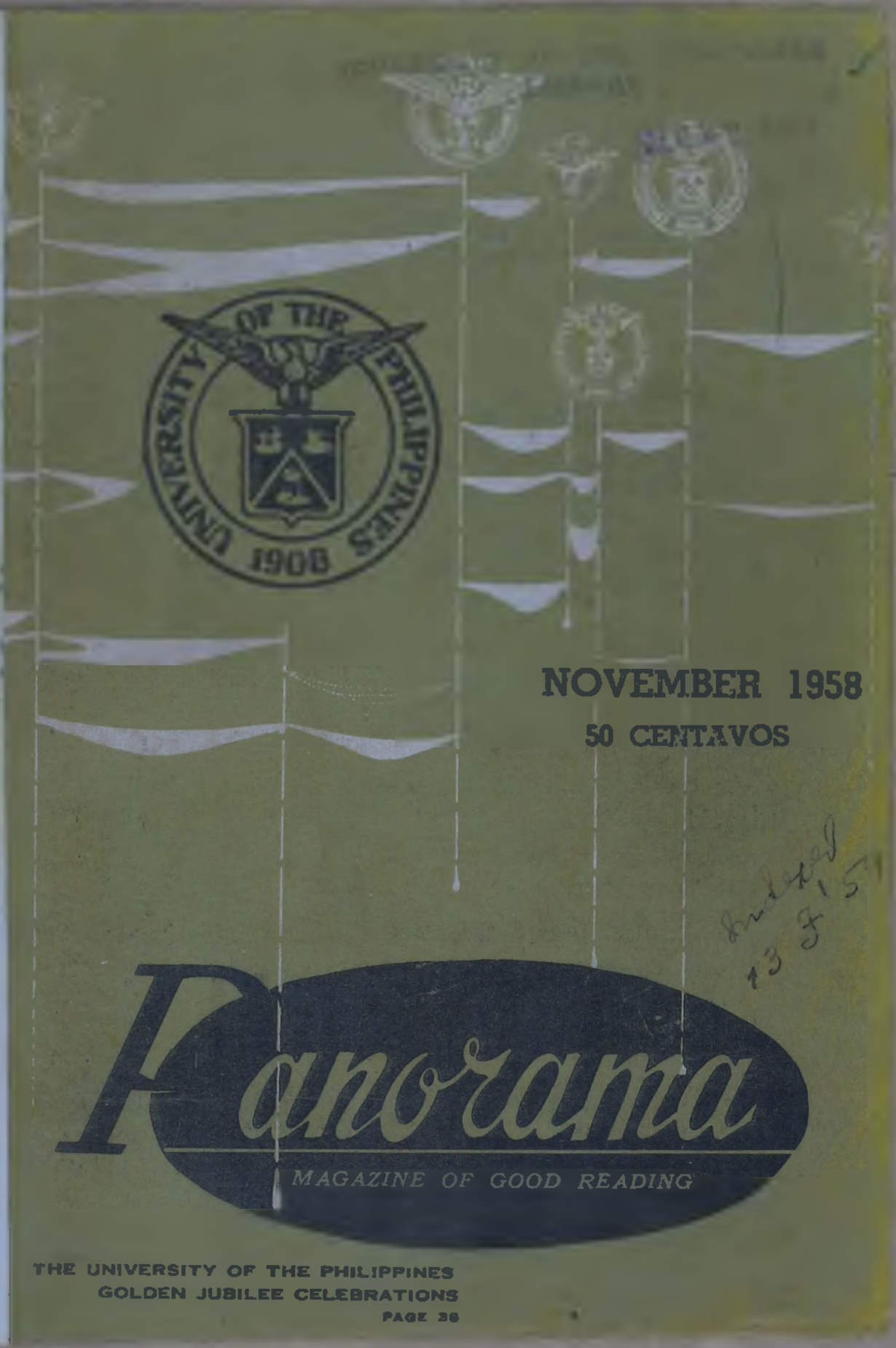

NOVEMBER 1958

50 CENTAVOS

Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
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PHILIPPINE POPULATION

THE PHILIPPINE population is now at the 24-million mark, according to estimates released by the office of statistical coordination and standards, National Economic Council, based on a pilot demographic study by the United Nations and the N.E.C.

This shows a population growth in excess of half a million a year, the 1957 estimate being 23,322,000 and the 1956 estimate being 22,-775,000.

By 1959 it is estimated that the population will rise to 24,719,000 and by 1962 to around 27 millions.

Ten years ago the population of this country was placed at only around 19 millions.

According to current population estimates, males exceed females by a moderate margin. Of the 1958 population, 12,090,000 are males and 11,920,000 females.

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Not only a poet

Balagtas: Propagandist

By Ben Revilla

ONE OF THE greatest poets produced by our country is Francisco Baltazar, better known by his pen name, Balagtas. He was, however, more than just a poet; he was also a reformist and propagandist. Through his poetry, Balagtas was able to crystallize the grievances and suffering of our people. Rizal carried with him to Europe a copy of Balagtas' allegorical masterpiece, **Plorante at Laura.**

Balagtas lived in an era of oppression and deep patriotism. His poetry sought to awaken the people to the cruelties of the colonizers. He was therefore as important a propagandist as Rizal, Mabini and del Pilar. And since he wrote in the language of the people, he probably reached more people than his more illustrious counterparts.

Balagtas was born in Panginay, Bigaa, Bulacan on April 2, 1788, the fourth child of Juan Baltazar and Juana de la Cruz. His father was a blacksmith. Like the other boys of the town, he was educated at the parochial convent school, where he mastered the cartilla and the caton. He was introduced very early to the unhappy events in the country by listening to the older folk who gathered every afternoon in his father's shop. When he was eleven, he left for Manila where he found employment as a houseboy. His employer, seeing promise in the boy, sent him to school.

He enrolled at the Colegio de San Jose where he took up humanities, theology, philosophy and canon law. Later, Balagtas transferred to the Colegio de San Juan de Letran. Here he discovered his literary talent. He was proficient in three languages—Spanish, Latin, and Tagalog.

His less literate friends asked him to write love letters for them which Balagtas did gladly. He became a student of Jose de la Cruz who is better known as Huseng Sisiw because he charged his clients a white chick for every literary piece he produced for them. Under his guidance, Balagtas developed into a popular poet. His fame spread. Most of his plays were staged at the Teatro de Tondo.

AROUND this time Balagtas fell in love with a girl named Bianang but a ruthless rival was able to convince the authorities to jail the young poet. Balagtas brooded in jail for some time. Here he wrote "Pagsisi," a poem that is considered the best of his early works. After he was released from jail, Balagtas fell in love again with a girl named either Maria Asuncion Rivera or Magdalena. Nothing came out of this because in 1840 Balagtas was appointed auxiliary justice to Judge Victor Figueroa.

His work took him to many towns and in Orion he met Juana Tiambeng. They fell in love and on June 22, 1842 they got married. Balagtas resigned his post and returned to the job he liked best—writing and staging plays. However, his income was not enough so he was forced to return to government service this time as teniente de primero and juez de cementera. During the course of his official work he was accused of having shaved the head of a rich man's maidservant. This unique crime resulted in a conviction. For four years, Balagtas languished in jail.

While in jail Balagtas wrote a great deal. He was released in 1860. He continued to write poetry. This period was probably the most prolific in his entire career.

Nobody as yet has determined the exact date of the completion of the book **Plorante at Laura** but the first known edition came out in 1838. It was printed by the Colegio de Santo Tomas press. Two other editions followed the first printing—in 1853 by the Imprenta de los Amigos Pais and in 1861 by the Imprenta de Ramirez y Giraudier.

A SUMMARY of the book was made by the historian Teodoro Agoncillo: "The story opens in a gloomy wilderness. We see the young Plorante, struggling to free himself where he is tied to a tree, lamenting his fate and invoking heaven to right the wrongs done to him by his enemy, Count Adolfo. He remembers the days when Laura was his beloved. He falls into a swoon. At almost the same time a Moorish Prince, Aladin, enters the forest and finding Plorante about to be devoured by hungry lions, kills the beasts and sets the young man free. Plorante, grateful, tells his saviour the story of his life. He was the son of Duke Briseo, the adviser of King Linceo of Albania. At an early age, his father had sent him to Athens to study. Here he had become the idol of all his classmates except Count Adolfo, who harbored ill-feelings against him. Once staging Aschylus' Seven Against Thebes, Count Adolfo had actually slashed at Plorante with a sword. His friend Menandro saved Plorante from death. Upon his return to his country, Plorante was commissioned by King Linceo to lead the Alba-

nian forces against the Persians, besieging the kingdom of Crotona. While plotting his strategy with the King and his father, Plorante met Princess Laura, the king's daughter, with whom he fell in love. Plorante was victorious over the Persian invaders. Learning of another Persian horde that was attacking, Plorante returned to his country and routed the Persians. Now he took the offensive against the infidels and seventeen kingdoms fell into his hands. In the midst of the campaign against Etolia, he received a letter from King Linceo asking him to return to Albania posthaste. Leaving his army to Menandro, Plorante returned to Albania only to find his father and the king murdered in cold blood by Count Adolfo, who had usurped the throne. Adolfo had him arrested and tied to a tree in the wilderness. The usurper also announced that Laura had accepted his love. Upon the conclusion of Plorante's story, Aladin introduced himself as the very Persian prince Plorante had spoken of. Returning to Persia after the Albanian campaigns, he found himself condemned to death by his father, Sultan Ali Adab, apparently because of his defeat in Albania. The death sentence was changed to life imprisonment upon the promise of Flerida, Aladins' betrothed, to accept the sultan's love. Flerida, however, had escaped and wandered in the forests. Learning of Flerida's escape, Aladin, too, escaped from Persia and journeyed far and wide in search of his loved one. It was during his search for Flerida that he chanced upon Plorante. The two had just concluded their stories when they hear voices drifting their way. The voices are those of Laura and Flerida. Laura tells of how Flerida had saved her from Count Adolfo, who had fled to the forest after Menandro arrived with his forces from Etolia. Adolfo tried to dishonor Laura, but Flerida, who had lost herself in the forest after her escape from the sultan, had killed Adolfo with an arrow. At this moment, Menandro and his army arrived. The two couples are brought to Albania. Plorante is proclaimed king, and Flerida and Aladin are baptized. Not long after Sultan Ali Adab dies and Aladin ascends the throne of Persia."

AMONG the foreign scholars who became interested in the poem are Blumentritt, Rost, Kern, Meyer, Minguella, Glanco and Retana. The first four went as far as to study Tagalog in order that they may read **Plorante** in the original. The Spanish scholars praised the work lavishly.

Balatgas' other known works include **La India Elegante y el Negrito Amate, Mahomet at Constanza, Almanzor at Rosalinda, Orosman at Safira, Don Nuño at Zelinda, Clara Balmori, Nuno Gordoneo, Rodolfo at Rosemondo, Auredata at Astrone, El Amante de la Corona, Abdol at Miserana, Bayaceto at Dorlisca,** and others. Most of his works were burned in the fire in Orion in 1892.

At his death-bed on February 20, 1862, Balagtas told his wife: "Don't permit that anyone of our children should ever embrace the writing of poetry as a calling." Two of his sons, Ceferino and Victor, became poets. Ceferino wrote **Pagpupuri sa Virgen Maria** and other poems while the literary works of Victor were included in an anthology compiled by the late Hermenigildo Cruz.

The achievement of Balagtas is summed up by Director E.B. Rodriguez in this manner: "He fashions a world where justice reigns supreme, where everyone finds enjoyment in his relation with nature and men . . . such is the world he envisioned — a world of perfection, love and romance."

* * *

The Tulingan

ALTHOUGH *the Islands sit on one of the world's richest tuna spawning areas, tuna fishing on a scale known in Japan, the United States and the Mediterranean countries does not exists in the Philippines. Depletion of tuna stocks in Japanese and Formosan home grounds has induced their fishermen to stalk Philippine waters for tuna, reaching out as deep as the Macassar Strait.*

Local fishermen's acquaintance with tuna is limited to its midget varieties known in Batangas, Zambales and Pangasinan and other coastal areas bordering the China Sea as "tuliñgan."

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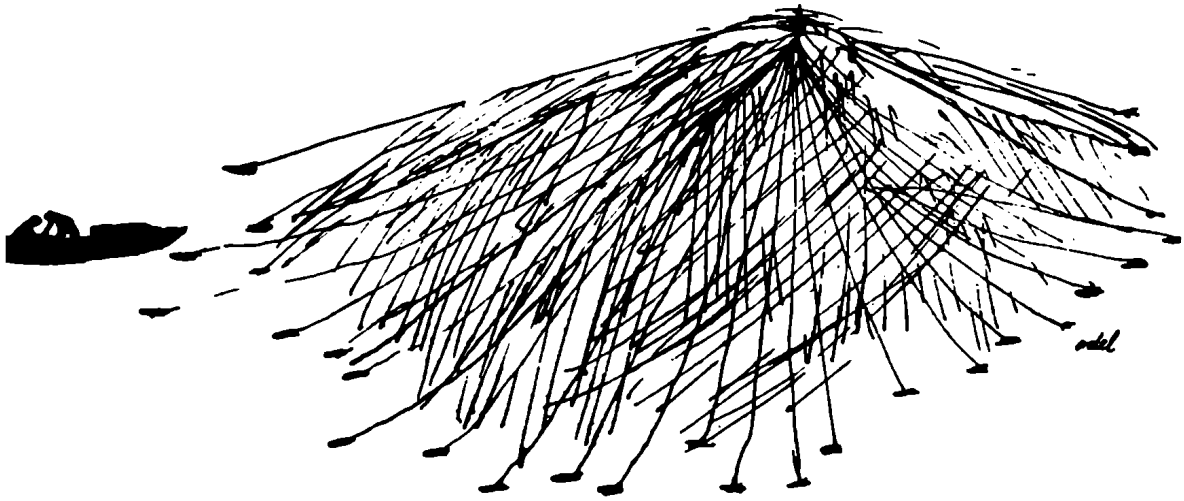

A Lesson from Japanese Fishermen

The typhoon-proof otoshi-ami is ideal for Philippine climate

By SIXTO D'ASIS

THE TYPHOON is one of the scourges of Philippine fishing. Yearly, thousands of pesos worth of equipment and catch are lost because of the typhoon. Some 20,000 Filipinos are dependent upon fishing as their main source of livelihood. Loss due to typhoons, therefore, represents substantial deprivation.

All these might change when a new trap called the otoshi-ami becomes popular. This is a Japanese fishtrap that is woven out of synthetic twine and anchored to the bottom of the sea with sand weights. Virtually typhoon-proof, it can also trap fish in places where the **baclad** is useless. It can be used throughout the year.

With the **baclad**, fishing is a gamble. In fishing towns, stories of big losses are rife. There is the case of a fisherman in Bataan who invested his life-

time saving in a bamboo trap. In the first week, he was very lucky. His new trap brought in about ₱10,000 worth of fish. Feeling the flush of success, he sank everything he had in more traps. The next week, a storm came his way and destroyed his traps. He is now poorer than when he started.

The experience of this fisherman is not unique. It is shared by everyone who is engaged in trap-fishing. For this reason, fishing in the Philippines is done only during the calm months of April, May and June. With the first hint of storm, the fishermen remove their traps. The rest of the year they have very little or no income.

The otoshi-ami, in comparison, can withstand an ordinary storm. When the storm really gets rough, all that the fisherman has to do in order to save his trap is to cut the lines that connect it to the outriggers. The trap will sit out the storm on the floor of the sea.

The baclad also is useless in depths exceeding ten fathoms. Hence, it can snare only small fish — dilis, sardines, mackerels, talakitok and the like. Very seldom does it catch the giants of the deep.

The otoshi-ami, on the other hand, is good up to eighty fathoms. The really big ones can be used in the high seas. It is estimated that about 35 percent of the 2,362,000 kilos of tuna

on the Japanese market is caught by the otoshi-ami.

AN OTOSHI-AMI costs as much as a baclad. A big baclad costs about ₱10,000, which is about the price of an otoshi-ami. The big ones naturally cost more. The price of an otoshi-ami depends upon the quality of the synthetic twine.

The otoshi-ami is more durable than the bamboo trap. An ordinary baclad lasts only six months at the most. The Japanese trap is good for at least seven years.

It is granted that the ordinary fisherman cannot afford an otoshi-ami. However, if the fishermen would group themselves into cooperatives, the financing of this enterprise would be easier. To this end, the Bureau of Fisheries is organizing the fishermen.

This would be the most practical method of financing the business since the banks do not give substantial loans to fishermen. However, the government is exploring ways and means of extending loans and technical assistance to fishermen who are interested in this new type of fishing.

The use of the otoshi-ami might open the synthetic industry in the Philippines. The materials necessary for the manufacture of synthetic twine are available in the Philippines. The raw materials are coal and limestone. Synthetic twine is light, water-repellent and corrosion-resistant.

It is hoped that the otoshi-ami might improve the fishing industry of the Philippines and increase the country's food supply. It is well-known that the waters around the Philippines teem with more fish than the waters around Japan and yet the Japanese have more fish than the Filipinos. An otoshi-ami takes in, on the average, $25,000 worth of fish. The heaviest baclad catch is only worth ₱4,000.

The Bureau of Fisheries is charting the areas in the Philippines where this kind of trap can be exploited to the greatest advantage. The migrations of different species can be followed and exploited commercially. As a general rule, the Bureau prescribes escape routes from coves and bays, as the ideal location for this fish-trap.

THE AREAS in the Philippines that are ideal for the otoshi-ami are Balayan Bay, Manila Bay, the coast of Bataan, the northern coasts of Capiz and Antique, the Sulu Sea, the Moro Gulf and the Mindanao Sea.

The otoshi-ami will greatly help in increasing the income of our fishermen and in protein-supply problem of our country. Our people do not get enough protein and the cheapest and most abundant protein

food in our country is fish. The lack of protein accounts for the general physical weakness of our people. The government, therefore, and our fishermen should do everything they could to popularize and put into use the otoshi-ami.

* * *

All About Fish

ALL KINDS OF FISH, whether deep-sea or fresh water, are excellent sources of protein—the substance young bodies need for growth and everybory needs to repair tissues constantly being used up in daily activities. Fish also provides iodine, phosphorus and some of the B-complex vitamins. Small varieties of fish like soft-shelled crabs, shrimps or anchovies, either dried or fresh, when fried and eaten whole, are excellent sources of calcium for healthy bones and teeth.

With the wide variety of fish available in this area, menus can easily feature it and still be varied from day to day. Fish readily lends itself to frying, broiling, roasting, stewing, steaming, for soups, salads and croquettes. It is generally cheaper than meat or poultry and is just as nutritious.

When buying fish, see that it is absolutely fresh, as even the slightest decomposition will cause unpleasant taste, and in many cases, stomach upset. Red gills, firm flesh, bright and full eyes, and a characteristic fresh odor are good indications of the freshness of the fish.

Fish when prepared to be served hot is best when cooked just before it is eaten. When frying—in fillets, steaks or as a whole—coating it with seasoned flour or thin batter before dropping it into hot oil will seal in its flavor. Cook it to a delicate light golden color; overcooking will make the flesh tough and strong the same effect.

When broiling fish over coals or under electric units, dab on a little butter, margarine or unflavored oil after seasoning with salt and pepper to prevent its natural juices from dripping.

