

DEC 26 1950

Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

DECEMBER
1950



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Despair at sea

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Despair at sea

The Sinking of the *Lepus*

THE *Lepus* was an old ship, built in 1911, but about a year ago, it had undergone inspection and dry-docking for a month. The crew of thirty-seven officers and men was headed by Captain Jose Punla, a veteran marine officer. A day before the ship left port, Punla wrote to his wife to address her next letter to him in Kobe, Japan, where the *Lepus* was due on October 21 with its load of scrap iron.

Despite rough seas, the *Lepus* ploughed on, travelling northeast at seven knots per



By **EFREN SUNICO**

hour. On Friday, October 19, at 4:30 p.m. it received news that typhoon *Jean* was heading northeast, sweeping to sea from northern Luzon. Plotted some hundred and fifty miles away from *Lepus*, the typhoon

was believed to be moving away from it. Nevertheless, the skipper set course behind it, keeping a big margin for safety. All day, the weather had been dark and cloudy.

In the evening, the weather grew worse. The *Lepus* floundered through wind and waves. The skipper then ordered its course changed southward. But shortly before midnight, the typhoon went into a loop and backtracked into the direction of northern Luzon. The *Lepus* radioman wired for weather advices from Sangley Point and Tokyo. He learned that the boat was headed right into the path of the typhoon. The *Lepus* was only fifty miles from the typhoon's deadly center.

At dawn, the next day, October 20, the skipper called an emergency meeting on the bridge with its officers. He then ordered the ship to proceed southwest to avoid the full fury of the storm. But the *Lepus* got stuck in the wind and waves and could hardly make more than five knots headway. It lost its steerage-way. Waves, rising from sixty to eighty feet, crashed against the sides of the *Lepus*.

The deck cargo, lashed by the chains, was swept away. The ship's hold was ripped open, and water began filling the hatches.

AT SIX o'clock that morning, the boatswain who has spent forty-four of his fifty-seven years at sea, rose from bed, feeling the swaying of the ship as waves hit it. It was his duty every day to relay the orders of the skipper to the crew. Now he came off the bridge, holding on as the ship pitched about violently, and roused the deck crew to report to the skipper.

The old mariner told the men it was now just a matter of time. Those on duty went back to their stations to wait for the order to abandon ship.

Shortly before 8 a.m., the radioman was ordered to send out the ship's first distress signal. He had been almost without sleep, working on his radio set verifying weather reports from Tokyo and Sangley Point. He beamed his frequency to *Globe Wireless* and clicked out three dots, three dashes, and three dots—the SOS call.

With water filling up the holds, the *Lepus* started to list port. Each wave increased its listing. With its steerage gone, the ship lay helpless.

The order preparatory to abandon ship came off at 10:40. The men put on their life jackets, while lengths of rope were distributed. With the rope, they could lash themselves to the life-rafts and life-boats, once plunged in the tur-



bulent waters. The *Lepus* carried four life-boats, a number of life-rafts and more life jackets than there were men aboard.

At twelve noon, the third engineer went to the engine room to relieve the watch. The ship had listed fifteen degrees when he took over, but everything seemed normal in the engine

room. The engines were still roaring powerfully.

But with water entering the holds after the hatch-covers were blown off, the engine room began flooding. In a few minutes water had risen to the engineer's waist. He grabbed a telephone and told the skipper of the situation at the engine room. The captain's voice

was calm when he told the engineer to come up to tell the radio operator to come out of his cabin.

By 12:40 the list become forty-five degrees. Captain Punla finally gave the order to abandon ship. Two lifeboats could not be launched because of the high waves and strong winds. The life rafts' lines were cut and they slid down angry waters. There they bounced madly. The crew started jumping off the sinking ship.

Strong waves rolled over a boat filled with eight men. Two were washed away. A seaman jumped from the ship's stern and found himself beside a life-raft with three other men. Later the raft crew picked up two more men.

The skipper himself was in the life-raft. While checking up whether the others in his raft were securely lashed a big wave lunged at him. The skipper was lost in the sea.

Sharks swam about the raft, and the men remained motionless for a whole night, hungry, thirsty and cold. They drifted around for eight hours. In the evening, the winds died down and a pale moon showed itself occasionally. He chewed his shirt to produce saliva.

The men in the lifeboat hang on tightly as the waves tossed

their craft like a toy. At midnight, when the sea had calmed a little, they opened a can of milk stored in the lifeboat and drank the contents hungrily. They went without sleep, their eyes and ears ready for any passing plane or ship.

Sunday morning the men improvised a signal flag from their undershirts. That afternoon, a low-flying search plane flew over and then dropped rubber rafts containing food and radio. There was a note on the provisions warning the survivors not to eat heavily. There were candies and vitamin pills and tablets for converting sea water into fresh water.

The *U.S.S. Castor*, a 13,000-ton Navy supply ship arrived at the disaster area at about 6 p.m. after a day and night of thorough searching. It was already dark but rescue planes turned on their landing lights and dropped flares to mark the location of the rafts and its survivors. In an hour, the *Castor* drew up alongside one of the rafts. Stoke stretchers and breech buoys were lowered. Five were recovered on the first raft and six more were rescued from the second. One died, forty-five minutes after the rescue. Twenty-six other officers and men of the *Lepus* were still at sea; among them was the skipper.—Adapted from *This Week*.

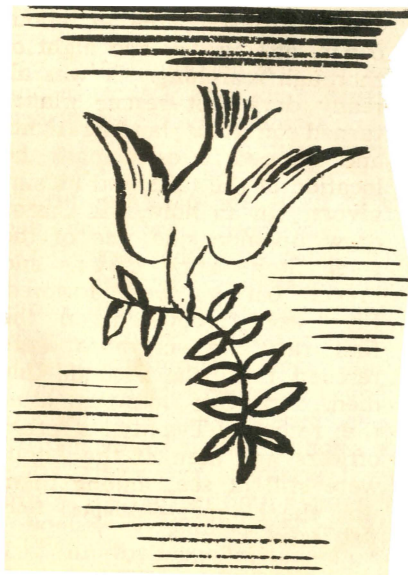
THE WAGING OF PEACE

*Can tension
be ended?*



SIX NOBEL PEACE PRIZE WINNERS GIVE THE ANSWER

ALFRED NOBEL, nineteenth century Swedish inventor of TNT, was so horrified at the wartime uses made of his explosive that he initiated an annual prize for promoters of world peace. Recently, six such Nobel Peace Prize-winners were asked if, in their opinion, peace in our time was possible.



Sir Norman Angell (British leader of the World Committee against War and Fascism): The greatest contribution that we as nations or individuals could make toward achieving peace would be to correct, by means we already possess but leave largely unused, those antisocial forces of the human spirit that are exploding all over the world, East and West, in irrational nationalism or in Communism and other fanaticisms. For these lie at the root of war.

Such an objective is not necessarily long-term, nor is it remote from practical politics. And it must precede a complete cure.

We know the nature of the cure, and we know that it works, for where it has been applied war has ceased—as in England, where once six or seven separate kingdoms fought one another incessantly; as in Italy and Germany, which once were made up of many states. The cure is integration and establishment of a common government.

Many people therefore argue: Extend the cure. Form a world government. Call a constituent assembly of all the communities clamoring for independence in Europe, Africa, the Near East, the Far East—numbering anywhere up to a thousand—and make a constitution.

But ancient and modern experience proves that constitutions are useless unless backed by certain canons of political behavior. The Weimar Constitution in Germany (after World War I) was one of the best ever written. Yet it did not prevent the coming of Hitler, who tore it to shreds. Conversely, Britain has no written constitution—and she has known no internal armed upheaval for three centuries despite great social changes.

The United States Constitution, like the loose, unwritten British one, works because the constituent units renounced their individual independence. These constitutions work, too, because great groups within the two countries accept governments they dislike and believe wrong—Democrats living under Republicans, Laborites under Conservatives, and vice versa.

THESE are basic conditions of both peace and defense for the West. If we can unite only when war is on top of us, we shall sacrifice defense as well as peace, for war now means annihilation. We have preached absolute independence as a sacred right, possession of which by everybody will ensure. Yet, every combatant nation in the two World Wars was completely independent—so independent in fact

that they had been unable to make a common front sufficiently solid to deter aggression. It is the hope of Communists that this inability to unite will continue and eventually put the Western World at their mercy.

Emily Greene Balch (American member of the Women's League for Peace and International Freedom): The Great Powers are saying that all-out war is all-out suicide, and the President tells us that there is no alternative to peace. The greatness of a contribution to practical peace depends, then, on the measure in which it helps the transition to a new era in which war is banned.

This transition means, among other things, a psychological revolution. War is interwoven with our history, our beliefs and our codes of morals. Our choristers move up the aisle marching us to war. Even Gandhi could not wean us fully from our confidence in the political efficacy of physical force. An essential step toward peace is to get the public to conceive of a world without war.

What would help most would be for nations to cease to prepare for war, to disarm in the sense of maintaining only such police strength as might be thought necessary for maintaining order in a world

where no war is anticipated. With armament would disappear a major provocation to fear, suspicion and ill will.

Disarmament would involve a reappraisal of political aims and methods. To a greater extent than we may have realized nations have depended on military power for maintaining international order. If forcible methods are renounced, how can the vacuum be filled?

THE MOST obvious alternative to physical power is economic power. Trade policies may be of use as curbs if handled with tact and restraint and clearly aimed at the general welfare and not at national advantage, and we are now experimenting with economic assistance to countries whose weakness, discontent and low standards of living are a menace to peace.

Lord Boyd-Orr (chancellor of Glasgow University, worker with League of Nations): I believe that, in the pass to which the world has come, business can make as great a contribution as politics to world peace. In the past, war or the threat of war has always been the last instrument of diplomacy. That instrument can no longer be used because none of the Great Power could start a war with hydrogen bombs without committing suicide. They are now, therefore, talking of peaceful



co-existence and disarmament.

But, as Napoleon said, one displaces only what one replaces. In this now small world, war between the Great Powers for their mutual destruction can only be replaced by co-operation for their mutual benefit. And the armament race on which the world is spending about \$120,000,000,000 a year can best be replaced by gradually diverting part of the expenditure to developing the resources of the earth to bring about a world of plenty and economic prosperity.

Hence, the greatest contribution that nations could make toward the practical achievement of peace would be to agree to reduce their defense budgets by, say, ten per cent to start. They could use half the savings to reduce the intolerable burden of taxation, which would lead to economic development with a rise in the standard of living within each country. Then they could turn over the other half—about \$6,000,000,000—to a world development fund to be administered by a board of businessmen representing all countries or groups of countries.

Dr. Ralph J. Bunche (mediator in Palestine; director of UN Trusteeship Department): The alternative to world peace is atomic war. It is all too clear, then, that men must

achieve peace by mutual effort or almost certainly perish together for loss of it. That is the challenge, momentous and fateful, posed for peoples and governments by the virtual certainty that in a future war the nuclear weapons created by man's astounding scientific genius will be reciprocally employed. Seen in this perspective, it seems to me that a first, perhaps even a sufficient, requisite for a secure world peace is a clear realization, by peoples and statesmen alike, of what is fundamentally at stake in the current state of world affairs.

PEACE IN today's world is a highly complex growth; its roots really extend into every household. In serving its ends, there is very much that is required of each individual in the way of alertness and understanding, in broadness of view, in acceptance of his fellow men of all origins as brothers and equals, in simple good will.

Gen. George C. Marshall (ex-American Secretary of State): There was some comment when the Nobel Peace Prize for 1953 was awarded to me, a soldier. Many people saw in this a serious inconsistency. To me, it did not appear remarkable for a soldier to be regarded as a worker for peace. Soldiers know much

better than others what war is really like; and I, as chairman of the American Battle Monuments Commission, have a constant reminder of its aftermath. One of my duties is to supervise American military cemeteries overseas where Americans have lost their lives in battle. The cost of war is constantly spread before me in huge ledgers whose columns are gravestones.

The only good that can be said of a war is that it may have been the lesser of two great evils. It is better than appeasement of aggression because appeasement encourages the very aggression it seeks to prevent. And it is better than submission to tyranny and oppression because, without freedom and respect for human dignity, life would not be worth living.

Unless faced with these two terrible alternatives, we should concentrate resolutely on finding peaceful solutions for world problems. They must be practical and not emotional. We should support to the full every existing instrument for building a more stable world. So long as there is a forum such as the United Nations for open discussion of international disputes, the United States should be a participant. So long as there remains a conference table around which nations can gather, the United

States should be the first to attend and the last to retire.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer (missionary-doctor in Africa): Only by a new attitude of mind ruling within it can the state attain to peace within its borders; only by a new attitude of mind arising between them can different states come to understand each other, and cease to bring destruction upon each other; only by treating the overseas world in different spirit from that of the past and of today can modern states cease to load themselves in that connection with guilt.

Such moral talk about the civilized state has often been heard in the past. Certainly it has. But it acquires a special tone at a time when the modern state is perishing in misery, because it refused in the past to continue to be in any way spiritually ethical. It possesses a new authority, too, today because in the world-and life-view of reverence for life there is revealed the significance of the ethical in its full extent and its full profundity.

We are therefore freed from any duty of forming a conception of the civilized state which accords with the specifications of nationalism and national civilization, and we are at liberty to turn back to the profound naivete of thinking it to be a state which allows itself

to be guided by an ethical spirit of civilization. With confidence in the strength of the civilized attitude of mind which

springs from reverence for life, we undertake the task of making this civilized state an actuality.

* * *

90-SECOND FOXHOLE DIGGER

IN CURRENT concepts of modern military ground encounters, tacticians consider time a critical factor for effective countermeasures. A device enabling ground troops to dig into defensive foxhole positions in a minimum warning period would be a tremendous boon.

One and a half minutes is the working time of a prototype Foxhole Digger developed for such use at Stanford Research Institute's Poulter Laboratories for the Engineer Research and Development Laboratories of the Obstacles, Demolition and Emplacements Branch, Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

The Digger has a rocket-explosive unit in a launching tube supported by a tripod. The rocket motor—from standard Army bazooka rocket—is below fuse, and explosive is in section forward unit. Fuse lighter safety pin is then pulled. Fuse is ignited. A length of fuse is used to give operator enough time to take cover.

In two-phase action, fuse burns to igniter charge which sets off solid propellant in rocket-motor section. Rocket is driven about two feet into the ground, followed, after a 15-second delay, by the detonation of the explosive charge. When ground is moist, 4½-foot-diameter and 4-foot-deep crater is cleared. However, the Digger is intended for hard and compacted ground which is loosened for easier shoveling.

* *

Winner of the Philippine Republic's literary award in 1954 and one of the country's leading writers, N. V. M. Gonzalez also teaches the short story in the department of English of the State University. In this article he comments on the local literary situation.

