range camera technique makes the raised voice, the wide gesture unnecessary. External event becomes subdued. Instead, focus is placed on subtle emotions and the inner character of which that emotion is a sign. The revelation is quiet but sure.

CONSEQUENTLY, camera drama, fully exploited, has more reason to be psychological than has the stage play. Hitchcock movies, for example, are always "psychological thrillers." Even lights and shadows become symbolic of tensions *within* the characters.

Last Act

Lionel Barrymore's exit last November 15 was theatrical. He suffered a heart attack while quoting Macbeth's lament over the futility of life.

His death leaves his sister Ethel as the only surviving member of the Barrymore clan of Ethel, John and Lionel. They once appeared together in "Rasputin and the Empress."

Lionel began his acting career at the age of five and had consistently appeared in stage, movie and radio production ever since.

Although he has created a number of characters, his international reputation rests upon his characterization of Dr. Gillespie in the "Dr. Kildare" series.

He was born on April 28, 1878 to Maurice Barrymore and Georgia Drew in Philadelphia.

Dr. John Ewing, Lionel's personal physician, attributed his death to uremic poisoning, a condition where the body's system allows poison to enter the blood stream.

One special type of close-up is the reaction shot. By this device an event is illustrated by showing instantly the reaction to it of a person or a group. The door opens for someone to come in; but before showing who

it is, the camera cuts to the expressions of persons already in the room. Or while one person is talking, the camera is kept on someone else who is listening. This over-running of one person's image with another's voice allows a "talkie" to tell a story faster than the silent film ever could.

Films deal in exaggeration. Even the earliest methods reflect the simple contrasts of black and white photography. Sometimes, as in Hitchcock's *Suspicion*, the clash of light and shadow creates a story-telling image by itself. A frightened woman stands for a moment on a stairway against a circular window, the lines of which suggest the strands of a spider web!

With color photography, dramatic composition necessarily

became more restricted to physical groupings. Since that is true, with the loss of black and white contrasts, the wide screen which allows panoramic groupings became inevitable.

Sound, too, can be distorted, especially to show the confusion of a mind. A single word on the sound track may hammer at the consciousness of a guilt-stricken or watchful character. Or the state of mind may be represented by the fact that, for example, church bells heard by the actor clang in a strange, distorted way.

If the medium of moving sight and sound is properly used the audience will never be puzzled but will find its attention well repaid. Then the director can feel that all the piecing and cutting, the infinite care, have been worthwhile.

* * *

One Crowded Hour

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

—Sir Walter Scott

Timeless Rizal

As the year comes to an end, the Filipino people take time out to remember Dr. Jose Rizal, martyr of Philippine freedom. One way of looking at his greatness is through the timeless wisdom of his words. Below are excerpts from his immortal books, Noli Me Tangere and El Filibusterismo.

ON FREEDOM

When a people cannot offer its daughters a tranquil home under the protection of sacred liberty, when a man can only leave blushes to his widow, tears to his mother, and slavery to his children, you do well to condemn yourself to perpetual chastity, stifling within you the germ of a future generation.

ON GRAFT AND CORRUPTION

Called by the vices of the rulers, I have returned to these islands, and under the cloak of a merchant have visited the towns. My gold has opened a way for me and wheresoever I have beheld greed in the most execrable forms, sometimes hypocritical, sometimes shameless, sometimes cruel, fatten on the dead organism, like a vulture on a corpse, I have asked myself—why was there not, festering in its vitals, the corruption, the ptomaine, the poison of tombs to kill the fowl bird?

ON YOUTH

Where are the youth who will consecrate their golden hours, their illusions, and their enthusiasm to the welfare of their native land? Where are the youth who will generously pour out their blood to wash away so much

shame, so much crime, so much abomination? Pure and spotless must the victim be that the sacrifice may be acceptable. Where are you, youth, who will embody in yourselves the vigor of life that has left our veins, the purity of ideals that has been contaminated in our brains, the fire of enthusiasm that has been quenched in our hearts? We await you, O, youth! Come, for we await you!

ON MORTALS

We mortals in general are very much like tortoises: we are esteemed and classified according to our shells.

The one thing perhaps that distinguishes man from the brute creation is the attention which he pays to those who have passed away.

ON LOVE AND VIRTUE

The glory of saving a country is not for him who has contributed to its ruin. You have believed that what crime and another iniquity can purify and redeem. Wrong! Hate never produces anything but monsters and crime, criminals! Love alone realizes wonderful works, virtue alone can save! No, if country is ever to be free, it will not be so by corrupting its sons, deceiving some and bribing others, no! Redemption presupposes virtue, virtue sacrifice, and love!

ON LIBERTY

I do not mean to say that our liberty will be secured at the sword's point for the sword plays but little part in modern affairs, but that we must secure it by making ourselves worthy of it, by exalting the intelligence and dignity of the individual, by loving justice, right, and greatness, even to the extent of dying for them—and when a people reaches that height God will provide a weapon, the idols will be shattered, the tyranny will crumble like a house of cards and liberty will shine out like the first dawn.

ON NATIVE CULTURE

The fewer rights they allow you, the more reason you will have later to throw off the yoke, and return evil for evil. If they are unwilling to teach you their language, cultivate your own, extend it, preserve to the people their own way of thinking, and instead of aspiring to be a province, aspire to be a nation! Instead of subordinate thoughts, think independently, to the end that neither by right, nor custom, nor language the Spaniard can be considered the master here, nor even be looked upon as a part of the country, but ever as an invader, a foreigner, and sooner or later you will have your liberty!

ON LANGUAGE

Spanish will never be the general language of the country, the people will never talk it, because the conceptions of their brains and the feelings of their hearts cannot be expressed in that language—each people has its own tongue, as it has its own way of thinking! What are you going to do with Castilian, the few of you who speak it? Kill your own originality, subordinate your thoughts to the other brains, and instead of freeing yourselves, make yourselves slaves indeed. Nine-tenths of those of you who pretend to be enlightened are renegades to your country! He among you talks that language neglects his own in such a way that he neither writes nor understands it, and how many have I not seen who pretended not to know a single word of it! . . . One and all you forget that while a people preserves its language it preserves the marks of its liberty, as a man preserves his independence while he holds to his own way of thinking. Language is the thought of the peoples.

ON TYRANTS

Resignation is not always a virtue; it is a crime when it encourages tyrants: there are no despots where there are no slaves! Man is in his own nature so wicked that he always abuses complaisance.

RURAL BANKS

*An experiment in trust
and honesty may force
the usurer to close shop*

A BULACAN farmer recently found himself faced with a big problem. There was his son who had to go to school but there was no one to whom he could turn for money. The farmer had asked all his relatives, but like him they were also hard up. Then someone mentioned the rural bank in the provincial capital. This friend told the farmer that all he needed was an honest-looking face and he could borrow from the bank.

He wouldn't believe this at first, but feeling that there was no harm in trying, he went to the bank. He told the bank officials his story. The officials, in turn, did a little figuring and when the farmer stepped out of the building, he had the money that his son needed for his schooling.

That he was able to borrow a sum much above his expectation did not surprise him as much as the fact that he was not even required to post a collateral. The only thing the bank demanded was for one of his friends, whom the bank officials knew, to act as a sort of guarantor. As the farmer recalled hearing from the friend, all one needed to avail himself of the services of a rural bank was an honest face.

Not far from where this farmer lived was a retired teacher who wanted to do something to occupy the time between the pension checks. He had heard about the "tilapia" and the wonderful opportunities in store for those who would care to try their hand in raising these prolific creatures, but that not-so-little matter of where to get the

money for the construction of a small backyard pond, and the purchase of a few hundred "tilapia" fingerlings kept the man from getting soaked up in the fish business.

He was about to give up the whole idea and resign himself to the old rocking chair in the parlor, when he was told about the rural bank. He lost no time in going to the capital. Like the farmer, who was his neighbor, it did not take him long to secure the needed amount. After a few days he was already standing in his backyard supervising the men who were applying the last layer of concrete in his tilapia pond.

Now, hardly a year after he went to his rural bank, the retired teacher is already profiting from the fish's amazing reproductive ability, thanks to the trust that the bank people placed on him when he approached with no other asset but sincerity and an honest face.

The farmer and the retired teacher are not rare examples. The like of them could be found in any province where one of the more than 40 banks are operating.

A semi-government financing institution, the rural banks were the offshoots of the recommendations made by the Beyster and Bell missions on Philippine economic conditions. Recognizing the difficulty encoun-

tered by the farmers in obtaining credit at reasonable rates, these two survey missions suggested the opening of small banks in the rural areas.

After a careful study of the recommendations, the government authorized the opening of the rural banks. The program to have as many of these lending houses as possible was set into motion by Republic Act No. 720.

The Rural Bank Act provided for the opening of rural banks to be financed jointly by private individuals and the government. The former puts up half of the authorized initial capital and the government takes care of the other half.

THE most outstanding feature of the rural banks is that they do not require any collateral from the borrowers. What they do is to look into the field in which the borrower wishes to invest the capital, or if it is a personal expense, such as doctor's bills or money for the schooling of children, to verify whether the need really exists. The bank, however, is set against lending out any amount if it is to be used only to pay off a previous debt.

From time to time, the rural banks send out some of their men to see how the borrowers are faring in the business in

which they have invested the money borrowed. Some of the rural banks go as far as offering advice to its clients on how to improve their business.

If the borrower is a farmer, the bank may provide him with literature or else render it possible for some agricultural experts to come down to the barrios to give free advice and demonstrations on better farming practices. In case the borrower is an operator of a small *tienda*, the rural bank may have a person with know-how in retail-merchandising give him the necessary advice. Or if the client is a schoolboy who borrowed a little amount to be able to operate a small poultry farm or piggery, it may be a poultry

expert or a man from the Bureau of Animal Industry who is sent by the bank.

At the rate the rural banks have been rendering credit service to the rural folks it may not be long when usurious money lenders will close shop. It seems that the only thing the rural bank won't do is to coax the tilapia to reproduce faster, or urge the chicken to lay bigger eggs oftener.

And when the time comes that the people of the rural areas shall have been lifted from extreme poverty to a comparatively better standard of living, some of the credit will belong to the rural banks, a successful experiment in the trust and honesty.

* * *

Freshman Gems

If language is a growing thing, college freshmen should be given credit for their contribution to the process. Here are some "gems" discovered in freshmen's compositions:

1. I am the third sun in the family.
2. Because my ant has no wife, I became her favorite companion.
3. Then suddenly the long and cruel tentacles of death reached out and snuffed the moral existence of my father.
4. I was borned in a poor financial family.
5. Even dow I supper, I try my best to secure an education.

The Capture of IPO DAM

Recalling one of the war's greatest battles

T IRED, GRIMY-FACED soldiers of the U.S. 43rd Division sat idly on the grass outside the commanding officer's tent smoking and drinking ceaselessly from their canteens. They had just cleared the Laguna de Bay area of Japs in a costly four-week campaign. Suddenly the commanding officer emerged from his tent, paused, and announced: "Boys, we have just received orders to seize Ipo Dam."

The day was April 19, 1945. The smoke of battle had already lifted over Manila, showing an ugly pile of debris. The enemy, after sacking the city, retreated to the craggy patch of territory east of Manila, where they entrenched themselves in their vaunted Shimbu line. It

was the main portion of this line that the 43rd Division doughboys had just crushed when the order to capture Ipo Dam came.

Manila depended on Ipo Dam for one-third of its supply of water. Huge underground conduits conveyed the water from Ipo to Novaliches, thence to Manila. The Japs fortified the dam area and closed the valves of the pipes. Water supply in the city grew critically short. Friendly troops kept steadily pouring in, and the already strained water situation became further aggravated. The commander in chief of Southwest Pacific directed that Ipo Dam be seized immediately to save the situation, *with every effort exerted to capture the dam facilities intact.*

Units of the Division were alerted at once. Reconnaissance reports were made, aerial photographs carefully studied. Designated to support the operation were Col. Marking Agustin's sturdy guerrilla boys of the Yay Regiment. Tank, mortar, artillery, and even anti-aircraft battalions were readied for the fight.

There was only one logical route to Ipo Dam. It was a paved, two-lane highway twisting through the razor-back ridges of Bigti, then shooting eastward through the towering hills of Ipo. Well-armed and fanatical Japs held this area, and to pass through it would have meant suicide for the 43rd Division. On the other hand, to approach the objective by any other way would necessitate the construction of elaborate roads and the loss of valuable time. In more senses than one, time was on the side of the Japs, who could perfect their defensive artillery positions and spider-web caves, while the attacking forces labored their way through thick jungle growth.

It was decided to launch a three-pronged encircling attack. The main assault was to come from the south, while a major diversionary feint of one regiment was to approach Ipo by way of the paved highway through Bigti where the Japan-

ese were waiting. Marking's men were to follow the northern route, hugging the banks of the Angat river, and surprise the entrenched defenders. Obviously the success of the plan depended on perfect coordination and the element of surprise. A number of strategic hills had first to be secured in the south before the enemy could detect the real motive of the attack.