As in frying, avoid overcooking, and serve as soon as done. Many people enjoy seasoning their fish with lemon or lime juice. Seasonings and sauces for fish dishes naturally vary with the traditions of different peoples. But in all cases the important thing is to serve the fish to give the most nutrition and enjoyment.

*

What Is a Good Teacher?

THE WORDS of a teacher bear so many responsibilities that if all of them were ever present in his mind together he would grow as silent as the grave.

The teacher's responsibility to the student is so huge and heavy a thing that no teacher in his right mind considers it at all. No good teacher, I mean. For a good teacher has had the experience of learning that his words have an effect upon those who sit before him: An effect, it may be, that will endure for decades and, in certain cases, given enough age in the teacher, have indeed endured that long. And it may gratify him to be told of this.

But if he commenced each of his classes by wondering what future actions or thoughts were going to be the result of what he said, if he asked himself seriously what characters he was going to shape, if ever so oddly or so little, he might be terrified before he spoke one word. Normally he is blessed with a healthy indifference to

By MARK VAN DOREN
Poet and Professor of Columbia University

such considerations. He is concerned with what he is going to say, and with whether or not it is true.

I scarcely need to explain that the kind of teacher I have in

view is the kind for whom the subject was created. It is his subject; he spends his life thinking about it; whether in or out of class; it is his second if not his first nature; it is what gives him joy. No student ever fails to be aware of this.

A teacher can fool his colleagues; he may even fool his president; but he never fools his students. They know when he loves his subject and when he does not.

They may think such love to be a queer thing, and they may resolve never to fall victim to it themselves; but their respect for it will never cease. And respect for a subject, like respect for an idea, is the beginning of wisdom; or at the very least, respect for the love of a subject.

THE TEACHER'S responsibility to his subject is so serious a thing that it of course precludes anything like a parade of personality for its own sake. The good teacher is not trying to be a personality; he is trying to be a person who understands his subject and sinks himself into it. If he could he would disappear there altogether.

The whimsical teacher — who cares only to impress his brilliance upon his class, or to deliver himself of eccentric opinions in the belief that such opinions are more interesting than knowledge would be — immemorially contemptible. His students may like him for a while, but in the end they despise him for his condescension to his subject.

The subject is a third thing that transcends both the teacher and the student. It is what the student should contemplate, and it is what the teacher does contemplate. It is the only living thing in the room.

The truly personal teacher is the most responsible to his subject. Because he knows it to be more important than himself, he is humble in its presence, and would rather die than misrepresent it. It existed before him, and will exist after him; its life is long, though his is short. But if his life is to mean anything it must mean something in connection with his subject; and it had better mean that he has come to understand it as good persons before him have understood it. Good persons know the same things, just they resemble one another.

All men know the same things, or the same thing: the same world.

One might think it easy to do this, but it is so difficult that only a few succeed. We call them great men and women.

What, for instance, is a great poet? One who sees what nobody else does? The contrary is surely true. If Shakespeare is the greatest poet, or if Ho-

mer is, or Dante — I cannot think of a fourth — the reason is not that he saw what nobody ever saw before; he saw what everyone has seen, but with a clarity, an intensity, and finally a humility which makes his subject even more interesting to us than he is.

It was more interesting to him than his own self ever was; which is why we know so little about him, and why we know so much about the stories he told, the people he understood. Nor are these people strange to us. They are ourselves with different names. If they were not, we should be less absorbed in them than we are.

Their maker disappears behind them, as we do when we

read. They are the folk of this world, and we had not known they were so beautiful or wonderful; nor had we known how much we knew; for what we knew comes home to us now, so that we are proud of the distinction we suddenly discover in ourselves.

SOCRATES was not joking when he said that the only things we learn are the things we already knew. Only we did not know we knew them; we did not know our own power.

So what shall we say of a teacher who makes his students hate Shakespeare?

Impossible though that sounds, the thing has happened.

We shall say first of all that the teacher must have hated Shakespeare too. He only thought he loved him — or worse yet, he pretended that he did. If he really had, there could be no question about the result. His students would love Shakespeare. And the final result would be that Shakespeare was the only thing they remembered. Not their teacher, who gave them the love, but the object of that love.

The good teacher means it when he says he hopes his students will forget him. He never means, of course, that he hopes they will forget the subject. For him that would be a tragedy; it would mean that he himself had not existed.

The responsibilities of the teacher are many and yet one. They are to himself, to his subject, to his students, to society, and to the truth.

But the first and last of these came nearest to defining the one in which the many reside.

The teacher whose love of truth is personal, is his own, is the teacher all students dream of encountering some day. And even him they will forget. In time, that is to say, they will. Not in eternity, where truth is one unchanging thing and one unchanging Person.

* * *

Learning

A student read that it was possible to absorb know from a book by putting it under your pillow and sleeping on it all night. She tried it and next day a friend asked: "Did you get anything out of sleeping on the book?"

"Yes," replied our girl, "a stiff neck."

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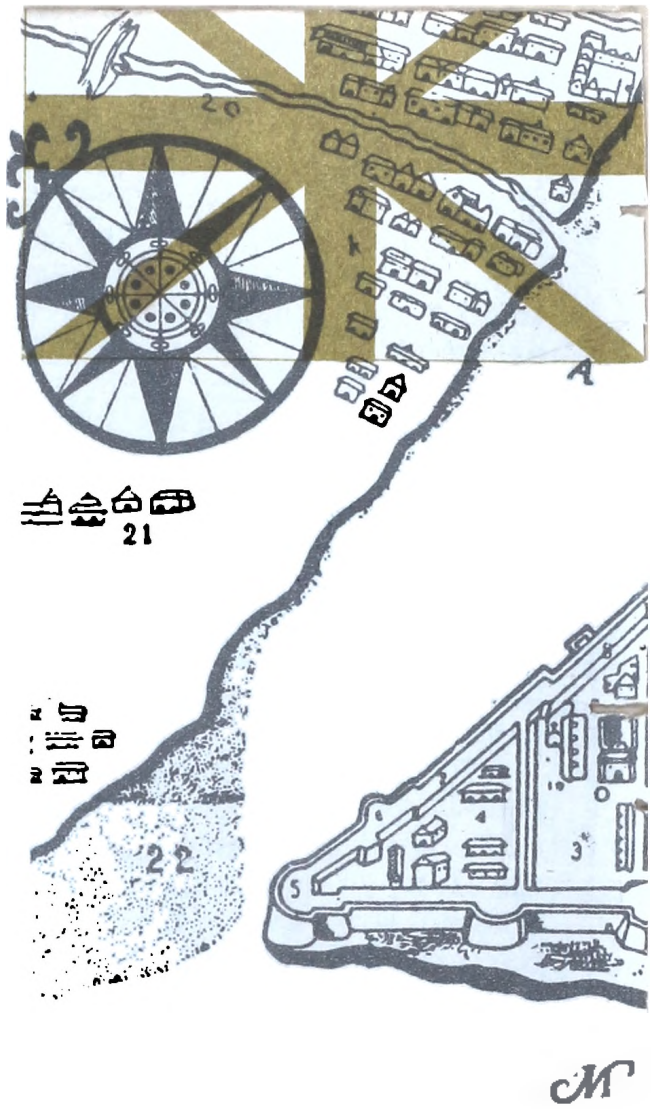
Pre - Revolution Philippines

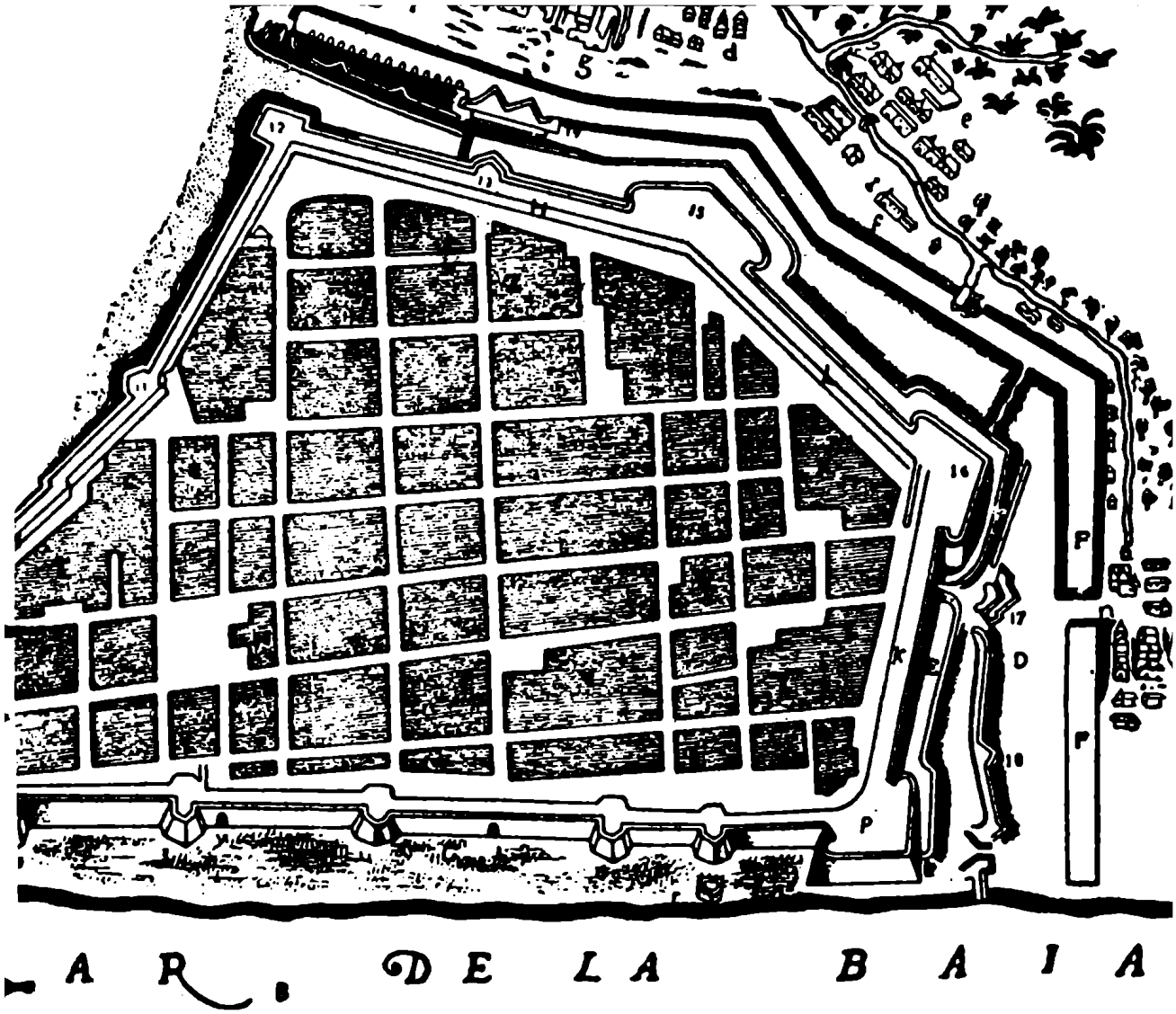


By Fr. Horacio de la Costa, S.J.

AN incident in the Seven Years' War was the capture and occupation of Manila by the British in 1762. By the terms of surrender the colonists promised to pay a ransom of four million pesos, in consideration of which the British guaranteed that their lives and property would be respected and the free practice of the Catholic religion allowed. Less than a million of the ransom money was collected in Manila itself. The local authorities signed a draft on the Madrid government for the rest, but it was not honored.

One of the members of the governor's council, Simon de Anda, escaped capture by fleeing to Bulacan. There, with the aid of friars stationed in the parishes, he succeeded in keeping the provinces of central Luzon loyal to Spain. He obtained possession of the silver bullion brought by the incoming galleon of that year, heating the British to it by a hair's breadth. Thus provided with the sinews of war, he was able to contain the invader within Manila, its suburbs, and the port of Cavite.

However, a formidable native broke out in the Ilocos re-



gion under the leadership of Diego Silang, to whom the British sent arms and encouragement; it was put down, but with difficulty. The Muslim Sulus and Magindanaus, emboldened by the apparent eclipse of Spanish power, redoubled their piratical raids on the Visayan settlements, while guerrilla bands and plain bandits ravaged the farms and cattle ranches of Luzon.

When the British abandoned their conquests in accordance with the Treaty of Paris (1763), the colony was in a very critial condition. The public treasury was empty, private fortunes had been wiped out, there was hun-

ger in the land, and the dangerous notion was spreading among the native population that the Spaniards were not, after all, invincible.

The attorney-general of the Philippines at the time, Francisco Leandro de Viana, presented the problem to Madrid in the clearest terms. Either the Philippines should be given up altogether, or measures should immediately be taken to build up its economy. Furthermore, this build-up should go beyond the point which had been reached before the British occupation, for the mother country was now in no position to make good the colony's annual deficits, as it had hitherto done.

But could the Philippines become self-supporting? Viana was confident it could, provided the Crown was willing to take the necessary steps: to increase the tribute, reduce graft, organize government monopolies in certain designated products, and form a state-sponsored commercial company which would exploit the possibilities of direct trade between Spain and the Philippines and invest part of its profits in the agricultural development of the country.

THESE PROPOSALS found favor with the ministers of Charles III, who derived their ideas of government from the philosophies of the French Enlightenment. The tribute was raised from 10 to 16 rials (two pesos) per native household. In 1785 a Royal Philippine Company was organized with an authorized capital of eight million pesos and a monopoly of all trade between Spain and the Philippines by way of the Cape of Good Hope. It was not, however, a success. The Manila merchants loooked dourly upon trade from which they derived such fantastic, if unpredictable profits. Moreover, the Philippines produced little at the time to interest the European market, in spite of the valiant efforts of an Economic Society of Friends of the Country to stimulate and indigo.

Thus, the Company ships had perforce to lade China goods for the return voyage; but since the Company bought these goods at Manila rather than at the source, it could not compete with the more enterprising merchants of other nations who went directly to Canton.

In 1792 the Company began to show a steady loss, and in 1843 it went out of business. However, it did serve at least in its early years of operation to inject new life into the almost petrified commerce of Manila, and a small proportion of its earnings was invested in agricultural development according to the terms of its charter.

What eventually balanced the colony's budget was neither direct taxation nor trade expansion but the revenues derived from government monopolies, especially that of tobacco. This was organized by an energetic governor, Don Jose Basco y Vargas, in 1782. The weed, which the Spaniards had brought over from Mexico, had long been familiar to Filipinos, but up to that time was grown chiefly for home consumption.

Basco now forbade its cultivation save in certain designated areas such as Gapan, in the present province of Nueva Ecija, and the Cagayan Valley. The planting, picking, drying and grading of the leaf was subjected to the most minute government control. The entire produce could be sold only to the government, at the government's price; what the government agents rejected was burned.

The baled tobacco was then transported under guard to the government factory in Manila, where it was manufactured into cigars and cigarettes. The better grades of these were reserved for export; the rest was sold in monopoly stores or **estanquillas** throughout the country, from which alone tobacco could be legally purchased.

OBVIOUSLY, a whole army of employees and revenue agents was required to operate the system; in spite—or possibly because — of which, speculation, bribery, extortion and enormous leakages took place at every step. Contraband trade in tobacco flourished, carried on by **tulisanes** or outlaws with the connivance of the law-abiding but tobacco-using population.

Nevertheless, imperfect though it was, crushingly unfair to the consumer and harmful to civic discipline, the monopoly did provide the government with a revenue more than sufficient to balance its budget. This obvious advantage counterbalanced the vigorous protests of thoughtful and public-spirited men, such as the distinguished Augustinian **savant** Fray Joaquin Martinez de Zuniga, and the monopoly was not finally abolished until 1882.

BESIDES PUTTING an end to the chronic embarrassment of the colonial treasury, the tobacco monopoly contributed to the economic development

of the country in a larger sense, namely, by helping to develop commercial agriculture. Until the second half of the eighteenth century agriculture in the Philippines was almost entirely one of subsistence. Each region—one might almost say each town—produced what it needed for its own consumption. What trade there was consisted chiefly in supplying farm products to the non-producers of Manila and the larger towns in exchange for imported manufactures.

The tobacco monopoly, by introducing agricultural specialization on a significant scale, created a demand for staples, such as rice, and hence stimulated their production for the market.

But it was not the only factor in this change. The British occupation of Manila, brief though it was, had called the attention of British traders, and subsequently of their American and French competitors, to the possibilities of the Philippines both as a market and as a source of agricultural produce, especially sugar. Spain had consistently kept the ports of her colonies closed to foreign trade, but in the eighteenth century this was no longer possible. After a period of unofficial intercourse (British trading vessels were admitted to Manila under Syrian or Indian registries if they paid a suitable fee to the right officials), the law was adjusted to the realities of the situation and Manila was thrown open to world trade in the same year that the Royal Philippine Company was liquidated.

Even before 1834, however, agents and factors for foreign trading companies had been allowed to reside in the Philippines, and it was to their entrepreneurial activities that the nascent sugar and hemp industries of the country owed much of their development.

The provinces around Manila were the first to feel the impact of the agricultural "revolution." Here, large tracts of uncultivated land were held by the religious orders or by educational and social service institutions administered by them. They had been acquired in some cases by purchase or legacy, but chiefly by royal grant, land being the most convenient form at the time in which to provide a hospital or a school with an endowment.

Thus the Hacienda de Buenavista in Tambobong constituted the endowment of the hospital of San Juan de Dios, while Dominican haciendas of Binang and Calamba helped to support the faculty and bursaries of the royal and pontifical University of Santo Tomas.

THIS IS how it came about that when the growth of commercial agriculture demanded new areas to be put under cultivation, it was principally these estates, or "friar lands," as they came to be known, which provided the necessary land for development. As a rule it was not the estate owners themselves who undertook the development. They preferred to lease the undeveloped portions of their haciendas at a fixed ground rent, called **canon,** to the more enterprising families of the surrounding towns. These lessees **(inquilinos)** then got together a group of cultivators **(kasamahan)**; lit., association) to help them clear the land and put it under the plough, the harvest of each field being equally divided between **inquilino** and **kasama** after the **canon** had been deducted.

Some **inquilinos,** such as Paciano Rizal of Calamba, went out with their **kasama** and personally directed the work on the farm; others were content to play the part of absentee landlords, leaving the actual farm work to their **kasama** while they devoted themselevs to trade or moneylending.

In any case, the **inquilinos** prospered steadily, and at least by the middle of the nineteenth century they formed a fairly distinct provincial upper class with enough resources to pay for an education beyond that of the generality of Filipinos. Some of them even sent their sons or younger brothers study in Europe; with what results we shall see in due course.

Meanwhile, the profits derived by the **inquilinos** from their leased land did not pass unnoticed by the hacienda owners, who began to increase the **canon** at regular intervals on the plea that land values were rising. This was deeply resented by the **inquilinos,** who argued that since any increase in the value of the land had been due solely to their efforts, they were in effect being penalized for their enterprise and industry.

The hacienda owners pointed out that prescinding from the fact that the land was theirs to rent out to whomsoever they pleased, the credit for its development was actually due not to the **inquilinos** but to the **kasama,** ,whom the **inquilinos** were deriving an unearned income by applying the labor of others to land that was not theirs, and still had the gall to complain that they were being oppressed.