Philippine Literature Today

By N.V.M. GONZALEZ



ONE OF the continuing wonders of the Philippine cultural scene is the activity in the literary field. If "literary field" sounds pretentious it is because the serious writers of the country may well deserve some big phrase with which to boost their self-esteem. As it happens, they do not count with friends that can be reckoned by the thousands. Where before there was apathy, indifference now prevails.

A practical form of recognition has come to a few in the form of Smith-Mundt leaders-grants for travel and observa-

tion in the United States. But they have all come back—the novelist Stevan Javellana, author of *Without Seeing the Dawn*; the poet R. Zulueta da Costa, author of *Like the Molave*; and the short-story writer Ibrahim Jubaira — and their own colleagues are wondering what they will write next.

F. Sionil Jose, another grant-ee, recently made a visit to the Ilocos region, explaining that he has a trilogy in mind. "It's about the Ilocano Movement," he said, referring to a mass migration of the Ilocanos from the Ilocos provinces in the north to

Pangasinan and the area around Lingayen Bay.

A Possible Epic

The Ilocanos make an ethnic group whose leadership in national affairs can hardly be discounted. They are the people whom Manuel E. Arguilla, the short-story writer, celebrated in *How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife*. If Sionil Jose succeeds with his plans his generation, like that of Arguilla's, may be furnished with an epic on the Ilocano character.

There are indeed a number of writing projects in the air, ranging in subject from the birth and death of a lumber camp to the life and hard times in a government - sponsored housing area.

And all this in the face of the fact that the audience directly interested in writing is extremely small. I refer of course to the writing now being done in English, which is admittedly more serious in character than that produced in Tagalog or Visayan. You wonder why this should be so, but it is.

Works in English

Perhaps because the work in English is readily available to Manila's cosmopolitan community, this part of the country's literature is getting to be known abroad. Works in English by Philippine writers have been reviewed in America and Mexico.

There is a project to include Philippine writing in English in an anthology soon to be produced in Australia.

This growing international interest, however, is not quite matched at home.

The Filipino reader of books is not entirely untrained. He is probably a student with a modest allowance. He may be also a professional with a clinic or office in downtown Manila. He may be in the civil service or on the staff of some college or university. At home, in his *sala*, one may find a set of the *Harvard Classics* — unless of course he has sold it, or bartered it for rice, during the Occupation.

This is the reader that the serious Filipino writer must win over to his side. He cannot write of course in the idiom or style of the American or the Italian, since he knows that the period of imitation in Philippine writing has long passed.

Two Examples

It was a happy event when Bienvenido N. Santos' stories were put together in book form under the title *You Lovely People*. Here Santos spoke as an exile in America during the war years, and kept close to his sentiments. The result was a spectacular success—meaning nearly two thousand copies sold in a six-month period.

Earlier, an even more interesting set of circumstances conspired against an indifferent audience to make a great success of Nick Joaquin's play, *Portrait of the Artist as Filipino*. Here the essential drama concerning traditional family values in conflict with American-borne materialistic ideas found an authentic setting in the walls of Manila's Intramuros (The Walled City) which the imaginative director did not hesitate to use as background. The play drew audiences hitherto cool to serious drama. The Filipino accent was well marked and the characters readily recognizable by the sophisticated.

These two cases may well be said to define the limits of the present audience for serious writing in the country. The country, it seems, is in search of an author, as Dr. Jorge C. Bocobo has put it, "with a masterly pen. . . . The characters are in our very midst, looking for a writer to portray them in a manner so clear and so convincing that the reader will be able to point them out in his own community."

People's Voice

The call, then, is for the flat character—an album or a gallery. The writer is being asked to speak for and on behalf of others, to say what most everybody knows but cannot express.

To succeed in the present climate of things, he must put himself at the disposal of society. As the politician likes to think he is the servant of the people, the writer must regard himself as the voice of the people. It does not matter if his triumph may well be that of sheer gab.

The role of the writer as such is not of course without a tradition. In Philippine society, that tradition is strong. It is almost needless to point to Rizal and his novels, *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*, and remind the writer today how his artistry may be able to cope with what society demands of him. The real problem is perhaps whether by training or temperament he is the kind of writer the times and the occasion demand.

The search for meaning in our time has been abetted by the practice of criticism, which has tended to pay more attention to the writer who plays his part as an individual speaking in his own person. This looking inwards has particularly become more and more the strategy of poetry. Carlos A. Angeles, Oscar de Zuñiga, and Edith L. Tiempo, to mention only three of the more outstanding—have not been unaffected by this mode. Also, when a poet like Amador T. Daguio takes his role of social prophet and historian, as in his *Bataan*

poems, and in his patriotic poetry, the impression is less gripping than when he launches upon the lyric strain.

Some Observations

It is perhaps possible to leave the poets to their inward-turning, where they are most effective. The symbolist novel will probably be produced by a similar temperament. So will the short story, especially in the hands of young writers like Rony V. Diaz, S. V. Epistola, and Florlinda Soto-Sarmiento. The drama will probably remain socially concerned, extrovert in appeal, possibly even didactic. The social novel, which is so hopefully awaited, obviously may have to fall in line.

Actually, the struggle to attain artistic integrity and keep it, and at the same time win popular support is very much in evidence in the short stories published in the week-end supplements of the Manila dailies. Criticism has always tried to remind the writer against compromise. In the hands of Manuel E. Viray, now cultural attache at the Philippine Embassy in Washington, and in that of Leonard Casper, a young American poet and short-story writer who sought common cause with Philippine writers by teaching and writing in this country, criticism has learned to say something sharp and

tactful about the issue. Still, the situation calls for an individual grappling with the facts, and these include an audience at once present, but as yet unenlisted, into that camp which R. P. Blackmur has described somewhere as the new literacy.

More Books Published

More books, though, are being published. Tagalog novels have come principally from one house, the Benipayo Press. The Capitol Publishing Co. has recently issued Bienvenido N. Santos' collection of poems, *The Wounded Stag*, giving him the signal distinction of having two books published in one year. A book club is also under way, while the U.P. Writers Club has announced plans for the publication of books.

Among the country's educated class book-buying is an extremely minor diversion. Most libraries barely stock Philippine books. When they do, it is often under the head of *Filipiniana*. And books go out on the consignment basis, which tempts dealers to give preferred space to American paper-backs, as the novel from which a movie currently showing was made.

The writer, being only too aware of all this, is left to count his blessings, which probably includes a full-time teaching or newspaper job.

Those Incredible Detective Stories

By Eduardo Arguilla

RAYMOND CHANDLER, detective-story writer of the "tough-guy" school (*Farewell, My Lovely*; *The Lady in the Lake*), might be expected to defend realistic fiction, but his reasons are less expected. He likes to think of himself, in some ways, as inheritor of the tradition of such uninhibited writers of two centuries ago as Fielding (*Tom Jones*) and Smollet (*Roderick Random*).

Nevertheless, he is not so sure of his fellow novelists. Because mysteries are overproduced and stiff competition results, it is almost impossible to distinguish between the middling piece of mechanical fiction and the masterpiece: both have access to the same formulas.

The classic mystery, built on straight deduction, demands such a cool-headed character (like Sherlock Holmes) that it seldom achieves also sharp dialogue or a sense of pace. Moreover, a writer-specialist in Egyptian needlework is likely to make grim errors in police

work, to which he is a stranger; or he may not know that "a couple of capsules of barbital small enough to be swallowed will not only kill a man—they will not even put him to sleep, if he fights against them." Even Conan Doyle invalidated some of his stories with his errors.

A. A. Milne's *The Red House Mystery*—how one brother impersonates another whom he killed—has lasted since 1922 despite the fact of the following implausibilities: the corpse is miss-identified in a way that no living coroner's jury would proceed; the absence of clothes labels makes nobody suspicious; nobody thinks of checking to see if a certain missing character is in fact a dead man in the morgue who resembles him. "It makes idiots of the police," Chandler says, "so that a brash amateur may startle the world with a fake solution."

Trent's Last Case (called "the perfect detective story") needs a giant of international

finance to plot his own death in order to hang his secretary!

Another book has the murderer impersonate the murdered and thereby confuse the people into thinking he was alive and quite distant at the time of the crime.

Even more incredible is the Dorothy Sayers' novel in which a man is murdered alone in his house by a released weight which works because he always turns on the radio at precisely the same moment, always stands in the same position with his head bent just so. A couple of inches either way—and no corpse!

ALTHOUGH such English stories are less brittle than their American counterpart (in the former, "there is more sense of background, as if Cheesecake Manor really existed all around and not just the part the camera sees"), both are invariably contrived. They try only to baffle the lazy reader, unconcerned with details, and therefore make their homicide bureaus, whose business is the detail, unbelievable.

The real police "know that the easiest murder case in the world to break is the one somebody tried to get very cute with; the one that really bothers them is the murder somebody only thought of two minutes before he pulled it off."

By way of excusing themselves, some writers of second-rate mystery stories decide that the whole genre is "a literature of escape" and need not meet intellectual standards. This, of course, according to Chandler, an admirer and disciple of Dashiell Hammett, is begging the question.

Hammett, the originator of Sam Spade (*The Maltese Falcon*; *The Glass Key*), may well be considered the Hemingway of mystery fiction. He began by writing close to his experience—crime in the alley, not in the invented Bel-Air chateau of Lady Nobody. He wrote, too, for people with a sharp aggressive attitude towards life, those unafraid to look violence in the eye. Murder was committed, in his novels, for a reason and not just to provide a corpse; and with any means at hand, not with duelling pistols or man-eating flowers. He used dialogue, the "lingo of the streets," so commonplace outside of fiction but so rare inside that readers thought he had invented it, yet experienced a thrill of recognition.

Hammett disposed of the juggling of clues and made mystery fun because it involved human beings. Probably he influenced (they are not mere imitations) Percival Wilde's *Inquest*, Raymond Postgate's *Verdict of Twelve*, Kenneth Fearing's *The Dagger of the*

Mind, Donald Henderson's *Mr. Bowling Buys a Newspaper*, Richard Sale's *Lazarus No. 7*, and the "entertainments" of Graham Greene: *The Ministry of Fear*, *Confidential Agent*, etc.

The imitators are distinguishable from these others because they misread Hammett, just as they misread Hemingway, and copy the wrong things. The result is brutality, not strength; dull promiscuity, unrelated to the plot, however related to the reader's glands; glib dialogue, not wit rooted in character.

ELUSTERED OLD ladies whose murders must always be scented with magnolia blossoms and whose pet murderers are playboys and college professors often object to Hammett's reminder that murder is "an act of infinite cruelty."

Chandler, whose own works try to go beyond Hammett, has himself insisted: "It is not a very fragrant world, but it is the world you live in, and certain writers with tough minds and a cool spirit of detachment can make very interesting and

even amusing patterns out of it. It is not funny that a man should be killed, but it is sometimes funny that he should be killed for so little, and that his death should be the coin of what we call civilization . . .

"In everything that can be called art there is a quality of redemption. It may be pure tragedy, and it may be pity and irony, and it may be the raucous laughter of the strong man. But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man . . . He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man . . .

"The story is this man's adventure in search of a hidden truth, and it would be no adventure, if it did not happen to a man fit for adventure. He has a range of awareness that startles you, but it belongs to him by right, because it belongs to the world he lives in. If there were enough like him, I think the world would be a very safe place to live in, and yet not too dull to be worth living in."

* * *

No Patience

"Look here," said the irritated chess wizard, "you've been watching over my shoulder for three hours. Why don't you try playing a match yourself?"

"Aw," drawled the kibitzer, "I ain't got the patience."

The Community School Idea



By **JOSE V. AGUILAR**

Professor of Education
University of the Philippines

SEVEN YEARS ago, in response to the need for self-realization public education began applying to itself the community-school idea. The study of self contradicted the school system's seeming devotion to other than indigenous culture. It had to establish its validity. In the process it became necessary to develop new concepts and to evolve new tools with which to achieve the concepts. The task was so tremendous that a good part of the seven-year period may be considered a struggle for

survival. Perhaps, the urgency for the survival of the idea will continue to commit our generation of teachers to a struggle before it establishes itself firmly as an ideal.

The genesis of the community-school idea has its roots in the cultural complex which is the Filipino's heritage. In the small upper social class, that complex is an attempt at synthesis, in the main, of Malayan and Western culture, the former being submerged in the drive for the latter. In the large lower social class, the

strong desire for Western culture relegates the Malayan base to a lowly, if not despised, position. This cultural complex subconsciously believes that modernity is progress and that foreignism is modernity. It cannot conceive of situations whereby native patterns of living may be studied and elevated.

The truth of this analysis may be traced to the social and economic stratification of Filipino society. Economic progress and social prestige do not each come singly: one is a concomitant of the other. Furthermore, they cannot be dissociated from the type of culture that is favored. Since Western culture is the goal, social and economic power is wielded by those who have acquired a semblance of that culture. They belong to the relative few. The larger number, unable to think, feel, and act in the culture, are submergely socially and economically.

The entire Filipino social structure considered, the inefficacy of an educational system geared mainly to borrowing, adoption, adaptation, or assimilation of foreign cultural elements, appears incontestable. As long as it did not strike at the roots of centuries of cultural fallacy, unremitting efforts and increasing millions

spent on education proved discouraging in results.

THE COMMUNITY-SCHOOL idea strove to establish a new point of view. It differed from the old viewpoint in content, method, and objective. The goal was not to look to the outside for inspiration: this was to be found in internal cultural elements that have come to this day from the misty past. The problem attendant upon this goal was the synthesis of the varied cultural elements. Inhering in this problem was the discovery of methods that would make the divergent social-class experience yield to common cultural understandings. The concept of the community school stressed the axis of operation as internal, and what the outside world had to offer was to facilitate the understanding and operation of the work at the core.

The community-school idea would place educational operation on an independent basis, removing it from the Filipino-American axis in the same way that it was removed from the Filipino-Spanish axis half a century ago. Public education, sponsoring the community school idea, would validate the basis of similar movements occurring in the social, economic, and political fields.

The community-school idea

was germinated in the *PASS Resource Bulletin* of 1949 which propounded it as "education in rural areas for better living." Its immediate concern was the common *tao*. He was to be found in the small towns, the barrios especially. He was discovered as an illiterate tenant, a contented small farmer, a struggling store owner. He was a small man of the rural areas, whatever his occupation might be, with little hope of social and economic advancement. Public education was to help him and his child to live better. Later urban and semi-urban places were to discover their own small man. Public education in these few spots asked the question: "Can not our small men live better, too?"