ON the night of May 3 tense, grim-faced men moved silently in the dark as in a strange pantomime. Orders were given by signal. Ammunition was passed swiftly and efficiently without a sound. Guns were moved to newly prepared positions—clearing hewed out of the jungle by bulldozers working at night.

When artillery pieces were moved forward, identical ones were put in their places to prevent any indication of change. And when heavy motor columns or tanks were operating in the forward areas, artillery fire in the rear was increased in volume to drown the sound of motors.

At last the staging areas were ready.

May 6, midnight. At exactly one minute past twelve o'clock

What they say about war

Humanity has but three great enemies: fever, famine and war.

—*Sir William Osler*

But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at.

—*John Dryden*

I have never met anybody who wasn't against war. Even Hitler and Mussolini were, according to themselves.

—*David Low*

The brazen throat of war.

—*John Milton*

One to destroy is murder by the law,

And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;

To murder thousands takes a specious name,

War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

—*Edward Young*

observation and command posts. Marking's guerrillas on the north had acquired over five kilometers of heavily wooded terrain, encountering numerous patrols and destroying enemy outposts.

Dive-bombers supported the advancing troops, pin-point bombing enemy artillery positions. At night powerful searchlights were turned on the battlefields, restricting enemy night movements. In the daytime when there was no bombing, observation cub planes hovered incessantly overhead, spotting targets and keeping the enemy in his hole. Thus were Jap strongholds reduced one after another, in most instances after bloody hand-to-hand fighting.

On May 12 the Japs discovered the main motive of the siege. Accordingly they threw their might against the southern force that had by now penetrated to within a few kilometers of the dam. On May 13 the rains came. The roads became impassable mud puddles. Motor units bogged down. Communication facilities deteriorated to a point where frontline troops were denied supply. Some of the wounded casualties had to walk to the rear. It was only when civilian carriers were employed that the situation improved.

the Division struck. Three powerful columns rolled simultaneously from the south, the west, and the north. The battle for Ipo Dam had begun.

By nightfall of May 7 all the three columns had advanced sufficiently to occupy excellent

Meanwhile Marking's men, used to the hard ways of the jungle, proved equal to the task. Through mud and rain they continued their southward push, bucking two "banzai" charges of the desperate Japanese defenders. On the fourteenth they captured a hill dominating Ipo Dam from the north.

As the weather improved on the sixteenth, scores of P38's and P51's dumped incendiary bombs. Main target was the pocket along the Bigti palisades. Artillery fire continued to take its toll among the demoralized defenders.

Then on the night of May 17 dark figures crept stealthily toward the northern edge of the

dam. The next moment Marking's guerrillas were swarming over the place, pouncing on the surprised Japs. The enemy had tarried too long; he had set the fuses of the demolition charges intended for the dam, but found no time to detonate them. Ipo Dam was captured intact.

Of the estimated 5000 Japs defending the area, over 4000 were counted dead after the operation. The 43rd Division suffered a casualty of less than a thousand, with 172 killed. Mopping-up operations ceased by the middle of June. From the Marking unit alone, 21 officers and men received the Silver and the Bronze Stars, well-deserved tributes to the liberators of Ipo Dam.

* * *

Millions of Nothing

*I*F I TWIST a cable of infinite fathoms in length, if there be no ship to ride by it nor anchor to hold by it, what use is there of it? If manor thrust manor and title flow into title and bags pour out into chests, if I have no anchor—faith in Christ, if I have not a ship to carry to haven—a soul to save, what's my long cable to me? If I add number to number, a span, a mile long, if at the end of all that long line of numbers, there be nothing that notes pounds or crowns or shillings, what's that long number but so many millions of millions of nothing? If my span of life become a mile of life, my penny a pound, my pint a gallon, my acre a shire, yet if there be nothing of the next world at the end, so much peace of conscience, so much joy, so much glory, still all is but nothing multiplied, and that is still nothing at all.

—John Donne

THREE YEARS ago, the whole world received the shocking news that General of the Army Douglas MacArthur had been relieved of his posts in the Far East by President Truman. Coming soon after his victories on the shores of Inchon and the surging drive to the Yalu River by the U.N. forces under his command, the presidential decision was considered by many, the Filipinos particularly, as something akin to a desecration of a noble figure and a blasphemy on a nobler name.

Dr. Louis Morton, in his book *The Fall of the Philippines*, tells us that though old soldiers never die, they do commit grave errors. The soldier in this case is MacArthur and the grave error is his defense of the Philippines 13 years ago.

Dr. Morton labored under the throes of a vanishing history. The defeat of the American forces in the Philippines made documentation difficult, most of the records having been dispersed or lost during the hasty retreat. To fill the gaps, Dr. Morton resorted to interviews and letter writing. He contacted the surviving field commanders by this means and was able to uncover new materials and correct the inadequacies of official records. He also made use of captured Japanese war docu-

The MacArthur Legend

Harvard historian
plucks a few feathers
off a general's cap

ments, to complete the pattern that he sought to reconstruct.

The picture that was drawn by this effort was not a beautiful one from the perspective of the MacArthur legend. The infallible strategist emerged as a soldier who did not only misjudge himself but, what is worse, also his enemy.

The fall of Bataan has always been attributed to the superiority of the Japanese forces, but the book advances another viewpoint. For in February, 1942 the Japanese forces were at a standstill, and a late tes-

Old Soldiers Never Die . . .

THIS story is told about the American Civil War.

The Union army had just overrun and occupied a Confederate town. A Union general, needing a uniform, went to a dyer. He had a blue uniform but wanted a gray one. So he asked the dyer to "just fade" it into a Union gray.

"But sir," the old dyer protested, "I can only dye; I cannot fade."

The unreasonable general was insistent. "If you don't have this uniform faded by morning, I shall have you shot," he said. And he left.

When the general returned to the dyer's shop the following morning, the old dyer was gone. He had joined the Confederate army.

The lesson of the story is this: Old dyers never fade, they just soldier away.

timony by General Masaharu Homma, commander of the Japanese forces in the Philippines then, claimed that if MacArthur had chosen that time to launch a counter-offensive, he could have walked to the gates of Manila "without much resistance on our part." Why MacArthur failed to grasp this opportunity is only for his autobiography to explain at some future time.

And then, while history chooses to call Bataan the epic struggle that preserved democracy in the Far East, the

book says that much more could have been done had not the defenders on the beleaguered peninsula succumbed earlier to malnutrition, malaria and morale breakdown.

The shortage of supplies which brought this about is traced to MacArthur's decision to fight it out on the beaches instead of hewing close to what was called for by War Plan Orange-3, the original strategy for the defense of the Philippines. Under WPO-3, the supplies for 43,000 men for a period of six months should have

been removed to Bataan at the outbreak of the war. In complete disregard of this plan, MacArthur met the enemy on the beaches and the decision to revert to the original plan was made only on December 23, 1941. The full-scale movement of men and material to Bataan did not begin until this date. The delay was costly as well as disastrous. For while it had been an impossibility to move supplies for 43,000 men in such a short time, more than a hundred thousand soldiers were made eventually to share the inadequate supplies that managed to get to Bataan.

Dr. Morton also investigated the Clark Field disaster, when Japanese planes caught the bulk of the American planes on the ground on the noon of December 8, nine hours after the Pearl Harbor debacle, and in a single

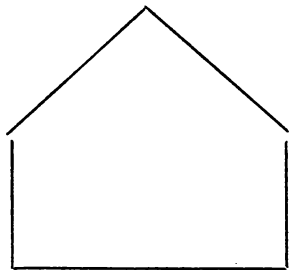
stroke knocked out the Far East air force; and the question of MacArthur's unexplainable delay in transmitting President Roosevelt's permission to General Wainwright to surrender Corregidor earlier than he did. On these two "anomalies" Dr. Morton did not go beyond what he believed to be his task—that of simply revealing the facts. He ventured no explanations.

There is much in this book that is unappealing to the devotees of the General, but it is still safe to assume that the disclosures will not impair his reputation or alter his place in the pages of history. On the other hand, these same revelations may serve to underscore the doubts about his later opinions on grave issues and, possibly, justify President Truman's decision in the summer of 1951.

* * *

War and Peace

To the man who has the religion of peace, the supreme value is love. To the man who has the religion of war, the supreme value is strife.—*G. L. Dickinson.*



What to look out for
in purchasing a house

Before You Buy a Home—

A MIDDLE-AGED couple recently invested their meager savings on a two-story house in the suburbs advertised as a bargain. They had been renting all their life, and decided it would be better to buy a home. According to their estimates, they could get a little income by leasing the ground floor; they would stay upstairs.

But within six months the couple were selling the property at a loss. They had made a bad buy.

Nobody would live downstairs because in the rainy season it was under water. The road leading to the house be-

came impassable with the overflowing of a nearby canal, and the occupants had to use the circuitous back way. In short, the couple had been gypped.

If you are intending to buy a home don't make the same mistake. The elderly couple were obviously talked into purchasing the property by some glib-tongued real estate agent. They did not *plan* their buy. Like many others who plunge into a deal, they were taken by the pleasing appearance of the property and did not bother to investigate.

As a prospective buyer you must consider many things. If

you have children, you must remember the desirability of locating near a school. There is nothing more inconvenient than having to send your little girl to a schoolhouse several kilometers away.

Then there is the market to consider. To a housewife who has to do daily or at least frequent marketings, the distance to the market is an important factor. A house need not be actually near the market. But it is essential that the transportation facilities be reasonably good in order to make the market accessible. The same is true for the location of your church.

One way to test distances is to walk from the prospective home to these different places yourself. The salesman generally calls for you in an automobile, and if the distance is great, he talks incessantly to keep your mind occupied. What looks like a short distance thus may turn out to be a half hour's hike. Or if you will take public conveyances most of the time, try the regular buses and jeeps before buying the house. You may regret living in a "quiet" neighborhood later, at the cost of having to walk five blocks under the sun.

Water is certainly an important consideration. Some districts have flowing faucets only

at certain times of the day or night. A family who moved into a newly constructed bungalow north of Manila discovered to their dismay that water was available only at night. A modern jet jump finally saved the situation, but it added easily P1500 to the cost of the house.

In another sense, water could also be a problem, as with the middle-aged couple who found their basement flooded during the rainy season. Certain districts in most cities are low-level areas that easily go under water in heavy rain. It will be wise for you to know these places before buying your home.

If the house you are buying is partly or wholly made of wood, be sure to check for *any*. It generally takes a trained eye to detect the presence of these insidious wood pests, and what appears whole on the surface may be honeycombed underneath. You may therefore need expert advice on this matter. But it is worth the trouble and expense.

A family whose home in Manila's residential Ermita district burned down during the war, decided to rebuild on the same spot. They liked particularly the quiet, exclusive surroundings in the prewar years. To their utter dismay, squatters'

hovels cropped up on all sides as soon as they finished construction. In no time at all, the neighborhood was a filthy slum area. Even the tall adobe fence they built around the house could not remedy the situation.

Careful planning and assessment of all building factors might have saved the family a lot of trouble.

Every fault concerning a house and its environs can be

found out, not from the owner's word or salesman's talk, but from people who live in the neighborhood. Before closing the deal, try to ask the neighbors. Better still, rent the house for several months prior to purchase, if that is possible.

But one thing you shouldn't do is rush into the deal. Buying a home is usually a lifetime decision. Use your head.

* * *

How's Your Tongue Power?

If you can't say any one of these lines perfectly three times in succession, you are normal. If you can, you are a good gossip.

1. Old oily Ollie oils old oily autos.
2. Chop shops stock chops.
3. A school coal scuttle; a scuttle of school coal.
4. Two witches have watches; which witch watches which witch's watch?
5. Soldiers' shoulders shudder when shrill shells shriek.

*

NO, IT'S NOT a cave. Neither is it an adobe house. It's a house made of the same material children make mud pies with and it's literally as cheap as dirt.

Some years ago, a young American couple escaped from an apartment house in Chicago

HOUSE OF EARTH

and fled to the country. They had exactly \$3,000 in the bank, a trunkful of clothes and no home. Out in the country, a barn cost at least \$7,000, so the young couple boarded with the family of a farmer and then wrote a letter to the Texas Engineering Station. The technicians of this station had been experimenting with a type of construction called *pise de terre*. The answer came and the couple went to work.

Several months later, Michael and Dinah Rilke had a seven-room bungalow, several pieces of furniture, a well-equipped kitchen and \$500 still earning 3% in the bank. Michael said that he spent most of the money on furnishings. The timber for the house he got from an old barn a farmer had sold him for \$400. And Michael, who is a

A lesson in architecture from the primitive Aztecs

salesman, said that he worked on the house only in his spare time.

Two years ago, John O. McMeekin and his wife built a \$15,000 house for only \$6,000. The McMeekins also used *pise de terre*.

PISE de terre is a type of construction which uses earth as a building material. The earth is rammed within temporary molds similar to those used in concrete construction.

There is nothing new in the idea of using earth as a construction material. Brick is

baked earth. Adobe houses are made of sun-baked brick. The so-called mud-houses of early American Indians were made of adobe material plastered on the inner and outer sides of a stick framework to form a dwelling. Pise de terre is merely another type of structure using earth as construction material.