The **kasama** took no part in this argument; or if they did they invariably sided with the **inquilinos** whom they knew and understood and to whom they were usually indebted. Thus, while the agricultural expansion of the late eighteenth and

early nineteenth centuries led to hacienda development and growing prosperity in the provinces of central and southern Luzon, it also resulted in an antagonism between the hacienda owners on the one hand and the **inquilinos** and their **kasama** on the other, an antagonism which grew more and more bitter with the years.

SINCE, as was said above, most of the haciendas were owned by religious corporations or institutions controlled by them, this antagonism inevitably took on a definite anticlerical coloring. But the regular clergy in the Philippines were by this time under attack from more than one quarter. The ministers of the Bourbon Charles III (1759-1788) derived from the French Enlightenment not only their interest in administrative efficiency and economic progress but also their hostility to the Church as an obstacle to state absolutism.

The religious orders especially had, in their view, entirely too much power both at home and in the colonies. These overmighty subjects needed to be taught a lesson which would render them powerless to act as a check on the royal power, while remaining useful instruments of the royal will.

It was against the Society of Jesus, committed in a special manner by its constitutions to the service of the papacy, that the government of Charles III moved first. In 1767 a royal decree went forth expelling the Jesuits from all the Spanish dominions; this decree was faithfully executed in the Philippines the following year.

The remaining religious orders took over as best they might the parishes and missions vacated by the Jesuits. But the government had designs upon them too. A court prelate sympathetic to the official policy, Don Basilio Sancho, was appointed to the metropolitan See of Manila. By reviving an old controversy regarding episcopal visitation he forced the friars to resign many of their parishes, which he immediately filled with secular priests.

And since there was only a handful of Spanish clerics in the colony, he obtained the necessary personnel by hastily ordaining a number of insufficiently trained Filipino candidates for the priesthood. The Dominican encyclopedists Buzeta and Bravo have preserved the pleasantry which then became current in Manila, that "there were no oarsmen to be found for the river boats because the archbishop had ordained them all."

As was only to be expected, many of these Filipino priests turned out badly, and the government was compelled some years later to revise its policy

of secularization. Filipinos continue to be educated for the priesthood and ordained, but they were not often given parishes of their own. The majority were more or less permanently assigned to serve as assistants to the religious parish priests, and it was brought home to them in various ways that subordinate position was all they were believed to be capable of.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the Filipino clergy were becoming dissatisfied with their being thus deliberately and, in their view, unjustly held down; and they tended to blame the friars for this as well as their other troubles.

The return of the Jesuits in 1859 made matters worse. They were given the spiritual administration of the island of Mindanao, where the Recollects held a number of mission parishes. In order to compensate the latter for vacating these posts in favor of the Jesuits, they were given an equivalent number of parishes near Manila which the government took away from the secular clergy. The Filipino priests quite naturally protested this move, and in the anti-friar agitation which ensued among the most prominent were Fathers Gomez, Burgos and Zamora.

IT IS NOT quite clear what connection these priests had with the mutiny which occurred in 1872 among the native troops stationed at Cavite. A military tribunal found them guilty of sedition and condemned them to death; but among Filipinos generally there was no doubt that their execution was judicial murder.

As Rizal was to say later, the very fact that the ecclesiastical authorities, who had no cause to look upon them with favor, refused to degrade them, was clear enough proof that they had done nothing seriously unbecoming their priestly character. In any case, the upshot was that the **inquilinos** of the friar lands were now joined by a considerable segment of the Filipino secular clergy in their hostile attitude towards the religious corporations.

This anti-friar sentiment was stimulated and stiffened, strangely enough, by certain elements in the Spanish community itself. The number of lay Spaniards in the Philippines steadily rose in the course of the nineteenth century due to the increased opportunities for trade and the expansion of the colonial bureaucracy. Immigration from the Iberian peninsula became especially significant after 1869, when the opening of the Suez Canal cut the length of the voyage from Cadiz to Manila to a month. Many of

the immigrants were needy office seekers with liberal sympathies, for the Liberal governments which succeeded one another with amazing rapidity from 1868 used colonial assignments as an inexpensive method of rewarding their faithful supporters.

Spanish liberalism being strongly anticlerical, the hostility to the friars among upper-class Filipinos received enthusiasitc support from this unexpected quarter. Spanish liberals established the first Masonic lodge in the Philippines, and the famous Petition of 1888 which called for the expulsion of the friars would not have been possible without their encouragement and active participation. It was, however, the Filipino liberals who suffered the consequences, either by imprisonment or deportation. Some of the deportees found their way to Spain, where they conducted the campaign for a thoroughgoing reform of the Spanish administration of the Philippines known in our history as the Propaganda Movement.

THAT reforms were needed is undeniable. The Bourbon reforms of the eighteenth century brought a measure of prosperity to the country, as we have seen; but the economic and social changes which they entailed gave rise to fresh problems and made the surviving institutions of an earlier colonialism even more demoralizing than were the liquor, areca-nut and cockpit monopolies.

The interminable searches, seizures and arrests necessary for their enforcement, and the opportunities they gave for extortion of every sort, won for revenue agents and especially for the Guardia Civil the cordial hatred of the common people.

At a higher level of administration, the **alcaldes mayores** or provincial governors were paid so poorly that it was practically an open invitation to them to supplement their income at the expense of the native population. Nor did the **alcalde mayor** lack the means to do this. He was in a particularly favorable position to make handsome profits by dealing in local products. He could buy cheap and sell dear, and he could "requisition" labor. No one could say him nay, for he combined in his own person the powers of civil governor, military commander and judge of first instance. For this reason the Laws of the Indies wisely forbade provincial officials under the severest penalties from engaging in trade during their tenure of office.

But this ordinance was more honored in the breach than in the observance; so much so that in the nineteenth century the royal government put aside all

pretense of enforcing it and allowed **alcaldes mayores** upon their appointment to purchase an **indulto de comercio** or license to trade. On the other hand they were deprived of their judicial powers when separate provincial courts were instituted; but this reform came too late in the nineteenth century to be of much effect.

The only provincial residents who could afford some kind of protection to the people against extortionate **alcaldes** were the friars in charge of parishes. They often did so, much to their credit. But while their courage in this matter won them the gratitude of humble folk, people who could leave no tangible record of their sentiments, it made them the objects of active dislike among a class of people who could and did express that dislike; both in Spain and the Philippines, through the printed word; and the printed word endures.

Unfortunately, nothing like a consistent policy of colonial reform could be expected from the central government. The Napoleonic wars were merely the blazing prelude to a "time of troubles" which held Spain in its grip throughout the whole of the nineteenth century. While constitutional conventions alternated with royal restorations, and liberal governments dissolved before military **pronunciamientos,** the proud empire which had been won by conquistador and missionary began to disintegrate.

Rebels and liberators smashed Spanish America into independent republics, and the storm they raised sent ripples and eddies all the way across the Pasific to lap at the shores of the Philippines.

BUT WHILE no stable government existed to undertake a long-range program of planned reform, it is nevertheless true that a number of partial reforms were undertaken, motivated not only by a growing concern lest Filipinos go the way of the Spanish-American people, but also by a sincere desire to extend even to the poor **indio** some of the blessings of liberalism.

The opening of Manila to foreign trade in 1834 has already been mentioned. Between 1855 and 1877 foreign vessels were also admitted to a number of provincial ports. In 1851 the Banco Español-Filipino was established by the government in response to the needs of Manila's growing commerce.

Until the 1860's the only system of public education in the Philippines was that established and maintained by the Church. Every settled parish and many of the mission stations had a school for boys and girls in which, besides the catechism, the elements of reading, writ-

ing, arithmetic and music were taught.

Doubtless some of these parish schools were of the type satirized by Rizal in his **Noli me tangere**; but it is quite unfair to judge the system as a whole on the basis of a chapter in a work of fiction. Recent researches such as those of Father Fox have shown that these schools were on the whole much better run, and the instruction given in them much more effective, than is generally believed.

The medium of instruction used was usually the language of the region in which the school was situated. Every now and again, as far back as the seventeenth century, colonial officials would agitate for the use of Spanish instead of the native languages, and when nothing happened, would accuse the parish clergy of sheer obstructionism. That some of the religious parish priests opposed the teaching of Spanish to Filipinos was undoubtedly true.

In the nineteenth century especially it was feared that a widespread knowledge of Spanish would merely serve as a vehicle for ideas unsettling to the religious faith of a simple people and to the hitherto unquestioning allegiance which they gave to Spain. The fear was not entirely unfounded, as subsequent events proved.

However, this was not the principal difficulty. There were many competent educators among the clergy who were thoroughly in favor of making Spanish the medium of instruction. The principal difficulty was the lack of trained teachers and of funds to expand the school system beyond the primary level. The passage of the educational laws of 1863 and the establishment of a normal school under Jesuit direction two years later represent a serious effort to meet the difficulty.

UNFORTUNATELY, administrative reforms failed to keep pace with economic and social progress. It may well be argued whether they could have done so even if conditions in the Peninsula had been less troubled than they were. In a certain sense all colonial regimes are self-liquidating, and the Spanish colonial system was no exception to this rule. Colonization, where it is not merely a process of ruthless exploitation, is an educative process; sooner or later the point is reached where the subject peoples achieve a degree of self-conscious maturity which makes them resentful of their bonds and avid for freedom and the responsibilities that go with it.

As early as 1843 a perceptive observer, Sinibaldo de Mas, set up the terms of the problem for the ministers of Isabella II to consider. He said, in effect,

that given the stage of development which the Philippines had reached, a policy of salutary neglect was no longer possible.

Spain now had to choose one of two courses. If she meant to retain the Philippines permanently, then she had to arrest all changes tending to the further political and cultural improvement of the Filipinos. All schools save the most elementary should be abolished, the islands sealed off from all contact with the outside world, and a colonial administration instituted which, while completely just, should also be completely autocratic.

If on the other hand Spain meant at some future time to grant the Filipinos their freedom, then she should adopt a policy directly contrary to this. Filipinos should be educated to the full extent of their abilities, all obstacles to the free exchange of ideas should be removed, and the people should be prepared for eventual self-rule by a gradually increasing participation in government.

It does not appear that Isabella's ministers or the parliamentary cabinets which succeeded them gave much attention to Mas' dilemma. Opportunities continued to be given to Filipinos to improve themselves, but never quite enough to satisfy them; they continued to be kept in subjection, but the subjection was never so complete as to preclude all hope of its being done away with altogether.

By the end of the century even the most moderate reformers were beginning to think that nothing but a clean sweep would put things to rights. Ibarra was getting ready to join Elias.

THE DEPORTEES of 1872 and those of subsequent proscriptions were joined in Europe by a number of student patriots who believed, somewhat naively, that extensive political and social reforms could be achieved within the framework of the existing colonial system. It is doubtful whether their propaganda made much of an impression on Madrid; but the enthusiasm which they aroused at home cannot be overestimated. Nor was it only the educated upper class to which they belonged that followed their activities with hope and anxiety. Even the common people regarded them with a devotion akin to worship; for if many of the propagandists' ideas were beyond their comprehension they could understand this much, that here at least were men of their own race who could deal with the Spaniard on equal terms.

The Spanish government rejected the proposals of these moderate nationalists and dramatized its refusal by the exe-

cution for sedition of their most eloquent and respected spokesman, Jose Rizal. As was to be expected, the leadership of the national movement thereupon possed on to more radical hands, to Andres Bonifacio and the Katipunan; and the attempt to nip sedition in the bud merely enlarged it into a revolution.

The narrow compass of this paper precludes even a summary treatment of the Revolution. But this is no great loss; there is no period in Philippine history that has received such detailed treatment. So much so that we have tended to neglect the antecedents which led to it, and so run the risk of failing to grasp the essence of a movement with whose details we are so familiar.

It is for this reason that I have preferred to devote this slight essay not to the climax of the story, but to those initial complications which alone make that climax understandable, both in its glory and its tragedy. — *1957 Progress.*

* * *

The Need to Work

SOUTHEAST Asia needs "a wholesale revolution in the attitude of men toward work" before it can supply the skilled laborers needed for modern industrial production. This is the opinion of scholars from 12 countries quoted in a recent report published under the auspices of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

The scholars from Japan, Britain, the Philippines, Thailand, New Zealand, Pakistan, the United States, India, France, South Viet Nam, Canada and Borneo met in Bangkok, Thailand, early this year to study the question of how fast the southeast Asian nations can transform centuries-old agricultural economies into modern technological societies.

"Scientific and technological progress," the scholars concluded, "has little prospect of being applied at short notice, on a large scale, in most of these countries."

In measuring the impact of Western technology on southeast Asia, the scholars found some disturbing aspects. Industrialization, they said, has destroyed courtesy in the Philippines, cheapened art in Thailand and weakened family ties all over Asia. None of them, however, suggested that the programs of industrialization in these nations be stopped.

"No nation can keep out of the way of technological progress," they stated in their report. "The process of industrialization and automation is irreversible."

The scholars agreed that southeast Asia needs progress, and that the alternatives are stagnation and back-sliding.

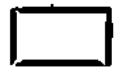
Are You Word Wise?

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

1. **bonanza** — **A.** unexpected gift; **B.** a mine of wealth; **C.** bonus or extra compensation; **D.** a volley of shots.
2. **chaff** — **A.** scum; **B.** laborious breathing; **C.** to pat lightly; **D.** refuse or rubbish.
3. **posthumous** — **A.** arising after one's death; **B.** belonging to the past; **C.** careful inspection; **D.** under the soil.
4. **ravel** — **A.** to bring out; **B.** to make merry; **C.** to entangle; **D.** to cut off.
5. **trek** — **A.** to knock down; **B.** to test; **C.** to travel; **D.** to betray.
6. **haggle** — **A.** to bargain; **B.** to scold in public; **C.** to condemn; **D.** to attack.
7. **spurious** — **A.** without planning or preparation; **B.** suspicious; **C.** unexpected; **D.** not genuine or true.
8. **spree** — **A.** a fight; **B.** a sudden outburst; **C.** a lively frolic; **D.** a barn dance.
9. **innovate** — **A.** to place inside; **B.** to bring in something new; **C.** to tell a lie; **D.** to accept as one's own.
10. **atrophy** — **A.** failure; **B.** doubtful victory; **C.** degeneration; **D.** a large cup or trophy.

Will de Gaulle's new Constitution turn the trick?

New Hope For France



By F. C. Sta. Maria

FOR THE first time in many years there was hope last month that France's chaotic political life might come to an orderly end. Of about 80 percent of the registered voters who went to the polls, 95 percent voted for the Constitution which will give the country the much needed political stability. The voting was a personal triumph for Premier Charles de Gaulle, who designed the new charter. But it was also a pattern for France's political future.

In a matter of months the nation which saw the downfall of several governments in dizzying succession, including that of the 4th Republic last May, will have a stronger president. And it is almost a certainty that Charles de Gaulle is going to be it.

The new Constitution is designed to correct the basic weaknesses of the French political system. It will give the country a stronger executive, which it had lacked. The chief executive is elected for a term of seven years by an "electoral college" composed of 80,000 deputies, senators, and members of provincial and municipal councils. Thus, he is put into office not by direct popular vote but by what observers describe as a system that favors rural and conservative interests. As against the usual parliamentary concept of government, the president will be a stronger person at the expense of the premier.

Henceforth the president will have the power to: (1) negotiate and ratify treaties; (2) appoint and discharge premiers; (3) dissolve Parliament after "consultation" with the premier; (4) control appointments to civil and military posts; (5) sign ordinances and decrees; (6) suppress political parties which he believes are detrimental to national sovereignty and democracy; and

(7) assume dictatorial powers by simple proclamation if he decides that there is a state of national emergency.

These obviously are very broad powers unknown even to heads of such presidential types of governments as the United States and the Philippines. In the hands of an ambitious politician, such powers could easily make a dictator. It is significant therefore that the French people overwhelmingly bestowed upon de Gaulle such unlimited prerogatives. This political phenomenon can be explained in two ways, namely: (1) the French people realize the gravity of the present crisis and know that nothing short of a drastic change could save the nation; and (2) the French people have complete trust in de Gaulle.

PARLIAMENT, under the new charter, is an emasculated body. It is permitted to meet twice a year for no more than three months at a time. It can pass laws but only in certain limited areas. Should a deputy accept a cabinet post or any other government position, he must resign from the Parliament. Whereas the premier is responsible to the assembly, the latter can force the premier, during its first year of existence, to resign on an absolute majority vote. After the first year the president can dissolve an assembly and keep the premier while awaiting the outcome of new elections.

There is also under the new Constitution a powerful nine-man council which would have broadly the functions of the supreme court in the Philippines. This body is composed of three members appointed by the president, three appointed by the president of the assembly, and three by the senate president. It will determine the legality of certain acts passed by Parliament.

Indeed, there is bright hope that the 5th French Republic will have the stability which previous governments did not enjoy. Since the Revolution of 1789, France has been four times a republic, three times a monarchy, twice an empire and once a semi-dictatorship. The 4th Republic which was established in 1949 and which collapsed last May saw the successive failures of more than a dozen premiers; General de Gaulle was, in fact, the twentieth since 1947.

Under the old system there was a proliferation of political parties, with each candidate seldom, if ever, owing allegiance to any single party. Coalition and appeasement were the order of the day. Premiers had to be experts at compromise and at bringing together politically divergent elements. In

such a situation it was inevitable that a premier and his cabinet had a very uncertain tenure, which was subject to political vagaries and changes.

This was the condition which de Gaulle's Constitution seeks to remedy, if not entirely at least to a degree where a government could stay in power long enough to implement a workable program.

ONE PROBLEM which the next president of France has to solve is Algeria. While the results of the referendum in this revolt-torn colony sustained de Gaulle to an amazing degree (97% voted yes), there is no indication that France's top headache will be cured overnight. The North African rebels have proclaimed a provisional government with headquarters at Cairo. Under the banner of the Front de Liberation Nationale (FLN) and the energetic leadership of Ferhat Abbas, the self-proclaimed premier, the nationalists have vowed to make Algeria free at any cost. In answer to de Gaulle's pleas for a "peace of brave men," the FLN has turned a cold shoulder. They are willing to negotiate, but in a neutral country, and not Paris as suggested by the French premier.

The Algerian problem cannot be minimized. It is of such a magnitude as to make the difference between success and and failure for de Gaulle's national program. Over 400,000 French troops have been forced to be kept in Algeria to fight the rebels. France is reputedly spending two and a half million dollars daily to fight the war. If the 5th Republic is to pursue successfully its plans of economic expansion and political stability at home, the expenditure in North Africa must stop, or at least be drastically reduced. France cannot afford both.

The Algerian nationalists know this for a fact, and thereby lies their strength. They are aware that de Gaulle must solve the Algerian problem first before he could succeed in continental France. The FLN also knows that a decisive victory is not necessary; by pursuing indefinitely a guerrilla warfare, it could succeed in sapping the Paris government of its economic, and possibly of its political, strength.

On his part, the French wartime hero who has made a spectacular comeback, showed an admirable mastery of the Algerian situation. Strengthened by his overwhelming victory at the polls, de Gaulle last month instituted stern measures calculated to control his own compatriots who have taken advantage of the confusion in the

colony. First to be disciplined were the military. He ordered General Raoul Salan, commander of French fores in Algeria, to: (1) get the generals and colonels out of Algeria politics; and (2) let the Moslems, including those advocating complete independence, to campaign freely for election.