A public high school first tried to unravel the common man's problems which were mired in his forgotten culture. But because of the close relationship between the second-

ary school and the Western-based college, the elementary level soon found itself the chief exponent of the community-school idea. Public normal schools appreciated the developing situation, and early, revised their programs to furnish leadership to elementary education. Today, teacher education on the graduate and undergraduate levels are trying to wrest themselves away from the collegiate cultural straight-jacket to lead the way for secondary education.

IF PUBLIC secondary education, generally, did not immediately react favorably to the community-school idea, it is now in a position to profit by the agonizing experience of elementary education. That experience was a real struggle over self that looked up to a jealous administration hierarchy whose motivation had been, for generations, the trans-

The Motivation

At the outset, the motivation impelling public education to implement the community-school idea was clear: to study the culture as the basic approach to the social and economic uplift of the common man. There did not seem to be any doubt that his improved situation would tend to raise the leadership status of the higher social stratum. The study of culture, it was thought, would redirect energies to the purposes of self-realization, bringing in the wake of advancing economy greater confidence and self-respect.

—J. V. Aguilar

mission of the Western cultural heritage from the top.

The theory of transmission and the centralized machinery of administration had fitted with each other so well for so long that teacher, called upon to derive his inspiration from the social environment, exercised on it the method he was taught to use in school. This method consisted of telling others what to do. He was possessed with the drive for immediate observable results, and quite often he and his charges would sally forth to effect physical improvements under the euphonious name of "public service" and in the exercise of the technique called "direct approach." Not being made of steel, he soon complained of a double load—teaching the child and "educating" the adult. His position became so untenable that some educators actually proposed to divide his work hours between classroom teaching and community improvement. Through 1953 child learning had so deteriorated that "community improvement" began to acquire a distasteful meaning.

Underneath the drive for community improvement, the gradual growth of child-adult education, previously started through experimentation, was gaining some adherence. This process involved study by the teacher of the native culture

around him. He made it the base of operation for interaction in learning between the child and the adult. He developed a little more pride in the native language which he found effective in the transmission of ideas as these were evolved by adults and in the classrooms.

With a common cultural base, both school and home, he discovered he could promote community organization under lay leadership. In that organization, both child and adult helped to advance the educative process. He found, then, that they could share with him in teaching. He found, too, that the common man needed to learn the value of a project as a basic requirement for its permanent maintenance. This experience confirmed the belief that education offered the basis for any program to uplift the poverty-stricken and the ignorant. It was evident that democratic tenets memorized in school could be given substance only in the life that the people lived.

The struggle between the two motivations was a momentous one. If the teacher were unable to discover the main-springs of native action, Philippine education would be doomed to the oft-repeated concept of assimilation if not outright borrowing. It would

have also doomed the common man to continued peonage. The struggle goes on to this day, but we are vouchsafed by

our educational and social experience that it need not be a losing one.

* *

When a Peso is not a Peso

What is your present peso worth? If you live around Manila, the tabulation below, recently released by the Bureau of Census and Statistics, will tell you. Index year is 1941 (equivalent to 100%):

Year and Year and month	Food Food (63.43)	House rent House rent (11.96)	Purchasing power Purchasing power of peso
1939	94.8	97.7	1.0730
1940	98.9	98.9	1.0277
1941	100.0	100.0	1.0000
1945	834.3	236.4	0.1446
1946	643.7	236.4	0.1917
1947	415.4	453.9	0.2583
1948	386.1	453.9	0.2746
1949	357.9	453.9	0.2910
1950	333.7	453.9	0.3004
1951	361.5	453.9	0.2836
1952	347.4	453.9	0.2946
1953	314.3	453.9	0.3143
1954	307.3	381.2	0.3287
1955	304.4	381.2	0.3312
<i>1956</i>			
January	312.8	381.2	0.3245
July	301.5	381.2	0.3305
August	304.4	381.2	0.3285
September	315.1	381.2	0.3211
October	316.8	381.2	0.3199

Are You Word Wise?

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

1. *impend*—(a) to decrease; (b) to hang or suspend; (c) to get away; (d) to enter.
2. *cabal*—(a) relating to the flesh; (b) a merry-making; (c) an intrigue or conspiracy; (d) not related to.
3. *ludicrous*—(a) mirth-provoking; (b) excessive; (c) very solemn; (d) out of proportion.
4. *gawky*—(a) awkward or clumsy; (b) very tall; (c) full of fun; (d) multi-colored.
5. *spawn*—(a) to circulate; (b) to put on top of; (c) to imagine wrongly; (d) to produce or deposit.
6. *limber*—(a) a log or timber; (b) to dream; (c) to make flexible or pliant; (d) to put to sleep.
7. *aspersicn*—(a) a discrediting remark; (b) an inspiration; (c) a complicated mechanism; (d) mathematical formula.
8. *astute*—(a) very sharp; (b) clever; (c) impoverished; (d) wealthy.
9. *askance*—(a) a tropical fish; (b) sidewise; (c) on the top of; (d) at the same time.
10. *prim*—(a) minutely detailed; (b) elaborate; (c) neat and trim; (d) unwieldy.
11. *strident*—(a) medicinal; (b) pertaining to progress; (c) impatient; (d) harsh-sounding.
12. *dais*—(a) an unwanted child; (b) a fixed seat; (c) a machine part; (d) a cry of sorrow.
13. *coterie*—(a) a heavy curtain; (b) a set of persons who meet for a purpose; (c) a headgear; (d) a tower.
14. *rote*—(a) a memorized role; (b) an expanded body of knowledge; (c) a cultivated area; (d) encourage.
15. *ardent*—(a) youthful; (b) impatient; (c) burning or flaming; (d) amorous.
16. *ingrate*—(a) a huge gate; (b) a device for shredding; (c) surprise; (d) disagreeable or unpleasant.
17. *pallid*—(a) pale; (b) hot and damp; (c) unreliable; (d) unattainable.
18. *dubious*—(a) belonging to a group; (b) not equal to; (c) doubtful; (d) certain.
19. *savant*—(a) one who serves; (b) a man of learning; (c) flavor or taste; (d) pleasant odor.
20. *fervid*—(a) sickly; (b) sentimental; (c) burning; (d) vague.

*A picturesque detachment
reflecting the famed martial
qualities of the Swiss,
it was founded 450 years ago.*

The Pope's Swiss Guards



By *ROBERT STIMSON*

THE SWISS GUARDS form the Pope's personal body-guard and are responsible for the custody of the outer gates and doors of the Vatican City and of the Papal Palaces.

When the Pope goes to his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo in the Alban Hills, members of the Swiss Guard precede him. Sometimes the only warning the local people have of the Pope's impending arrival is the sight of two Swiss Guards standing at the entrance to the Palace. I have heard a cheer go up from men and women sunning themselves at the cafe tables when these Guards make their first appearance of the summer, carrying halberds seven feet long, and wearing sixteenth-century

striped uniforms of yellow, blue, and red, with white ruffs. It is commonly supposed that the uniform of the Swiss Guards was designed by Michelangelo, and I thought so myself until the other day when I met an officer of the Guard who said there was some doubt whether the designer was Michelangelo or Raphael. This officer was good enough to show me how the Guards live and work.

The Guard was founded 450 years ago by Pope Julius II, who had a high regard for the martial qualities of the Swiss. In 1527, not long after their formation, the Guards were al-

most wiped out during the Sack of Rome. One hundred and forty-seven men gave their lives while covering the escape of the reigning Pope, Clement VII, from St. Peter's to the nearby fortress of Castel Sant' Angelo. Only forty-two members of the Guard survived.

In the ancient courtyard of the Vatican City where the Swiss Guards have their barracks and armory, the officer showed me with pride the memorial commemorating this event. He explained that each year on its anniversary, May 6, new recruits take the traditional oath to serve faithfully the reigning Pontiff or, when the throne is vacant, the Sacred College of Cardinals. Recruits are chosen from all the cantons of the Swiss Confederation. The majority come from the German-speaking cantons, and all orders are therefore given in German. The recruits must be Roman Catholic, and they must have completed a period of military service in their own country. The officers, of whom there are five at present, have all served as officers in the Swiss Army.

The present strength of the corps, officers and men, is just over eighty. The men serve for two years, but some stay on longer. The starting pay is about 50,000 lire a month, or roughly 29 pounds. Out of this the men must pay for their

food. I saw the men's mess which has a silver crucifix on one wall, and a nostalgic picture of Matterhorn on another. I saw their armory, with the rows of steel breastplates and the crimson plumed helmets that they wear on ceremonial occasions. And almost within the shadow of the great Basilica of St. Peter's I saw the Swiss Guards' own little chapel.

The officer also took me to each of the posts where the Swiss Guards do sentry duty; then as a climax to the tour we ascended to an upper storey of the Vatican Palace in a stately lift, my first experience, by the way, of a lift operated by an attendant in crimson damask. After a long progress through painted corridors and loggias, we came at last to the door of the Pope's private apartment. This door is guarded day and night by a Swiss Guard who, whenever the Pope appears, kneels down and salutes in four regulation movements. I was not lucky enough to see the Pope come out.

The officer told me a story about this particular sentry post. It happened during the reign of Pope Pius X. Late one night the Pope emerged from his apartment and said to the sentry: "My son, tonight there

are two of us who are unable to rest. You, because you are on duty here, and I because

the noise of your boots disturbs me. I have a suggestion. Let us both get some sleep."

* * *

In Memoriam

A SIMPLE CHAPEL will be built in Manila to honor American soldiers lost in the South Pacific during World War II. An internationally prominent sculptor, Boris Lovet-Lorski, has executed a theme of peace and hope in a twenty-foot monument which will adorn the entrance of the proposed marble chapel.

Columbia, holding a child, towers over three figures representing Liberty, Justice and Patria. Beneath these symbols of peace is a sturdy youth standing over a vanquished dragon. This monument was cast in plaster in the sculptor's New York City studio, then shipped to Italy where it will be copied in grainy, travertine marble. The artist will direct Florentine stone cutters as they carve the final image in handsome marble from plaster models of the original design.

The well-known sculptor vividly describes the proposed Philippine chapel: "It is going to be rather exciting inside the chapel. There will be only natural light coming through openings in a stone. There will be no services; just an altar before which the families will be able to meditate."

In executing this work for the American Battle Monuments Commission, the artist has designed figures that will be readily understood by relatives of the dead — and added his own theme of peace and hope.

*



Christmas Night

“IF I CANNOT SEE THEE PRESENT I WILL MOURN THEE
ABSENT, FOR THIS ALSO IS A PROOF OF LOVE”

Thomas á Kempis

*We do not find Him on the difficult earth,
In surging human-kind,
In wayside death or accidental birth,
Or in the “march of mind.”*

*Nature, her nests, her prey, the fed, the caught,
Hide Him so well, so well,
His steadfast secret there seems to our thought
Life’s saddest miracle.*

*He’s but conjectured in man’s happiness,
Suspected in man’s tears,
Or lurks beyond the long, discouraged guess,
Grown fainter through the years.*

*

*

*But absent, absent now? Ah, what is this,
Near as in child-birth bed,
Laid on our sorrowful hearts, close to a kiss?
A homeless childish head.*

— ALICE MEYNELL

Rubber Country

RUBBER TREES in Thailand, from which low quality rubber was once produced, are now yielding a high quality rubber in great demand the world over. With modern machinery supplied by American aid, and with the advice and direction of rubber experts of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), a pilot processing plant has been established in Kohong, Songkhla province. The purpose of the plant is to demonstrate methods of producing high quality rubber and to begin manufacture of premium priced products such as white crepe and concentrated latex, never before produced by Thailand.

For the small grower, who is relieved of the work of processing and smoking his own rubber under conditions that make high quality impossible, and for the Kingdom as a whole—in view of higher prices for experts and a greater demand for Thai rubber—the benefits of this new plant are considerable. In addition, throughout the rubber growing areas of Thailand, training schools to teach modern techniques are being established, as well as nurseries and experiment stations to make improved trees available to rubber planters.

The Kohong plant is operated on a “production line” principle, which results in maximum efficiency with minimum labor expenses. Latex is bought from nearby growers through cooperative associations, and prices based on actual quality are computed by scientifically testing small samples of each planter's output before it is processed. After the rubber is processed, it is of uniformly high quality and is ready for export.

The export value of Thai rubber is now equal to about one-third that of rice, and because nearly all of the rubber is sold in the United States, it is an important source of dollar exchange. Although rubber production is confined to a relatively small part of Thailand, it is becoming increasingly important to the economy of the country as more and more rubber planters learn to use new methods of processing with modern machinery. Soon, it will become of the few rubber producing countries in the world where conditions of political stability and undeveloped land resources make possible a significant increase in production in the immediate future.

War in the Middle East

By F. C. STA. MARIA

NOT since the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950 had the world come as close to another global conflict as in the flash Middle East war last month. The stage for the fatal play was set by Israel; Britain and France leaped heartily into it, brimming with vengeance and imperialist fire.

The 10-day fighting saw the successful occupation by Israeli troops of Egyptian territory and the invasion of the Suez Canal area by combined Anglo-French forces. But it also witnessed the abrupt turn of world opinion against the invaders, particularly against the British and the French. Only timely intervention by the United Nations averted a dreaded third world war with its ugly promise of atomic destruction for all.

It is not easy to define the issues in the trouble-plagued Middle East. And although in the present conflict the stand of France and England is in-

defensible, there is the danger of over-simplifying the problem in trying to ascertain where the guilt lay.

The extreme importance of the Middle East in world politics was first demonstrated in World War II, when some of the most decisive campaigns of the war were fought and lost in the area. By its peculiar location, this ancient territory around the Mediterranean has become the gateway to three continents: Europe, Asia and Africa. Military planners of all times have always kept a covetous eye on it, obviously realizing its strategic value. It is said that whoever controls the area controls the vital route between the East and the West and also the enormous unexplored wealth of continental Africa.

But that is not all of the picture. Deep in the bowels of the Middle East countries, in a fabulous triangle with Saudi Arabia in the center, lies three fourths of the world's oil re-

serves. This vast treasure, now under the virtual control of the Western powers, has added tremendous importance to the region.

In recent years, because of such wealth and strategic location, the Middle East has also become a chessboard of power politics with Russia and the West as chief protagonists. For more than a century it has been the ambition of Russia to gain a foothold in the warm waters of the Mediterranean. Any change in the status quo in this region would therefore be welcomed by the Soviets. That is why Great Britain and France, who have traditionally wielded the colonial master's mace over the Middle East peoples, and which power and prestige is fast dwindling, are ever suspicious of Russian moves in this part of the world.

To further complicate the picture there is the persistent religious problem involving the Arabs and the Jews. The creation of Israel by the United Nations only alleviated but did not solve the problem. Israel's 1,800,000 Jews, hemmed in from all sides by millions of hostile Arabs, had never felt safe. Even the establishment of the Gaza strip in 1949, supposed to be a buffer between the Israel and Egypt, failed to give the embattled Jews a feeling of security. For several years, in fact, there have been

sporadic but continuous raids from both sides, sometimes culminating in bloody encounters.