It is not very far from the truth to say that Michael Rilke has built a house that will stand for at least a century. Some of the mud walls the Aztecs and the Mayas have built are still standing. The animal pens that the Assyrians have constructed out of earth are still extant.

Rammed-earth houses are probably the most economical houses for the middle and low income groups. The report of the Texas Engineering Station says that rammed-earth houses cost less to heat and to cool, have architectural beauty, have very low insurance rates, require little maintenance, are insect proof, are sound-proof and are very strong.

Soils that are satisfactory for building pise de terre can be found in nearly all parts of the Philippines. Although it would be cheaper to build an adobe house in Quezon City, pise de terre can be built in San Juan and Marikina. The investigation of the Texas Engineering Station shows that the suitable soil is one predominantly sand

with enough silt and clay to serve as a binder or natural cementing agent. According to the report the most favorable mixture is 70% to 80% sand and the rest silt or clay.

With certain soils, however, a special binder like vinsol resin or portland cement is needed. In most cases of rammed-earth construction in the United States, it was found out that it is better and more economical to use no admixture even if the proportion between sand and clay is 50-50.

To make the walls weather-resistant, asphalt, paint and stucco should be used. If none of these are available, mortar will serve the purpose.

Michael Rilke was not an extraordinarily strong man. He was an average man with an average man's strength. He said that it does not take great physical effort to tamp the earth in the wooden molds into solid walls. In fact, Mike said, it was his wife who built the partitions of the house.

THE approved procedure is as follows: Erect wooden molds on a concrete foundation. Pound in a four-inch layer of dirt. Each layer should be pounded solid before the next is added. As soon as the mold is full of rammed earth, move the mold and ram another section.

The foundation for the wall should be a 36-inch reinforced concrete footing. The foundation should be rooted at least two feet below the ground. No reinforcements are necessary for the rammed-earth walls.

The molds are made of plywood sheet or smooth boards and lined with thick galvanized iron. They are strengthened by clamping the edges with angle irons. Bolts are threaded on both ends to attach them to the wall. When a mold is rammed full of solid earth, the bolts are loosened and another section is begun. By using frames made of thick planks you can easily leave window and door-openings in the wall.

It is advisable for the builder to have two tampers on hand. The first tamper should be at least eight inches square on the bottom. The other is a piece of 4 x 4 square iron with a hole bored in the middle and threaded to fit a one-inch pipe, six

feet long, which forms the handle. For the builder's convenience, the weight of the of the tampers should not exceed twelve pounds. There is no sense in using a heavy iron when a lighter one would do just as well. Of course, the size, the shape, and the weight of the tampers depend upon the thickness of the wall being built and upon the strength of the builder.

It has been found out in the United States that rammed-earth houses are economical only if built by the owner. This type of construction has not become commercially popular because costs of construction are extremely high when labor is hired. This is because the work is tedious and time-consuming.

However, work is hardly a drawback if you have set your mind on building a rammed-earth house. It is always satisfying and rewarding to build a house that will stand for a century.

* * *

A man travels the world over in search of what he needs and returns home to find it.—*George Moore.*

* * *

And there was the painter who called his painting "Home" because there is no place like it.

Panorama Quiz

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

1. Where is the Island of Langerhans? It is in:
A. the Baltic Sea; B. the human body; C. Subic Bay;
D. the imaginary world of Gulliver.

2. The Philippine *dilis*, which is a favorite dish either fried or in the form of *bagoong*, is known in English as: A. trout; B. canape; C. anchovy; D. jerky.

3. Pancho Villa is the name of a notorious Mexican bandit; but so is it remembered as the name of: A. Don Quixote's squire; B. a famous Filipino prizefighter; C. a comic strip character; D. a silent screen idol.

4. Scientists estimate the strength of the hydrogen bomb that the United States exploded in a test last March as equivalent to a TNT blast equalling: A. 12 million tons; B. 10 thousand tons; C. 1 million tons; D. 45 million tons.

5. Do you know your Deweys? What Dewey is: A. the hero of Manila Bay? B. the great philosopher? C. the New York politician?

6. If you are afraid of high places, you have: A. acrophobia; B. hydrophobia; C. agoraphobia; D. claustrophobia.

7. Arthur Rimbaud is the name of: A. a Nobel prize winner in physics; B. a French premier; C. a surrealist painter; D. a French symbolist poet.

8. The University of the Philippines was established in: A. 1898; B. 1908; C. 1913; D. 1802.

9. Excessive or foolish fondness for one's wife is called: A. anacrusis; B. sublimation; C. uxoriousness; D. metempsychosis.

10. Recently one of the following was designated chief of the Philippine panel on Japanese reparations. He is: A. Senator Claro M. Recto; B. Vice President Carlos P. Garcia; C. Senator Jose P. Laurel; D. Ambassador Felino Neri.

Watch in the Night*

By Leonard Casper

Death during the Japanese assault on Negros

DURING THE JAPANESE invasion of the Philippines, young Ramon Cortes becomes a Protestant chaplain, serving his fellow soldiers in Cebu. He observes the selfishness of certain of his townmates: hoarders, collaborators. Then he is busy, with others, burning the land before the enemy can benefit, and retreating to Negros. When four of his fellow *provincianos* come to Negros, advising the people there to capitulate, impulsively Cortes, assigned as a guard, shoots them to death.

To protect his comrades from reprisals, he goes to surrender himself to the Japanese. However, en route to Cebu the boat is strafed and, swimming for his life, Cortes thinks no more of surrendering. Although he knows he is expected to continue his heroic role, he refuses to kill any more of his country's enemies. Instead he works the soil and endures the jibes of others.

Only when he preaches at the funeral of another minister, who once told him that man's duty is to make good out of evil, does he feel like a militant minister again. He sacrifices individual conscience and feeling to his countrymen's needs. Though revolted by the necessity of shedding blood, he accepts what he considers is his duty.

Much of the subject matter—events, places, characters—of *Watch in the Night* has a basis in actual recent

* Edilberto K. Tiempo. *Watch in the Night*. Manila: Archipelago Press, 1953.

history. Nevertheless, the novel lacks an air of convincing reality. Largely this is due to a failure in characterization. Cortes is pictured as an unusual young minister because he believes in evolution, wears polka-dot handkerchiefs, and is in love with a Catholic girl. Presumably these facts are intended to make him seem capable of the unexpected, later. However, the first two are not extraordinary; and the last presents a religious problem wholly ignored throughout a book with evidently religious implications.

Cortes' act of violence, therefore, remains impulsive. His reversals of decision afterwards are equally contrived. There is no real soul-searching, no mature inner agony as one has a right to expect. Because of his personal history of shifting attitudes, it is incredible that his final decision must be considered just and lasting. If the story had continued, then Cortes, in character, would have been forced to change his mind and feelings yet another time.

When he accepts the philosophy of solidarity, he really is evading, once again but successfully this time, personal responsibility for continued killing. The question of his guilt or innocence thus is ignored by the author, although the whole narrative has been insisting on its importance!

This novel is further deprived of a sense of reality by the fact that minor characters are even less adequately developed than Cortes. Scene after scene depends on public speeches and lengthy sermonizing, rather than face-to-face conversations. There is seldom a human presence felt—only words detached from personality. Cely Castillo, Cortes' fiancée, is equally bodiless and shadowy; and too little is made of her father, a Hispanophile and collaborator.

Fiction, because it has a resource of imagination with which to put flesh on fact, should be more capable than historical report of making the actual seem real and believable. *Watch in the Night*, however, gives the impression of having left too many curtains drawn around the drama that must have resided in the actual historical situation, on Negroes, in World War II.



A Meadow Waits

by AMELIA L. LAPEÑA

WHEN HIS BIG wet nose shone through the thickets and his soft wheenee greeted me, I knew it was Kordel and so I made a hole through the tangle of leaves and twigs to reach his side. He met me joyfully passed his rough nose over my face and ears and nudged my sides with his spiral horns. He smelled of hay and earth where his heavy long coat hung pasted with points of thick dried mud. *There's a meadow full of fresh young grass over there,* I heard him whisper.

I stretched my neck out to kiss him full on the mouth. He pulled his face away from me and said with quiet dignity, *Pshew-pksst, no time to lose. The meadow waits for us.* He turned his thick rump on me and started to walk away.

I followed Kordel through the field, careful in maintaining a respectful distance between us until I could not long bear the night cold that kept creeping into my short coat and the sounds of many strange cries from thickets and trees. I ran to him and stayed close to his side. His thick coat warmed my body and I felt safe and happy again. Without breaking his even pace nor turning his face to me, he said, *It isn't very far now.*

The field shone white under the stars where the land rose in big round bumps. Far down to the edge of the wide fields were the dark big mountains that hid the hem of the sky and behind us, beautiful with the many quiet blinking lights, was the little hometown. I remembered the master and the others whom I had left behind and suddenly I wanted to go back. Kordel stopped and waited for me as I lagged behind. *Hurry up,* he said. *The meadow is only a few paces ahead.* He sounded excited and his voice held promise of fresh young grass. How tender the young blades crush and how sweet and juicy, his voice seemed to say. I scampered after him, forgetting the master and the others on the field.

We trudged a stretch of land that climbs into a hill and when we reached the top, Kordel cleared away the thick growth of grass with his horns and asked me to come near him. On the other side of the hill where the land dropped to a low wide bed, was the meadow. It felt wet under my coat and I sprang up and skipped about wildly on the green grass. I leaped past Kordel and let my body slip and roll on the slant of the hill until I fell on the low bed of fresh young grass. Kordel followed my prancing with amused eyes and then went to a thick patch not far away and began pulling and chewing with great earnestness. I kept rolling and skipping and jumping over the grass until I felt warm around my face and body. I lay

still on the grass and panted. Above, the stars were so low they seemed to dangle from the clear night sky. Stars, stars, stars down to where the blackness arched over the dark big mountains. There was a big bright star over the peak of one of the dark mountains. It blinked at me gaily and for a moment, I forgot all about the low bed and the fresh grass on it and Kordel.

WHEN I stood up, Kordel was about through with a thick patch; all around him, it showed bare and yellow. I went beside him and heard his noisy nibbling. At the first pull, I felt the young blades crush all together crisply tender between my teeth, its sweet thick juice trickling down and cooling my tongue and throat. I kept my teeth down on the young shoots and pulled away at them with frantic haste. Kordel paused from his patch to look up at me and say: *Easy, kiddo. There's enough to last both of us the whole year.* I felt blood rush hotly to my cold nose and I raised my teeth from the green shoots and started to chew the cud in my cheeks. Kordel gave a low laugh and went back to his patch.

This night grew colder and cooler as we kept pulling and chewing. The field grown white under the stars was alive with many strange night cries. Kordel's body had grown round under his long coat and I too felt heavy. I moved away from Kordel and climbed the hill where I could rest and watch Kordel eat at the same time. I was seated near the thick growth of grass when I heard the call: *Here, kiddie whee-nee, kiddie whee-nee-ee.* I knew it was the master. I called out at Kordel but he did not seem to hear me at all. I heard the master's footfall come trump, trump, trump on the ground to where I was. Before I could move, I felt a large hand reaching out for me and lifting me off the ground on my belly. It was the master, all right. But his dirty face did not seem angry at all. His faded eyes shone under the bushy white brows and he kept cooing low: *Naughty kiddie, naughty kiddie, here, here* and kept

patting me on the head. I snuggled closer to him and licked his cold wrinkled face.

He walked down the hill with me clasped tightly to his breast. Halfway down the hill, he shouted *I found him* to the group that stood waiting below. Some from the group shouted back, *Now we can all go brother Carl. Yes, we can all go*, the rest chorused. And the master held me closer to him and he went down the hill faster.

It was a small group that met us at the foot of the hill: men with their long wooden staffs, the women in their loose dresses and shawls and little boys with coarse cloth tied around thier loins and wound about their shoulder. Their faces shone ruddy in the night cold and they kept close together for warmth. Behind them were a few of the others and the little boys picked up the little ones among them who kept bleating they were cold.