THE ORDER shocked Salan and many of the extreme right-wingers in the colony, who expected to be rewarded for their "loyalty." In fact, many of the soldier-politicians had rather expected to ride on de Gaulle's personal popularity to greater personal glory. They were disappointed.

Major General Jacques Massu, leader of the May revolt in Algiers, at first protested, then resigned as president of the Committee of Public Safety — the anti-rebellion organization. He was followed by 11 other officers. A planned general strike fizzled out at the last moment. Once more de Gaulle had asserted his supremacy.

Another ambitious politician, Information Minister Jacques Soustelle, who actually masterminded the Algerian revolt and who had hoped to become premier with de Gaulle's election as president, was likewise disappointed. The premier flatly refused to play partisan politics when he overruled efforts to create a pro-de Gaulle party out of the fragments of the other political parties, and thus to assure his and de Gaulle's election.

Inducement held out to Algeria and, for that matter, the other French territories comes in the form of a provision under the new Constitution for greater political autonomy and the continuation of subsidy from the mother country. In the forthcoming election Moslems, who constitute nine-tenths of Algeria's population, will have a fair chance of representing the country in Paris. In previous years, the one million half-breeds of predominantly French descent wielded absolute political power over the rest of the population.

If, as planned by the new Charter the Moslems could get elected and consequently have a voice in the government of France, it is not unlikely that the Algerians would stop clamoring for outright independence. This possibility, plus the fact that they will continue to have economic ties with France and an aid of half a billion dollars annually, might turn the trick. This of course is only speculation; whether the rebels, who have lost 70,000 of their followers in the last three or four years of warfare would jump at the French bait, is another matter.

An encouraging sign was the release recently by the rebels of four French military prisoners and the freeing of 10 rebels by the French. If the elections, which are scheduled for November 28-30 should, as expected, see at least 47 Moslems deputies to the French assembly, the Algerian situation may yet prove to be less difficult than predicted.

OTHER FRENCH territories had a similar chance to vote in last month's referendum to either stay within the French community or to quit. The only colony which gave a resounding vote of No to continued dependence upon France was the French Guinea in West Africa. This country thus automatically becomes an independent nation by repudiating de Gaulle.

Other French possessions — including Senegal, Niger and French Somaliland — must choose to either remain as territories, become integrated as departments of France, or become federated republics. Madagascar chose to be such a republic within the French community.

The next two or three months will show some definite tendencies in France's new pattern of government. While the numerous economic problems will conceivably stay on, it is admitted by observers that there is a great promise for France under Charles de Gaulle. The Algerian problem must still be resolved. France's strained economy, with its dangerously sinking international reserves, would still have to be strengthened. But the future definitely seems brighter than either the past or the present. And much of the future is on the palm of de Gaulle's hand.—*Philippine Journal of Education.*

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Plus and Minus

The ever-increasing documentation of the United Nations has been expanded by yet another new document. It is a 5,700 word report by a committee which it set up to study the problem of how to cut down on the documents of the world organization.

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Termites Can Be Controlled

By Mitron Paniqui

AMONG THE insect pests, one of the most destructive is the termite. Unfortunately, this is a pest that thrives very well in the Philippines. The damage inflicted by termites on property all over the country has been estimated at over a million pesos per year. Termite development in our country is aided by many factors, among them high humidity, adequate rainfall, favorable temperatures and abundant food. Here, where the principal construction material is wood, termite control should receive greater emphasis.

Considered most destructive of the 39 known species of termites in the Philippines is the subterranean "milk" termite (**Coptotermes vastator**). This pest is widespread from sea level up to an altitude of 5000 feet. It can readily be recognized by the milky secretion of its soldiers. This secretion is a toxic substance that protects it from its mortal enemy—the ant. This termite builds covered runways or tubes over other materials to reach wooden structures. The "milk" termite requires a great deal of moisture; hence their usual point of attack is the dampest area of a building.

Another common type is the **Macrotermes gilvus** Hagen, a termite that builds mounds in the open field, around fence posts, park benches and dead logs. Although this type is not as destructive as the "milk" termite, it ruins gardens, grazing land and disfigures the landscape.

The **Heterotermes philippinensis** is a rare type. Its size and habits are like those of Coptotermes. They also inflict damage on buildings and woodwork.

The Heterotermes can be distinguished by the narrow and rectangular shape of the heads of its soldiers.

There are many ways of controlling termites. One of the most important is the adoption of good construction practices. It is necessary that wood is put out of the reach of termites. This is usually achieved by constructing concrete foundations and floor slabs and placing the wordwork above them. Once this is done, additional measures should be adopted such as putting metal shields over the concrete and digging narrow trenches around the foundations and filling them with cresote or oil reguarly. This method, however, is both expensive and unsightly.

A better method would be to use woods that are impervious to termite attacks, such as ipil or molave. However, if one cannot afford this kind of lumber, one can have the wood treated with chemicals. The initial cost is rather high but in the long run it is economical.

Good sanitation and efficient drainage all help in termite control. Damp areas and depressions that catch water should be drained and thoroughly dried.

AN EFFECTIVE supplement to good construction methods is the use of soil poisons. Soil poisons can be sprayed on the ground or mixed with the soil before the construction of the building. Soil poisons can also be applied around the foundations of existing buildings or injected into cracks and holes in the concrete.

Among the chemicals now in common use as soil poisons are the following: (1) Aldrin, .5 to 1% of the effective ingredient in No. 2 fuel oil, applied at the rate of 1 pint per square foot or 4 gallons per 10 cubic feet of soil, can show effective results for a period of seven years. (2) Benzene hexachloride, containing 0.8% of the gammar isomer in No. 2 fuel oil or in water emulsion, applied at the rate of 1 pint per square foot or 2.5 gallons per 10 cubic feet of soil, is effective for 8 years. (3) Chlordane, at a concentration of 2.0 per cent of the active ingredient in No. 2 fuel oil or in water emulsion applied at the rate of 2 pints per square foot or 7.5 gallons per 10 cubic feet of soil. This chemical is better than the others because it is less harmful to the plants. (4) D.D.T., 50% in No. 2 fuel oil, applied 5 gallons to 10 cubic feet of soil, is effective for 4 years. (5) Dieldrin is used like D.D.T. (6) Heptacholor, 1 to 5% in No. 2 fuel oil or in water emulsion, applied at the rate of 0.5 pint per square foot or 3.75 gallons per 10 cubic feet of soil, is effective for 4 years. (7) Penta-

chlorophenol, 5% in No. 2 fuel oil applied at the rate of 7 gallons per 10 cubic feet of soil. (8) Toxaphene, 5% of the active ingredient in No. 2 fuel oil, applied at the rate of 1 pint per square foot of soil, has an effective duration of 6 years .(9) Trichlobrobenzene, a chemical diluted 1 part to 3 parts of No. 2 fuel oil (25% by volume) and applied at the rate of 5 gallons per 10 cubic feet of soil.

All these chemicals are on the market under varying trade names. The customer must examine carefully the composition to determine the active ingredient. Fuel oil is the best material for suspension because it stays longer.

Care should be exercised in handling these chemicals. Most of them are irritants and should not be allowed to come in contact with the skin or the eyes. They should also be kept away from children and domestic animals. When treating the soil with these poisons, do not include areas intended for planting.

* * *

Electrified Insecticide

A METHOD of electrically charging insecticide and fungicide dust particles to make them adhere more thickly and firmly has been developed for the first time on a commercial scale by a United Kingdom firm, and incorporated in a new dusting machine.

The revolutionary development is quite simple. The dust passes through a very high electrostatic field so that each individual particle acquires a positive charge. When the particle approaches the surface of the plant being treated, an equal and opposite charge is induced behind the plant, thus drawing the particle to it. As the object being sprayed now has a negative charge, the positively charged particle is held to the surface.

Because like forces repel each other, the dust particles are evenly distributed over the surface. At the same time the dusts are deposited in almost equal quantities on the lower surfaces of leaves.

It is estimated that total deposits obtained by by this new method of spraying are from four to ten times the amounts obtained by conventional means.

Panorama Peek

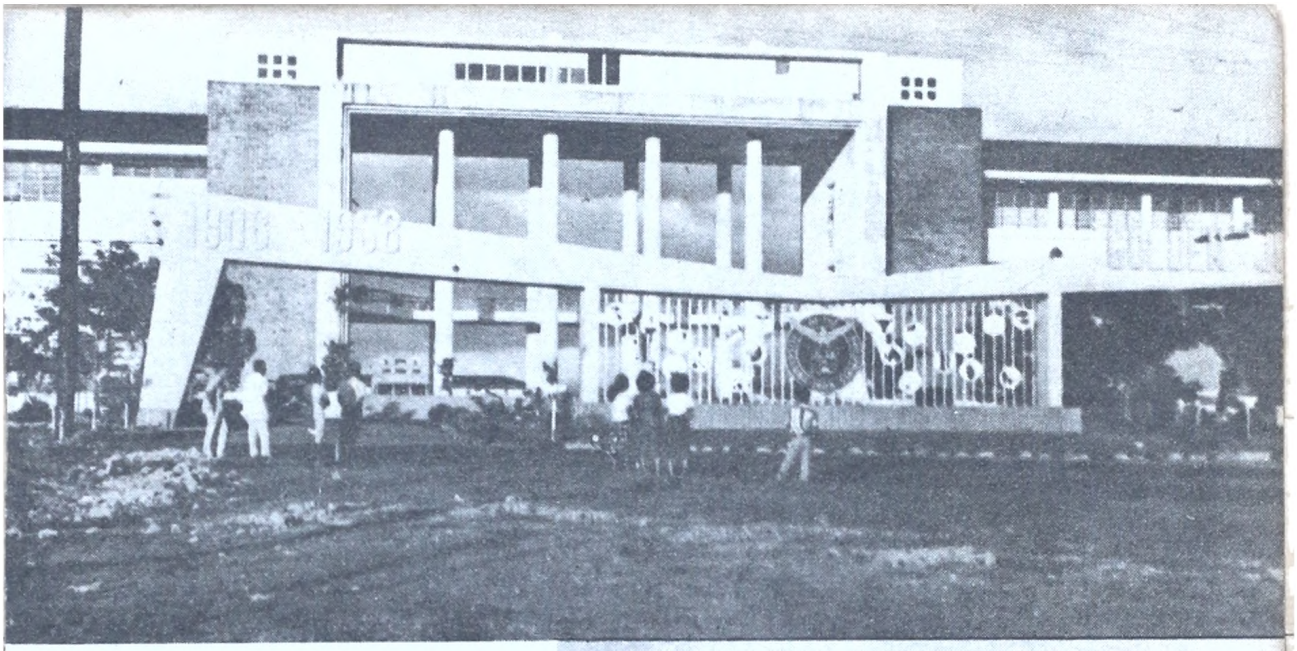
THIS YEAR the University of the Philippines is 50 years old.

For half a century this only state-supported institution of higher learning in the country has trained leaders in government and the various professions. It has set high academic standards recognized by many great universities abroad.

The University at present counts wtih an average enrollment of about 15,000 distributed on the main campus in Quezon City, in Manila, in Los Baños, in Iloilo and at Clark Air Base. It has more than 1,000 faculty members teaching in more than 20 different colleges and units. Most of these academic units are located in 489 hectares of rolling terrain in Quezon City, about 16 kilometers north of downton Manila.

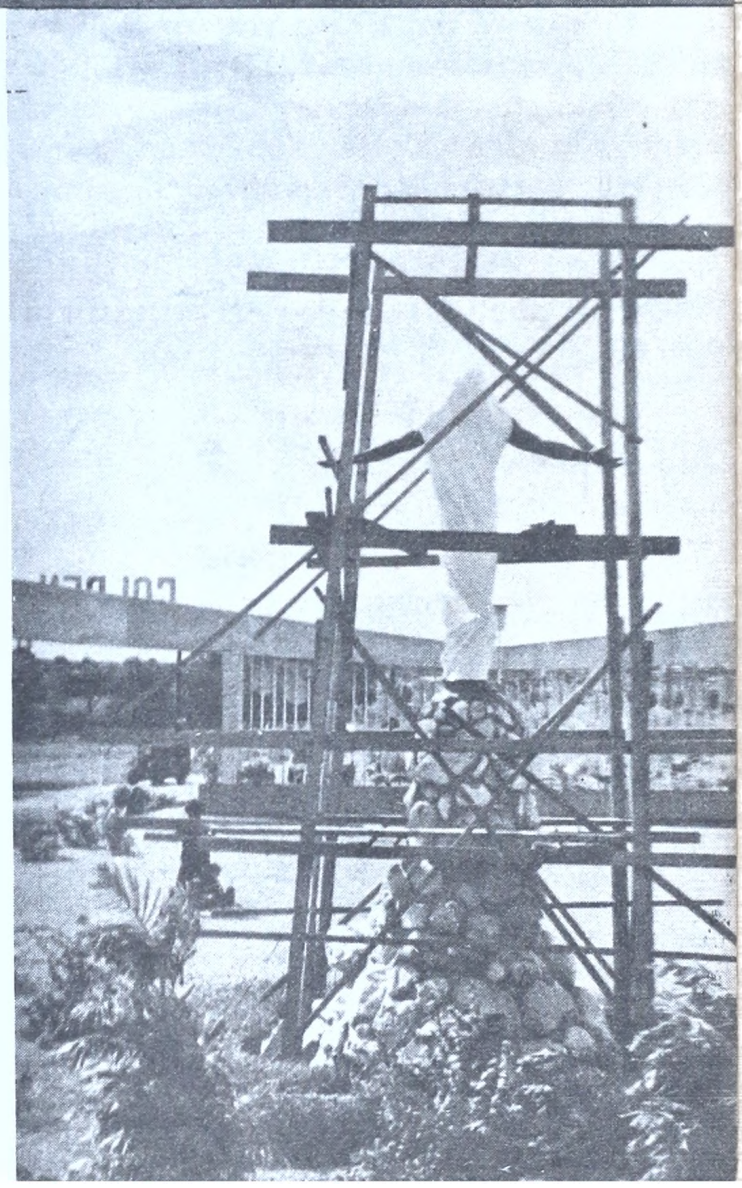
Fifty years is a long time in a man's life; but to a university 50 years may well be the period of infancy or childhood in an indefinite journey to greatness.

The University has achieved a reputation for thorough scholarship in an atmosphere of academic freedom during its half century of existence. But it is only a beginning. There are no great expectations, no hopes for easy success. It will continue moving forward, without fanfare, on that indefinite journey to greatness.



Passers-by view arch across Administration building proclaiming Golden Jubilee Fete.

Symbolic "Oblation" in new bronze casting awaits unveiling.



hese coeds (above) are ut to prove geology not man's exclusive reserve.
ight: a science sym- osium.

allet dancers re- earse a number.

Foreign scholars relax wit their professors.

Tower of new DZUP radio station, inaug- urated soon, goes up.

Winners of the Jubilee ar contest display their piece

By Lilia F. Mendoza

THE MEN in our neighborhood had already erected in our front yard the **abong,** roofed with fresh green coconut leaves. White, red, blue and green crepe were tied from the middle of the abong to the corners. Our old embroidered curtains, which were taken out only for baptismal parties and other special family gatherings and which smelled like burnished wood because they had been long kept at the bottom

of our century-old narra trunk, were hung around the abong by the ladies in the neighborhood. The Life Orchestra, the best in our town during the occupation, would furnish the music on the eve of the wedding.

I was leaning on the sill of our veranda watching the young men and women putting the final decorations of the abong. The strips of crepe wafted by the wind were like waves on a turbulent sea.

The young people were joking and teasing each other.

"When I marry . . . we will elope so that there will be no trouble," Mang Ilo remarked as he lifted two heavy benches, the hard muscles of his arm bulging, and placed them in one corner of the abong.

"And who would want to elope with you?" snapped Mang Iniong, who was pounding the loose earth near the poles of the abong. "You with bowlegs and crossed eyes? Pare, it would take a girl out of her mind to give you a second look."

"Be careful, Iniong," warned Mang Doming, "someone is already blushing." And they looked toward Manang Julia whose shaking hands were tying the strip of crepe blown by the wind. Then everybody teased her and she almost cried. But the noise stopped when Auntie Feling, for whom all these grand preparations were made, appeared in the veranda like a queen before her eager subjects.

"Thank you very much for coming over to help." She stopped a moment as if a lump of food was in her mouth. "Why, what happened to Julia?" Sensing perhaps the unusual air in the group she remarked, "You silly young people!" Then taking my hand, she said, "Come, Dedet. Accompany me to confession . . ."

I FOLLOWED her inside the house. Her graceful light steps and her pleasantly proportioned body made her look youthful and I gasped with pride.

But, really, Auntie Feling was getting married quite late, so our neighbors said. At first I thought she would not get married anymore since, according to Nanang Metiang, my childless aunt with whom I had spent my childhood, Auntie Feling, was past her thirty-third year. But to me she did not appear that old. I still remember how she, when going to church, combed her dark, wavy, long hair, and made a round knot at the back of her head. She had clear, deep-set eyes and no wrinkles were to be found around them. Her skin, which I dreamed of possessing someday, was still smooth and glossy.

Tata Maning, the bridegroom, was four years her ju-

nior; yet no one recognized their difference in age. He was a hard-working man, and being the only child, he had to be the family's breadwinner. Only his ways of dressing and his fondness for my cousins and me showed that he was younger than Auntie Feling.

Tatang Lacay, the eldest of my aunts and my father, approved the marriage because, according to him, he was very eager to see Auntie Feling get settled before he died, since she was the only one left single.

"Three pigs, two dozen chickens, two hundred eggs, and some fish will be enough," said Tatang Lacay, whose popular name among the barrio folks was Belong. But my cousins and I called him Tatang Lacay because he was the oldest and besides he always acted like an old chief whose word was law and whose acts drew obedience and respect. I still remember the time when his son Noling and I had a quarrel. We jeered and shouted at each other. He was awakened from his afternoon nap by our shouts and the mere sight of him made Noling and me stop. We didn't run for that would have been worse. Each of us just said, "I am sorry."

"Do you think that will be enough, Manong?" Nanang Metiang asked Tatang Lacay. "You told me yesterday the mayor and his friends would be coming together with the other high people in the poblacion," she continued, and the words "high people" made her smile with pride.

"Yes, these will be enough," he repeated.

ON THE eve of the wedding, a tall, thin man, dressed in dirty, patched khaki pants approached Tatang Lacay who was with my father giving last-minute orders to the helpers. The man's shirt clung to his body for it was wet with sweat, and a loose patch at his hips revealed unwashed underwear. His worn-out cap almost covered his eyes. I got near them when, without uttering a word, the stranger delivered a letter in a sealed envelope. With trembling hands Tatang Lacay took the letter. Grains of perspiration began to form on his forehead although it was very windy. But the man, upon hearing the sound of engines at a distance, ran as if a mad dog were chasing him.

"Jose, read the letter for me." He handed the envelope with hands still shaking. My father, too, was nervous, and the letter dropped as he was opening it.

The guerrilla officials wanted Tatang Lacay to be under the Secret Service to report on the Japanese activities in town, the letter said. Tatang Lacay wiped the sweat from his forehead

and smiled as if a thousand burdens had been lifted from him.