THE various positions of the protagonists in the short-lived war can be described against this confused background. Israel is plainly fighting a war of survival among hostile neighbors. Dispossessed and homeless as a people since Biblical times, the Israelis have desperately carved out a habitable piece from the barren desert. Their main financial support comes not from the soil but from the generous aid of prosperous Jewish benefactors from the United States and other parts of the world.

Egypt, in as far as relations with Israel are concerned, would certainly feel more comfortable without Jewish neighbors on her eastern border. Having overthrown British colonial rule after World War II, Egypt, led by ambitious Colonel Abdul Nasser, wants to establish her leadership in the Arab world. Nasser had dangerously played off communist Russia with the West, grabbing whatever advantage he could get from the process.

Great Britain's role appears to be the simplest. She wants to keep her supply of oil undisturbed and to assert her historical position of dominance over the region.

The colonial empire of

France has long begun to crumble, but in North Africa where she still has a few substantial holdings, she is desperately trying to stay on. The troublesome nationalist rebels in Algeria have been encouraged by Nasser's boldness; perhaps they have even been supplied arms and munitions through Egypt. A crushed Nasser would definitely knock the wind off the Arab rebels' drives in North Africa.

As for Russia, her role is one of watchful waiting, making friends with the Arabs whenever she can, and bolstering her prestige by championing the cause of nationalists.

When Nasser seized the Suez Canal a few months ago, these interlacing issues and ambitions in the Middle East came to a clearer focus. France and Britain saw in the illegal seizure a chance to force a showdown, or suffer the forfeiture of their positions in the chessboard of Middle East power politics.

Such an opportunity came for the two Western powers last October 29 when Israel, in a surprise move, invaded the Sinai Peninsula east of the Suez Canal.

Through all these unfolding events the United States, reasonably feeling more remote to the problem than either France or Britain, had assumed the role of a stabilizer. Her greatest concern has been to preserve the balance of power in

Europe and in the Middle East, lest any major disturbance in the area might give Russia a great advantage in the event of a showdown.

There is evidence to show that England and France had conspired with Israel to bring about the downfall of Nasser. Several weeks before Israel struck, Anglo-French diplomats had been busy laying the ground for the Suez invasion. They figured, and rightly so, that nothing short of military action could retrieve the Suez Canal from Nasser's hands. It was a calculated risk they had to take—and they took it.

With Soviet Russia busy suppressing the Hungary revolt and the United States preoccupied with the presidential elections, the British and the French figured that the time was just right. By their estimates Anglo-French forces could capture the entire length of the Suez Canal in a matter of days. They were almost right. For had the ceasefire not intervened, the Suez would have been secure in Anglo-French hands in less than two weeks.

THE actual invasion took place on Nov. 5, although the bombing of Egyptian military installations started five days earlier. This was after Egypt and Israel had rejected an Anglo-French ultimatum demanding the withdrawal from

the canal area of hostile forces. It was clear that Britain and France were using the Israeli attack as a pretext to invade and protect the Suez Canal.

On the first day of the allied bombardment, President Eisenhower called the Anglo-French action an "error." The United Nations Security Council also called an emergency session of the General Assembly.

In the UN the fight was more clearcut. The United States, splitting with her allies France and Britain, teamed up with the Soviet Russia in condemning the invasion and in proposing an immediate ceasefire. As expected, France and Britain rejected the ceasefire but were overwhelmingly defeated in the voting. When the allied invasion forces landed at Port Said at the northern end of the canal, the UN had already voted to organize a UN police force which, by common consent, was to exclude the five powers. This force was charged with supervising the ceasefire. At about this time Russia's Premier Bulganin threatened to intervene in the fight unless Britain and France immediately withdrew their forces. He also called upon the United States to do likewise. President Eisenhower promptly rejected the proposal, branding it "unthinkable."

By November 6 British and France had agreed to stop the

fighting, obviously under the overwhelming pressure of world public opinion. The next day, at 2:00 o'clock a.m. major fighting came to an end in the strife-torn Middle East.

It was fortunate that the two great powers capable of launching a full-fledged atomic war—the U.S. and Soviet Russia—were not in this latest conflict. England and France had certainly miscalculated if they thought that the U.S. would support their imperialistic ambitions for the sake of preserving Big Three unity. Prime Minister Anthony Eden's explanation that Great Britain waged war in order to avert war was plainly stupid. Even the English people could see that. But somehow it was difficult for them to accept the bitter fact that the great British Empire is tottering. Retired Statesman Winston Churchill, stressing the English colonizing spirit, said, "Not for the first time, we have acted independently for the common good."

In France, Premier Guy Mollet was mouthing similar expressions of self-righteousness calculated to appease his aroused countrymen. France was out to protect her legitimate interests in the Suez Canal, he said, and not out to oppress. His explanations apparently fell on receptive ears. Nasser's bold seizure of the Suez Canal was still fresh in

the Frenchmen's memory. To the average Frenchman Nasser was a cad.

WHEN the smoke of the 10-day battle finally lifted, it became patent that another useless war had been fought. The ships Suez Canal was clogged with scuttled by the Egyptians, and would require several months to clear. Port Said and other Egyptian towns along the Suez lay in ruins. The main petroleum pipe lines from Iraq—Britain's only remaining friend in the Arab world—had been blown up. The barren Sinai Peninsula, wrested from the Egyptian defenders, was almost worthless to Israel. Under the combined pressures of the UN, the United States and Russia, Israeli Premier Ben-Gurion agreed to withdraw his forces from the territory. So would be withdrawn, presumably, the Anglo-French forces which had captured three-fourths of the 103-mile waterway in a lightning war.

But what is worse, from the viewpoint of France and Britain, is the fact that Nasser has not been crushed. Egypt's military prestige, if there was any, might have suffered, but the Arabs apparently continued to look up to Nasser as their anti-Western leader.

The basic issues in the Middle East turmoil remain unsolved. Israel, from all indica-

tions, will continue to live a precarious existence among her Arab neighbors. The problem of who should operate the Suez Canal is unsettled.

A few enlightening facts have, however, emerged from the conflict. For one thing, America has demonstrated that she is ready to uphold the principle of freedom regardless of personal friendship. At the great risk of straining Western unity and breaking up the crucial North Atlantic Treaty Organization, she publicly condemned the Anglo-French invasion. Indeed there seems no better opportunity for the United States than the present one to assert a positive and genuine leadership among the weaker nations of the world. If the Arab peoples had suspected her motives in the past, this is her chance to reassure them.

On the other hand Russia's present position would be admirable were it not for the fact that in nearby Hungary she is contradicting herself by brutally repressing Hungarian freedom. Obviously, those who fight for justice must do so with clean hands. How can the Soviet leaders pose as defenders of Arab freedom when their hands are dripping with the blood of Hungarian patriots?

As a tentative peace settled over the Middle East over the month's end, fighting continued in Hungary.

X-RAY FLOURESCENCE instrument permitting continuous determination of metal coating thickness to the millionth of an inch has been developed by Applied Research Laboratories, Glendale, Calif. Instrument is designed to fulfill need for gaging or continuous analytical control in industries where a single element determination is of importance.

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FORAGE CROP SEEDS lost during combining can be reclaimed with a device developed by U.S. Department of Agriculture researchers. An experimental model has reduced shatter seed losses 75% to 95% and may save some seed producers \$BE or more per acre.

* * *

BETTER PLUM CONTAINERS, which permit substantial reductions in cost of marketing fresh western plums, have been developed in a four-year research program. New containers, of fiberboard, cost less than the previously-used crates, according to U.S. Department of Agriculture, which developed them.

*

"H"-SHAPED BLOCK that could be put together easily — without mortar — to form a decorative wall has been devised by a student at Illinois Institute of Technology's Institute of Design. A flat rectangle from the side and an "H" when viewed from end, the block interlocks in various combinations. It is not now being manufactured.

* * *

Atomic Servant

A FACTORY WORKER, incapable of error, performing a task with unparalleled precision and speed would be rare among human beings. But there is a factory worker that not only has the qualities of precision and speed, but eliminates human error as well. This "worker" is an atomic detector which is performing many unusual tasks in various fields.

Newly installed in many large U.S. tobacco companies is the Microfeed, an atomic device that is designed to reveal any defects in packing. It rejects over-weight or under-weight portions, as well as cigarettes with hard or soft packed spots and, therefore, assures uniform quality of the finished product. On a machine used daily, the Microfeed saves a total of more than one ton of tobacco per year by permitting the manufacturer to rework cigarettes rejected because of over-weight or poor packing.

In other factories, scientists have devised an atomic detector to locate stoppages in pneumatic intercommunication systems. In one 40-acre factory with 8000 feet of pneumatic tubing, where cylindrical message carriers transmit customers' orders to factory crews, the detector has been used with great success. This detector, an absorbent paper disc soaked in liquid radioactive cobalt, is inserted in one end of each message carrier. A Geiger counter, applied along the outside of the pneumatic tube system, picks up atomic radiation emitted by message carriers that have jammed, and repairs can be made quickly. The need for this time-saving device was great, because it sometimes took hours or even days to locate stoppages in the tubing before repairs could be made.

This atomic detector has yet another big use—that of testing the fuselage and cabin of pressurized aircraft for leaks. Even a small leak in a high altitude plane can cause engine failure or death to passengers and crew deprived of oxygen.

The vital task of locating leaks previously took twice as much time, and results were not always certain until flight tests were conducted. Now, however, two men can conduct leak tests with the atomic detector in very little time, and can locate the most minute break, thus providing an absolute safeguard to life and valuable aircraft.

Solving many problems, performing many tasks, atomic energy is proving to be a valuable aid in many areas. Under U.S. President Dwight Eisenhower's atoms-for-peace program, scientists are constantly finding new uses for atomic detectors—all of them designed to save time, conserve goods and equipment, and preserve life.



FOWL LANGUAGE

By G. P. WELLS

AS EVERYBODY knows the domestic fowl makes a number of different noises—for instance, the crow of the cock, the cluck of a hen with chicks, or the rhythmic hiccupping cackle of a startled or worried bird of either sex. I think we are perfectly in order if we call these noises a language. These noises have definite meanings, in the sense that each of them expresses a particular emotional state, and their meanings are understood by other fowls. The cackle, and the mild alarm which it denotes, may spread from bird to bird in a flock; the crow is taken as a challenge and answered by other cocks, and so on.

The first dictionary of the language of the domestic fowl was published by Schelderup-Ebbe, just over thirty years ago. He distinguished thirteen different phrases used by adult birds, of which three are used by cocks only, two by hens

only, and the remaining eight by birds of either sex; and he described what they all mean. We know that the vocabulary of the fowl differs fundamentally from our own in this: that the whole of it is inborn, or instinctive.

Not one of the phrases is learned, or acquired by imitation of other birds. This was proved by Schelderup-Ebbe. He showed that fowls hatched in incubators, and reared out



of earshot of other birds, develop the whole vocabulary as they grow up. They use it in a perfectly normal way, and they respond normally to whatever their fellows may say.

The same thing is shown by studies of young chicks. The chick has several different notes—loud cheeps of distress, soft twitterings of contentment, and so on, and it strictly obeys the voice of its mother. She has at least two danger-notes, a mild one which makes her chicks freeze and a scream which sends them dashing for the nearest cover. Or she can soothe them with her cluck, or make them run towards her with her food-call. All of the notes and reactions of the chick are inborn and automatic. They are shown perfectly by incubator-reared chicks. They may even appear before hatching. Take an egg with the little crack on it that shows the chick is ready to emerge: let it cool, and you hear cries of protest from within, warm it again, and they are replaced by delighted twitterings.

IN OUR own species, language is laboriously learned. The association between sounds and meanings is arbitrary: different nations may use the same sound in quite different senses; and an untaught child, growing up in isolation from other people, would

be unable to speak at all. But in fowls the whole vocabulary develops as surely, and is as much part of the inherent organization of the birds, as is the pattern of their plumage.

This does not mean that fowls are incapable of learning. Far from it. A hen knows all the others with which she runs, and knows them as distinct individuals. She knows very well which she can push around, and which she must treat with respect. A new bird, introduced into a group, finds her level very quickly. In the laboratory, chicks have been taught to escape from quite complicated mazes by taking the quickest way. And it is well known that fowls have an excellent memory for places, and can recognize an old home after several years. But their language owes nothing to learning. It has more in common with our inarticulate signs of feeling, our smiles and yawns and sighs, than with our spoken words.



Emotions are contagious. If you see somebody yawn, you want to yawn, too; if somebody laughs, you smile, and so on. In much the same way, if you put a chicken by itself and feed it until it is full and refuses to take any more, then show it other birds eating, it often perks up and begins to peck again. And in much the same way, it will respond to another bird's voice. And as for the way in which fowls answer each other's voices, here again we seem to have a spe-

cial development of something wide and deep in animal organization.

Perhaps I was wrong to say that the voice of a fowl "expresses" its emotions, for in a very real sense, the notes are an integral part of the emotion. Just as in ourselves, fear, or amusement, or boredom, or anger is associated with certain well-known bodily signs, so the different emotions of a fowl are associated with different qualities of note, and different rhythms of calling.

* * *

Power from the Sun

Seven hundred scientists from thirty nations and territories gathered recently at Phoenix, Arizona for the world's first Symposium on Solar Energy.

The sun's rays are already being harnessed for the production of electrical energy, for irrigation and refrigeration, for cooking and distilling sea water. But their potential uses are enormous. Said Dr. Bessel Kok, Netherlands, "the production of our farms and forests could be increased in theory from ten to twenty fold" if better use were made of the sun's power. Statistics quoted by delegates showed that though initial cost of solar energy installations are heavy, their operation is extremely economical.

Solar plants could provide an additional important source of cheap power, particularly in underdeveloped countries. Among the latest developments in this field is a 5 HP engine, now being produced in India, which is capable of pumping 44,000 gallons of water per day. France is planning to build a 1,000 KW "solar factory." (UNESCO).

Fins vs. Seasickness

WHEN man discovered or invented the boat, he also added another item to his list of problems—seasickness. The ship simply liked to roll, pitch, yaw, surge and sway. Then he discovered the sail, which helped a lot. But he progressed to bigger ships, and thinking that sails and ships do not go together, had his old bogey back.

The Russians can rightly claim this first. In 1880 the czar ordered the first "stabilized" ship from Scotland. The idea was to make it so big and broad and flat that high seas could not tip it from side to side. With a circumference of 800 feet, this craft drew barely six feet of water. Well, roll the *Livadia* did not, but my, how she bounced! In those days Russians could still complain and so, with nothing lost but a little pride, the vessel was forgotten. Then Henry Bessemer finding nothing to do with his well-earned dough, decided to build a rolling cabin. Unfortunately someone must have made a mistake with a decimal point and, even with all its gyroscopes and hydraulic engines, the ship was quickly written off by Sir Henry.