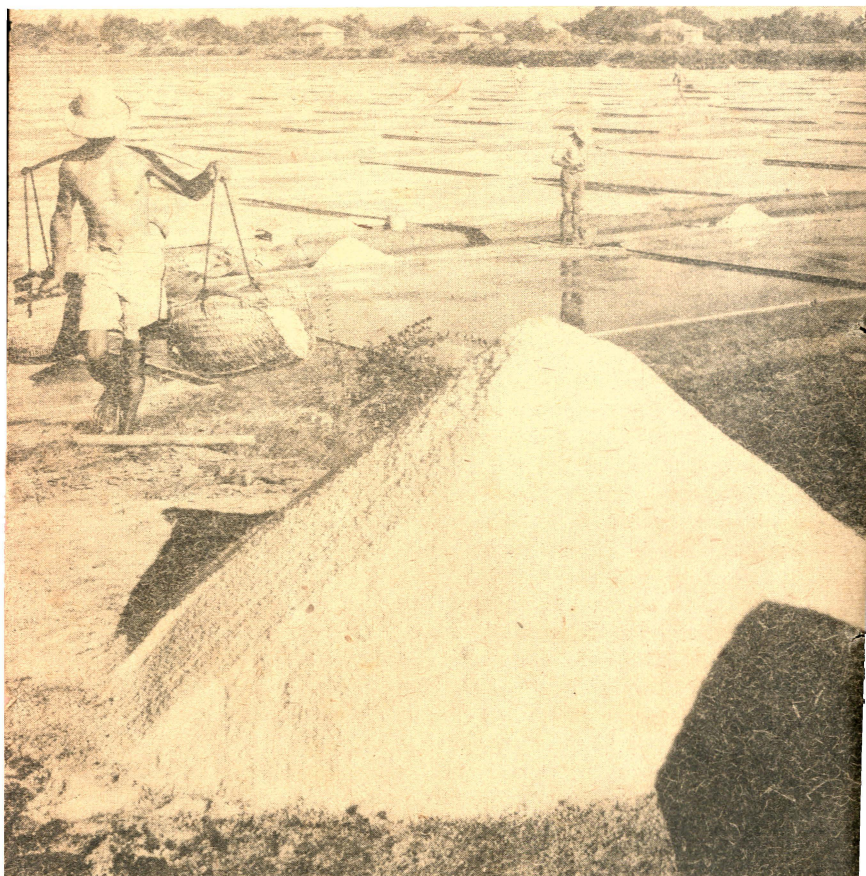
We walked across the fields, the little boys pointing at the sky where the bright star was. The women were excited and kept talking about the angels who came singing to them from across the night sky. *Surely, it is the Child*, they chirped. *It is the Child*. I could only half-understand what they talked about; the trip made me sleepy. When we entered the hometown, the houses were all dark and the doors were all barred. The men trod softly over the cobbled streets and all the women hushed their chatter. Still a few windows would light up suddenly and capped heads would stick out of them to ask, *What is it?* And the women would answer back, *The Child, the Child has come!* A few slammed their windows with a naughty *Pshaw*; others came down and joined us.

I T WAS over a stable that the star stood still and and the master and the group entered the plane. It was damp and dark inside and from a dim lamp hanging from one of the low beams, the moist stone floor shone where it showed under the scattered haystraws. The master bent low to avoid the low beams and once or twice, he clapped aside the dusty webs

before his face. When we neared the end of the stable, the women fell on their knees, the old men bowed their heads against their staffs and the other hushed their bleating and sat on the hay with their little boys. I felt the master's heart beat hard against my side; he had covered me with his rough coat and was rubbing my body with it until my short coat fairly shone and my skin tingled with warmth underneath. Then he lifted me up and approached the lovely lady who was bending over the new-born infant. The master put me out to them and the bearded men who stood behind the lovely lady smiled at us. The child from out of his swaddlings reached out for me. I put out a hoof uncertainly and the child touched it with his little hand.

The little boys came forward with the little ones and offered them to the little child who touched each of them on the head. They placed us on a thick bed of hay under the open wooden box where the child who had touched us was. The little ones looked at me with their big round eyes and blurted among themselves how the child had touched me first before any of them. I curled my body over the hoof the little Child had touched and I closed my eyes. I thought of Kordel alone in the meadow and I wished strongly that he would leave the bed of fresh young grass and come to where we were.

I must have fallen asleep for when I woke up, the little ones were talking excitedly among themselves. *Did you see their gowns? Of pure gold they are! Surely they must be the richest men in the whole world. My mother has told me about kings but this is the first time I ever saw one!* I opened my eyes wider and saw the three tall men robed in gowns of glossy velvet whose hems trailed behind heavy with embroidered gold and silver flowers. How their stone-studded crowns sparkled blue and green and red and yellow and white and violet. They came solemnly to where we were, their hands loaded with gifts. The little ones talked noisily and ogled the three rich men who came nearer and nearer the child. I felt sad although I
(See the inside back cover)



The sea creeps into brick-lined beds and lies there, enduring the sun's, lashing heat. Soon it will be gone and what will remain are grains that will be raked into gleaming white mounds. From this heap will come the flavor of man's life and leisure.

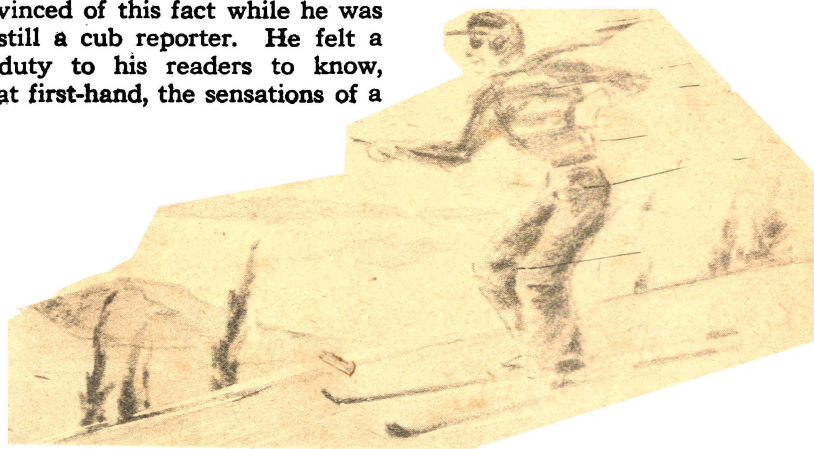
Times-Mirror Photo by E. F. Nievera

A Reporter With Feelings

CHILDREN WANDERING through department stores like to touch things, despite the warnings of their parents and the store manager. What the latter fail to realize is that Junior is "touching" because he is a little blotter soaking up information and knowledge. Adults behave the same way, actually. The average person says, "Here, let me see that" and holds out his hand. He really wants to *touch*, not to see.

Paul Gallico, the famous American sports writer, was convinced of this fact while he was still a cub reporter. He felt a duty to his readers to know, at first-hand, the sensations of a

man struck by a heavyweight's boxing glove or of the man who leaps into space on skis. Even though he had only been an amateur athlete in school, therefore, Gallico forced himself to try his hand at every sport: football, baseball, boxing, riding, swimming, flying both land and sea planes, the hundred-yard dash and the mile, and the rest—to get the feel of what they were like.



Sometimes his courage failed him. Once Gallico went to the top of the 30-foot Olympic diving tower at Jones Beach to see what it was like to dive from that height. Dizzy, scared, and somewhat sick, he soon crawled away on hands and knees from the edge of the tower. But he had learned respect for the young men and women who hurled themselves through the air and down through the tough surface of the water from such a height.

On another occasion, after having been on skis only once before in snow, he found himself descending the 6000-foot Olympic ski run above Garmischpartenkirchen. When his untrained legs became so tired that he couldn't brake any more, he lost control and went full tilt down a three-foot twisting path cut into the mountain side, with a 2000-foot abyss on his left. He began to wonder how long it would take the searchers to recover his body. By some miracle, Gallico reached the bottom uninjured, having made most of the trip down the icy, perpendicular slopes on the flat of his back! However, later when he saw on a slope studded with pine trees and rocks a Czech skier skid off the course at better than 60 miles an hour and become snarled in a pile of rope as helpless as a fly in

a spider's web, he was able to write about it from his heart.

GALICO'S first chance to satisfy his curiosity about professional athletes came in 1922, when he was assigned to cover Dempsey's training camp, in preparation for the Firpo fight. After watching the spar boy collapse time and again from what seemed to be a light cuff on the neck or a caressing stroke to the jaw, Gallico asked Dempsey to let him box for just one round. When it was over and the young reporter had escaped through the ropes, shaking, bleeding a little from the mouth, with resin dust on his pants and a throbbing in his head, he knew what it was to be in the prize ring.

Further experiments, although less painful, were equally illuminating. Playing tennis with champion Vinnie Richards, he felt what it was like to stand across the net at the back of a service court and try to get one's racket on a service that is so fast that the ear can hardly detect the interval between the sound of the server's racket hitting the ball and the ball striking the court. By watching Bobby Jones, he learned that golfers play not the ball but the course, the roll of the land, the hazards, the wind, and the texture of the greens and fairways.

Catching for Dizzy Dean, he discovered that even the bulky mitt and the sponge that is worn in the palm are hardly enough to rob the ball of shock and sting when a major-league pitcher throws the ball. With Gar Wood, he was driven at 127 miles an hour in *Miss America X*, the fastest speedboat of the 1930's. He squatted on a plank between Wood and the mechanic while they were jounced, shaken, vibrated, choked with exhaust fumes, and slowly roasted by the throttle bar as it grew hot under their hands.

Although he could hardly be tempted to repeat such performances, Gallico has never regretted his original researches. During the Thompson Speed Trophy race for land planes at Cleveland in 1935, Captain Roscoe Turner was almost nine miles in the lead in his golden, low-wing speed plane. Sudden-

ly, as he buzzed the grandstands at 280 miles an hour, black smoke burst from the engine cowling. Immediately Turner landed with a bump and a bounce, and stepped out of the oil-spattered machine to face a crowd that cheered him even though he had lost the race.

Only the pilots—and Gallico—realized how lucky Turner was, to be able to walk away, alive, from his machine. At any moment after the first streamer of smoke appeared, Turner could have been burned to a cinder or smashed beyond recognition against the ground. Every man and woman on the field who had ever been in trouble in the air lived those awful seconds of terror with him. The fact that Gallico could understand and admire the coolness of Turner under such circumstances made all his previous searches for "the feel" worthwhile.

* * *

The Wine of Life

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

—Edward Fitzgerald

Smoking and Cancer

IN NOVEMBER 23 of last year, Dr. Evarts A. Graham wrote: "Dr. Ernest L. Wynder and I have reproduced cancer experimentally in mice by using merely the tars from tobacco smoke. This shows conclusively that there is something in cigarette smoke which can produce cancer. This is no longer merely a possibility. Our experiments have proved it beyond doubt."

This revelation comes as the crux to a long period of research and independent studies conducted by scientists in the United States and Europe. Now, most physicians and scientists believe that the link between cancer and smoking has been established.

For two and a half years now, with the help of 22,000 volunteers in nine states, the Amer-

ican Cancer society has been studying and analyzing the connection between smoking habits and death rates among men whose ages range between 50 and 70. The smoking habits and ailments of about 187,766 persons in this age range have been recorded and studied. The deaths of 4,854 of these men since the project began in January 1952 have been analyzed.

The findings reveal that:

The mortality of men between 50 and 70 who smoke cigarettes is higher by 75 per cent than non-smokers of the same age.

Among the group who died were 745 men who smoke a pack of cigarettes or more daily or 319 more deaths than non-smokers of the same age group.

Total mortality included 334 deaths from coronary diseases and 161 cancer deaths. Regardless of cause of death, the general mortality in all four age groups examined were higher for smokers than for those who had never touched a cigarette. For those aged 50-54, the death rate was 102 per cent higher among the smokers; for those aged 55-59, 86 per cent higher; 60-64, 108 per cent higher and 65-69, 21 per cent higher.

Of the 844 cancer deaths among the 4,845 total, there were 167 cancer fatalities.

THE first clue that started the hunt for the link between cancer, and smoking was furnished by Ernest Wynder in 1949, then only a medical student at Washington University, under Dr. Evarts Graham. He noticed that among 200 victims of lung cancer, 95.5 per cent were men who had smoked consistently. When other researchers heard of this discovery, they began checking up on their own lung cancer patients and discovered the same thing. In Britain and Denmark, the scientists offered statistical evidence to support the discovery.

But for a while no agent in tobacco smoke could be found that caused cancer. So Wynder and Graham with the assistance of Adele B. Croninger, construct-

ed a machine that smoke thousands of cigarettes a day. A resinous deposit began to accumulate in the "lung" of the machine. The scientists scrapped off some of this tar-like material and spread it on the backs of mice. It produced cancerous eruptions.

Still later on, the American Cancer Society discovered that there is also a connection between smoking and diseases of the coronary arteries. Deaths due to coronary thrombosis is in direct proportion to the amount of tobacco smoked.

The cancer-producing tar in cigarette smoke is a slow acting agent that does not usually take effect until a man is middle-aged. It is also probable that the amount of tar that has accumulated in the lungs has something to do with the disease. The amount of tar in the smoke of one cigarette is so slight that one has to smoke thousands to gather enough cancer-causing tar.

The mortality of cigar and pipe-smokers is almost equal to that of non-smokers. This is because cigar and pipe smokers do not inhale the smoke. They are, nevertheless, susceptible to lip and tongue cancer.

Dr. Richard Doll and Dr. A. Bradford Hill of the British Medical Council has summed up the situation for groups of

1,000 light and heavy smokers who are 35 years old or over in this way.

Among those smoking one cigarette daily, one will die from lung cancer every two years. Among those smoking 15 to 25 cigarettes daily, three will die every two years. Of those smoking 25 or more, an average of slightly more than one will die yearly from cancer.

What is the smoker to do then? He can of course give up smoking. If he insists on continuing to smoke, the scientists do not have the answer for him. Although scientists are trying their best to purify cigarette smoke by isolating the fatal tar, they have not been successful so far.

MEDICAL research to help smokers is going on. Although the researchers have to

scrounge frequently for money so that they can continue their work, their efforts have been unflagging. The scientists feel that the tobacco companies should help finance the research. "It is their moral obligation," Dr. Graham said.