During the wedding, Tatang Lacay was nowhere to be found. The mayor and the other guests inquired for him as he was supposed to lead the toast with basi for the newlyweds. The tension caused by his disappearance couldn't be hidden. Nanang Metiang tried to joke with everyone but I noticed that she was very much worried. A friend of hers said, "May I have a glass of water?" She gave instead a plate of rice. My father, too, kept looking around distractedly.

"Where is Belong?" a friend asked in a suspicious voice. My father only shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

At another corner of the abong, the old men and women were dancing to the tune of "Dungdunguencanto." The onlookers threw coins to the dancers; the money was for the married couple. The dance became a riot, for the dancers were drunk. There was loud laughter when Apo Intang's saya slipped to the ground because her partner Apo Julio stepped on its tail.

At the height of the celebration, about ten Japanese soldiers arrived. Their muddy, black boots seemed to trample on everybody. Their bayonets, fixed at the tip of their rifles, seemed about to kill every person in the wedding.

The guests withdrew to the corners of the abong. Some of them attempted to run, the old women made the sign of the cross and muttered unintelligible prayers. The dancers stood immobile. One of the soldiers approached my Auntie Feling who sat at the far end of the abong still clad in her snow-white mestiza dress. I threw my eyes to where Tata Maning stood. Did he escape? Then I looked at my aunt again. All the while I thought the brute would carry her away. I was relieved when he only touched her chin. The other soldiers gathered the left-over food and they laughed mockingly as they made their way among the throng.

But the inaction of Tata Maning bothered me. Could it be that he would never raise a hand in defense of his bride?

I COULDN'T sleep well that night of the incident. The sight of deadly weapons haunted me in my sleep. Even the darkness made me restless in bed. When at last I had dropped into an uneasy sleep, I was suddenly awakened by my father.

"Dedet, Dedet," my father shook me. "Light the lamparilla." When the light spread around the room, I saw Tatang Lacay sitting before my father's writing table. His jaws were set

and he stared at the dark corners of the room which were not reached by the faint light of the lamparilla.

"Jose," he began, "I am going to dictate to you my report and translate it in English."

And save for the rhythmic creaking of the typewriter and Tatang Lacay's low voice not a sound could be heard. Sometimes I could hear the rustling of the leaves of the caimito trees in our backyard which would make Tatang Lacay suspicious lest someone would be around. He dictated that he climbed the big mango tree not far from our house and saw the Nippons run away with the left-over food.

Tatang Lacay did well in his patriotic duty. Sometimes I would find myself praising his excellent services for the guerrilla cause. Some Japanese on patrol would often pass by him and stop to fondle his favorite rooster.

"Kumbawa," he would say, and add an exaggerated bow, his head nearly touching the ground. The atabrine-faced Japanese would only smile showing their big unbrushed teeth.

Tatang Lacay's wife died at a time when she needed him most. His child and his duty to the Secret Service conflicted.

"I will bring the children over here, Metiang. Anyway, Maning and Feling are here to help you around the house." Thus he devoted much time to his reports and observations.

Tatang Lacay rarely came home. He was always busy observing every step and plan of

the Japanese soldiers in the town garrison. Sometimes he would arrive hungry and tired but he always managed to give a smile of assurance to everybody in the family.

"Take care of your health, Manong," my father said as he typed his reports. "You've become pale and thinner during these days."

"Don't worry, Jose," he patted my father's shoulders. "My work really needs a lot of sacrifice; I might even give my life for the sake of our country." As he was about to get his buri hat from the deer's horn that was nailed against a post, he turned to Nanang Metiang who was darning his worn-out pants.

"Metiang, I noticed that Feling is already with child. Tell ier not to work so hard. Tell Maning to gather vegetables every day. Apo Julio's field has plenty of fresh camote tops and saluyot. I want the baby to come healthy," and he put on his hat that smelled acrid due to too much sweat.

THE FOLLOWING week several battalions of foul-smelling, dirty-looking fierce Nippons passed. According to Tatang Lacay's report, they came from Vigan, the capital. There were so many of them that, afraid, we abandoned our homes and went to a wide field across a river. We built a calapaw, an improvised shelter the roof of which was only two layers of cogon. Its bamboo floor, that creaked when we moved around, was matted together by lanuti. We did not make a ladder anymore since the floor was only about one-half yard from the ground. Also, there was no partition inside. It was too small to divide into rooms. The smell of dry cogon was enough to make us all feel at home.

Every morning I would see the bright rays of the sun glittering on the clear waters of the river that rippled by. I would see the rolling plains around h a l t e d by the saw-toothed Cordillera mountains. There were scattered calapaws far from us.

For several days we would watch smoke and flames coming from the burning houses near the road. Some bolomen, their sunburnt faces half-hidden by their long, unruly hair, would pass by our calapaw. Sometimes they would drop by and ask for a drink of water.

"Have all the houses on both sides of the road been eaten by fire?" Nanang Metiang asked them.

"Everything is ash. And do you know the lame, old woman beggar who lives alone in a leaning h o u s e near the big mango tree?" asked one.

"Yes, Why?"

The boloman wiped his sweat and pushed the hair that cov-

ered his face. "She was tied like a pig and thrown into the flames."

When another batch passed by again, this time with some bundles of clothes, probably saved from the fire, my father intercepted them.

"Have you seen a man of about fifty, his hair all white, dressed in khaki with a black band around his left arm?"

"No," answered one lowering his bundle. "But there were many who were massacred in the poblacion last night."

All of us began to be worried since Tatang Lacay didn't appear for days. However, our fears were lessened when he arrived in the calapaw with three wounded men. Where he picked them up, he didn't say. Since there was no other place to house them, the other calapaws being far from us, we accommodated them. I shook at the sight of blood oozing from their wounds. Nanang Metiang, my father and Tata Maning helped in bandaging the wounds of the men. Some medicinal herbs gathered by Tatang Lacay along the river bank were applied to stop hemorrhage.

Every morning I heated water to wash the wounds. Nanang Metiang would do the dressing since Auntie Feling was too heavy with child to help. Not only that. Tatang Lacay and Tata Maning were afraid she might faint at the sight of blood.

At night I would be awakened by the sighs and cries of the wounded men. Sometimes I would cover my face tightly with my blanket and press my ears close to my pillows in order not to see or hear what was happening around. But I would feel the shaking of the floor of the calapaw as the men tossed.

ONE MORNING I woke up earlier than usual. It was unusually cold and I could hear the slow drip-dripping of dew from the cogon roof on the tiny stones below. I wound my blanket around me and tried to linger longer in bed. But when I saw streams of light entering the calapaw, I got up reluctantly. I wiped my eyes with the lower part of my skirt.

Lowering my skirt I saw Nanang Metiang and the rest, except Auntie Feling, giving a sponge bath to one of the soldiers. He was as stiff as a log. Then I felt I was shaking; I didn't know if it was due to the cold morning or to the sight of death in front of me. They dressed him with one of Tatang Lacay's old white trousers.

Nanang Metiang motioned everyone to kneel. Auntie Feling led the prayers. We said one Our Father and three Hail Mary's.

Tatang Lacay left immediate-

ly after the burial. Nanang Metiang and I went down to the river to wash the blanket used by the dead man. On the path to the river, a black cat crossed our path.

"Isn't that a bad omen?" I asked Nanang Metiang who, I had learned, was very superstitious.

"Yes. But I hope God will take care of everything. Come on, let's hurry up," she said after giving a last look at the black cat that limped into the bushes that lined the path.

I noticed that the river that wound along the evacuation area had decreased in width since our arrival. The trees around became withered. The dead leaves were piled rotting along the bank.

When we arrived home, we saw Tata Maning kneeling in a corner and my father beside Auntie Feling. "I think it's time for the baby now Manang," my father said in a worried voice. Nanang Metiang put down the batya and went towards the three. She knew how to deliver babies. She ran her fingers on Auntie Feling's stomach and shook her head.

"Not yet."

Dusk began to envelop the area. It was unusually silent. I couldn't even hear the chirping of crickets in the dry fields around. Sometimes I would peep through the door of the calapaw and see the people inside. Tata Maning kept walking to and fro. The two soldiers were at one end of the calapaw, and Auntie Feling at another. Her moaning stopped for a while.

As I was stirring the hot linugaw for the other two men, I saw a blackbird fly across the fields of withered corn. When I stood up to get a bowl I saw a man slowly crossing the sluggish river. His head was bowed and his shoulders were drooping. As he neared, I knew that it was Tatang Lacay from the black and white shirt he wore. He stumbled at the door of the calapaw. Nanang Metiang and my father and Tata Maning helped him up. The wooden ladle with which I was stirring the linugaw dropped to my side when I saw the blood gushing from his breast and left thigh.

DURING that night we kept vigil. Blood continued to drip in spite of the preventives

Nanang Metiang applied. Several sheets were already soaked with blood. I tried to close my eyes but the picture of the suffering old man horrified me. The oil of the lamparilla was already too little to give enough light. I threw a glance at him.

Meanwhile, Auntie Feling's labor pains came again. The intervals were short this time. It was a good thing that the other two soldiers were getting better. Nanang Metiang ordered Tata Maning to heat water. "The baby might come anytime now." She exchanged places with my father. He would attend to Tatang Lacay while she prepared rags and oils for Auntie Feling.

I squatted at one corner of the calapaw. My eyes travelled from the two soldiers to Tatang Lacay and then to Auntie Feling. At past midnight, Tatang Lacay's moaning subsided a little. But afterwards, with the aid of the dying lamparilla I noticed that he was already very pale. He set his jaws as if to gather enough courage to fight death. After a few moments he passed.

I didn't know what happened afterwards. But it seemed as if I could hear voices and music similar to that played by the Life Orchestra days ago. Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by the loud cry of a baby. I wiped my eyes with the back of my hands. And by the bright rays of the sun penetrating through the recesses of the calapaw, I beheld Auntie Feling's boy, healthy and robust.

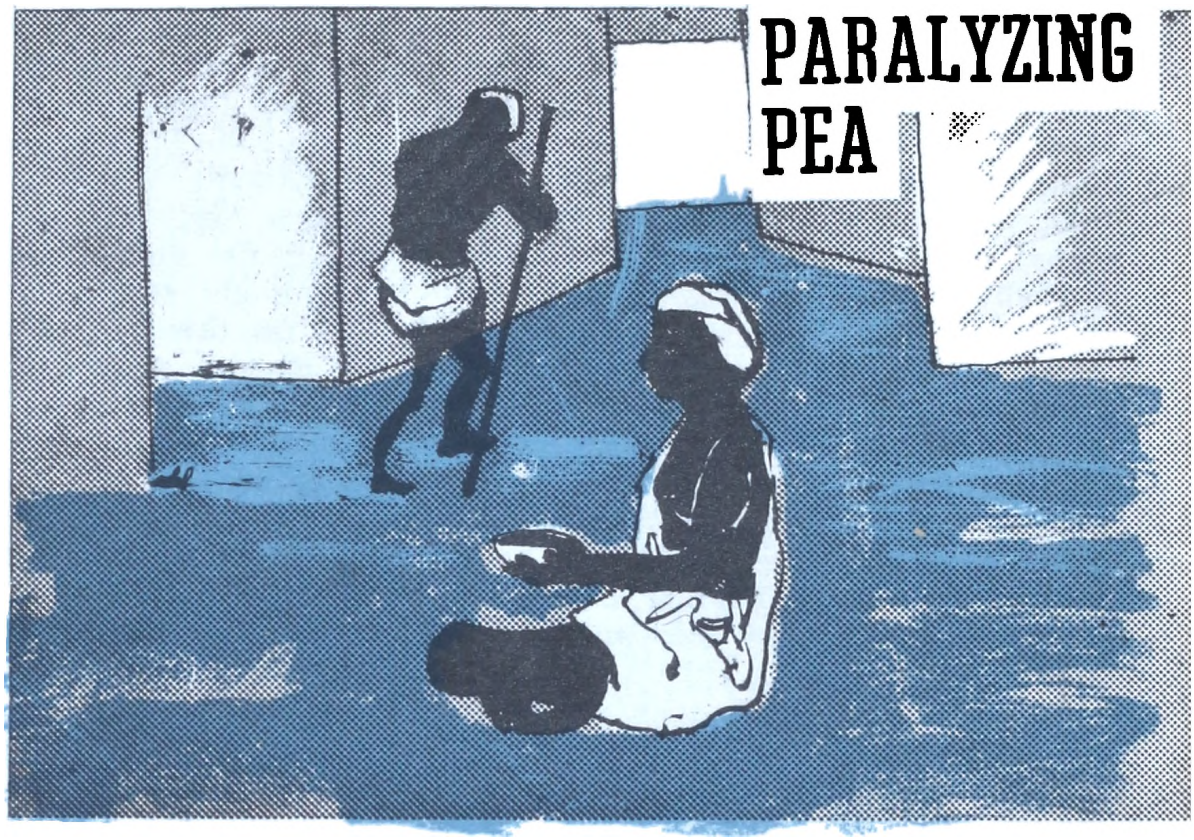
* * *

An Exception

DO YOU think all motorcycle cops are heartless monsters? They tell of one up New England way who bagged two speeding cars at the same time, ordered the drivers to pull up at the side of the road. The lead car had a dazzlingly pretty girl at the wheel, and the appreciative young man in the second car whispered, "Go easy on her bud," as the cop strode by, summons book in hand. A few moments later the girl drove off, and the cop approached the young man. He handed him a slip of paper. It contained the girl's telephone number. "Get going," he ordered, "and no more of that 70-miles-an-hour stuff, or you'll never live to use this."

The khesari dhal

INDIA'S PARALYZING PEA



INDIAN scientists are warning that much of their country's farmlands have been sown with a food crop that may cripple millions. For over 25 years researchers have suspected a link between the small black pea-like plant that is the main diet in central and northern India and a disease that makes strong farmers cripples. Although the crop should be banned, however, science fears that many families for whom it means subsistence will continue to grow and eat it.

The plant that is the trouble-maker is called khesari dhal. Over four million acres are sown with it. In Bihar, in northeast Asia, and Madhya Pradesh in central India, it constitutes 40-50 percent of the people's diet. Its seeds, mixed with other grains, are baked into chapatties—thin round bread. Khesari dhal is used also for cattle fodder, because in drought time it is the only plant that will grow in parched land.

Much credit, however, is given the theory that the common paralysis, Lathyrism, is traceable to the plant. The germ or

virus which causes the disease has not been isolated; yet the disease never occurs in the absence of the plant. Years of experiment have convinced researchers that the disease is caused either by an ingredient of the plant or by some reaction in the seed when it is stored in peasants' unbaked earthenware pots.

IN SOME areas it is estimated that from 6 to 8 percent of the population suffer from the disease; especially men between 20-30 years of age may be permanently crippled. Madras and Kerala have already banned the crop; and others have been advised to do the same.

"Lathyrus sativus," to use its Latin designation, is a grass pea that must be sown annually. It grows to a height of 30 inches and is widely used for human food and forage. Sometimes it is called the Indian pea.

Seeds of similar plants in North Africa and southern Europe commonly poison humans and animals and sometimes lead to fatalities. In 1884 the pea was discovered to have poisoned 35-75 cart horses owned by a resident of Liverpool, England.

There are also records of the peas having harmed cattle, sheep and pigs, and of their having caused pigeons to lose the power of flight.

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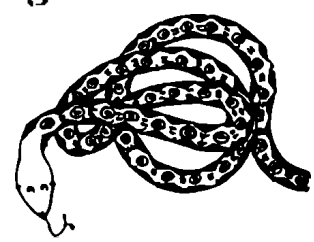


Did You Know?

What kind of snake is a "glass" snake?

A glass snake is not a snake at all, but a legless lizard that parts with its tail when pursued. The tail continues to wriggle for some time and holds the attention of the enemy while the lizard escapes.

*

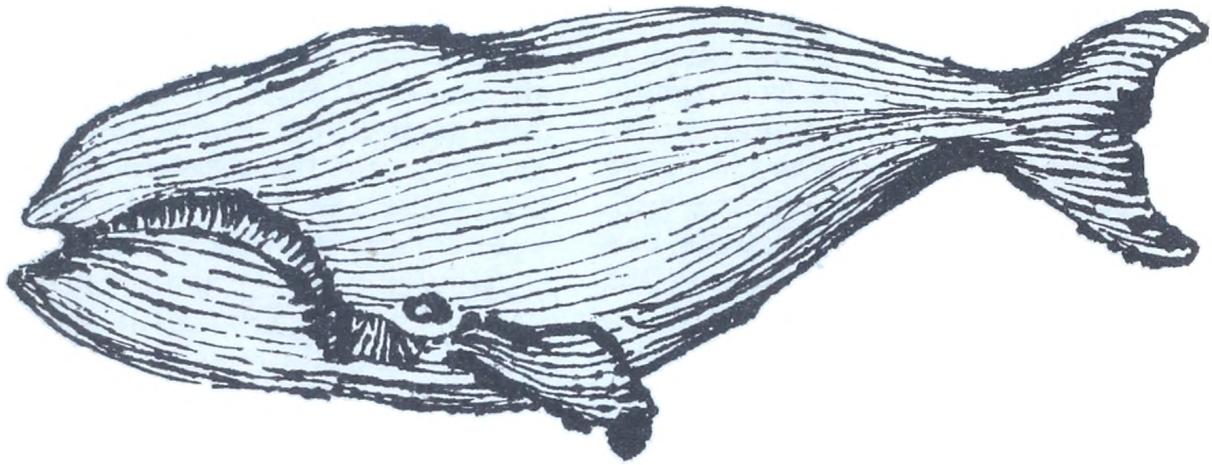
Where is it that people prefer black teeth to white ones?

In the East Indies. Some of the natives there chew betel nuts, and by the time they are 12 years years old, their teeth are completely black from the stains. When these people grow older and need false teeth, they naturally prefer to have black ones.

*

No matter how you look at it . . .

It's a WHALE of an Industry



By JOHN DAVIDSON

AS FAR BACK as 1842, whaling was a flourishing industry in Western Australia, and, in addition, many farms along the coast depended for their existence on supplying fresh vegetables to the whalers. The industry was then controlled by Norwegian companies. However, the companies concerned in the post-war revival of the trade in Western Australia are Australian-owned, and between them they produce whale oil which is worth more than £A1 million annually.

One of these companies is the Cheynes Beach Whaling Company, which began operations in 1952 at Frenchman's Bay in the Albany district. This concern operates two whale-catchers, or 'chasers, as they are sometimes called (except by the skipper, who assures you that he **catches** whales and doesn't just **chase** them). The vessels, **Cheynes** and **Kos VII,** both of about 250 tons, with

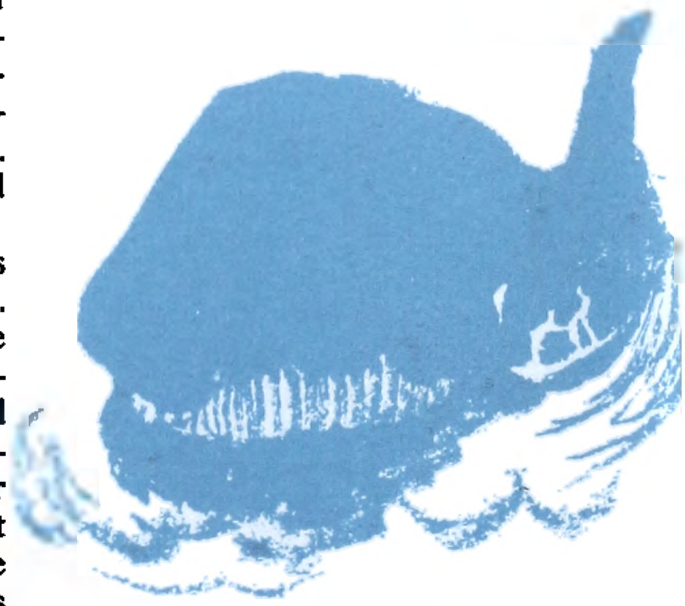
a maximum speed of 12½ knots, are steam-operated with oil-fired burners, each consuming about six-and-a-half tons of oil a day.