Then scientists learned that roll is the chief cause of the nausea but fortunately it is the easiest to control. Came water ballast tanks at the side of the ship, giant gyroscopes and movable heavy weights.

Finally, electronics walked in where angels feared to tread but as it turned out, he was not a fool. If an airplane's wings can control the direction and angle of a plane through the air and also support it in a fluid, why not fins? The *HMS Queen Elizabeth* is now equipped with four adjustable fins. Each a mere twelve feet long by six feet wide, they steady the 83,000-ton vessel. The fins work with an elaborate electro-mechanical control system.

Just how does this combination work? The ship starts to roll to port. A free swinging gyroscope immediately senses this and measures its magnitude, speed and acceleration. This information it sends to the electro-mechanical section and after some mumbo-jumbo this activates the pumps. In a fraction of a second, the fins swing out. The port fin will tilt upward, tending to throw the left side out of the water. At the same time the starboard fin dips, pulling the starboard down. Meanwhile, the badminton game is going on smoothly updeck.

Panorama Peek



Shell photo

COME FIESTA OR YULETIDE, the placid town plaza, like the typical Molo, Iloilo scene above, jumps to sudden life and hectic merry-making.



THE LIGHTS were the first objects at the wharf that Rolio saw from the boat. From a distance they glared and looked as if they were in one compact mass. But as the boat ploughed nearer to the wharf, they appeared to have

disentangled little by little from one another, each becoming a distinct halo of orange. When the boat had finally docked, Rolio saw them to be big electric bulbs dissipated at wide, desultory distances all around the wharf. He never had a

chance before to witness such a phenomenon, and now he had watched the gradual transformation of the lights with awe and almost child-like fascination.

There were many people at the wharf. Porters and jeepney drivers in countless numbers elbowed and shouted at one another as they raced to meet the current of passengers streaming down the gangplank. The rest of the people stood and waited at the wharf square, excitedly halloing and waving at some passenger—quite unknown to Rolio—aboard the boat. They all looked pale and sleepless under the wharf's lights. At a parking lot a little behind the crowd, cars, trucks and jeepneys of all makes gleamed in the semi-darkness.

Rolio scanned the crowd in the space between the Compagnia Maritima terminal office and the customs building. His father and mother were nowhere in sight, and neither was his cousin Leoncio. He felt depressed when he realized that no one was there to meet him. He knew no one in the crowd; they were as much a stranger to him as he to them. It seemed as if his absence of one and a half years had thawed into nothingness whatever familiarity might have existed between him and the customary crowd at the wharf. He remembered the send-off party—so full of warmth and concern for him—

that accompanied him there when he sailed for Manila. And now, in his home-coming, only the cold dampness of the wharf greeted him. He had always dreamed, while still in Manila, of what his home-coming would be like. The same party that saw him off would be there in the wharf to welcome him home. He would shake hands with his father, wait for his mother to imprint two customary kisses on his cheeks, and perhaps it would be all right to give Eloisa a quick, light hug. After all they all knew, didn't they? Then Leoncio and Didong and Melia would be there too.

"Hello, Chief!" he would holler at Leoncio and then wink meaningfully at Didong and Melia as he had always done.

"Things haven't changed a bit around here," his father would remark casually, even before he had asked, "How's everything?"

"I can see *that*," he would rejoin, feigning seriousness at first and then laugh aloud, "Even the mole on Eloisa's cheek is still there!" Then everybody would laugh at his favorite joke. Eloisa, too, would smile coyly at him and he would sidle to her and stealthily touch her fingers with his own as if to assure her that nothing had really changed. And yet it seemed, he reasoned out, that departure and home-com-

ing could never be the same. It was not because one must have changed upon one's return. Very often it was really the place and the people to whom one came home to that changed. It was strange, Rolio bitterly thought, that one could be a perfect stranger in the midst of the place and the people he thought he knew.

Rolio had no idea how long he had been standing on the deck till one of the boat's crew told him to move over because they were cleaning it. He then realized that the boat was almost empty of passengers; even the crowd at the wharf below was fast disappearing. The cars, trucks and jeepneys were moving away in one big, deafening drone into the city seven kilometers away. They looked like a long line of mammoth ants in the half-darkness. Rolio picked up his two traveling bags and went down into the wharf. The giant waterfront clock at the tower of the customs building read in glowing numbers half-past one o'clock in the morning. The wind which blew from the south was piercingly cold, and Rolio shivered. He could tell how big the waves were because of their hollow, heavy thud as they impinged against the long jetty that ran from the wharf to the shoreline of the city. At the distance, the multi-colored lights of the city sparkled like

stars against the night. But there were no stars above; there was only total darkness in the skies.

THESE WERE four other passengers in the jeepney that conveyed Rolio to the city. During the trip they sat close to one another on the same seat, and Rolio could tell how cold they felt because they were also shivering. He sat alone, facing them, on the opposite seat. There were suitcases and bundles piled at the back of the driver's seat. Upon boarding the jeepney, he had an impulse to put his bags on top of the pile but had decided then and there to place them on the seat beside him. Now the four passengers were conversing but their voices were very low he could hardly hear them. But he knew they were happy, for their faces were all brightened up with smiles as they talked. They reminded him of a movie he once saw which depicted a small but happy family at reunion. The youth who seemed to be the object of the trio's impassioned glee was about his age—no, perhaps younger—and he had seen him aboard the boat during the trip. The three others consisted of an elderly-looking man and woman and a girl of about fifteen. Rolio tried to figure out how long the youth had been away through the

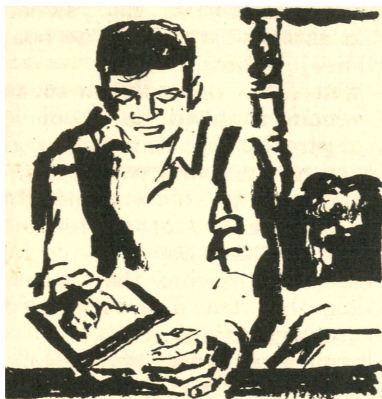
look in his face. Occasionally, he would put his finger tips before his mouth and blew at them to warm himself. But whatever expression his face took on, a look of bliss and complacency remained written all over his countenance. Rolio wondered how he felt to be home. And yet if he got any answers at all to his own questions, they only conspired to make him feel all the more empty and miserable.

The old asphalt road leading to the city was now closed. It said so in the big black and white road sign that blocked the way. The jeepney detoured at what seemed to be an improvised road. It was lined with coconut trees on both sides and through the jeepney's headlights, Rolio could see that it

was unpaved and full of puddles. The jeepney lurched every now and then as it skidded over the puddles and he could hear the muddy water splash. After a short while, the jeepney made another turn and a milepost announced their entrance into the city: You are now entering the city proper. Population, 120,000. Speed limit, 25 MPH. Rolio recalled that the population was only listed as 110,000 when he left the city eighteen months ago.

The four passengers got off together at an old Spanish brick house overlooking the city plaza. It was well-illuminated and Rolio could see the lights stream out of the big open windows into the streets below. The whole house seemed to vibrate with music from upstairs and Rolio could hear the clatter of utensils and the merry-making of many people. Then when the jeepney drove away he thought he heard the strain of a welcome piece being played in the house.

With Rolio as the only remaining passenger, the jeepney glided down into the business section of the city. Nine months ago, headlines of Manila newspapers screamed that a 25-million fire had reduced it to rubble and ashes. Now new concrete buildings—some already finished, and others still under construction—had risen in the places formerly occupied



by the battered, weather-beaten commercial structures. The new buildings were much taller and more impressive in architecture than their predecessors. The surrounding streets, too, had become wider and more beautifully paved. The changes were so sudden to merit belief that if it were not only for the familiar landmarks, Rolio could have sworn he had come home to the wrong city. Somehow he did not like the tall, impressive new buildings and the wide, beautifully-paved streets. He felt very puny looking up and down at their bulk and breadth. They evoked in him a feeling of misplacement and alienation. The old buildings were ugly, battered and weather-beaten but they had given him a reassuring feeling of home and tradition. There was now a sky sign atop the new building that housed Santiago & Sons. It went on and off: now red, now blue, and red again.

THE JEEPNEY went past the National Bank to Primo Street, curved at Lotus Avenue and jarred to a stop in front of an old, obsolete rice mill. Rolio paid the driver and walked the rest of the way, his bags dangling against his legs. The neighborhood was very quiet and only a few of the houses there had their lights on. The lights looked like fad-

ing specks of yellow in the vast darkness that hovered all around. Rolio cut across two blocks of adobe houses (one of them was Eloisa's), and now stood in front of their own. It was completely unlighted—even at the porch—and the first thought that came into his mind was that it was empty. The house looked like a hostile giant in the dark and Rolio thought of David confronting with Goliath. He rapped at the door, first gently, but when no one answered, he rapped harder. Someone inside stirred and then the lights went on, it seemed all over the house, except the one in the porch. The door creaked open and Leoncio's hulking figure stood before him.

"Hello, Chief!" Rolio greeted him happily.

"O, it's you," Leoncio said dispassionately as he yawned and rubbed his eyes. "The boat came just now?"

"Yes." Rolio wanted to shake his cousin's hand but Leoncio had already lifted the two bags in both hands and was motioning him to the sala and thought how big he had grown for the little, skulking boy that his father brought into their house when his Uncle Pedro died many years ago.

"Where's everybody?" Rolio asked when he noticed that they seemed to be alone in the house.



Leoncio put down the bags at the front of the staircase which led to the second floor. He drew a piece of folded paper from the pocket of his pajama shirt and handed it quietly to his cousin. Rolio opened it up and read silently:

Dear Rol,

We are very sorry we can't meet you at the wharf. Your Auntie Luming has suddenly fallen seriously ill and your Papa and I and the children have decided to pay her a visit at the farm. We will be away

for a few days and you may follow us if you wish. There's some money in your locker.

Love,

Papa and Mama

"They were preparing to leave when your telegram came two days ago," Leoncio said casually. "I'm quite alone in the house and I eat outside." When Rolio remained silent, he added, "But of course if you wish to eat in the house we can always call on *Tiya Sebia* to do the cooking."

"Oh, that's all right," Rolio assuaged him. "We'll eat outside. How's *Eloisa*?"

Leoncio did not respond right away but shifted his weight on the other foot as if the question had suddenly made him feel tired. He was standing against the light atop the landing of the stairs and his massive form silhouetted Rolio who was facing him. When he at last spoke, his voice was very low and it sounded scratchy: "She's fine, I guess."

"The mole is still there, I suppose?" Rolio tried to joke. But he saw that Leoncio didn't laugh anymore at his favorite jest.

"Your room is ready if you wish to get some sleep," Leoncio said coldly, apparently evading Rolio's joke. He then picked up the bags and ascended the stairs, his footfalls echoing in the whole house.

Rolio followed him into his room which had already been lighted. Leoncio put down the bags by the bed and then went back downstairs without saying anything more. Rolio sat down on the bed and surveyed the whole room. Nothing in it seemed changed except the position of Eloisa's framed picture on his study-table. It used to face his bed before; now it was lying there, flat on its face as if it had become tired of his untenanted room eons ago. He picked it up and adoringly studied the features of the smiling girl under the light. Pretty girl, he thought. He touched the glass cover above the mole with his finger and chafed it caressingly as if it were real. Pretty girl, he thought again as he returned the picture to the table, this time making it face his bed again. He took time staring at it before he finally took off his shoes and lay down. He fell asleep thinking of Eloisa.

The warm air that blew into the room woke him up. He sat up on the bed and glanced at his watch. It was already ten o'clock. He decided he'd call on Eloisa first thing that day. He stood up and began to unpack his two bags; later he went down to the lower partition of the house to take a shower. Leoncio was nowhere to be seen. He wasn't hungry anyway. The water was very

cold and he just had a slosh of it and then climbed up the stairs again. He put on some fresh clothes and after grooming himself before the little mirror in his room, he descended the stairs again and sallied out of the house in the direction of Eloisa's place.

E LOISA'S HOUSE, which was a two-storey structure, was just a block away from theirs and it only took him a couple of minutes to reach it. He climbed the low stairs of the *entresuelo* and knocked gently at the door. His knocking sounded faint and hollow from the inside. He was feeling excited. Meanwhile, he noticed Charlie, the family dog, basking in the sunlight in one corner of the *entresuelo* porch. He edged toward him and was at the point of petting his head when the animal suddenly stood up and yelped at him. He was only in time to withdraw his hand, otherwise the dog could have bitten him.

"What's the matter Charlie, don't you know me anymore?" Rolio asked, very much surprised at the dog's attitude toward him.

"He has probably forgotten you," the familiar voice of Eloisa's father said from the door.

Rolio went to him and smilingly clasped his proffered hand.

"Leoncio told us you arrived before dawn this morning," Eloisa's father declared. "He has been here a little ahead of you."

"Yes," Rolio retorted. A twinge of timidity crossed his heart at the mention of his cousin's unexpected presence there. He followed Eloisa's father into the entresuelo and saw Leoncio talking to Didong and Melia who were sitting close to each other in the sofa. They all looked up as he entered.

"Welcome home!" Didong and Melia cheered simultaneously. He smiled and winked at them familiarly as he took his seat in the opposite sofa. He didn't look at Leoncio.

"I'll call Eloisa," Eloisa's father announced and then disappeared through the door leading upstairs.

"How are you both?" Rolio directed his greeting to Didong and Melia.

"We're getting married," they told him. "The old people have finally given us their consent."

"Congratulations then."

"Thank you."

Rolio remembered when Didong, who was Eloisa's cousin, brought Melia there. He wanted to marry her even at that time but her parents had been antipathetic toward him. On the other hand, Didong's own father and mother had also disapproved of Melia. The only

thing they could do at the time then was to find a place where they could both be happy without causing trouble and dissent on the part of anybody. Eloisa's folks had been very sympathetic and understanding.

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs and then Eloisa pattered into the room.

"Welcome home!" she hailed Rolio.

Rolio thought her voice had changed. It sounded polite but it no longer reverberated with sincerity and warmth of affection. He smiled awkwardly as he watched her take her seat close to Leoncio in the sofa. He noticed with a pang the sense of oneness that they seemed to feel for each other. He wanted even to shake her hand only but he could see that she had deliberately planned to avoid the occasion. That was not the Eloisa he used to know.

"How's Manila?" she asked casually.