Such money has, in fact, been given by the tobacco companies. They are interested in knowing what specific element in the tobacco causes cancer. If they find this out, they might remove it from the cigarette.

Meanwhile, the cigarette addict can follow the advice of Dr. Oschner of the American Cancer Society: smoke no more than half a dozen cigarettes a day, and have a chest X-ray every six months or every three months after you are forty years old.

* * *

Free Verse

There was the Scotchman who went into a bookstore and asked for a volume of free verse.

Drama

at HIGH NOON

A HOUSEWIFE was standing before the sweltering heat of a clay stove, stirring the vegetables into a pot of *sinigang* when she happened to look at the Big Ben resting on the kitchen table. What she saw made her dart from the kitchen to the sala and with hands dripping with rice water turned the knob of a five-tube radio.

In a few seconds the room was filled with a stirring organ arpeggio. When the music quieted down, the slow and syrupy voice of a narrator rose above the theme as it recounted yesterday's chapter in the lives of a hapless couple torn asunder by the wiles and designs of a scheming "other woman."

From the moment the first bars of the organ music filled the sala, until the last sob of the heroine or the mocking laughter of the villain fades to the tune of the recurring theme song, the housewife all but forgot the *sinigang* and the rice boiling over beside it, while she got lost

*Script writers and
soap companies
cash in on the
housewife*

in the make-believe world to which she is transported every day from eleven o'clock to twelve noon, Mondays to Fridays, by the simple expedient of turning the knob of the five-tube radio resting on a makeshift altar side by side with a porcelain statue of San Pascual Baylan.

This incident is repeated in thousands of other Filipino homes, whether in the city, town or remote barrio, where radios could be found. So is the wrinkling of a thousand brows by a thousand famished husbands who have to sit before an empty table waiting for a late lunch or, more often than not, swallow with a scowl shreds of half-cooked meat and spoonfuls of overdone rice.

It is no wonder that the radio serial or "soap opera" (after their consistent sponsors) has been referred to as the food for the housewife's thought but the poison for the husband's temper.

This domestic tragi-comedy began way back in April 1949, when a big soap and lard manufacturer sponsored the first radio serial in the Philippines. The serials (*Gulong ng Palad* and *Ilaw ng Tahanan*) were patterned after American radio serials which, incidentally, were introduced over the stateside ether by the local company's mother firm. Some of those stateside radio dramas have been going on for 25 years, with new actors and actresses taking the roles created by earlier writers who, themselves, have been replaced by other sets of writers. Local audiences took to the soap opera like the proverbial duck to water and at the rate they are reacting to the soap sobs, it seems the latter would outlive their American predecessors.

THE "soap opera" follows a simple formula. The story usually revolves around a married couple, with a villain or villainess thrown in to gum up the works and make life miserable for them. Then there

is the all-important character in whose shoulders the hero or heroine cries when the going really gets tough. This character is adept at patching up husband-wife differences, as well as in prescribing what is best for gas pains or the recurring fever of the couple's only child. This child, by the way, has no other business in the story except to accompany her mother in lachrymal duets while the two of them await the return of the erring father.

The latter is usually playing around with the other woman, whose chief assets are her Marilyn Monroe figure (so the narrator tells us) and her ability to smoke a cigarette and utter a few English words, like *honey* and *darling*. As a matter of fictional necessity, she is also rich and reckless. For all these things, she is destined to suffer any of the following fates: to be abandoned by the soon-to-be-repentant hero or to die in a highway accident while having a clandestine fling with the villain.

The heroine is always a paragon of virtue and an unequalled exponent of fidelity. Once in a while, the script writer permits her a minor indiscretion, but this is done not to spite the erring husband nor out of an inner compulsion. All she wants is to make him see the light and

return to the warm fold of domestic bliss.

Before this point is reached, however, the listeners shall have cried along with the heroine or cursed the other woman with the same words they reserve only for noisy neighbors and persistent bill collectors.

It is not a rare occasion to find the men of the family listening to the womenfolk talk about a certain Luisa and Carding over the supper table. The men at first wonder who in the world these two people are and why the sudden interest in their lives by the skirted members of the family. They soon discover their real identity and try hard to forget how this couple were in no little way responsible for the late lunch and the raw rice. They try harder to keep to themselves their opinion of the script writers who have built up sizeable fortunes on the women's innate hunger for vicarious experience.

The script writers, nevertheless, deserve a little credit, if only for the fact that they succeed in molding their characters in such a way that the listeners find no difficulty in identifying themselves with these characters or seeing in their trials and tribulations, as well as joys and laughter, the same sorrow and tear, the same happiness and jubilation, that

make for their mundane existence. For all these efforts, the script writers get enormous salaries from the sponsors of the programs and on top of this, movie companies vie for the right to transfer these serials to the screen. This usually means another two to five thousand pesos for the script writer.

AMONG the most successful radio writers today are Lina Flor (*Gulong ng Palad*), who is the pioneer in the game; Liwayway Arceo-Bautista (*Ilaw ng Tahanan*), who also doubles as an actress; and Clodualdo del Mundo (*Principe Amante*), who is also making a killing in the comic strip business. *Gulong ng Palad* and *Ilaw ng Tahanan* have been on the air for the past five years, and both show indications of being capable of going on for another equal length of time. Del Mundo's *Principe Amante* has had two versions made into box-office hits.

Movie companies have registered their recognition of the audience-drawing power of the radio serial with their fairly recent practice of dramatizing their films on the air before exhibiting them. In this way, they whet the people's appetite for the film, which is then shown in

the first-class theaters even before the radio version is concluded. The avid listeners are only too eager to rush to the theaters on a morning to see how the hero and heroine fared, before that evening's concluding instalment over the radio enables them to make this discovery.

They all step out of the movie house with a smile on their faces that is close to beatific. Their feeling is a not too distant re-

lative of the one that is the film companies' treasurer's and the soap and lard manufacturer's.

This is why as long as there is soap in the market, there will always be hope for the housewife to be relieved of the drudgeries of household chores and duties by simply turning on the radio at the witching hour of eleven for her daily fare of drama at high noon.

* * *

Manila at Night

IT IS six o'clock and the city is re-awakening to the night. The long, hot, sluggish hours of the afternoon are over. A cool whip of wind has come in from the sea. Lights have gone on over the buildings, on the facade of stores, theaters, nightclubs, restaurants, billboards, flashing in red, green, gold or orange. There is a festive look everywhere.

This is Manila at night. It is glamorous and thrilling. It is rich. And in a dim corner of a street, close to a gaudy restaurant, two little boys are digging into a garbage can, clutching tightly half-filled bags, oblivious of lights, laughter and display . . .

Those MYSTERIOUS Upward WINDS

SUDDENLY AN OLD newspaper, stirring on the sidewalk, spirals up to second-story height and flaps there for a moment like a kite. Then, with new energy, it sweeps upward and over the roof tops, turning over and over in the shimmer of sunlight. Why?

There are winds that blow neither east nor west, neither north nor south, but in the third dimension: straight up. Sometimes they are upward hurricanes which blow clear up to the stratosphere and would be strong enough to lift a man. These winds are the answer to the effortless soaring of birds, moving for miles without flapping their wings. They are the answer to the soaring of gliders. If the winds had been properly understood, there might have been engineless airplanes in the day of Leonardo da Vinci.

More than that, updrafts are the weather. They cause the clear, smoky, the showery days. They account for cloud shapes. They explain the thunderstorm which is nothing more than an updraft of terrific strength.

These winds rise not from suction, not from blowing, but from heat. Air warmer than its surroundings becomes buoyant and bubbles up. It is visible as "heat waves" on sun-warmed pavement. The rising winds themselves become giant columns, miles high, but as narrow as chimneys or fast blowing jets. Planes passing across such jets are lifted and then just as suddenly are let fall. The passengers say they have dropped into an "air pocket"; pilots talk of "rough air."

For glider enthusiasts, however, updrafts are exactly what they need to keep them airborne. The first glider pilots

used only ordinary, level-blowing winds trapped against a steep hillside and forced to flow upward. As early as 1911, Orville Wright was doing such "slope soaring." In the twenties, pilots stayed up in such slope winds literally for days. Only in the early thirties did glider men realize what the birds had long known: that by following updrafts caused by heat, one need not fly only near hillsides. A sailplane can be launched by automobile-tow on the flattest of prairies.

Updrafts, however, do not blow every day or all day long. Only when cold air overlays warm is such a wind possible. Then the warm air wants to rise and overturn the cold. Thus the air is cleared of smoke and water vapor, the early morning sky is blue, and only towards afternoon do the puffy clouds and thunderstorms develop.

Such vertical winds do not rise endlessly. As they rise, they expand and therefore gradually cool. However, because they expand, glider pilots find a greater usable diameter in the updraft cone at higher altitudes. Once a soaring pilot has climbed a few thousand feet, he can easily hope from updraft to updraft and thus fly across country. At sufficient altitude the rising wind no longer is warm.

Still it is warmer than the surrounding cold air and therefore continues to ascend. Eventually the rising air finds itself cooled to the same temperature as the air which then surrounds it, and about a mile above ground level it loses its lift.

BECAUSE the updraft begins as moist air, when it expands and cools, the water condenses in the form of tiny droplets and a cloud is formed. Thus on a bright, blue morning about ten o'clock, puffs of white cloud often appear quite suddenly all over the sky, all at the same altitude. These keep growing bigger and higher, until late afternoon. Islands, otherwise invisible in vast waters like the Pacific, thus are marked by clouds while the cooler ocean may have none overhead.

The base of all cumulus cloud is at exactly the same height; the top looks like the billowy smoke from a bonfire. Such clouds are a beautiful sight. However, the pilot who enters one finds himself flying blind in a mountain of mist. Such clouds are a beautiful sight. However, the pilot who enters one finds himself flying blind in a mountain of mist. Hard gusts slam him upwards as if he is in an elevator. At a height of three miles, water

vapor becomes mixed with ice crystals, grows heavy and falls. The pilot below finds water gushing across his windshield. He must resort to instruments.

The final and most spectacular stage of an updraft is the thunderstorm. From the ground only confusion is visible—low, dark clouds, wind puffs, rain, thunder, and lightning. From the air the storm is not so shapeless. It looms upward, like a slow explosion, driven by hidden heat now visible as water vapor.

The difference between the storm and an ordinary updraft is in the former's violence.

Sometimes the upward force is so great that raindrops never reach the ground! They fall in a column of air which itself is ascending. The normal "teardrop" shape of the raindrop is flattened until the raindrop shatters into bits. As these bits tear apart, each takes with it a negative charge of electricity, while the main body of the drop remains positive. The fragments are blown upward; the heavier core descends; lightning finally leaps like a giant spark across this widening gap.

That is the ultimate explosive packed in the little gust of wind which tugs a scrap of newsprint skyward.

* * *

Aristotle Errs

Here's one that ought to make the wise Aristotle red in the ears.

A bright-eyed sophomore came up to the argumentation professor and handed in his class card. It was the fifth meeting.

"The class has met four times," the professor said. "Why are you late?"

"No, sir, I'm not," the boy protested. He went on to say that he had been attending the wrong class. He said he discovered the mistake only that day.

"Do you mean to tell me you have been attending the wrong class for two weeks and didn't know it?" The professor added:

"What's your name?"

"Aristotle, sir. Aristotle Cruz."

The professor looked at the card. Sure, it was Aristotle.

You Can Learn to be a HERO

WHEN HAMLET IN his great soliloquy said, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all," he was stating a basic psychological truth. For everyone is both a hero and a coward, depending on how he makes himself at the moment.

There is no such thing as a born hero. The person who rushes recklessly into danger is not brave, but a plain fool. The same person, applying his "conscience" on the matter at hand, would probably turn away from the danger just as certainly. For bravery isn't a matter of what you feel inside. It is rather a matter of glandular secretion.

The man who says he never feels afraid is either a liar or insane. Fear is an enormously powerful emotion implanted in us by nature for the purpose of preserving our lives. The only thing that will stimulate the adrenal glands to normal activity is fear.

Under the influence of fear the glands greatly increase the secretion of their marvelous fluid, which speeds up mind, nerves and muscles, and enables us to perform feats of strength, agility and quick thinking that are normally far beyond our capacity.

Whether you are a hero or a coward depends on how you use the powers conferred upon you by this rush of adrenalin into the blood stream. If you use them to remove yourself as rapidly as possible to a place of safety, you may be showing either reasonable caution or plain cowardice, depending on circumstances. The really brave man will always try to use the stimulus of fear in order to do the best he can for the cause he serves.

The story is told, for instance, of a genial rascal who, one night during the first world war, drank more than the usual ration of rum and wandered off

alone into no-man's land. His subsequent exploits earned him the Victoria Cross. But it took his friends to explain to him why he was being decorated as a hero.

On the other hand, the "brave" man who approaches danger must have something more than indifference to personal risk. He must have expert *knowledge*. The more one knows, the better one can decide what is best to do in any given situation. The man who has mastered a job is unlikely to feel panic if called upon to it under risky circumstances.

The lifeguard who rescues a drowning person, for example, does not make a blind plunge for it. If he did, he would be acting under panic, and he would almost certainly fail in his task, or even lose his own life.