Mounted on the bow of each ship is a harpoon gun, which fires a harpoon weighing 170 lb., to which is attached 80 fathoms of rope. The explosive warhead of the harpoon explodes inside the whale, usually causing instantaneous death. When dead, the whale is inflated for buoyancy and is towed by a launch to the shore processing station at Frenchman's Bay, about 14 miles from the town of Albany.

The chaser, the shore station and the towing launch are in two-way radio contact, and time is saved by constant reports on sightings and positions. An aircraft, flown by Mr. John Downie, spots, locates and often assists in catching the whales. Mr. Downie also sees that buoyed whales do not come adrift.

Sighting whales is an expert's job, especially in rough weather. Often, it is the blowing of the whale which betrays its position. Incidentally, the vertical spout of water so much associated with whales is not water pumped up by the whale, but condensation from the large volume of air forced from its lungs. An interesting sidelight on hunting sperm whales, which can lie submerged for up to 50 minutes, is the use by the modern whale 'chaser of a radar device which keeps track of the whale at depth, in somewhat the same way that Asdic detects submerged submarines.

THERE ARE numerous types of whales, but, in recent years, the humpback and sperm whales have been the species hunted in Western Australian waters. The humpback caught off the Australian coast spends part of the year in its feeding grounds in the Antartic, and then travels up through warmer waters surrounding Australia,



South Africa and South America, where breeding takes place. While migrating, the whales do not feed, but rely on their body fats to sustain them.

Humpbacks grow to 50 feet in length and weigh about a ton for each foot in length. Unlike the sperm whale, the humpback has no teeth, just a series of bony plates in the upper jaw. The sperm whale, which has about 48 teeth in the lower jaw, inhabits the deep waters off the continental shelf and feeds on large octopus and squid.

There are restrictions on the number of humpback whales that can be caught. The quotas, which are voluntary and designed to ensure that the species will not become extinct, are set by the Commonwealth Fisheries Department in conjunction with the International Whaling Statistics in Norway. Other restrictions do not permit the killing of whales under 35 feet in length or of a lactating cow whale with calf.

How can you recognize a lactating cow whale?

"That's easy," 'chaser skipper Frank Hughes, of Cheynes Beach Whaling, told me. "A whale with a calf will take it on her back or under a flipper, for protection, when pursued."

Cheynes Beach Whaling Company is allowed a quota of only 120 humpback whales a season, and these are obtained between June and late July (some larger companies are allowed 1,000 humpbacks). When the towing launch brings the whale alongside the shore station, a Fisheries Department inspector is waiting to check whether or not it is regulation length.

Then the flensing (or cutting-up) operation begins. This is a slippery and bloody business to watch — let alone perform. However, it is most interesting to see skilled operators at work with their long razor-sharp flensing knives. Finally, the whole whale, including blubber and bones, is cut up to a suitable size to despatch down a circular opening to the Kwana-type cooker, which is similar in principle to the domestic pressure cooker, except that in addition it contains a large, revolving, perforated cylinder through which the whole contents pass as cooking reduces the size of the particles. The whale is cooked for five or six hours, heat being supplied by steam generated from burners fired by fuel oil at a consumption rate of 50 tons a week.

After cooking, the complete contents of the cooker are blown over to settling tanks. The oil is tapped to containers and the residue, called grax, a mixture of offal and oil, is passed through super decanters, from which further oil is extracted. The grax settles and

is fed into a drier, where moisture is extracted, the result being a meal of high protein content, used either as stock or poultry feed or as fertilizer.

The humpback yields edible oil, sold in Britain and Europe mainly for the manufacture of margarine. The oil is valued at about £85 sterling a ton. The average whale weighs nine tons, but one humpback, recently caught by Cheynes Beach Whaling, yielded 15 tons of oil. Sperm oil is inedible and used mainly for such industrial purposes as tanning, steel tempering, and as a blend with mineral oils for machinery lubrication.

Britain is the chief buyer of this oil, which is valued at about £90 sterling a ton, the average oil per whale being eight tons. Oil is stored at the whaling station in tanks, which have a total capacity of 2,000 tons, until it is transferred into bulk tanks in cargo vessels to be shipped overseas. In 1956, when only one 'chaser was employed, Cheynes Beach Whaling exported oil to the value of £100,000.

A small organization such as Cheynes Beach, with a quota of only 120 humpback whales, would use about 700 tons of fuel oil a year, including that used by one 'chaser, as was the case in 1956. In addition, four tons of diesel fuel is needed each week by diesel engines at the shore station. About 1,000 gallons of lubricants is needed annually, plus 10,000 gallons of motor spirit and a similar amount of distillate.

The company is expanding, and now, with two 'chasers employed, can hunt a greater quantity of non-quota sperm whales in addition to their quota of humpbacks, so the figures given should be considerably increased, and we will find Western Australia's economy enhanced of yet another valuable industry.

* * *

Wolf Scent

BECKLINGHAUSEN, *West Germany. — A chemical which smells like wolves is keeping rabbits and stray dogs from spoiling the beauties of a city park at Herten near here.*

It is spread on all lawns and flower beds and when animals get wind of the artificial wolf-scent they give the park a wide berth.

*

Book Review

Philippine Freedom*

By LEONARD CASPER

Part I

WITH THE scruple of a man customarily responsible to his expericence of things—for seven years he was **N.Y. Times** staff correspondent in the Philippines and **Manila Daily Bulletin** news editor—Robert Aura Smith has defined the separate natures of independence (the relationship of one sovereign state to others) and freedom (the relationship between an individual and his society); and has proceeded to trace the recent history of both among Filipinos.

One of the book's few limitations is that, by recording background events only since the Spanish-American war, Smith unwittingly preserves the absurd though well-worn implication that freedom had no advocates in the Philippines until imported from the States. The naked names of Rizal and Bonifacio are dropped on occasion; but the oversight which neglects their part in making present history possible is strange, coming from an Officer of the Philippine Legion of Honor.

The book's other faults are more easily understood and forgiven. So many major events have occurred in postwar Philippines that often Smith finds his space spent on following long-range changes in their climate, rather than the daily weathering of circumstance. What he gains by this necessary aloofness is a kind of impersonality as reporter (he is more desk man than leg man), an objectivity in the relating of fact to fact, preferable by far to the self-magnification at the

* Robert Aura Smith, *Philippine Freedom: 1946-1958* (Columbia University Press: N.Y., 1958).

expense of whole truth on which, for example, Romulo's "historical" books have sometimes depended. But this same over-view, because it seldom rubs off the sweat of the crowd, has the misfortune of implying again that freedom is largely achieved by imposition and legislation: if not by big-brother America, then by big-brother Elected Home Administration.

Democracy is not an invitation to let inferiors elect their superiors to office; and the life of Magsaysay is so very important because it proved that either self-government rests on a belief in equality among men or it becomes mere participation in the choice of which tyrant will rule. However, it must be observed that unless Smith had written his work in several volumes, he could hardly have maneuvered his perspective from panorama to local incident without losing proportion or control. He has done no worse, in this matter, than most historians so intent on the Big Picture that the average man, without whom so much of history would not be viable, is reduced to ciphers.

IN THE short section on the Japanese Occupation, Smith specifically acknowledges that other accounts have treated the brutalities and turncoating more adequately than he is about to do. The same could be said of different sections. But what the reader sees demonstrated here is how history texts are constructed, by omission and selection, with the more responsible ones hoping against hope not to distort the general truth, in spite of what is edited out. Smith's is a kind of summing-up of many accounts, fictional and otherwise, not all already written, of twelve important years in the human endeavor. As a chronicle by epitome, it succeeds far far better than usual.

The crush and competition of material for space allows Smith to ignore not only the common **tao** but also major Filipino business men and even many of the political hierarchy's second echelon. There is room for Sycip's aid to Liberty Wells but not for the free enterprise of Marcelo or the Delgado Brothers; for Taruc and Pomeroy but not for Gov. Lacson or Mayor Lacson of Manila; for Aglipayans on the ballot but not for Fathers Hogan or Delaney or the Catholic Action Groups...These and a multitude of others whose ways threatened or rescued freedom are left to Filipino writers, as are also more durable estimates of many international figures treated.

Smith is too diplomatic in his kindly, nearly indiscriminate comments on Quirino, Romulo, Jose Laurel Jr., President Garcia and Recto; but his full biographical treatment of Magsaysay whom he clearly admired perhaps subtlely provides an elevation against which the lower contours of others can be measured.

Fortunately, Smith has as carefully chosen what to write about as what not to. If he has left to sociologists the full explication of the dangers to freedom in the Filipino, and to some as-yet-unborn prophet denunciation of equal threats from an educational system both monolithic and bureaucratic, nevertheless he **has** written substantially about the growth of political freedom in the archipelago. The evidence which he presents sufficiently justifies his conclusions that "the Filipinos are living under the most stable free government in Asia."

This is not, as too many dockside speeches have been, mere flattery from a friend who has to repay many parties in his honor; nor is it the effort of a man to vindicate years invested from his own fund of effort and devotion. Smith's material is so factual, and therefore consequential, that **Philippine Freedom: 1946-1958** might well seem designed as a textbook for political science or international relations (various Fil-American treaters, for example, are offered in valuable appendices) and undoubtedly will be used as such in the Asian Studies programs of many American universities. Filipinos, as well, perhaps living too close to the events described to possess them otherwise as a continuum, will appreciate this attempt to summarize the life of a nation, young in independence, old in the knowledge of human rights.

(*To be concluded*)

* * *

Too Little

A suspicius wife made a surprise call at her husband's office. Encountering his pretty secretary, she introduced herself and added:

"I'm so glad to meet you, Miss Shapely. My husband has told me so little about you."

*

Kenneth Roberts: Unflinching Truth

AUTHOR OF 26 books Roberts was a highly successful newspaper and magazine writer long before his fifth novel, "Northwest Passage," became his first best-seller in 1937.

The former **Boston Post** columnist and **Saturday Evening Post** staff writer had just completed proof reading for his seventh novel, "Water Unlimited," when he died in 1957.

Roberts was noted above all for his meticulous attention to accuracy and detail in everything he wrote. His historical novels often were called far better history than that in the history books.

Roberts himself said, "I think that most historians, like most professional men, should have stuck to farming."

Born in Kennebunk, Me., Roberts was graduated from Cornell University in 1908. For eight years he was a reporter, special writer and humor columnist for the **Boston Post.** Before joining the army in World War I to become a captain in the intelligence section of the Siberian Expeditionary Force, he worked briefly for **Puck** and **Life.**

He became a staff writer for the **Saturday Evening Post** during the editorship of the famed George Horace Lorimer, but resigned in 1930 to write "Arundel."

Several of Roberts' ancestors fought in the American Revolution. Family stories of their activities, which he heard as a boy, helped to turn him toward historical writing.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE and highly-acclaimed debunker, Roberts would not hesitate to report what he thought was accurate — provided only that he could "demonstrate its truth."

In 1921, when only 35, he campaigned vigorously for immigration restrictions, claiming that "the scum of the world, vermin-ridden and useless" was "clamoring to get over here."

When Senator Colt of the Senate Immigration Committee countered that no emergency legislation was needed to control immgiration, Roberts wrote for the **Saturday Evening Post** an article "The Existence of an Emergency" which brought a nation-wide clamor for action.

Later Roberts was told by W. W. Husband, commissioner-general of immigration, that he had done more than any other person or agency to bring about the passage of immigration restrictions.

Twenty years later, Roberts was to turn his guns on the founding fathers themselves. The heroes of Bunker Hill, he wrote, were not the high-minded righteous crusaders that schoolbook historians always have pretended they were.

Another example of his unflinching respect for the "truth" as he saw it was his defense of the revolutionary war hero-turned-traitor, Benedict Arnold.

"Nothing is so valuable," wrote Roberts, "to a nation as the truth. Never, though I myself be damned for not doing it, will I curse Benedict Arnold."

In his "Rabble in Arms" Roberts contended that Arnold really had a high motive for his treason, since he thought it better to turn the colonies back to England than to leave them to fall into the hands of France — as he thought they would through the incompetence of the Continental Congress.

ROBERTS SPENT three years of grinding research to establish the authenticity of the background for "Northwest Passage" in the period of the French and Indian wars, 1754-63.

Last May Roberts received a special citation from the Pulitzer Prize Award Committee for "his historical novels which have long contributed to the creation of greater interest in our early American history."

He managed to save plenty of time apart from his writing for his frequent hot-tempered feuds with politicians, historians, and scientists. His private causes included most recently water-dowsing powers of Henry Gross, Federal game warden from York County, to whom he devoted two books, "Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod" and "The Seventh Sense."

Roberts emphatically believed in the water-finding power of the forked stick and offered skeptics carefully documented "proof" that the rod would turn downward to find any underground water.

* * *

Stupidity Unlimited

DR. Heini Hediger, famous European animal behaviorist and dihector of the zoo in this city, has opened what he calls a museum of human imbecility in relation to caged animals.

It consists of a collection of objects, including many sharp weapons found in cages or taken from visitors with sadistic inclinations or at best a thoughtless attitude toward captive beasts.

Dr. Hediger recently escorted a man from the gardens who was trying to jab a monkey with a five-inch needle. His staff also has found rocks weighing up to three pounds that had been hurled at the bears.

According to Dr. Hediger, some visitors bring umbrellas into the zoo for the sole purpose of opening them suddenly to frighten the big cats, but he is unable to explain the presence of briefcases, hats and pairs of shoes and slippers that have been found in cages.

He also says that an elderly and normally torpid crocodile in an open tepid tank of water is the favorite target of a large number of coins. He has examined currency recovered and found that British pennies and Italian lire predominate. No Swiss money has been found.

The director thinks the coin throwers are impelled by some propitiatory motive akin to offerings to the ancient gods.

*

That First Trip to the States . . .

●

By an Asian Student

WE DON'T know how it is going to be for you — or has been — but when we hit these shores a good many years ago to flirt with higher education in an American institution, we found that it wasn't the curriculum that baffled us but the customs.

Of course we had seen plenty of Hollywood movies, we had read books about this wide land, and we were pretty sure that Red (or American) Indians didn't raid trains any longer or scalp strangers. For that matter, we were reasonably certain that gangsters didn't habitually ride up and down the streets of most cities machine-gunning each other. We say "reasonably certain," for we were young but cautious.

We had come from one of the great cities of the world and were therefore not unfamiliar with public modes of transportation, crowds, elevators, pickpockets, confidence men who would try to sell you spurious articles of great value for trifling sums, wild women and spirituous liquors. We were clad in the shining armor of youth, cynicism and knowledge — or so we thought.

The ship docked (this was before the days of trans-ocean airplanes) and we set out to view the sights of this new land. As we had not been provided with unlimited gold we thought it best to use public means of conveyance. We knew where we wished to go; we had made inquiries, and in due time we boarded a streetcar — or tram, if you wish. So far, so good.

CAME NOW the question of payment. Standing before us was an imposing gentleman in a blue coat with silver buttons. We inquired as to the price of the ride. The transportation official gave us a look indicat-

i n g — w e imagine — disdain, and said in a bored voice:

"A nickel, Bud, a nickel."

(This was a long time ago, you understand.)

Being familiar with this American expression for five cents, we fished out a coin and handed it to the man in blue. He brushed it aside, indicated a fiendish contraption attached to a pole and gestured.

"In the box. Put it in the box."

The "box" he referred to had a sort of regal crown consisting of a series of holes punched in a steel circle topping a cube of glass and steel that gave off clicking sounds as the custodian of this magic machine gave an attached lever a series of impatient whirls. We looked at this device, started to sweat, and finally asked:

"Which hole should I drop it in?"

"Any hole, Bud," said Mr. Blue in tones of exasperation. "Just drop it in and get inside."

We did just that, and have been doing so ever since, although we still don't understand how this invention of the devil is able to differentiate between the nickels, dimes and pennies that are dropped into its maw. (Of course, the price isn't a nickel anymore.)

Now, in Our City, things were done a little differently. You boarded a streetcar and sat down, or stood up and hung onto straps. In due time a conductor came through the car and you bought a ticket. None of this pay-as-you-enter nonsense. Strips one of dignity, it does. Perhaps it is more efficient, though. Who knows. As our first experience with American customs, however, it has had a lasting trauma on our feelings toward public conveyances in this country.

BUT LET us move on to less painful experiences. Like our first experience in a restaurant — or a lunch counter. On the same day, after having disembarked from the nightmare streetcar and wandered here and there craning our neck at the buildings and the flora and fauna, we began to feel the pangs of hunger. We entered what we now understand is known as a short-order place. (You know, sandwiches a n d stuff.) We sat at the counter on a stool. The place was clean — a l m o s t aseptic — and we thought that mama would have approved of this. No danger of catching American cholera here. A waitress (quite pretty, too) dressed in a white uniform stood before us and handed us a menu. We studied it at some length until several dry coughs indicated that impatience had set in on the part of our serving lass. Being somewhat unnerved after our transportation

experience, we hurriedly indicated one of the "Specials" for the day.

"Whaddya w a n t a drink?" asked the Lady in White.

"Milk," we said, reverting to the infantile. (Perhaps it was a cry for succor.)

"Mile high and ride the range!" the waitress called, turning her head in an indeterminate direction.

Not having the code book at the time, this alarming bit of information almost convinced us that the cowboys were again taking over the town, replete with six-guns and high spirits. Actually, it was simplicity itself, once you analyze it. Not that you have the time to do so during the years you spend here working on a B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. In any case, what we finally received was a Denver Sandwich and a glass of milk.

"That'll be four bits — and two cents tax," our semantic scrambler announced.

"Beg your pardon?" we essayed, battered, bruised and confused.

"Pay me," she said. "Fifty two cents."

We did.

Now, really, we do these things so much better in Our City. Who would think of asking you to pay for bread and meat before you had eaten? Such an insult! Like the streetcar, though, efficient.

BEATEN, but undismayed, we made our way to the railway office so that we might determine how we were to reach our final destination. Across the counter from us was a young man with a sympathetic face. We explained that we had just arrived from Asia and were on our way to keep a rendezvous with the Muses at Weebohawken (quaint, these native names) College in Scrimscrage, Pennyslashington. Ah, yes, said our man, studying a map and timetables and other paraphernalia, he thought it could be arranged.

"Which 'rout' would you like to take?" he asked, ingenuously.

Now, while English may not have been (and still isn't obviously) our strong point, we had a vague idea that "rout" indicated a mob or a state of confused riot — an ignominious defeat, so to speak.

