

Jess Vestil's

FILIPINAS

ON CONTRASTS

One never gains anything by brooding over pains and hurts. Anxiety is a killer, you know. Take it from Nephrides who said: If you must survive, live with joy; Sorrow is only for those removed from the graces of life. (and Nephrides is not a Greek god, either, he's fictitious.)

So, laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you make a million (if you're Johnny Ray), like some author quoted.

We here recall a reprint in a Manila newspaper of a Tokyo news item. It was about an elderly policeman who waived his retirement privilege because he was out for more pickpockets. He was an expert on pickpockets. One time, a pickpocket was picking pockets inside a crowded railroad terminal. This pickpocket was picking the pocket of another pickpocket who had picked the pocket of a bystander. So our policeman approached and just watched while this pickpocket picked the pocket of the pickpocket who had picked somebody's pocket. After the operation, our policeman picked the pocket of the pickpocket who had picked the pocket of the pickpocket who picked the pocket of the bystander, and returned to the latter the contents of the pocket picked.

So, now, we resume on our discussion of contrasts.

Where there's a contrast, there's a difference. Where there's a misconception, there's a shortage of thought capacity. Hence, ignorance. Correct?

Have you noticed a cochero on a rig who thinks he's entitled to traffic privileges just as much as the hump in the Buick sedan? Well, he's a person who is his own municipal council. Just try to walk under the rain in his rig for a ride and tell him you're going as far as

a hundred meters away and you'll find that his horse will walk out on you. It isn't even funny.

Or think of a legislator on his soap-box working up his blood pressure for reforms usually circumvented about the fact that now is the time to keep in step with the world; to give to the public servant his due comfort and decency of living—like, for instance, a five-thousand-peso bed or a hundred-peso mansion owned by a senator which shouldn't have been there if he weren't a senator in the first place.

This legislator has a reasonable way to go about those reforms. Increase the taxes! Grab a Chinaman by the neck and tell him that his immigration papers are all bunk but that it might be fixed up with a little amount of pesos thrown across the table. Remember the prisoner Co Pak? This stuffed-shirt certainly solved a political crisis in one camp.

Which brings us all the way back to the point that an ignoramus is a Filipino who thinks he knows his business and really does.

There's a catch in vote-buying. One candidate for representative complained that he spent his life-earnings for votes, five pesos per, and when the returns were announced he was unable to see how many votes he got. There weren't any.

That's politics. One moment, you're one the outside looking in. The next moment, you're in—being thrown out.

NOVEMBER 10, 1953

Election Day.

A lot depends upon you.

You, the individual. You, the citizen. You, the parent of the generations yet to come.

Vote wisely. Remember that your vote is sacred. Enshrine it in your conscience. Don't let the evil

To Smoke or Not To ...

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If we consider the fact that we sleep about one-third of our lifetime, 2,700 hours or more than 3 months, is taken from our average smoker's 40 years of activity. What about the time he spent in the bathroom, in eating, in useless conversation, in walking to school, etc.? Do you think this drops out only 20 years which he could have spent for some really useful and constructive activity? And, by the way my dear readers, how old are you? 20? What have you done in 20 years?

There are more reasons on the scientific point of view. One writer very efficiently discussed the effects of nicotine on the human heart. Another says it hardens the blood vessels and that it may result to high blood pressure.

Here are some reasons advanced by some chain-smokers whom I had occasioned to discuss on the subject.

One says he cannot study without a cigarette stuck between his lips. The feel of the cigarette smoke running down his spine gives him concentration, he says. Another says it is a "life-saver." It saves him from the nervous strain and helps him forget the "ordel of waiting for a girl dressing up."

These reasons, undoubtedly, are not isolated. I am a heavy smoker myself and my colleagues will readily admit with me that these reasons are not far from true.

In the meantime, I am wondering whether to smoke or not to smoke, "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows" of an outraged pocketbook, or to take the trouble of cutting a long acquired vice and in so doing end them. To desist, to quit, perchance to save myself from heart trouble or high blood pressure... Who is the doctor among you? Kindly step forward and identify yourself with the brand you smoke.

(Jeepers! This place is crawling with butts!)

and corruption around you blot out its meaning.

If a politician comes to offer you money for your vote, let him go to the devil. Tell him that you're still interested in the destiny of your nation and that the security and happiness of your family depends upon the choice you will make on November 10, 1953.