"Oh, as usual," he replied succinctly, trying very hard to ease his choked voice. He could not take away his eyes from her. She was still very beautiful, he reflected, and silently let his eyes dally on the mole on her left cheek.

"Did you enjoy the trip?" she asked again in her casual voice.

"It was good enough," he returned wryly. He knew she was not really interested in the

things she was asking. She was only trying to make conversation.

"Are you planning to go back soon?" Then he saw her instinctively rest her hand on Leoncio's shoulder. His cousin remained immobile in the sofa but when he caught his eyes, they were gleaming with triumph and possession.

"In a week or two," Rolio managed to answer in a halting voice. The scene was more than he could take but he tried to compose himself.

For some time no one spoke. Tension reigned in the room like rain clouds over the horizon. Even Didong and Melia felt clumsy and didn't seem to know what to do. They would look with uneasiness at Rolio and then, furtively, at the pair who remained seated close to each other. It was as if Leoncio and Eloisa were accomplices in a crime in which one was helpless without the other.

Suddenly a sense of estrangement and isolation overcame Rolio, and felt all alone. He realized that he was not welcome in the house anymore. It dawned upon him that Leoncio and Eloisa desired as much privacy as Didong and Melia. The four of them belong to one another; no one had really belonged to him. The thought that Eloisa cared for him all those times was nothing short of illusion. No one could ever

be cocksure about anything, much more of a woman's feelings. Even the scene he was presently witnessing was not just circumstantial. It was a premeditated demonstration designed to make him see and realize where he definitely stood in the scheme of events after the lapse of eighteen months. And now the things he had seen and observed, since the boat docked at the wharf that morning, unfolded before his mind's eye like a parade in review. He could sharply feel the cold dampness of the wharf that greeted him, clearly see the youth in the jeepney; the tall, impressive new buildings and the wide, beautifully-paved streets; the dark neighborhood, the note; Leoncio! He had not really come home. This was the wrong place and the wrong people. When he glanced at Leoncio and Eloisa, they avoided his eyes. He thought Eloisa had used too much powder on her face so that the mole was now hardly visible. There was only helplessness and pity for him in the eyes of Didong and Melia.

He looked at his watch.

"It's getting late and I must go," he said. He stood up and made for the door. He thought someone followed and saw him to the threshold but he didn't bother to look back to see who it was. As he climbed down the stairs, Charlie yelled at him

again as if in mockery.

In his room, Rolio began to pack up again. He didn't know that he had been crying till drops of tears fell on one of the bags that he was trying to fill up with his things.

"Where are you going?" a voice which he recognized belonged to Leoncio asked from behind. He had followed him into the house.

"Back to Manila," he tried to straighten his voice. He didn't turn to look at him lest he should see his tear-streaked cheeks.

"But you just got here!" Leoncio exclaimed, feigning concern. "I thought you have a two-week vacation."

"No, just a few days," he lied. "Besides, I have too much work to do back there." He wanted to tell him: *Let's not kid ourselves, cousin Leoncio. You know as well as I do why I'm leaving this soon.*

"What shall I tell your papa and mama?"

"I'll write to them," Rolio stated curtly. He reached for his fountain pen from the study-table but tried not to look at Eloisa's picture.

AFTER ROLIO had finished packing, he lifted the two bags in both hands and scampered out of the room into the stairs. He went down in such a hurry that he didn't even realize that his footfalls were echoing in the whole house. Leoncio watched him leave from the head of the stairs. But he never looked back.

Rolio was aboard a Southern Line vessel that pulled out from the wharf that evening. He stood on the deck and watched the city grow small. At first the big electric bulbs at the wharf looked like distinct halos of orange. But as the boat ploughed further away into the sea, they little by little became entangled to one another, finally becoming one compact mass of lights. But Rolio had seen that phenomenon before and now it no longer struck him with wonder and fascination. The wind which blew from the south was still piercingly cold, and Rolio shivered. He zippered his jacket and went to the other side of the deck where it was not very cold.

* * *

He Rents 'Em

*There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em:
And when asked for the cost
Of what he has lost
Said, "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em."*

Endeavors of Art*

By LEONARD CASPER

JUST AS AN individual may be deceived about his own intentions, so may a whole nation or an age. Renaissance England — and scholars who simply accepted the self-estimate — felt that the classics were being reborn in their own time. Elizabethan eyes were, in fact, looking backwards; but they also saw forwards and sideways: and this complicated mode of vision sometimes interpreted Aristotle in unpredictable ways. This is the point of Madeleine Doran: one cannot simply add up broad influences and expect a living people to conform to the prophesied description. Renaissance England did not duplicate the experience of the Golden Age because the mind is creative, not merely combinatoric; and in the process of being imitated, any thing but particularly an abstract concept will undergo modifications.

Doran's is a history of ideas that never becomes discolored by those broad, faintly traced half-truths that usually constitute historical criticism: the sailings of Armadas, the underhand motions of an exchequer, the tight-lipped smile of a queen who, head of a new church lately Catholic offered herself to the people's eyes as the Virgin Mary's image. Instead Miss Doran explores the creative mind in action and proves it not the passive heir of political configurations but truly creative.

Although Renaissance critics praised Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* as the mother of all tragedies, because Aristotle held it so high, yet they seemed most attracted to Euripidean tragedies (the *Medea*, *Orestes*, etc.) because the latter's mixture of comic-tragic tones, onstage violence, and theatrical effects

* Madeleine Doran, *Endeavors of Art: A Study of Form in Elizabethan Drama* (University of Wisconsin Press: Madison, 1954).

suited their own tastes better. While paying tribute to the Greeks, these tastes as a matter of fact owed more to the eloquence of Ciceronian rhetoric than to its austere predecessor; to the abundant variety of native medieval drama (miracle plays and moralities, that burst out of the church doors into the courtyards); the bloody plays of Seneca; loosely constructed historical chronicles; and episodic tales from the Italian.

The chief endeavor of Renaissance art, therefore, conscious or otherwise, had to be directed towards making these multiple interests compatible and presentable.

Renaissance language is always striking, notable for the power and subtlety it frees, because the 16th century, considering speech a major sign of man's difference from animals, strove for eloquence. Opulent texture in the plays, however, is seldom matched by a sense of total structure. Shakespeare's occasional achievement of architectonics, in the modern sense, is rare indeed.

Their plays, under the influence of saints' legends (rich in strange adventures, separations, wanderings and trials), enacted in medieval churches, are abundant in event; but thorough characterization suffers from this interest in vivid incident and the scene. In fact, the dramatic forms prescribed classically, generally suffered in response to other influences. Aristotle had once described tragic characters as being of the higher ranks in the social hierarchy and of possessing superior moral virtue, and therefore of being undeserving of their fate. The Renaissance was likely to overlook this moral characteristic and to emphasize social status alone, or to categorize plots in terms of their "sad" or "happy" ending. Consequently, as Miss Doran points out, Boccaccio's humorous tales were "tragic" because in them princes met tribulations; while Dante's epic excursion through heaven, hell and purgatory was considered a comedy because it ended with a final beatific vision.

Actually, the Renaissance view of fate was often more mechanical and less mysterious than the Greeks'. They drew their simple illustration of the rise and fall of personal destiny from the medieval Wheel of Fortune metaphor (which satisfied even Shakespeare and contributed the fundamental structure to his *Julius Caesar* in which each man takes his turn at the pinnacle and pit).

Moreover, Elizabethan dramatists followed three important influences in forming variants of tragedy: chronicle plays,

concerned with the (seldom coherent) lives of the great but with a livelier interest in historical recording than in the philosophical contemplation of true tragedy; the Italian plays of intrigue—revenge incited by jealousy, crimes of passion or ambition—whose bloody protagonists did not have to be nobles; domestic tragedy—front page disasters visitant on middle class homes. *All these variations saw the decline of the classics at the time of its supposed recovery!*

THE LICENTIOUS Roman plays were unrecognizable in the loving, tender, human Elizabethan comedies; Greek simplicity was lost in the complicated later plays with their duplications of disguises (as in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*). Nor would Aristotle have welcomed Elizabethan combination of forms, in tragicomedies, where heroes were rescued at the last moment in a long series of sufferings, and were restored to fortune and sanity.

Characters in 16th century plays were seldom allowed genuine development or consistency; yet emphasis on vivid scenes and energetic rhetoric (which, like Shylock's, might get cut of hand and run counter to the rest of the play) has kept many of them memorable. Furthermore, paradoxically, 16th century devotion to decorum and the psychology of types sometimes pushed a "humor" beyond expected stereotype to the point of caricature; individual excess, carried to the point of eccentricity, becomes interesting.

Sometimes the Renaissance artificially imposed the unities of place and time on their plays; but they were too used to free medieval practice—in a miraculous pageant, anything was possible—to confine themselves overlong. Complication went merrily on its way through multiplication of counter-revenges or mistaken identities, with all difficulties fortuitously resolved at the latest curtain. Only a Shakespeare or a Jonson sometimes could manage to make the denouement derive from man's character himself.

But these were relatively personal visions, and hardly the mode of vision for their age. Just as the soil of the classical past produced strange fruit in Elizabethan England, so too were the latter age's finest artists more than the product of "race-place-and-time." Miss Doran's book is a clear illustration of the difference between a tree and a man.

* * *

Gericault: Painter of Violence

By ANDRE DU BOUCHET

AS THE WORK of Cezanne is at last being assimilated by the most backward academic painters of geometric pattern, we turn our eyes even farther toward Gericault (1791-1824) and Delacroix, 19th century dramatic colorists.

Questions have been raised about the status of painting in our post-war world, about the relationship of the work of art to events. To the execution of Maximilian, Emperor of some illusory Mexico, Manet responded by abolishing the dramatic aspects of the event and lingering in the leisure of color sensation. Ingres was in the same mood when he angrily asked that Delacroix' "Raft of the Medusa" be removed to the Navy and War departments. And now, in our own time, out of the war have again

emerged, calm and unperturbed, Matisse's splendid drawings of nudes and of flowers. He has felt the necessity of throwing a veil of decency upon unesthetic sufferings.

Most painters between Manet and Picasso, by deliberately shutting their eyes to certain aspects of life, ceased to show any evidence of a struggle, but only an academic "abstract" art. This would have surprised their great forerunners. Only in Picasso, among moderns, is a return from the so-called classic period to the violence of his "Guernica." Yet even he juggles his soul between a healthy "Revolution in art" and a subservient "art of the Revolution" (his latter-day portraits commissioned by officials of the Communist Party, instantly multiplied by the million in

color reproductions, are to replace in each peasant and worker's home the postman's calendar).

Is it an accident that the composition of "Guernica" points back to Gericault's "Roman Horse Races," that the rush of the woman on the right, in the painting's preliminary stage, duplicates that of Gericault's magnificent drawing of Medea, or that the "Oradour" of Andre Masson is a variation upon "Greece Dying on the Ruins of Missolonghi"? Missolonghi, Guernica, Oradour—laments upon three murdered towns!

Gericault's predecessors painted artificial gestures, figures in conventional relationships. But Gericault: when, for instance, his studies of the "Raft of the Medusa," he visits hospitals, paints corpses and limbs until the stench of his studio becomes unbearable, in violent contrasts of dark and light, he ultimately produces a *painting*.

A contemporary critic was shocked: "We are surprised that the painter has used this enormous frame and these colossal dimensions which are meant for the representation of general events, such as a national celebration, a great victory, the coronation of a king, or one of these acts of sublime devotion which honor religion, patriotism, or mankind."

HE REJECTED the thin linear abstractions of the neo-classicists: "if I could draw my contour with an iron wire, I would do it." Yet he painted heavily, thickly, in the "paste," and was called "the cook." This perpetual struggle is embodied in each of his works—a struggle between abstraction and concreteness; the inflexible contour and the thick paste he works in; the "iron-wire" and the dark shades which never obliterate it; the emphatic gesture and the greatest immediacy.

Matisse, the painter whose point of departure is in leisure, says that his flower paintings turn sometimes into young women dancing. Gericault says: "I begin a woman, and she turns into a lion." It is very significant that there is hardly a figure of a woman in all of Gericault's work.

The preparatory sketches for "The Wounded Cuirassier," as Huyghes points out, are torn between reality and a vital force, just like a tree torn by the wind between its shape of tree and the representation of the external force which formed it. His ultimate balance is not achieved through the intrinsic quiet of a "happy holiday," but through the identification of an inner struggle with an objective violence.

This "molochist" painter, as Baudelaire calls him, delights in massacres and in flames. But

ROUSSEAU'S LION

Of his own strange painting in which a lion stands next to a gypsy sleeping beside a moonlit river, Henri Rousseau once said he had pictured "the sleep of sleeps, the silence of silences." "We have here," he wrote, "the contrary of poetic painting . . . One is confronted, rather, by painted poetry . . . by a miracle of intuitive knowledge and sincerity.

"Perhaps, in fact, this lion and this river are the dream of the sleeper. It is probably not unintentional that the painter, who never forgot a detail, has put no imprints in the sand around those sleeping feet. The gypsy did not come there. She is there. She is not there. She is in no human place."

the massacre and the fire have been transmuted and the violence fades out. The violent storm subsists, but in a state of suspense. He seizes the moment before the lightning falls or after the emblematic victory has been won.

FAR FROM radiating, Geri-cault's volumes contract. The contour never gives way; the backs of some figures bend sometimes under a tremendous pull, but then contract almost into a circle. This hard contract betrays the violent appetite for power which possesses him and which, in the "Barbieri," expresses itself in such a strenuous ways that the rearing horse and the threatening man become curiously static and relief-like. Otherwise, he behaves like a stoical philosopher in front of the eternal emblem of a

swirl which is his adventure. The bull will never be sufficiently tamed, the horse will never be sufficiently conquered.

Clement's testimony illuminates a process of purification: "When he had drawn a project, and when he had corrected it and loaded it so much that nothing could be seen any longer, he covered it with a transparent paper and picked up the good lines. He made a new drawing . . ."

The early studies show young peasants, dressed in local costumes and struggling with horses in front of a crowd of spectators. A later version removes the crowd to the background, behind geometrical blocks of stones, cubes and cylinders. The peasants become Roman, not French. Costumes and accessories begin to disappear. The struggle, as brutal as ever, has

become an ideal one; the violence has become liturgical. Gericault is not concerned with its outcome but with its essence. The men seem to be overwhelmed; the balance is shattered as a horse makes a desperate effort to break out

of the frame. The legs of the man are so stylized that they have lost contact with the ground he stands upon. Everywhere is the marvelous black curve, the Olympian detachment *after* the effort of creation.

* * *

Science Works for You

THE MANUFACTURERS of the world famous Wedgwood blue and white jasper pottery have adapted their traditional design to a scent spray for the first time. First deliveries are being made this month. The jasper scent container is fitted with a silvered spray and silk netted bulb to match.