We had enough of American routs for the day. What we wanted was a quiet route (pronounced "root") back to our lodgings where we might ponder on the mores of this strange land in peace and wonder what our future might be among the savages.

Now, we trust that this will not be the sort of experience you will encounter on your first day here. Perhaps you will be much better oriented. We hope so. There are, however, a few

points that may make your path less rocky at the start. (We cannot pretend to cover more than a few basic matters here.)

It would be well to remember that in the United States you pay as you board a public conveyance. Ask the price. If you have the correct amount handy, drop it in the box. Ask how if you are confused. If you do not have the correct change, hand the driver a coin or a bill, but not over one dollar. He will give you some coins. Remember that he has simply given you small change. **He has not taken out the fare.** You must now put the exact amount of the fare in the box. (All this is designed to prevent petty theft on the part of the drivers.)

When you go to a restaurant — unless it is a better class place where you sit at tables and are served — or a cafeteria, it is generally customary to pay on being served. No harm will be done in any case if you try to do so. If this is not the custom at the establishment, you will be told something like: "Please pay the cashier on your way out."

WE NOW come to foods. Many of you will have dietary taboos. Let us first turn to sandwiches. The ubiquitous American hamburger is made of beef. It contains no pork. Ham and bacon are pork products, although a beef bacon is available in some stores. Hot dogs, or frankfurters on a bun, are a form of sausage. In most cases American hot dogs are made from beef. Cheese is cheese anywhere in the world; there are many, many varieties in the United States, the most common of which is called American and is a mild yellow form.

Egg is used in sandwiches in various ways. Devilled egg is nothing more than mashed hard-boiled egg and mayonnaise (oil, egg and vinegar). It contains no meat. Ham and egg, bacon and egg, are exactly what the name implies. Hot cakes and waffles are variants of pancakes (**chappaties,** etc.) and are made from flour and milk. French fries are potatoes fried in deep fat and are the same as the British "chips."

A pot roast is beef; **chili con carne** — also known simply as chili — contains beef. It is a hot Mexican dish and should be a favorite of those southeast Asians who do not shun beef. A milk shake is made from ice cream and milk; a malted milk shake (malt) is a milk shake with the addition of a small amount of malted milk powder — the kind they give to babies. Both are generally flavored with the addition of chocolate or fruit syrups. They are nourishing and tasty.

Coffee is coffee (very good in America), tea is tea (very bad in America) and milk is milk (sanitary in America).

The above is not intended as a complete list of foods. In most fairly large cities a variety of foods is available. But in the vicinity of campuses we have found that students seem to consume more than the national average of hamburgers, milk shakes and various kinds of sandwich.

WE NOW come to a rather delicate problem. In the United States, differing from many Asian and European nations, there are very few public toilets in cities. These will be found in parks, but not in the business and shopping areas. The best way is to enter a large department store, if there is one in the area, and ask someone for the "washroom." This is one American Puritanical euphuism for the toilet. Others are "restroom," "comfort station," and in the case of women, "powder room." If a department store is not handy, all service stations (gasoline or petrol stands) have this convenience. You will find service stations all over the place. Just go to one and ask for the "washroom" or "rest room." The facilities are almost invariably excellent and sanitary.

Another question we are often asked is about living arrangements. When you first arrive in San Francisco or New York or wherever it may be, it is likely that the city will have a YMCA and a YWCA. These establishments are probably the most reasonable and safe places where you can stay while proceeding to your destination. You do not have to be a Christian, nor do you have to worry that any missionary work will be attempted. After you arrive at your destination, consult your Foreign Student Adviser about permanent or semi-permanent arrangements. If you are in distress while travelling, ask for Traveler's Aid.

Which brings us to the last subject: money. We will assume that if you are carrying a goodly sum it will be in the form of traveler's checks. If not, go to the first bank and get your dollars changed into this safe and convenient form of exchange. Never carry more than twenty dollars in cash.

MORE ON money: America is the home of the tip. We understand this word originally came from the initials of "To Insure Promptness" but today it is a national curse. Everyone from the bellboy in the hotel to the barber expects a tip and if he doesn't get one, feels insulted. A good rule of thumb for the student is 15 per cent. (Then per cent went by the board many long years ago.)

Do tip: waiters and waitresses (except in self-service restaurants), taxi drivers, bellboys, Pullman porters. **Do not tip:** airline stewardesses, salesgirls and salesmen, hotel clerks.

So, armed with this knowledge, go forth bravely. And do **not** heed the maxim: "When in trouble or in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout!" — **The Asian Student**

* * *

Animal Oddities

THERE *are barking lobsters and ants that are living tanks of honey.*

These curiosities of natural history have been reported from Australia in the journal Nature, organ of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The honey-carrying ants are reported by a scientist of the University of Adelaide. They are found, he says, in many parts of Central Australia, usually in arid country or near groves of certain blossoming trees.

They are modified worker ants that are stuffed either with honey or nectar day after day by other workers. This honey is stored in the abdomens, which swell to a half inch in diameter. This evidently is to feed the rest of the ant community during scarce periods.

The honey-carriers are eaten avidly by natives. The scientists analyzed the honey. It differed from most honey, he found, in containing a larger percentage of the fruit sugar fructose than of the more common glucose.

The barking lobster, or crayfish, is reported from Northern Australia. It makes a harsh, grating noise with the stubby antennae before its eyes. This sound can be reproduced even after the animal is dead. What purposes it serves is unknown.

*

Vanishing Mammals

AT LEAST *106 mammals have become extinct in the last* 2,000 *years, and of these seventy-three have disappeared since* 1800, *the National Geographic Society has reported.*

In a recent survey the society discovered that hundreds of other animals which were on the verge of extinction are the key deer of Florida and the black-footed ferret.

The American bisons were once on the list, but strict conservation measures have saved them. Perhaps the most carefully watched and attended of the nearly extinct are whooping cranes.

The International Union for Conservation in Brussels maintains a sharp watch on mammals that currently face destruction. Their warning list includes the Addo bush elephant of South Africa, the Arabian oryx, a desert antelope, and the wisent, a European relative of the American bison.

Other animals existing in greatly reduced numbers are 250 *Asiatic lions, about* 200 *great Indian rhinoceroses and forty Javan rhinoceroses.*

*

The Bridegroom Who Was a Snake

LONG AGO there lived a Brahmin and his wife. They had no children, and it was a great grief to them both.

The wife wept bitterly when she saw little boys and girls playing round her. The Brahmin could not bear to see her so sad, so he made many sacrifices to the gods, in the hope that his prayers might be granted.

The gods took pity on the Brahmin and his wife, and at last they knew that a child would be born to them.

They were full of happiness at the thought of having a baby of their own, but alas, when the child was born it was a serpent!

Their friends said the snake should be thrown out into the jungle, but the mother loved it, and took the greatest care of it. She bathed and fed it, and it grew very fast.

Some years later the Brahmin and his wife were asked to a wedding. When they returned to their home, the wife said:

'It is time our son was married too.'

'My dear,' said the Brahmin, 'who will give his daughter to be married to a snake?"

At this the wife wept bitterly, and would not be comforted. At last the Brahmin said he would try to find a wife for their serpent son.

He set out, and travelled far, looking for a bride. One day he arrived at the house of an old friend, whom he had not seen for many years.

His friend was very glad to see him, he said. Come and stay in my house. As they sat talking together his host said:

Why are you travelling about? What is your business?'

'I am looking for a bride for my son,' said the Brahmin.

Now the host had a young daughter, and he wanted a husband for her. Very soon the two fathers agreed to make a match between their children.

The Brahmin took the girl and her attendants back to his home, and the wedding was arranged.

A crowd collected to see the girl, who was to marry the serpent. Everybody was sorry for her. At last somebody told her servants that the bridegroom was a snake. The servants were horrified and ran to tell the bride.

When she heard what they had to say, the girl said proudly, 'My father has agreed to the marriage and I will not make him break his promise.'

She waited on her husband, and prepared his meals as a good wife should, and never in any way showed that she disliked him.

One evening, as it was growing dusk, the serpent came out of his basket. Then suddenly there appeared a very handsome young man!

The wife was terrified. She thought a thief had broken into the house. She rushed to the door, but before she could give the alarm the young man said:

'I am your husband! Do not be afraid.' The girl could not believe him, but to prove it to her, he went back into the body of the snake, and the snake began to move about. When he appeared again as a man, the snake lay dead.

There were great rejoicings when his parents heard the news. They young bride was very happy too.

BUT IN the morning they were all very sad for once again the son became a serpent!

However, the Brahmin cheered them all by saying that he had a plan in his head, but he would not tell them what it was.

That evening the young man appeared again.

The father waited till he was asleep in bed, and then went quietly into his room, and carried away the body of the snake.

He burnt the snake to ashes. After that the spell was broken and his son remained a man.

The Brahmin gave a great feast to all his friends, and everybody was very happy.

* * *

Fun is like insurance — get it while you're young.

Plastic Broom

A NEW type of scavenging broom for use in factories and road sweeping, has a life at least eight times that of orthodox brooms. The bristles are made of plastic monofilament which is light and very pliable. Although more expensive than ordinary brooms, it is claimed to be worth the extra cost by its long life.

* *

Safety Light

A British-made work-and warning light allows a wheel change to be made at night in safety. By plugging the device into the dashboard the motorist is provided with a useful two-in-one light, a flashing red light as a warning to other road users and a large field of continuous white light shining in the opposite direction to work by. The lamp stands steady on road, engine or seat without hooks. Twenty-one feet of flex allows the light to be taken to the back of any car to illuminate the boot. A mercury switch in this "silent sentinel" puts out the white light when the lid is closed.

* *

Infrared Message

INFRARED message transmission is under development by Army Signal Corps as near-foolproof way of getting messages through on the battlefield. Since very narrow transmission beam is invisible, enemy must have properly designed and tuned infrared detector even to be aware messages are transmitting. The beam must be physically interrupted to stop it. Wire and radio messages are fed into transmitter; receiver can hook into radio transmitter, loudspeaker or phone line.

Panorama Quiz

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

1. Everybody knows that a tarantula is a large hairy spider, but did you know that a tarantella is: **A. a horse-drawn vehicle? B. a Spanish delicacy? C. a whirling Italian dance? D. the hat of a bishop?**

2. "Eureka" was reputed to have been exclaimed by the following after discovering a method of detecting the amount of alloy in the king's crown: **A. Diogenes; B. Archimedes; C. Aristophanes; D. Pythagoras.**

3. A cause for worry among the Western powers is the recent announcement that Russia will finance the Aswan Dam in: **A. Egypt; B. Syria; C. Turkey; D. Red China.**

4. Would you associate Dow Jones averages with: **A. baseball? B. intelligence and aptitude tests? C. the stock market? D. horse racing?**

5. Astronomers refer to distances between heavenly bodies in terms of "light years," which means the distance travelled by light, in one year, at the speed of: **A. 25,000 miles per hour; B. 1,000,000 miles per hour; C. 120,000 miles per minute; D. 186,000 miles per second.**

6. In New York the governorship became a fight among millionaires this month with the entry in the race of the son of this famous magnate: **A. Rockefeller; B. Ford; C. Morgan; D. Dupont.**

7. Object of severe criticism locally is President Garcia's newly acquired yacht from Japan, named. **A. Pagasa; B. Apo; C. Lapu-lapu; D. Sikatuna.**

8. It shouldn't really amaze one to know that the number of automobiles (excluding trucks and buses) now running on U.S. roads is: **A. 10 million; B. 57 million; C. 800,000 D. 120,000.**

9. What is a platypus? It is: **A. a variety of American jazz instrument; B. the nickname for an aircraft carrier; C. a rare type of animal with a duck's bill and a furry tail; D. a card game popular in Ireland.**

10. Eton is the name of a famous English institution, a: **A. college for boys; B. diplomat's hat; C. tea product; D. military academy.**

ARE YOU WORD WISE? ANSWERS

1. B. a mine of wealth
2. D. refuse or rubbish
3. A. arising after one's death
4. C. to entangle
5. C. to travel
6. A. to bargain
7. A. without planning or preparation
8. C. a lively frolic
9. B. to bring in something new
10. C. degeneration

PANORAMA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. C. a whirling Italian dance?
2. B. Archimedes
3. A. Egypt
4. C. the stock market?
5. D. 186,000 miles per second
6. A. Rockefeller (Nelson; beat Harriman)
7. C. Lapu-lapu
8. B. 57 million (more or less; plus 11 million buses and trucks!)
9. C. a rare type of animal with a duck's bill and a furry tail.
10. A. college for boys

* * *

Systematic

In Los Angeles, there dwelt a head accountant who labored for a big furniture house for 40 years. Every morning he unlocked his desk at eight-thirty on the nose, peered into the center drawer for a moment, then locked everything up again. What was in that center drawer? Assistants, visiting salesmen, even the owner himself, never came close to solving the mystery. One day the accountant died suddenly, and after a decent interval everybody rushed to pry open the center drawer. It was found to contain just one little slip of paper. Printed in capital letters thereon were the words, THE SIDE TOWARD THE WINDOW IS THE DEBIT SIDE!

*

In the Beginning. . .

BANQUET (a feast)

The Italian *banco* means "bench"—an indispensable ingredient of the formal feast.

CONTRABAND (anything prohibited by law)

This English word is a combination of the Latin *contra* meaning "against" and *bando* "proclamation"—obviously because in the older days kings proclaimed publicly that certain goods should not be exported or imported.

BONUS (something extra)

Come Christmas and most employees will be getting a bonus—from the Latin adjective meaning "good". But definitely!

POLILLO: *Sleepy Isle*

ACTUALLY, Polillo is not as small as its names denotes. It has two towns —Burdeos on the east and Polillo on the west—and it would take a small motorboat the better part of a day to circumnavigate. By walking, which is the most common means of land travel, it takes about 15 hours to walk from Polillo to Burdeos. It has two points of contact with the mainland, Mauban and Infanta, both of Quezon province.

Motor launches ply everyday between the island and the mainland carrying copra and bananas which are the main products of the island. During a stormy month the strait becomes unpassable and the island truly becomes remote.

The patron saint of the island is the carpenter St. Joseph. Because he was poor, the people of Polillo believe that nobody on the island would become rich. There seems to be some truth to this because nobody is really rich on the island although nobody is actually very poor.

Polillo has to buy its rice from the mainland and sometimes even its fish. Consequently, the little money that its people earn from copra and bananas is used to purchase the staples and there is little, if any, savings.

Nothing noteworthy or spectacular has happened on Polillo since the Spaniard Salcedo founded its first town in 1572. A Catholic church was constructed in 1800 and around the same year a Moro watchtower was erected because it was sacked by Moro pirates.

During the Revolution, Polillo remained aloof. All that it did was shelter a few fugitives from the Spaniards. Even the Japanese during the War ignored Polillo. Hence the way of life of the people, their homes and culture have remained practically unchanged.

In such a town, a baptism, a fiesta or a wedding is a much-awaited event. People from the different barrios would congregate in the house of the celebrant and drink and dance for two days. As an Irish priest had observed, "The people could hardly afford to send their children to high school, but they spent ₱400 for fireworks and ₱500 for a band, all of which were gone in a moment." Probably, the most exciting thing that has happened to Polillo recently was the national election. There was much campaigning, betting, speculating and tempers ran high and wild.

DURING the rest of the year the people would occupy themselves in fishing, cleaning the coconut groves, planting and harvesting bananas. In the evenings they would congregate in the stores, drink lambanog and exchange harmless gossip.

It is probably because talking is the principal entertainment that the people are lively talkers. Most of them are highly opinionated and they would sound off, in an earthly way, on subjects as diverse as the best way of cutting a baby's navel and the strategy and tactics of nuclear warfare. Conversation in Polillo is flavored by homey witticisms and a kind of indirect moralising.

During the stormy months the people grow fat because of inactivity. This is also the time when the people run into debt. The Chinese and the buyers of copra and bananas are therefore able to buy the products months before the harvest.

Polillo is hardly a vacation spot but it certainly can offer the weary city-slicker a week or two of complete peace and relaxation.

* * *

Palau and the Coconut Beetle

WORD OF a wasp that kills the coconut beetle in the Caroline Islands may be reassuring to striken areas of the Philippines.

Palau, where U.S. Marines saw some of the fiercest slaughter of World War II on Bloody Nose Ridge, is part of the trust territories of the United States in the Pacific Islands. It barely survived Japanese occupation, and now has a new problem.

For several years they "lived on copra, the dried meat of the coconut that is used for soap and vegetable oils. The Japanese cut down a lot of the trees to make room for an airfield on Peleliu, the American attack destroyed more and the rhinoceros beetle did the rest."

Today the 700 inhabitants of Peleliu, no longer a U.S. Navy base, have just enough coconuts for eating, and none to sell. They export fish to Koror, where nearly half the 8,000 Palauans live, and gather a few Trochus shells to sell to Japan for buttons. Life has been nearly impossible — until the arrival of a man from Seattle, now the trust territory entomologist.

Mr. Robert Owen's principal duty is the cultivation of a scurrilous African wasp that preys on the rhinoceros beetle in a cruel, but effective way. The rhinoceros beetle is named for

the wicked horn on its proboscis. The creature is black and more than half the size of a man's thumb. It came from Asia in Japanese ships in 1942; in three years it killed half the coconut trees in the Palau Islands.

THE BEETLE breeds in rotten logs. At the flying stage, it bores into coconut fronds until it reaches the growing point of the tree, from which delicious heart-of-palm salads are made. The tree is destroyed.

Luckily, the Scalia wasps of Zanzibar and other parts of East Africa thrive on rhinoceros beetle larvae. Mr. Owen raises thousands of these wasps in piles of sawdust in his laboratory, a bombed-out Japanese building. When the wasp finds the larvae, it paralyzes them with a sting. Then it lays its own eggs nearby, to feed on the larvae as they develop. Through such devices, Palau's copra production has increased 25 percent again.

Mr. Owen also raises Florida cannibal snails which prefers to eat the giant African snail which destroys food-producing gardens in South Sea islands. Theoretically, when the cannibal snails have destroyed all giant African snails, they will begin to eat one another.

In addition to these very practical creatures, Mr. Owen also maintains a small zoo for the inhabitants who otherwise can be amused only by sports and ancient movies. This private zoo includes a Japanese-speaking sulphur-crested cockatoo, plus specimens of sea-going crocodiles, some of which reach a length of 30 feet.

* * *

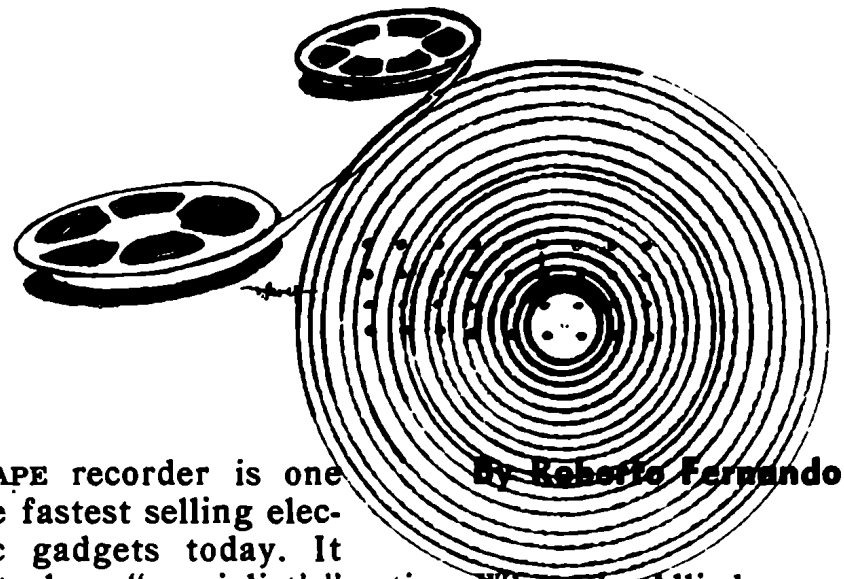
Welcome Lightning

Lightning is essential to fertilizing plants. For few plants can take nitrogen out of the air. Most of them take it, combined with oxygen, from the soils, and lightning puts it there. For lightning causes nitrogen and oxygen to combine; and then rain carries millions of tons of this valuable fixed nitrogen down to the earth yearly to sustain vegetation.