By using his training and skill in swimming, by calculating the strength and desperation of the victim, and by using the speed and energy given to him by the increase of adrenalin in his blood to grab the drowning person firmly and at the proper moment, he would probably succeed in his job.

A great deal of what we call courage is plain *determination*. And determination need not involve any amount of risk. If every man in a battalion is de-

termined to capture a given objective, that mission will probably succeed, regardless of the risk involved. The soldiers ignore the danger. The fanatical "banzai" charges of the Japanese in the last war is now a familiar example of extreme determination. Many a supposedly impregnable fortress have fallen to determined men. Similarly, far more vulnerable places have been held against soldiers lacking the will.

Then there is what some call *ruthlessness*. It is doubtful whether a really brave man could be consistently soft-hearted and unselfish. Often one does not only have to ignore danger to personal injury or death, but must be equally unmindful of danger to others. In this sense the man who orders the bombing of a city in war may need more courage than the pilots who actually dump the missiles which would kill thousands.

SOMETIMES the dividing line between bravery and ruthlessness is, in fact, very thin. Was Hitler "brave" when he ordered the massacre of thousands, or was he simply ruthless? Was the pilot who dropped the first atomic bomb which killed countless thousands courageous or just plain ruthless? In each it seems, the motive must be considered. It takes real courage to use a fantastically des-

tructive weapon such as the atom bomb to save humanity from greater suffering, whereas it is stark ruthlessness to execute thousands in order to further personal ambition.

Perhaps the most important ingredient of bravery is *self-control*. With it one is not immune to fear, but he can avoid giving way to open symptoms of fear. In that way he could prevent panic from seizing the group of which he may be a part. That is why an officer will, in a desperate emergency, shoot a man who tries to desert.

Outward signs of fear are mostly simple physical reactions which would be almost exactly duplicated if a doctor gave you an injection of adrenalin. Self-control develops your resistance to these symptoms under a real situation.

The legend of the Spartan youth who would not cry out when the fox he hid under his shirt started gnawing at his body probably illustrates self-control in its extreme form. The Japanese soldiers on impossibly short rations during the last war but who kept doggedly on is another example. In both cases "bravery" was compounded with a large amount of self-control.

All of these ingredients of bravery — knowledge, determination, ruthlessness and self-control — could probably be developed in any man. With the exception of ruthlessness, which is the equipment of dictators, all of them are desirable attributes of character. And ruthlessness is not necessary.

Can you be a hero then?

Yes. It may take time, but you can be one. All you have to do is train yourself.

* * *

Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.—*Shakespeare*

*

Bravery never goes out of fashion.—*Thackeray*



The Community School Idea



IN A fishing barrio of a southern Cebu town, the school marm strode to the middle of her class and scanned the faces of her pupils.

"If your father caught six fish in the morning, and three more in the afternoon, how many fish does your father have in all?"

One, two, three hands shot up. She called their owners one by one. Only the third one got the answer. Then she went on.

"Because your father needs rice for your supper and your breakfast, what should your father do?"

"Sell the fish, Ma'am," somebody blurted from the backrow.

"Yes... And at fifteen centavos a fish, how much would your father get for nine fish?"

There was a sudden silence in the class. Nobody raised his hand. The teacher scanned the

faces of the children again and called a little girl. But the little girl only bowed her head. After a long while, a hand was timidly raised by a boy who ventured a guess. Then the teacher realized that her second grade class was not yet capable of solving higher multiplication.

But the way she conducted her class illustrates the new way of tying up the lesson in school with the life of the community, utilizing the materials available in the locality and initiating the children into community life.

Then she went on to tell the class that as soon as the father received the sum of ₱1.35 he would buy two gantas of cornmeal which cost ₱.90, and with the rest of the money, he would buy petroleum perhaps, for their kerosene lamps, or bread or cakes for them. But per-

The Philippine educational system gets a face-lifting

haps, their father would save some money for the rainy day.

"Now, suppose class, that your father would give you one centavo everyday before you come to school. And because you are a good boy or girl, you do not spend it. You will save it so you can buy a pencil or a pair of shoes later on. In one week, how many centavos would you have saved?"

Again, a hush fell upon the class. A number of the children started counting aloud the days they come to school in the week. Then, hands started to rise. The teacher called one.

"Six centavos, ma'am," she said shyly.

There was drone of many voices suddenly: "No, ma'am, ma'am, I ma'am, I ma'am."

Teacher called another one. "Five, ma'am," the boy answered

"Why, Roberto?"

"Because, ma'am (pause) . . . because Ma'am, there are five school days a week." And the boy started to count with his fingers from Monday . . .

But Teacher stopped him by saying that he was very good.

This so-called community school experiment was started even before the war. But the full scale adoption was not made until 1949 when the public schools throughout the country were recognized as schools existing for the good of the

community. Before this year, there had been experiments going on in Iloilo, and later in 1950, in Negros Oriental.

The philosophy behind this idea is that the schools should be developed in such a way that they could help in the improvement of community living. The schools can help in achieving better health conditions, lead in the utilization of economic potentials of the barrio and improve the landscape of the community through flower and vegetable gardening, and develop civic spirit among the members, for the purpose of improving social and moral conditions.

Going through the community schools in the provinces now, it is not unusual to see community centers and recreation halls built by the people at the initiative of the teachers.

This system takes each member of the community into consideration however high or low he is in the social or economic rank. Considerations are based upon the assumption that each individual always has the capacity to take care of himself as well as mark the welfare of the others in the locality to which he belongs. To this end, the community school system tries to utilize the habits, mores and traditions of the people toward the betterment of their welfare.

What the teachers are trying to do in their classes is di-

rected toward this goal. The lessons in the class have no more divisions. All, from the opening exercises to language and spelling or reading or arithmetic, are integrated together into one and tied up closely with the state of community life. The pretty teacher in the fishing village did not stop just there. She went on to tell the pupils of the importance of health and cleanliness; why it is necessary to keep the house clean, and consequently, the whole community; and the danger of unhealthy conditions.

In another class in the northwestern town of Cebu, a grade five school teacher ushered his class out of the room to the poultry yard where he pointed to them the importance of poultry raising. He demonstrated to them how to take care of the poultry: making the nest, cleaning the yard every day, keeping the water clean and the necessity of having a home drainage system to keep the fowls safe, and feeding them.

"Now, Class, just what would you get out of poultry raising?" he asked.

One bright young boy came up to the center of the circle

and recited, what he would get: fresh eggs everyday, fried chicken and money. That started the teacher off to talk about the children's role in their respective homes, and their duties not only to their fathers and mothers, but also to their brothers and sisters, and friends in the community.

In still another class, an elderly teacher was talking to her class about the need of cooperation in the community. One of the stumbling blocks in community improvement is the apparent indifference and lack of interest among the members of the community. She illustrated to her pupils the necessity of cooperation. She told them as good loyal citizens of the community, they must help one another to improve their lives. To stand alone and watch while the others suffer, does not speak of a good citizen, and of a worthy Filipino.

This is the community school movement, which promises to make a face-lifting of the Philippine educational system. It may take time. But the movement has started, and that is the important thing.

* * *

THE MAN WHO SOUGHT TO CHANGE SOCIETY

THE MAN ambled down a London street. He had just come from a textile mill where he saw the heart-breaking life of the workers.

He entered a small apartment, poorly equipped and bare of furniture and decorations. Now and then, his face would contort in pain as his rheumatism pierced his legs. Sores and boils and carbuncles made him more miserable.

Inside this dingy apartment, the man and his wife lived miserable lives, haunted by hunger and poverty, subsisting on the handouts of a friend, whom the former befriended years before in Paris, during the revolution.

The man was Karl Marx. From Trier, a city of Germany, he was born in 1818 of Jewish parents. His wife, Jenny, had been his constant companion and helper. His friend was Friedrich Engels.

Marx was editor-in-chief of the Liberal newspaper *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne at the age of 24, and a Doctor of Philosophy. He told his friend

that he had lost his faith in Christian thought and had become an atheist.

At the time of their meeting, Marx had just married Jenny, his pretty childhood sweetheart. After their marriage, they moved to Paris where a revolution was taking place. Marx joined the rebels. His experience with the revolution influenced him deeply. With his friend, Engels, he began to construct a philosophy that he thought would free suffering humanity.

But in Paris, the government won, and the rebels were expelled. Marx and Engels returned to Germany where the revolution had already spread. But they did not stay long in Germany. As in Paris, they were driven out. They headed for London and settled there.

They felt at ease in London. At this time England had just freed her slaves. But what Marx was really working for was the freedom of the exploited workers. He knew the ugliness of the worker's living conditions. He knew how the capitalists grew richer out of the labors of the lowly.

But Marx did not live long to see the reforms which London underwent after his death. He did not know that as he labored on his theory of historical materialism, or the triumph of the proletariat, he was basing his philosophy on dormant social forces which today have erupted into another revolution.

Nevertheless, fired with the idea of emancipating the exploited workers and sustained by the economic philosophy of David Ricardo and Adam Smith who formulated the theory that labor was the source of all values, Marx perfected his philosophical theory. And in 1847, in collaboration with Engles, he put out the Communist Manifesto, which concluded that the "communists openly declare (that) their purpose can be achieved only by forcible overthrow of the whole existing social order...Proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win . . ."

Some Basic Communist Principles

1. In human society, the "working class" (proletariat) should be the favored class.

2. In the historic and inevitable "class struggle" which in modern times is between the "working class" and the "capitalist class," the working class must and will win.

3. To prevent exploitation of the working class all means of production should be owned "in common" by the working class.

4. To bring this about, established non-communist systems and governments must be overthrown, probably by force and violence.

5. In any country, this communist "revolution" must be followed by a "temporary" but indefinite period of dictatorship.

6. The establishment of communism in one or more countries must be followed by unceasing efforts to establish it in all countries.

The whole thesis of Marx's theory came out in his three volume-work called *Das Kapital*.

The evils of the industrial revolution of Europe from which Marx gathered the substance of his book was not really as bad as he painted it. In England,

in 1832 and 1884, great social and economic reforms were made by the Parliament, designed to ameliorate the exploited industrial workers.

Marx had howled once: "For us, it cannot be a question of changing private property but only of its destruction, not of glossing over class antagonism but of abolishing classes . . ."

But had he lived to see capitalism of the twentieth century, the embittered Marx may not have uttered these words. For until his death, Marx had not recovered from the bitterness he suffered with his pover-

ty and sickness. And his theory of the "classless society" which was created of his sensitive and self-wrought idea of the global suffering of the working mass, would not have been born.

Karl Marx never foresaw that when the Russians adopted his theory, it was not because the people were perfectly convinced that his theory was the answer to their problems, but because during that time, the people of Russia were frantically rebuilding their torn political and economic structure.

Marx's theory offered them the solution.

* * *

Last Request

A STORY WHICH the late President Manuel A. Roxas loved to tell was about a reckless youth in the last war. This young man, confined with the then General Roxas in a Japanese concentration camp, was such a lover of freedom that he was ready to gamble his life on it anytime. Twice he was caught attempting to escape. Against the general's advice, he made a third—and fatal—attempt. He faced a Japanese firing squad like the brave soldier that he was.

But before he died, he asked of the general a last request. He asked that something he had hidden at a nearby hill be retrieved and buried with his body.

That night fellow soldiers slipped in the darkness to perform the valiant youth's request. Finding the spot, they dug out the "something" from under a tree. It was a brand new American flag neatly wrapped in an oil cloth.

COCKFIGHTING in the PHILIPPINES:

It's Not Dying

SQUATTING, half-naked by the roadside, fondling a gamecock, the early natives of the Philippines were to their early American rulers—those champions of Progress and Motion—the very picture of indolence.

So one of the very first acts of the Americans in the Philippines was to lead the people away from cockfighting.

They went at it with tact and vigor. Knowing that the older generation was beyond salvation, they bent their efforts on their young brown brothers, determined to keep them on the broad highway that led to Progress and a Higher Standard of Living.

Cockfighting was not abolished but it was placed under heavy restrictions. Cockfights could no longer be held on any day but only on Sundays, legal holidays or fiestas. As a substitute, the Americans introduced baseball. Along with Yankee

*The game of paupers
and kings is here to
stay, probably*

schoolmarms and cholera vaccine, baseball equipment was brought over. Protestant ministers and progressive natives denounced cockfighting as barbarous and incredibly wasteful.

The results of this brainwashing became evident in later years when Filipinos began to swear that they'd rather be seen promenading without a white linen *americana* than be seen in a cockfight.

This phase of Moral Uplift was reached when a more liberal group of empire-builders took over.

Consequently, the evil influences of cockfighting were gradually forgotten by the youth. Instead of playing baseball af-

ter school hours, they eagerly matched young roosters or even pullets with thorns tied to their feet for gaffs. Then again the leaders of the community set the example. Mayors and even congressmen and provincial governors were mostly cockfighting *aficionados*.

The final seal of approval on cockfighting was placed by the Americans themselves. The sailors and soldiers of the American empire, in search of excitement in these hinterlands, discovered the cockpits and became regular patrons.