*

A WHITEWALL TIRE that'll stay white—one that won't turn yellow with age or develop surface cracks—is reportedly achieved by DuPont. "Hypalon," a synthetic rubber which is immune to ozone, is added to the standard whitewall compound. Minute traces of ozone in air is held to be primary cause of whitewall deterioration.

* *

FLYING TV STATIONS may be built from helicopters during major naval combat operations. Developed at Philco Corp. for Navy's Bureau of Ships, new airborne television system is said to provide excellent operation over line-of-sight distances of more than 50 miles. Systems of this type could be used for control of amphibious landings.

*

Emile Gauvreau: the Genuine Imitation

WHEN Emile Gauvreau was only a boy, in New Haven, Connecticut, he was crippled by the practical joke of neighbors who, unable to stand the military manner of Emile's soldierly French-Canadian father, had exploded a bomb inside their home. Emile's answer was to use to his utmost what was left of his body. What he could not predict was that he would try too hard to prove himself.

He recalled later that "I was part of that strange race of people aptly described as spending their lives doing things they detest to make money they don't want to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like."

Before he was 16, he was hired by the *New Haven Journal-Courier*; and before he was 30, he was managing editor of the *Hartford Courant*. In 1924, Emile went to New York to organize the *New York Evening Graphic*, which he edited and published for the next five years, until the crash.

The aim of the *Graphic's* owner, Bernarr Macfadden, was to sell one million copies daily. Macfadden was a rich eccentric, a thorough believer in physical culture and nudity, who later even at an extremely advanced age when most men are trying to keep from falling off their rocking chairs busied himself marrying young girls and making parachute jumps, and threatening to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. To compete with his dynamic owner, crippled Gauvreau invented the "composograph". One such doctored photograph of the dead but idolized Rudolph Valentino purported to show him entering the spirit world. This was the age of the Roar-

* This is the twenty-fourth of an exclusive *Panorama* series on leading literary personalities the world over, written by an authority on the subject.

ing Twenties, of gangsters and gagsters, F. Scott Fitzgerald's world:* Gauvreau's trick increased the paper's circulation by 100,000.

ENCOURAGED, editor Gauvreau continued to contribute to the haziness that frequently enveloped the fact and fiction of those days. Composographs of personalities in scandal cases became routine devices. However, once after having purchased the memoirs of a gangster, he sold them back when other underworld characters involved threatened to "take him for a ride."

In 1929, Gauvreau transferred to Hearst's *Mirror* as managing editor; but unfortunately, the *Mirror* already had a managing editor, colorful Walter Hovey, prototype of the editor in the play, *Front Page*. However, Gauvreau was counseled to bide his time and wait for Hovey to explode in anger and be dismissed; then the dispute over the position would end: and this is what actually happened.

Ironically, when Gauvreau himself was dismissed because of a pro-Russian book written in 1935, it was Hovey who became his successor! Gauvreau had served as special observer with a Congressional mission to Russia studying whether the United States ought to grant recognition to that country, considered to have finished its revolution and to have stabilized itself. On his return in 1933, Gauvreau urged recognition. However, when he rewrote as a book the articles on Russia that had appeared in the *Mirror*, he was dismissed by William Randolph Hearst... whether for patriotic purposes or for infringement of the paper's copyright was never made clear.

In addition to the book *Russia, What So Proudly We Hailed*, Gauvreau found time for *Dumbbells and Carrot Strips*, a biography of Bernarr Macfadden written with the publisher's third wife; *Billy Mitchell, Founder of Our Air Force and Prophet Without Honor*; *Hot News*; *The Wild Blue Yonder*; and his autobiography, *My Last Million Readers*. A few of his books were later filmed.

One of Gauvreau's crusades established Mark Twain's home as a national literary shrine in Hartford. Like some of his other work, the crusade demanded a high expenditure of energy and salesmanship, since it has always been well-known that, although Twain married a New Englander, his heart

*See *Panorama*, January 1956.

was always back in the highlands on the banks of the Mississippi, in the Middle West. Gauvreau seemed to take a personal interest in lost causes, including his own.

After his work ended with the Hearst papers, Gauvreau moved to Philadelphia and employment with Moe Annenberg, millionaire chain-owner of newspapers, racing sheets, comic books—and, some said, hoods and musclemen. From 1937 to 1940, he edited the Rotogravure section of the *Philadelphia Sunday Inquirer* and *Click*, a picture monthly.

Somehow he became adviser to the official delegation of the Korean Provisional Government at the United Nations conference in San Francisco in 1945.

At the age for retirement, Emile Gauvreau died instead, passing away more quietly than anyone had expected, in late 1956, in Virginia.

* * *

Snicker Alley

A pedestrian had fallen into a manhole and called for help.

"Dear me," said a gentleman who happened along.

"Have you fallen into that manhole?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "As you seem interested I will say that I just happened to be down here and they built the pavement around me."

* *

"And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the little girl.

*

PILOT WIZARDS IN THE SUEZ

They earn every cent of their fabulous pay

A SUEZ Canal pilot is a high skilled man. He has to be. He has a most difficult job to perform. If you look at a small-scale map, the Suez Canal appears as a straight line across the isthmus linking Africa and Asia, but it is not. The Canal curves through the desert wilderness and some of its bends are very sharp indeed. What is more, a ship has not the whole width of the Canal to maneuver. The channel, carefully marked with buoys, is only just wide enough for one ship. The water of every canal is moving, but generally almost imperceptibly.

In the Suez Canal, however, there is strong current from north to south—on an average about three-and-a-half knots. At the southern end of the Canal at Suez the waterway is affected by the Red Sea tide. At certain times of day this sweeps

By *DOUGLAS STEWART*

in at two knots, meeting the southward current of three-and-a-half knots. The result is a nasty turbulence.

But the pilots who bring through the passenger liners, the oil tankers, and the cargo boats have additional hazards with which they must contend. At regular times of the year big winds howl across the Sinai Desert. If you have ever tried to steer a converted narrow boat on an English canal in a big wind, as I have, you will know that it is an almost impossible task. You cannot keep the boat on course, and the sensible thing to do is to pull into the bank until the wind drops. But in the Suez Canal the pilots cannot adopt this simple solution. They have to bring their convoys through.

They must do this even in a sandstorm. The best description of an Egyptian sandstorm is in the Bible. You remember that Moses turned day into night, and that Pharaoh could feel the darkness?

NATURALLY, a Suez Canal pilot must know every inch of the 103 miles of artificial waterway. He must be able to guide any ship through, day or night, windy or still, sandstorm or no. Any ship: that is what the pilots themselves like to stress. On an average, four convoys of ten ships each pass through the Canal every day, two going north and two going south. Each ship must have a pilot. It does not matter if it is a huge liner, a giant tanker, or a sixty-year-old cargo boat held together, as one pilot puts it, with rope and tar, each ship must have a pilot, and must be brought through the Canal in safety.

The convoys move through the Canal at seven knots; the ships carefully spaced one behind the other. They cannot go faster. To do so would be to create a wave which would damage the banks of the Canal. At this slow speed a ship is extremely difficult to steer, and remember the bends, the

narrowness of the channel, and the current. Yet, despite all these difficulties, there has rarely been an accident in the Canal to obstruct shipping. The last one of any consequence occurred just over a year and a half ago, when the steering of a 10,000 ton tanker snapped. It took a week, working day and night to clear the obstruction and to permit ships to pass again freely.

The pilots, therefore, are all hand-picked men. Before being considered for the job they must have held a Master's Certificate for at least two years. They must have had not less than ten years' experience on the high seas. They must be over thirty-five years old and completely fit. A Suez pilot is well paid. He can earn up to 6,000 pounds a year, but he really has to earn his money. Over the past two years, the Suez pilots have been working an average of 300 hours a month. These are long hours, particularly when you remember how unpleasant the weather is in this part of the world. In the summer months the heat comes off the desert like the blast you get when you open the oven door to see how the Sunday joint is coming along. —*The Listener*.

* * *

Asian Art in Crystal



DISTINCTIVE Asian designs are now etched on some of the world's finest crystal. The growing appreciation of Eastern art in America is being fostered as Steuben Glass adds the work of Asian artists to the Steuben collection of international designs in crystal. Steuben Glass, America's finest hand-wrought glass, is made at Corning, a small town in New York State.

The Steuben Glass seen in museums and exhibitions, or selected gifts of state, is often a supreme example of the engraver's as well as the glassmaker's art. It is to decorate this type of engraved

"crystal" that artistic contributions were sought from leading artists of Burma, Ceylon, Indo-China, Indonesia, India, Korea, Pakistan, Philippines, Taiwan and Thailand.

One of the objectives of Steuben Glass is to produce important engraved pieces which can stand alone as works of art in crystal, independent of any utilitarian purpose. The first such exhibition pieces, introduced soon after Steuben Glass was established in 1934, were those by the well-known, young sculptor Sidney Waugh.

In the past 290 years, scores of other painters, sculptors and designers have prepared drawings

for copper wheel engraving. Today, the Steuben collection contains a cross section of contemporary American and European art expressed in a common medium.

Steuben is now turning to the Far and Near East, believing that their artists can make a signal contribution to glass design. For such an enterprise, it was necessary to enlist the assistance of a scholar of the East, well-versed in its arts, languages and customs. The New York Public Library made available to Steuben Glass the services of its Curator of Prints, Karl Kup. Mr. Kup spent six months touring Asia and the Near East contacting noted artists of the various countries.

From the Asian designs submitted, over 30 were executed by Steuben's master engravers. The resulting collection, "Asian Artists in Crystal," was introduced in the United States by exhibitions in

Washington and New York: The exhibit, which has been touring the major cities of Asia and the Near East throughout 1956, will be shown in Manila last month. Two prominent Filipino artists, Arturo Luz and Manuel Rodriguez, are represented in this exhibition.

Only graphic arts lend themselves successfully to glass engraving. Watercolor, pen and ink, pencil or charcoal, white chalk on black paper, line drawings, and prints of almost all types are acceptable. Oil paintings are not suitable for reproduction on glass. The artist's sketch or drawing should be clearly defined and as sharp as possible. A hazy sketch and a fuzzy line are hard to translate by engraving on glass while a decisive outline drawing suffers nothing in the transformation. The interplay of engraved or clear areas makes for more interest in the finished product than do large, unbroken

areas of engraving.

At the Steuben Glass factory in Corning, a large gallery for spectators overlooks the main floor. Glass craftsmen move back and forth before great brick furnaces, twirling gobs of molten glass on their blow-irons. Or they sit before small auxiliary furnaces called "glory holes" which are used to reheat the glass while it is being worked. With speed and dexterity seemingly effortless, they puff the molten glass into flawless bubbles, twirl them on the ends of blow-pipes, cut off their excess, deftly fashion them into pitchers and other articles of exquisite design.

On the finished glass object, artists' designs are executed by copper wheel engraving, one of the rarest and most difficult handicrafts. The engraver works at a small lathe into which are fitted, one at a time, scores of interchangeable copper wheels. Great care must be used in selecting the exact tool to produce a given form.

For carrying out even a simple design, as many as 50 different wheels may be used.

A museum at the Corning Glass Center contains rare examples of glass from many lands and civilizations. Two objects can be seen which symbolize, both in time and technology, what is covered in the museum's display. The first is a tiny Egyptian amphoriskos dating from 1500 B.C., the other, one of the largest pieces of glass ever cast, the 200-inch mirror disc, twin to the one designed for the telescope on Palomar Mountain in the State of California. It weighs 20 tons.

Most of the glass produced at Corning is for technical and industrial uses, mass-produced by intricate and highly specialized machines. But in its Steuben Glass, this great industrial concern pays its debt to the 3000-year-old art of glassmaking by producing some of the world's finest, hand-made crystal.—*Free World.*

Are There DEATH TRAPS

In Your Floors?

A great number of home accidents which result in injury or death can be prevented. In the Philippines, where no official statistics are available, the casualty list would run to a neat figure every year. Recently the Junior Red Cross magazine published an article, adapted below, calculated to make the average person more careful at home.

Statistics

1. There were 29,000 deaths from home accidents in 1952, all ages. Nearly half these persons—14,400—died because they fell. Five out of six who so died were 65 years old or older. According to special studies, about one-fourth of the home falls occur in bedrooms.

2. But other areas of the house are dangerous also... inside stairs, kitchen, living room, outside stairs, and dining room, in that order. And there are three falls in the home on the same level to every two from another level, which means that $3/5$ of the death-dealing falls are at the floor level.

Why do such accidents occur?

3. Falls happen for many reasons. The condition of the floor might be responsible...

whether it is old, new, sloped, has cracks or splinters, missing, loose or broken tiles.

4. There might be foreign materials on the floor... spilled liquids, children's toys, sand from out-of-doors... any material dropped, collected or scattered there which should have been cleaned up picked up but which was allowed to lie and cause an accident.

5. The floor itself might be too slippery because it is improperly maintained. This hazard might be increased by the presence of unanchored scatter rugs, by the fact that someone walks on such a floor in stockinged or lightly slipped feet, or in shoes with heels that are too high.

6. Lighting in the room, stairway, hall or other area might be inadequate.

7. The person about to fall might be wearing shoes in

need of repair, with runover heels, loose soles. Or he might have just come in from out of doors, tracked with him on his shoes grease, mud, other substances.

8. The about-to-be statistics might be in a bad mental or physical condition at the moment. He simply isn't watching where he is going, or how. Or, especially, in the case of the aged, his walk might have become unsteady. (If older, he might in fact break a bone and then fall, rather than the reverse.)

How can such accidents be avoided?

9. There is no way to avoid falls on floors at home. Just as there are many reasons why we fall, and any one or all of them may combine to bring about a particular accident, there are many ways in which to avoid accidents. Every member of the family must be taught and expected to exert a reasonable amount of care for his own safety. But the good homemaker will assume that members of her family may often be careless, and will remove from her house as many contributing floor hazards as possible.

Installing safe floors

10. Every housekeeper will not have say-so over the kind

of floors in her home, especially when she rents or buys a home already constructed. But she should inspect floors before moving in, request such repairs as are feasible. Moreover, when she is building a home or repairs or additions are being made... whenever new floors or floor surfaces are being installed . . . she will want to be sure that the installation is proper for the home or room, that proper materials are used. For example:

- a. Floors should be level; changes in grade are hazardous and cause many accidents.
- b. Except for small areas, as in bathrooms, concrete or tile should not be laid on top of wood construction, because of weight. The result of such installation would be sunken or broken beams, and sloping floors or cracked surfaces to create peril underfoot.
- c. In the basement, only asphalt tile, some brands of plastic tile, or ceramic tile should be used on concrete slab in direct contact with damp earth. Linoleum and rubber tile will not adhere to moist surfaces, wood may warp or rot, and carpeting will get moldy.
- d. On the other hand, concrete slabs above ground

that are properly water-proofed can take such floor surfacing as linoleum or rubber tile once the concrete slabs have become thoroughly dried out.