*

And Now Comes the

TAPE RECORDER



By Roberto Fernando

THE TAPE recorder is one of the fastest selling electronic gadgets today. It has ceased to be a "specialist's" machine and has now become as familiar as a typewriter to most households. In the entertainment market, it is a close second to the phonograph.

The tape recorder was developed in Germany shortly before the war. However, it was adapted to practical use by about 1944. During that time, it was used only by businessmen, radio stations, recording companies and army interrogators. The German engineers brought the tape recorder to near perfection. When the Allied army took over Radio Luxembourg, they found recording apparatus that experts never thought existed.

The first commercial tape recorders were widely used as business dictating machines. In the business areas, what was needed was mere sound transcription. Hardly any attention was given to fidelity recording. However, manufacturers engaged in the production of sound equipment were quick to see mass market possibilities for the tape recorder. By 1948,

the American producers had created a machine for a domestic market. The British were getting ready for full-scale production. The Germans put their first commercial recorder on the market at about the same time.

At first, sales were small. Only specialist users and a few enthusiasts bought the machines. But by around 1955, sales started to rise. In the British domestic market, it reached 40,000. Today, there are about a hundred different models on the market and sales had exceeded the two million mark. The price of a tape recorder ranges from ₱300 to ₱5,000.

The market for tape recorders is split into three fairly distinct parts. The business part requires cheap, easy-to-operate machines that can reproduce intelligibly. The second part requires accurate sound reproducers for such special jobs as music recording. And the third part is composed mostly of people who regard the tape recorder as a novelty machine for use in the home or for instructional purposes.

THERE ARE of course other marginal uses. The psychiatrists, for example, use it to catch the outpourings of their patients. The ornithologists use it to record exotic birdcalls. Some hobbyists use it to record the sounds emitted by celebrities. But mostly people want to buy for some musical purpose.

"Our average customer is looking for good reproduction of good music," one dealer said. The tape recorder has made it possible for the lover of good music to collect a library very cheaply.

A new trend in the business is the teenage market. The attraction here is that "pops" can be recorded at a fraction of the price of an ordinary disc and erased as soon as the song becomes unpopular.

The tape recorder is definitely an economic proposition. Once the initial basic expenditure has been met, one can get years of good service out of the machine. An ordinary recorder costs 50% less than a good phonograph.

The manufacture and distribution of tape recorders is conducted in a rather unusual way. The precision machines are imports from a big German concern. The mass market is controlled by the Americans and the British. Only a few manufacturers produce all the components of their machines. Most of them buy the spare parts and assemble them. In this way, small enterprises are able to produce good machines. A good example is a small British company. This company does not manufacture any part of a tape recorder. All it does is to buy

the parts from the different companies and assemble them. It turns out two or three dozen machines a week.

All the signs suggest that the industry is going to see a great deal of technical innovation in the next few years. Now, even the ordinary user demands precision performance from mass-market models. The British and American manufacturers are aware of this trend. Lately, they have been experimenting with stereophonic machines which they hope to put on the market soon.

ANOTHER trend will be towards changes in the size of the machines. Some present tape recorders are much too bulky for most of their uses. In recognition of this, console models have been on the market for some time. But for businessmen and others who want to carry their recorders about, even a 20-pound burden is an inconvenience. One trend in the industry therefore is towards copying those midget radio sets that can be carried in the pocket. These need very small valves called "transistors."

The main difficulty with a midget recorder is the quality of the reproduction. It is not as accurate as the bigger models. Another drawback is price. A midget recorder uses very expensive components and unless the price of the parts is brought down, manufacturers do not see a wide, immediate market for the baby recorder.

* * *

Boon for Housewives

TEARPROOF *grocery sacks now can be made using a new stretchable paper, Kraftsman Clupak, invented by Sanford Cluett, inventor of Sanforizing process. Paper is made of pulp treated by standard chemical methods, then placed on rubber drying belt. Belt, with its pulp load, is expanded passing over over drying roll. When it snaps back into normal dimension, finished paper goes with it. Resulting bunched fibers will stretch; in drop test new paper outlasts conventional Kraft paper about 10 to 1 without tearing.*

*

Fun-Orama..... by Elmer

"NO, I was not looking for that!"

By Jean Malcolm

HAIR, which the romantic and specialized vision of the poet may see as anything from 'burning gold' to 'a flock of goats,' has always been to the more realistic feminine mind her chief beauty concern. Not that the male of the species is immune: for long the problem of baldness exercised the ingenuity of herbalists, who urged the use of white maidenhair, which "stays the shedding or falling of the hair, and causes it to grow thick, fair and well coloured; for which purpose boil it in wine, putting

some smallage seed thereto, and afterwards some oil."

Nowadays, however, hair care need not start in the herb garden; there are quicker routes to good grooming. The first essential is a good cut. There is no head of hair, however difficult or obstinate, that cannot be controlled by clever cutting and shaping. Few women, even if they have the courage, have the skill or knowledge necessary to do-it-themselves — and most of them have the sense not to try. The maintenance side, however—washing, conditioning, setting—is well within their scope. The shops offer such an array of bottles, jars, tubes, bubbles, sachets and, latest recruit to the cosmetic counter, 'shampoo leaves'—described by one authority as the most useful leaves since the Garden of Eden—that the only difficulty is selection. A recent cosmetics survey by the research department of a national women's weekly indicates a definite trend of preference for liquid and lotion shampoos (some brands of which use 'Teepol' as a base). Sales of these kinds of shampoo accounted for two-thirds of the consumption of 1957 as compared with half in 1955.

But, whatever her choice, the customer rarely gives any thought to the elaborate processes and production lines that make it possible for her to have so varied a selection. A visit to the Middlesex factory of one of the biggest manufacturers of hair preparations soon puts an end to the casual assumption that 'there's nothing to it.'

ALTHOUGH at this factory some of the production is still manual, a great proportion is highly mechanized, and the process from empty jar to carton ready for dispatch is a fascinating operation, as full of color and rhythm as a Disney film.

The empty jar or bottle is put on a machine that clears it of any speck of dust. From there it passes along the belt to the second stage, where the contents are injected from an overhead complex of pipelines running from the mixing room to the benches. Once filled, the containers, now amber, green or white, pass along to where a rotating hod ejects a lid on each. An adjacent machine imprints the threads on the lid and screws it on in one operation. Labelling comes next, and from there the bottle passes along the belt, to be inserted into its cardboard container, and finally comes off the belt in the cartons, which are transported in bulk by conveyors into the adjacent store.

From empty jar to carton, the process takes some 40 feet of bench and is tended by about 16 operatives. Except for

the handling of heavy weights, it is carried out entirely by women, and where the mechanization is alternated with manual operations, it is fascinating to watch the dexterous wrist and hand movements of the white-coated girls, the precision and speed with which they dispatch the little jars on their journey or whisk them off the belt into the containers.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature to an outsider is the scale of production. Of one preparation manufactured in this factory, 120 jars are completed every minute, while 110 tons of products are dispatched daily from the storeroom. Some idea of the quantities involved can be obtained by a visit to the mixing-room, where slabs of raw materials, like giant paving-stones, and 45-gallon drums of perfume wait to be used.

THE OTHER side of the picture, the minute and scrupulous attention to quality, can be seen in the laboratories. There one meet. an impressive array of precision instruments — balances, rotating-cup viscometers, and photometers to check the dispersion of the drops in emulsions. On the walls hang charts on which are plotted the results of the intricate series of tests — 19 in all on one product — carried out at various stages of the manufacture.

There are three kinds of laboratory on the premises; the Pure Research Laboratory, where basic work is done on essential oils and other ingredients used; the Formulation Laboratory, which handles the composition and improvement of formulae and the examination and analysis of foreign and other products; and the Quality Control Laboratory, where the elaborate system of testing is carried out at all stages from raw materials to finished products.

Through the laboratory windows, on the flat roof opposite, can be seen glass-fronted 'suntraps' which, with the incubators in the laboratory, are used for testing the products under shop-window, display and storage conditions such as they may expect to meet. On new preparations, of course, the laboratories work in close collaboration, and it may take anything from 18 months to 5 years to bring the new product from the idea stage to the shop counter.

IN ADDITION to laboratory-controlled experiments, each product is under constant test in normal conditions of usage. For this purpose, the firm has a large source of human 'guinea-pigs' on the factory floor — and a most attractive glossy-head selection it is, too. Volunteers from the girls who work in the factory are used to test

existing and new products, and tucked away in the more restful corners of the building are experimental salons where they have their hair cut, then washed, set and treated with the products. If this seems, to readers who have to fit in their hair appointments on a crowded Saturday, to be the height of ease and luxury, it may be a consolation to know that, once a volunteer is accepted, she has to give up her freedom of choice as regards styling, cut and preparations, and she must on no account go 'outside' to arrange for a private hairdressing appointment.

From other sections of the factory, which handle the filling and processing of the newer containers — the sachet and 'leaf' forms — there may emerge at any time a white-clad girl with her arms full of gaily-colored 'sachets' of polyvinyl chloride. This petroleum product is widely used in the packaging of shampoos: at this factory 16 miles are used each week in producing one kind of sachet alone.

For all the carnival effect — the gay colors, the scent, the music-while-you-work, the predominance of p r e t t y, well-groomed girls — this is a highly-geared m o d e r n industry, streamlined, efficient and competitive, which turns out, in fantastic quantity and at a reasonable price, the products that bring hair glamour within the reach and the beauty budget of every woman.

* * *

Christmas Lines

Mother: "No, Dad, don't be too hard on Junior for failing in college. When they gave him his books last fall he thought they were a gift and didn't open them until Christmas."

* *

Sue: "I believe my husband is the most generous man in the world."

Lou: "How come?"

Sue: "I gave him a dozen neckties for Christmas and he took them right down and gave them to the Salvation Army."

A living legend

Don Pablo and His Magic Cello

IT IS SOMETIMES embarrassing to become a living legend. Some months ago a dignified, courteous Puerto Rican appeared at the home of Pablo Casals and asked whether he could see the master. He would not give his name or explain his mission, but Señor Casals, who does not like to stand on ceremony, said he would see him. The man entered the living room, bowed, declared, "I am honored," accepted a seat and remained in it without uttering a word for half an hour. Then he arose, thanked Señor Casals gravely and departed.

Not all Peurto Ricans have felt the need to pay a personal tribute this way. But most of the people on this island, whether high-placed or in humble circumstances, regard Señor Casals not only as an honored visitor but also as a friend. They speak of him affectionately as Don Pablo. Before he was stricken some time ago he would take a morning stroll, shading himself from the sun with a black umbrella. Every Puerto Rican would have a "buenos dias, Don Pablo" for him.

Señor Casals, who is world-famous as the greatest cellist of his time and as a symbol of protest against dictatorship because of his self-imposed exile from Franco-dominated Spain, went to Puerto Rico last year out of respect for the memory of his mother, who was born in Mayaguez. He has found there a second home and a host of relatives. His mother's maiden name was Defillo. Puerto Rico is full of Defillos and many claimed a relationship to Señor Casals, which has delighted him.

THE FESTIVAL arranged in his honor has been in his thoughts for months. Several days after he had suffered a coronary thrombosis, he listened with a smile to a report of how the musicians were carrying on in his absence. Then he murmured to his physician, "I would like to play at least on the last day of the festival."

Señor Casals has always packed an enormous amount of determination, energy and resilience in a short, stocky frame. Although he was 80 years old last December 29, he had not ceased his regular practice, and his technical command of the cello continued to be the envy and despair of musicians fifty years his junior.

Señor Casals owes his eminence not merely to his dominant position as a cellist and his forthright stand for Spanish democracy, although these would be enough for any career. He is something more, a musician of incomparable imagination and discernment. Performers feel privileged to work with him, and young musicians have traveled thousands of miles just to sit at his feet.

He has the gift for teaching and inspiring. As a musician he does not lay down the law; he suggests fresh possibilities, he encourages his associates to seek out new insights, he is not hidebound by tradition.

He loves the masters such as Bach, Mozart and Schubert, who happen to be the subject of the festival in Puerto Rico, and he immerses himself in their scores. But he believes in the prompting of the heart. A student working on a passage in Bach once said, "I think it goes like this."

"Don't think," Señor Casals replied, "It is better to feel."

His capacity for feeling is boundless. Some months ago he told a friend, "I have always been emotional, but as I get older my emotions grow four times as strong as they used to be." But there is not a trace of sentimentality. Anyone who has heard him play a sarabande from an unaccompanied Bach suite knows that this is emotion stripped of impurities.

IT IS HARD to think of him as anything other than the illustrious figure, no matter how simple he remains in his manner and style of living. But the essential simplicity of the man is the key to his personality.

In 1939, after the collapse of the Spanish Loyalist cause that he had supported, Señor Casals was in Lucerne, Switzerland, to play at a festival. He stayed at a modest pension, and when one visited him at twilight he sat under a masked bulb tapping his ever-present pipe and studying a score. He was earning a good deal, but he wanted to save money to aid his needy compatriots in exile at Prades in southern France where he made his home from 1939.

Music has been Señor Casals' passion since his earliest memories. His father was parish organist in the little town of Vendrell, not far from Barcelona. Pablo was born there, and learned to play the piano, organ and violin before he was 10. A year later, he saw a makeshift 'cello played by a travelling musician and was entranced with it. He begged his father for one and a homemade affair was fashioned out of a stick, strings and a gourd.

Soon he got an honest cello and he went to Barcelona to study. He made revisions in technique and they were logical enough to stand up. He discovered Bach, whom he venerates above all other composers, and did more than any musician to establish his noble work for unaccompanied cello in the repertory.

For years Señor Casals made it a habit to start the day, even before taking his constitutional, by playing at the piano preludes and fugues from Bach's "well-tempered Clavier." The maid in his home in San Salvador, Spain, went about her work humming preludes and fugues the way a servant in New York might hum a calypso number.

Señor Casals is a man of wide cultivation. He speaks half a dozen languages well, including English. He reads extensively in fields other than music. He is also a humanist of far-ranging vision. Best of all, he has the purity of heart of an unspoiled child.

When he moved into a house on the edge of the sea in Puerto Rico some months ago, he stood looking at the view and his eyes became moist.

"It is like my San Salvador," he whispered. "It is home."

Taj Mahal of Brunei

IN THE oil-rich State of Brunei, a glistening edifice of white stone crowned with a gloden dome — now nearing completion — may well be the largest and most beautiful mosque in southeast Asia as originally conceived by Brunei's chief of state.

The $10-million state mosque, already dubbed the "Taj Mahal of Brunei," was scheduled to be formally opened on September 23, which is the 42nd birthday of the Sultan of Brunei, Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin.

The opening ceremonies will be attended by Muslim dignitaries from all over the world. In all, 350 official guests have been invited for the five-day celebrations. Hundreds of workmen who began working on the structure three years ago are now busy putting the finishing touches to it.

Sir Omar first envisaged "Project Mosque" in June of 1952, and has kept his interest in the project all along. During the building of the mosque he asked for a daily report of its progress.

Into the building of the new mosque have gone materials from different parts of the world. The 43 window apertures, for example, are filled with beautiful stained glass, made by a famous British firm specializing in this kind of craft. The main hall of the mosque which can accommodate 2,000 worshippers is floored with marble from Italy.

The "Taj Mahal of Brunei" dominates the town of Brunei. The main tower of the mosque is 165 feet high and is surrounded by eight main (90 ft. high) minarets and 12 minor (50 ft.) ones. To get to the top of the tower, one may climb up a 23-step staircase or use an elevator.

AT ONE corner of the mosque is situated a large washing pool built of gliterring white stone. The pool is to be beautifully floodlit at night.

Six houses are being built near the home of the Sultan to accommodate guests to the opening ceremonies. The houses—named "Street of Istanas" by the inhabitants of Brunei Town—will be used later as residences for VIPs visiting the State of Brunei.

For the 10,000 Brunei people who live in the "Village on the Water," a bridge connecting the village and the new mosque has been built.

Also scheduled to take place during the celebrations is the circumcision ceremony of the Sultan's eldest son, Pengiran Muda Hassanel Bolkiah.

* * *

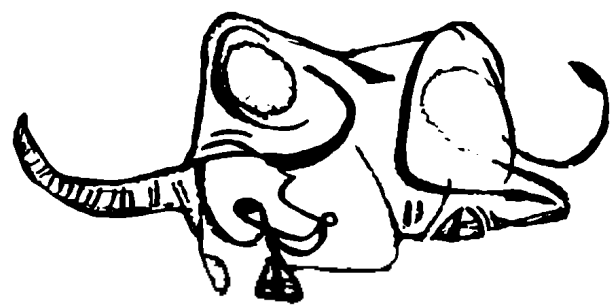
Mean What?

A young junior at an exclusive Eastern prep school is still trying to decipher the following letter from his recent steady:

"Dear John: I hope you're not still angry. I want to explain I was really joking when I told you I didn't mean what I said about reconsidering my decision not to change my mind. Please believe I really mean this.

Love,

Grace."



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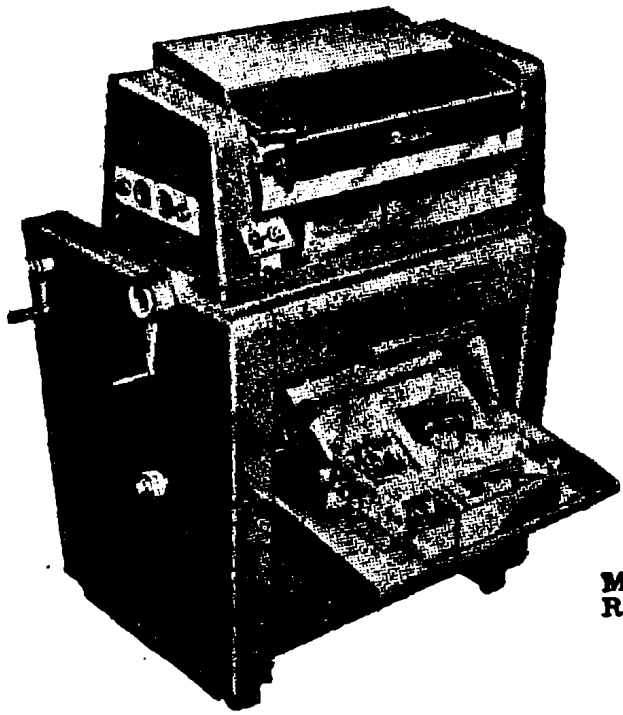

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