As the command of the American language by the Filipinos increased, they began to import American magazines. They discovered to their surprise an American magazine called *Grit and Steel*, a publication devoted exclusively to the cause of gamecocks and cockfighting. Still later on, they learned from history books that eminent and virtuous Americans like George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were cockfight addicts. Well, then . . .

In a typical Philippine town, it is impossible to ignore the cockpit. Like the municipal building or the church, the cockpit is a landmark that indicates distance between places. It is usually the only center of activity on a dull, uneventful Sun-

day. During fiestas, the celebrities of the province are to be found in the cockpit—winning and losing with fascinating aplomb.

The cockpit resembles a small colosseum. The arena where the cocks fight to the death is enclosed by iron bars. Funnel-like, above the arena, the galleries ascend. An iron roof protects the patrons from sun and rain.

The entrance fee is usually twenty centavos although during fiestas it is raised to fifty.

The bookie of the cockfighting game is called *kristo*, named for some obscure reason after the Saviour. He is the one who hawks the odds and collects the bets. The *sortador* arranges the matches and the fight is presided over by the *sentenciador* whose decision, whether right or wrong, is indisputable.

The cocks are set against each other with razor-sharp gaffs tied to their left legs.

Cockfighting, according to the encyclopaedias, is a universal sport. It flourished in ancient Greece and was later picked up by the Roman legionnaires. There are indications, however, that the Greeks learned the sport from the Asians. Cockfighting was known, we are told, in India, China, and Southeast Asia three thousand years before the Greeks cheered

to the spectacle of two roosters slashing each other to death.

The same spectacle was lustily enjoyed by English flunkies and courtiers until Queen Victoria snooted it out of existence.

The selection, breeding and care of gamecocks is a full time occupation with most enthusiasts.

In the past, roosters with unusual oil glands and freakish leg scales are invariably picked as invincible. They are defeated only when their owners fail to light a candle on the altar of a patron saint.

Today, however, the breeders visit veterinarians instead of saints and buy giant gamecocks from Texas instead of the pygmies that were supposedly sired by *labuyos*.

In Manila, cockfighting has been under a ban for fifty years.

Its devotees risked arrest by staging *tupadas*, unlicensed fights. Recently, however, a cockfight-loving Manila councilor has successfully goaded the council into approving an ordinance legalizing cockfighting in Manila. The newspapers and the women's clubs booed him down. The mayor vetoed the ordinance and an angry board of councilors threatened to appeal to the president of the Philippines.

There are 1,102 cockpits in the Philippines. They have survived in spite of women's clubs, religious groups and schools. Cockfighting, like bullfighting in Spain, is no longer a vice but a social phenomenon. In this sedentary age, the worship of brute force and violence has become almost ritualistic.

ATTENTION: HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

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

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

Are You Word Wise?

Most of the twenty words given below should be a part of your reading vocabulary. That is, you should be able to recognize their meanings, although you may not be able to define them or actually use them in writing. Select the proper definition for each, and then turn to page .89 for the correct answers.

1. *platitude*—A—abundant praise; B—a weak or dull remark; C—a prayer.
2. *arpeggio*—A—a Moorish temple; B—musical tones in rapid succession; C—a screenplay.
3. *beatific*—A—lush; B—having the power to impart complete blissful enjoyment; C—pertaining to beauty.
4. *recalcitrant*—A—active repetition; B—showing repugnance or opposition; C—passivity.
5. *mitigate*—A—to make stronger; B—to offend; C—to lessen in force.
6. *ethnic*—A—pertaining to racial characteristics; B—pertaining to moral questions; C—a medical prescription.
7. *obloquy*—A—a public proclamation; B—a long winded speech; C—censorious or defamatory language.
8. *jejune*—A—empty or insipid; B—an insect of South America; C—greatness or fame.
9. *aplomb*—A—an Indian fruit; B—a new method; C—self-assurance.
10. *ubiquitous*—A—invisible; B—flitting from corner to corner; C—existing or being everywhere at the same time.
11. *clout* (klout)—A—a chunk of earth; B—a heavy whip; C—a blow with the hand.
12. *adventitious*—A—pertaining to an anniversary; B—accidentally acquired; C—a religious event.
13. *pundit*—A—a witticism; B—a Buddhist priest; C—a learned scholar or teacher.
14. *breviary*—A—a book of prayers; B—a closet for suitcases; C—a place where birds are kept.
15. *multifarious*—A—viciously dominant; B—having great diversity or variety; C—having various colors.
16. *precarious*—A—vague; B—uncertain or unfounded; C—stable
17. *sedentary*—A—staying in one or the same place; B—surrounded by troops; C—noisily angry.
18. *jubilate*—A—to go to church; B—to rejoice; C—to go to jail.
19. *dissociate*—A—to disunite; B—to bring together; C—to abandon.
20. *flux*—A—a fibrous plant; B—flowing or unstable; C—equilibrium.

From the devastations of
war a greater Universi-
ty of the Philippines
rises on the hills
of Diliman

The U.P. Story



TWENTY-TWO YEARS ago, the planners of Quezon City spread a map on top of a table in Malacañang and waited anxiously for comments.

With the arrogance of an eagle, Quezon's hand hovered over the map. It swooped down on a heavily-wooded area and Quezon asked: "Is this where the University of the Philippines will stand?"

"Yes, Mr. President," the city planners chorused.

Quezon's hand rose again and with it all doubts that Diliman would be the site of the future University of the Philippines.

Diliman at that time was a second growth forest accessible only by trails. At its fringes were small rice paddies which in summer were always covered by red-brown scabs and deep gnashes. The farmers who tilled these farms ventured into the jungle of Diliman only to gather vines to bind their huts with, to hunt deer or wild boars, or else to trap pythons from

whose gall they extracted a wonderful medicine for bellyache.

At that time, the eight buildings of the University of the Philippines in Manila were crammed on an area equal, more or less, to two city blocks.

Since its founding in 1908, when the Philippine legislature enacted Act No. 1870 providing for a university "to give advanced instruction in literature, philosophy, the sciences, and arts, and to give professional and technical training," the U.P. has grown in Manila.

All the buildings of the University, however, were destroyed during the Pacific War, so that when the University reopened it had to conduct its classes in the charred shells of its former buildings.

The late Dr. Bienvenido M. Gonzalez who was its president then, saw in the destruction the opportunity to fulfill the plan envisioned by Quezon in 1932. In 1949, he transferred the University to Diliman.

Friction from many sides gave off sparks of criticisms and heated words. Some faculty members and alumni denounced the plan as an attempt to withdraw the university from "the current of life." Others saw it as a dark desire to "destroy a tradition." And still others regarded it as a move to make of the University an "ivory tower."

DILIMAN, which is less than ten miles from Manila, at that time was a U.S. army camp. There were hundreds of tin and wood buildings, all painted drab olive, on its so-called rolling campus. The U.S. Army moved out and the university moved in. The U.P. found itself with a lot of room to roll on—493 hectares, to be exact.

Classes were conducted in temporary buildings of galvanized iron and beaverboards which sweated off steam at noon and leaked brown water during rainstorms. The only permanent buildings at this time were the present college of law and the college of education.

With ₱12,000,000 given by the United States war damage commission, the U.P. started the construction of its buildings. At present there are 10 permanent structures on the campus including the carrillon which was built with funds donated by the alumni association.

Most of the buildings—the college of liberal arts, the college of engineering, the main library and dormitories—were finished in 1952.

The largest building on the campus is the college of liberal arts. An extremely spacious building, it cost over ₱3,000,000.

The main library is a huge building designed, with ironic

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(*fr 75-76*)

Now at 50, Mang Ponso has a profitable business.

An orphan at the age of seven, Alfonso de Leon could go no farther than the primary grades. After finishing the seventh grade at the Quiapo Primary School (then on R. Hidalgo), he stopped studying and started to work with his elder sculptor brother, Inocencio, at the Taller de Escultura of the Isabelo Tampingo.

In 1923, Inocencio established a shop of his own in Singalong. Mang Ponso worked for him up to 1926. Then in the summer of that year, he accepted the attractive offer of Gonzalo Puyat, the now famous furniture manufacturer, to work for him as a carpenter. But he resigned after two years. However, Gonzalo Puyat, who had at the time of his resignation a contract with the government to supply the furniture of the Legislative building, asked Mang Ponso to help him fulfill the contract. Hence aside from his talent with white mud, Mang Ponso added to his professional background a little know-how in carpentry.

World War II broke out. For five years, Mang Ponso was laid off from his already chosen profession as a white mud molder. But in 1946, the North Bay Trading Corporation at the Regina building on the Escolta, importers of display materials,

heard of Mang Ponso. They sent for him and asked him whether he could make shoeforms similar to the plasticforms made in the States.

Plasticforms were quite expensive and only a few department storeowners could afford them. But Mang Ponso observed that he could produce less expensive ones of the same quality with plaster of Paris. The corporation asked him to make a pair of shoeforms.

Mang Ponso's first finished product fascinated the North Bay Trading people, who gave him a large order. However, in 1949, the corporation suffered a great loss due to failure to import goods from abroad. Mang Ponso was again forced to work with his brother in Singalong.

BUT that bit of business with the North Bay Corporation suggested to him a trade which he never suspected would become his main source of livelihood in the future

Meanwhile, he came to know the Italian sculptor R. Monti, now a professor at the University of Santo Tomas, who passed on some items connected with the reconstruction of the Legislative building to his brother Inocencio. Working as headman for R. Monti, Mang Pon-

so found his hands busy again molding ornamental designs out of white mud.

One Sunday morning, finding nothing to do, he thought of arranging the numerous odd articles that his children had piled underneath their house in old Santa Mesa. After laboriously piling up the junk in one corner, he discovered by accident a dust-ridden crumbling toolbox. He opened the box, and to his surprise he discovered that his complete sculptor's set which he thought had been burned in their old house in Singalong during the liberation, was still intact.

Every day, the moment he arrived from his brother's shop, he would go to his own shop underneath his house, and would work on a few plasterforms, like the ones he used to make for North Bay Trading.

When he already had a few dozen shoeforms hanging on the wall, he brought along with him one morning two pairs which he tried to sell to stores downtown. His first customer was a big department store on the Escolta. With a brightened-up face, he went home at once, and told his wife of his good fortune.

SO, again he left his brother's shop, and he devoted his full time to making "forms."

This was during the month of March, 1951. By May, Escolta storeowners were asking him to make breastforms, heads, ladies legs, men's shoeforms, aside from ladies' feetforms.

The prices of his products ranged from ₱8 to ₱40 apiece. His shoeforms sold at ₱40 a dozen, his legs for ladies stockings at ₱10, his women's breastforms for brassiers at ₱12 and his bathing suit for men and women at ₱40. Orders from Escolta department stores piled up.

His output at present is still very limited since he works alone. He does his own mixing, molding and finishing. Mang Ponso really is a very thrifty man. With no rent and employees to worry about, he averages an income of ₱600 a month. And with this money, he has managed to send his son Reuben to the University of Santo Tomas to study architecture. His second boy, Erlindo, is at present a sophomore at the University of the Philippines.

Because of his limited education, Mang Ponso admits he had difficult time in his earlier days. But today he is proud of the fact that, as a father, with only experience to boast of, he can manage to send all his children—five boys—to school.

How the woman
scientist who disco-
vered a radioactive
element still found
time to be a good
mother

Half-Sister to Radium

MARIE CURIE was one woman who knew how to be a physicist and a mother at the same time, and to function well as both.

No sooner had she recovered from childbirth in 1897, than she was back again at the laboratory with her scientist-husband Pierre. In search of a subject for her doctoral thesis, she was attracted to reports on recent French experiments.

After the discovery of X-rays, the question arose whether or not such rays were emitted only as "fluorescence" after exposure to light. One man discovered that uranium salts *spontaneously* emitted rays, enough to make an impression on a photographic plate in the dark. He did not know why. Marie had always been a curious, daring person. She decided that she would take this problem as her subject.

In an old, glassed-in store room, whose temperature affected both her and her instruments, Marie tediously measured the intensity of the uranium rays. She found that the radiation was proportional to the quantity of uranium and was not affected by the uranium's chemical state of combination. Although her findings did not conform to any established laws, she continued because she felt sure that the radiation was an atomic property. Next she sought the same reaction in all known chemical bodies and discovered that thorium, too, was "radioactive" (a term of her own invention).

Later, while working directly with mineral ores, she discovered more radioactivity than the known presence of uranium or thorium could account for! Time and again she remade her measurements, until her conclusion was justified. The minerals contained a substance more powerfully radioactive than any then known. It could only be a new element. By 1898, she was ready to predict the presence of such an element in pitchblende ores.

All this time, with remarks and words of advice, Pierre had worked quietly beside Marie. The hypothesis was hers; but in the actual labor, husband and wife were inseparable. They wrote "We found" and "we ob-

served" in their reports and signed their publications together.

After separating all the known elements in pitchblende by ordinary chemical analysis, they measured the radioactivity of each separate body. Little did they suspect that the radioactive millionth part of pitchblende ore. But husband and wife patiently gave comfort to each other.

At last they decided that two different chemical fractions of the pitchblende were involved. By 1898, they were ready to announce, with certainty, the discovery of one of these substances. Thinking of her homeland, Poland, which had been erased from the map by Russia, Germany and Austria, Marie called the element "polonium."

THE discovery did little to change the life of the Curies in their little French flat. In the summer Marie still found time to put away preserves for the winter. Then they left the hot city and took their bicycles into the provinces. They climbed hills, visited grottoes, bathed in rivers. In September, they had to go back to their damp workroom. The vacation was over.

Their care, however, never was devoted wholly to minerals or chemicals. Irene, the new-

born, was now a fussy little girl who would eat nothing regularly except milk tapioca. A few days after the discovery of polonium, Marie had written in an old notebook: "Irene says 'thanks' with her hand. She can walk very well now on all fours. She says 'gogli, gogli, go.'" Later Marie noted, "Irene has cut her seventh tooth, on the lower left. She can stand for half a minute alone. . . . She plays with the cat and chases him with war cries."

On January 15, 1898, the mother wrote, "Irene has fifteen teeth!"

Just before this entry was another, noting information to be published before the Academy of Science just after Christmas, 1898. A second new chemical element had been found in pitchblende. With her husband Marie decided to call the new element *radium*. Then they went back to caring for their "other family," their little girl.

* * *

10 Rules for Living

Colonel H. Edmund Bullis, world-famous human relations expert who is on a lecture tour of Manila, has prescribed ten rules for longevity and right living. Here they are:

- (1) A man must be satisfied with his work.
- (2) He must have a worthwhile avocation or hobby.
- (3) He must cultivate friendships.
- (4) He must possess the ability to relax.
- (5) He must have abiding faith.
- (6) He must develop a keen sense of humor.
- (7) He must expand his curious impulses.
- (8) He must be sympathetic toward the less fortunate.
- (9) He must face reality.
- (10) He must cultivate love of beauty.



Land of the Lanzones

The town that a fruit
made famous

tasted this succulent Philippine fruit, Paete is an exclusive brand.

Not that Paete has a monopoly of the fruit. There are other places that grow this tropical plant, such as Davao, Batangas, Misamis and Samar. In some of these provinces the tree even grows wild. Yet, Paete reputation for raising the sweetest and biggest lanzones has remained unchallenged. And Paeteños take a fierce pride in the supremacy.

The town of Paete, bordering Laguna lake on the west and the San Antonio mountains on the east, is about four hours travel by bus from Manila. Most of its 7,000 population thrive on the seasonal lanzones industry. During off-season,

FROM THE Tagalog word *paet* which means "chisel" comes the name of a wood-carving town of Laguna. Well-known for its religious wooden images and daintily carved clogs, Paete nevertheless owes its fame to the legendary lanzones. To those who have

they engage in the equally profitable woodcarving home craft.

Legend has it that the lanzones was once a forbidden fruit. Many centuries ago, it grew abundantly in Paete. But the townfolk would not touch it because it was poisonous. Then one day a woman, conceiving her first-born, craved the fruit. The devoted husband, hardly given any choice, set out for the forest. There he closed his eyes in prayer and opened them to find a beautiful lady in white standing beside him. She pressed a lanzones gently then disappeared. This accounts for the pince-like mark found in every section of the fruit. Assured of its edibility, the townfolk cultivated the tree, and today one never hears the world lanzones without thinking of Paete.

The fact that lanzones also grow in other places, even bigger and more to a cluster, does not bother Paeteños a bit. No accurate explanation can be given for the superior quality of Paete lanzones. Soil surveys have found no appreciable difference between Paete soil and that of other lanzones-growing regions. Neither can climate be the reason. For lanzones saplings transplanted from nearby San Pablo and raised in Paete are not as sweet. The same is true of San Pablo and Ba-

tangas lanzones transplanted from Paete.

The ordinary lanzones tree grows as high as 30 feet. After 15 to 18 years of care, it bears fruit yearly for the next 20 years and then settles down for the remaining 30 years of its life. The *pauna*, so-called because it yields fruits a month or two earlier than the regular trees, blossoms in April. The normal harvesting season starts in August and continues till October. During these months the price for a kilo fluctuates from P2.50 to P1.20 to as low as P.60 and back again until the season is over.

Lanzones raising is a lucrative industry since a prolific tree yields as many as three *kaings* or large baskets weighing from 30 to 40 kilos. In a good season an orchard may bring its owner as much as P5000.

Bats are the enemies of lanzones and have to be driven away by continuous bonfires at night. From afar these patches of light make a beautiful sight.

BUT Paeteños are not idle during off-season. They are busy woodcarving. Paete carvings are a favorite decoration in many fashionable homes, and are exported to the United States. Many a church in the country would be incomplete without a wooden Nazarene or

Christ carved in this Laguna town.

A truly big day for the townsfolk is the *salubong*, which climaxes the Holy Week celebration. The *salubong*, which means meeting, reenacts the Biblical story of the wiping of the Lord's face by Veronica. On this day, and during the several days of Lent preceding it, the town springs into life as visitors from neighboring towns converge on Paete. It is also time to

show off the woodcarver's native artistry, as delicately carved religious images suddenly become the center of attention in the gay processions.

It is thus easy to understand why Paete should have gotten its name from the woodcarving chisel. Yet, like a man with a hobby, Paete will always be famous for its main vocation: lanzones raising. People will always know Paete as the land of the fabulous lanzones.

* * *

Rope from Human Hair

VISITORS to an ancient Buddhist temple in Kyoto, Japan are invariably intrigued by a huge coil of rope displayed at the entrance. As stout as a man's wrist and piled up almost five feet high, the black, shiny rope is made of human hair.

The rope, now hundreds of years old, was first used for pulling the massive wooden columns that support the temple. Originally there were six or seven of these coils, representing the hair of a hundred thousand Japanese subjects. During the second world war, acute shortage forced Japan to use the ropes on combat ships. The missing coils are now lying at the bottom of the ocean along with the once proud Japanese Imperial Navy.

*

In the Beginning . . .



DERRICK (a hoisting machine)

In the seventeenth century, an English hangman, Derrick by name, hoisted to their death some of the most notorious criminals of the day.

SADIST (one who enjoys hurting others)

In the eighteenth century, a Frenchman, Counte de Sade, found his greatest delight torturing friends and mistresses. His gruesome memoirs shocked the nation.



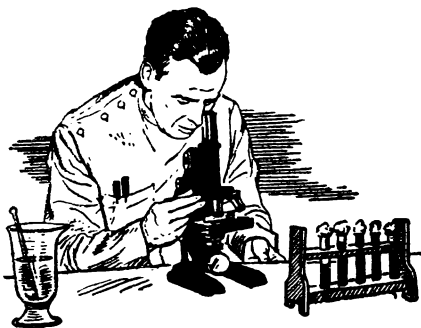
BAYONET (a pointed knife attached to a rifle muzzle)

Bayonne, France was the first to manufacture the daggerlike weapon which fits over the muzzle end of a rifle.

FRANKFURTER (a kind of sausage)

In Frankfurt, Germany the burghers once greatly enjoyed their smoked beef and pork sausages.





The Case of Polio

ONE DAY LAST October, the Nobel Prize for medicine was given to three America scientists. Their citation remarks: "For their discovery of the ability of poliomyelitis virus to grow in cultures of different tissues."

The scientists were Dr. John Franklin Enders of Harvard, Dr. Thomas H. Weller also of Harvard, and Dr. Frederick C. Robbins of Cleveland's Western Reserve Medical School.

Although the award was made in recognition of their achievements in the field of battle against polio, victory has not yet been won.

It was another scientist, Dr. Jonas E. Salk, who developed the actual polio vaccine. The potency of the vaccine, up to now, has not yet been accurately determined.

The fight against this crippling disease was started by Dr. Enders who has dedicated his life to the study of the most traitorous of human enemies, the viruses. Viruses are incredibly minute organisms and their location and cultivation has occupied a great portion of Dr. Enders' life.

To find better ways of fighting polio it was necessary to find first ways of growing the virus in a test tube. The first years of experimentation were very misleading. The polio virus seemed willing to develop only in brain and nerve tissues of men or monkeys, and any vaccine prepared from such a culture is fatal.

Enders and his team were able to grow the virus in tissues from human embryos, but these are also hard to obtain. Next they tried human foreskins, which were more plentiful. Finally, they found a way to do it in tissues from monkey kidneys. And then still later, Enders perfected a technique of virus culture which has been adapted to mass production and

gave Dr. Salk and other researchers enough viruses to work with.

Dr. Salk discovered the way of killing the virus with formaldehyde and then making the vaccine.

When Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, heard of Salk's discovery, he drafted a program for mass experimentation. A group of 5,000 children in western Pennsylvania were selected for inoculation. Then mass field trials on a nationwide basis started on February 8 of this year. Thereafter, inoculation teams got to work in 200 countries in the Southern states until 500,000 to 1,000,000 children have been vaccinated.

The local health officers administered the shots which were given to second-graders. Each child selected received three injections each of 1 cc. of triple vaccine in water, the first two shots a week apart, the third shot a month later.

Second-graders were chosen because polio usually struck in this age group. For "controls" to judge whether second graders received substantial protection from polio, the researchers will study almost an equal number of children who did not receive the vaccine.

The Foundation will never learn of the efficacy of the vac-

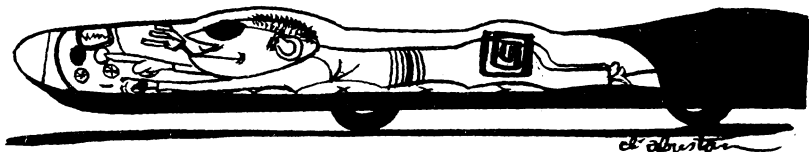
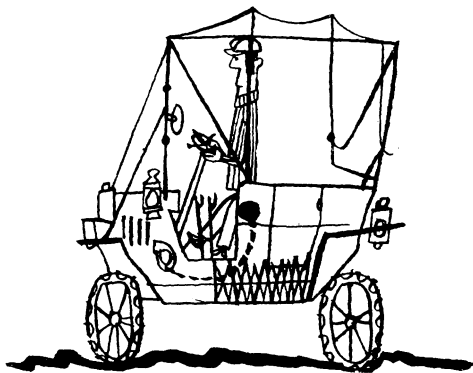
cine until April 1, 1955.

Early last month President O'Connor announced that the Foundation is taking a gamble by ordering \$9,000,000 worth of vaccine.

If the vaccine is found to be ineffective, \$9,000,000 of the foundation's money may be lost.

There are a number of reasons for the delay in determining the potency of the vaccine. Dr. Thomas Francis Jr. of the University of Michigan gave out three of the most significant. The program requires a great number of volunteers, trained nurses and researchers. The data that they have gathered are so voluminous that almost an equal number of scientists are kept constantly at work evaluating them. Some of the most accurate data about the effect of vaccine on polio virus can be obtained only in blood samples from inoculated children. This part of the program requires checking 2,000,000 test tubes, half of them under the microscope. And then there is the possibility of making a mistake in diagnosis. The symptoms of polio are frequently similar to the symptoms of other diseases.

In spite of these difficulties, the scientists are plodding forward and to put it in Dr. Enders' words, "the time is not far when this menace to the youth shall be conquered."



EVOLUTION: Lower and Longer

A Meadow Waits

(from page 45)

could not tell why. I looked at the master and the old men and the women and the little boys who were still grouped under the shadows and turned to the little ones beside me. I looked at my shining coat and then looked up again at the three men who had reached the box above us and who were laying their gifts at the feet of the child. Then I knew. I slumped over the hay and wished that the master never found me anymore. When I looked up again, the three rich men were gathered around the box, rapt admiration shining on their faces. On the edge of the box the rich gifts shone neglected. Suddenly I remembered how the child touched each of us on the head and I curled over the hoof he had touched, feeling very happy and light inside.

* * *

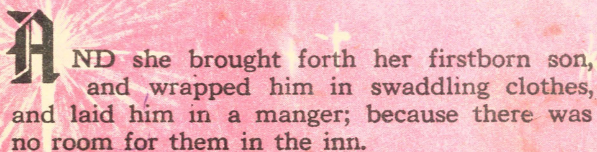
ANSWERS TO PANORAMA QUIZ

1. B. the human body
2. C. anchovy
3. B. a famous Filipino prize-fighter
4. A. 12 million tons (mega-tons)
5. A. George
B. John
C. Thomas
6. A. acrophobia
7. D. a French symbolist poet
8. B. 1908
9. C. uxoriousness
10. D. Ambassador Felino Neri

Are You
Word Wise?

Answers

- | | |
|-------|-------|
| 1. B | 11. C |
| 2. B | 12. B |
| 3. B | 13. C |
| 4. B | 14. A |
| 5. C | 15. B |
| 6. A | 16. B |
| 7. C | 17. A |
| 8. A | 18. B |
| 9. C | 19. A |
| 10. C | 20. B |



AND she brought forth her firstborn son,
and wrapped him in swaddling clothes,
and laid him in a manger; because there was
no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds
abiding in the field, keeping watch over their
flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon
them, and the glory of the Lord shone round
about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not:
for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great
joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city
of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall
find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes,
lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a
multitude of the heavenly host praising God,
and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will toward men.

—*from the Gospel of St. Luke*