Maintaining a safe floor

11. Most housekeeper prefer a shiny floor. Although such a floor is often assumed to be the cause of falls, it is a fact that tests conducted by the Underwriters' Laboratories have less slip than the surfaces on which they are used, providing the wax is applied and maintained properly. However, reputable wax manufacturers do not make "non-slip" claims because they realize no floor preparation can prevent or eliminate falls, which may be caused by a number of factors.

How to use wax

12. Paste or liquid polishing wax should never be used on asphalt floors; asphalt is soluble in the solvent present in all polishing waxes.

13. Always use self-shining (water-base) wax on asphalt floors.

14. Follow this same rule for rubber tile floors unless you are sure the rubber is of highest quality. Otherwise your floor will deteriorate, become unsightly, and increase tripping hazards underfoot.

15. In applying any wax, first make sure that your floor has been completely rinsed of soap or detergents used to clean it. Such cleansing agents left on the floor will soften wax, make it smeary, heighten possibility of slipping, and of themselves may be slippery.

16. Use the right tool for the job. If you use a sponge mop to apply an emulsion (self-shining) wax, keep a spare mop head for this purpose and do not use this mop for anything else. It is impossible to rinse out every bit of soap or cleaning solution from the sponge head used for washing the floor. If the same head is used to apply the wax, the alkaline residue in the sponge mixes with the wax to give your floor a gummy coating that is smeary and slippery.

17. Apply any wax which must be polished... whether paste or liquid... in a thin coat. This thin coat can be buffed with a bristle brush or steel wool. Use too much wax and you'll end with a smeary and unsafe floor coating. It is not thickness of wax but its hardness which protects your floors and eases the job of maintenance.

18. Be sure that "self-shining," or "self-polishing" waxes are thoroughly dry before you walk on them or allow any member of your family to cross over them. Allow 20 minutes

for drying usually, 30 minutes in humid weather.

19. It is likely that you will apply fresh wax to your floor at regular intervals. Do not do so too frequently without stripping self-polishing wax down to the floor and starting fresh. You should certainly strip off old wax and start new at housecleaning time, two or three times a year.

20. Between waxings, to maintain your floor, use a dry dust mop or brush and never an oil mop. Oil softens wax and creates a smeary coating.

Tile floors

21. Watch tile floors for tripping hazards. Loosened tiles should be recemented in place immediately.

Particular care in particular rooms

22. Kitchen: tack or cement linoleum flat. Make it a habit . . . and train children . . . to wipe up grease, spilled water, fruit peelings promptly. When you scrub or wax the floor, be sure to warn others that the floor is wet.

23. Living room: Determine which spots of your room are most traveled, and watch rugs for signs of wear in those areas. Rearrange the furniture according to the travel areas of your room, so that family members will have maximum clear space.

24. Bedroom: Analyze the travel areas. Make sure there is a straight, clear, and well-lit path from the bed to the door.

25. Bathroom: Be sure there is a non-skid mat for use near the tub.

26. Stairways and halls: Tack stair coverings down securely or use a non-skid material recommended by your dealer. Also, install a small light at baseboard level to expose danger spots, reduce hazard, and warn the walker to be careful. Do *not* place a mirror at the foot of the stairs.

27. In the basement: the floors around washtubs and machine should be kept dry.

28. Basement stairs: Paint the bottom step or patch of the floor shiny white. A surprising number of persons fall in the basement because, in a dim light, they think the lowest step is floor level. Also; mix sand with paint for basement stairs. This provides a gritty surface, reduces slipperiness.

29. Front and back doors: Provide mats outside your front and back doors for family members and visitors to wipe their feet on before entering. This will dry their shoes of—snow, mud or sticky substances, reduce possibility of their falling on your floors or trackikng in material that will make your floor slippery for others. The mats also help to

keep your indoor floors and carpets clean.

The human element

30. Despite all these precautions for floor safety, falls will happen unless the individual watches out for himself. . . looks where he is going, walks with care, dresses properly, and does not add to the household hazards by careless walking habits. The housewife should:

- a. remind all family members to avoid clutter in every room of the house, keep floor areas open and safe by picking up toys and all items which could trip other members of the family.
- b. Teach children to walk with care and never to run in the house.
- c. see that proper shoes and slippers are purchased for all family members. For example, rubber heels will grip the floor better than leather under most conditions (though all heels may slip where there is a watery surface and rubber heels will sometimes slip more easily where it is wet). Soft soled slippers offer no resistance to slippery floors, are almost as hazardous as stocking feet.
- d. Keep shoes in good repair. Runover heels and loose soles increase the possibility of an accident on any floor.

* * *

Giant Clock

A SWISS WATCHMAKING factory in Langendorf has just installed a gigantic illuminated clock on one of the chimneys of its plant, a clock which is probably one of the largest, if not quite the largest, in the world. Fixed at a height of 35 meters above the ground, the clock's face has a diameter of more than eight meters and one can easily see what time it is from a distance of more than three kilometers. Neon tubes light up the figures and the hands during the night and, needless to say, the clock comes up to the reputation enjoyed by Swiss clocks and watches throughout the world.

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Mariveles Shipyard: Our Hope in Maritime Self-sufficiency



THE PHILIPPINES, inherently, is a maritime nation.

Made up of an archipelago chain of over 7000 islands, water transportation plays a major role in its domestic and international trade and commerce. The port of Manila is a strategic center of trade in the Far East and ranks among the most modern and efficient harbor terminals in the region.

Backbone of the Philippine shipping industry is the Batatan National Shipyards, the development of which has been the country's outstanding post-war marine achievement. The 10,000-ton drydock with shop facilities, built along the edge of the China Sea at the mouth of Manila Bay, engages in the

efficient repair and lengthening of ships, and is presently being equipped for shipbuilding.

Before construction of this "graving dock"—which is 550-foot long, 100-foot wide and 40-foot deep—all local vessels of over 2000 gross tons were forced to go to Japan or Hong Kong for repairs. Now time and dollars are saved by ship operators who can get expert reconditioning done in the Philippines. In the past three years since the inauguration of the National Shipyards and Steel Corporation (NASSCO), the Republic of the Philippines saved close to \$4 million through work finished at the drydock, and earned several thousand dollars by servicing

foreign vessels.

Lengthening and remodeling of local interisland vessels, which ply the waters between thickly-populated Luzon-Visayan area and the southern island of Mindanao, is another of its contributions toward boosting coastal trade. Since 1953, the dock has serviced some 38 ships and lengthened eight FS1type coasters to suit Philippine requirements. Through efficient operation at the yards, lengthening a ship by splitting the hull down the middle and adding the specified steel footage, requires only about 14 days.

The Mariveles Shipyards, as it is referred to by its location on historic Bataan Peninsula, employs some 800 skilled and semi-skilled workers, including supervisory and cadet engineers. Its yearly payroll runs about ₱1,600,000 and about 3000 persons living in and around the shipyard region are directly supported by the project. It also serves as an on-the-job training ground for young engineers, technicians and apprentice shopmen.

THE OPERATION of the graving dock is an engineering wonder. Here is what happens when the dock prepares to receive a vessel. With one end closed to the sea by an 87-foot-long steel caisson gate, keel blocks which will

support the ship must be carefully laid on the dock floor to conform to the bottom contour of the incoming vessel.

This accomplished, outside sea water is admitted through special openings in the dock floor and the dock fills to sea level within two hours. Then, the caisson gate (which blocks the entrance to the graving dock and holds back the waters of the sea) is removed by tugs or mooring lines. The ship slowly enters the "pool." Directly, the sea gate is pulled back into its original position. Now the water is drained out of the dock by mammoth pumps and the ship's keel sinks and anchors itself on the blocks on the dock floor. Pumping is continued until the dock is bone dry.

The birth of the Bataan National Shipyards came about through careful planning and calculation on the part of the government of the Republic of the Philippines. Small docking facilities that existed before the Mariveles project rendered service of a limited capacity, but steady growth of the shipping industry after World War II called for large vessel accommodations, and fast repair at reasonable, competitive costs.

The site of the Bataan shipyard was chosen—at that time a swampy, jungle-tangled area—and excavation started in

the latter half of 1950. The giant task called for the removal of 200,000 cubic yards of the earth and rock to a depth of 34 feet below sea water elevation for the main body and 57 feet for the pumpwell, which empties and fills the dock pool, and the laying of 32,000 cubic yards of concrete.

While construction was going on, the tremendous power and light system was worked out and the marginal dock and supporting shop facilities were also going up. Today, the shop buildings include a plate and structural work shop, machine shops and foundry which prepare steel plates and parts for many of the ship repairs. These repairs may include scraping and painting the ship's hull, renewal of defective or corroded plating, and repair of propellers, rudders, keel, stem and stern pieces.

Although not yet equipped to build a complete merchant vessel from start to finish, the NASSCO authorities are optimistic that in the not-too-distant future the shipyards will be able to launch a ship made wholly in the Philippines. They foresee a yard shop will turn out diesels, steam engines

and construction machinery, such as pumps, cranes and hardware.

WITH THE realization that a bold program of marine building will increase its international prestige and economic stability, the government of the Philippines is presently considering some 18 Congressional bills for the improvement of the shipping industry. One bill now pending in Congress calls for the appropriation of ₱20,000,000 annually for five years for the construction of coastal vessels of not less than 100 gross tons. It would enable a shipping firm to give a down payment of not less than 20 percent, with the remaining amount payable in ten years. In another plan, the Defense Department would include merchant shipping groups in the military reserve force of the country.

In all directions the Bataan National Shipyards will continue to play a distinctive role in the national defense and security program and in the future industrial development of the Republic of the Philippines.—*Free World.*

* * *

Bacolod Reborn, 1956

FIRE — raging and wind-whipped — consumed the heart of Bacolod City, one of the proudest provincial capitals in the Philippines in April, 1955. Only a smoldering, smoking cavity marked the site of what had been a prosperous shopping center.

Exhausted fire-fighters stood stunned at the total destruction spread out before them. The sun, stabbing through heavy yellow smoke, revealed eight city blocks burned to the ground. Only muddy ashes and blistered palm trees remained of the former thriving business section of the capital city of Negros Occidental, island sugar center of the Philippines.

The citizens turned first to the task of caring for the injured and the homeless. Emergency supplies of medicine and food were flown in from Manila, and temporary housing facilities arranged.

Then the clean-up began. The people of Bacolod removed the charred remains littering the core of the city, and began

to build anew. Efficient planning provided for wide thoroughfares, ample parking facilities, new sewage systems and comfortably shaded sidewalks.

Soon the scars of the twenty five million peso loss were covered over as the foundations of modern, lofty buildings were laid. The work proceeded at a fast pace; thousands of workmen erected checker-board scaffoldings, laboring throughout the day-light hours. Construction proceeded on a seven-day-a-week schedule, and the city quickly took on a new look. Soon spic and span buildings emerged from behind the scaffoldings, and painters appeared to put the finishing touches to block after block of fresh, new shops.

Today, well-designed, fire-proof structures house retail shops, recreation facilities, bakeries, restaurants and theaters. Neon advertising signs again write colorful messages up and down the wide, busy streets of this southern port city. Bacolod is back in business.

China's Battle of the Steamers

By ROBERT HOBBS

HISTORIES of the modernization of China have given attention to missionary groups and students returned from abroad as media for the introduction of Western civilization, but scant attention has been paid the role of the modern business man, although it was largely the economic and industrial supremacy of the West that upset the traditional Chinese equilibrium.

During the last century, the former separation between the almost *declassé* merchant group and the other Chinese social classes disappeared. This process was to culminate in the rise of the great Chinese merchants of the Treaty Ports, who, for a time, were to play the same important role which finance capitalists had played elsewhere. The Chinese merchants as a class moved from their previous position of low prestige to one of economic dominance. A few even rose politically to rank among the highest in the Kuomintang.

In the creation of the first all-Chinese corporation, the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company, the comprador, who had been the former vassals of foreigners, were transformed into their competitors. Until the 1870's, American shipping played a major role in the Chinese maritime trade. In the period of free competition following the Treaty of Nanking (1840), Americans had forged into a foremost place among mercantile houses of the Treaty Ports. By 1852, no less than 47% of all foreign shipping from Shanghai was under the American flag.

In 1862, one of the most prominent American firms, Russell and Company, organized the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company to take advantage of the opening of the Yangtze to foreign trade. A main element in giving them the field against

their English rivals was the fact that, being excluded from the suburbs, the Americans planted themselves directly among the Chinese and so were at once at the center of business and on the deepest water.

When the tea trade of China with Europe was carried on by sailing vessels, the traffic on the Yangtze had attracted little notice, except among the houses immediately concerned. When the opening of the Suez Canal (1869) threw the home trade to steamers, the manner in which the large tea export of Hankow was carried down to Yangtze began to receive considerable attention.

7HE FOREIGN mercantile interests were so concerned about the impending rivalry that throughout 1872 scant attention was paid to the appearance of an all-Chinese steam company, subsidized by the government. The founder of this quasi-official company was the Governor-General of Chihli, Li Hung-chang, who during his period of power was back of almost every scheme to introduce into China those means (railroads, telegraphs, and steamships) by which the Chinese could compete against the foreigners for the vast coastal and river commerce of China.

Behind such moves was the idea that by economic rather

than political measures China could prevent further Western penetration. Such a view recognized that Western economic rather than political interests were paramount. If Chinese economic competition could make Western commerce unprofitable, China's integrity could be insured. In 1872, Li supported the proposal of Jung Hung for a steamship line, recommending that a government subsidized company be formed, operating at first with chartered vessels, to carry tribute rice from the South. It was Li, in early opposition to Shen Pao-chen, Governor General at Nanking, who had urged that the conveyance of grain on the Grand Canal be altogether abandoned and transportation by sea be adopted.

Until 1881, government and native bank loans were the primary capital sources of the company. The second important component of the China Merchant's Steamship Navigation Co. was the compradore, native commission merchant and intermediary of a foreign business house in China. In a bi-lingual business it is often the intermediary (the interpreter) who has the principals at his mercy and who is in the position to make actual decisions. Some compradores have abused their power and have made more money than the firms represented. On the other hand,

the foreign companies frequently took advantage of the compradores through trickery and failure to meet their obligations. The compradores' position incurred for them the enmity of both foreigners and Chinese.

By the middle of 1874, the CMSN Co. which had formerly been dependent on chartered ships, owned eight steamers with an aggregate capacity of nearly 4,500 tons. In January 1877, the foreign mercantile community was rocked by the announcement that the Shanghai Steam Navigation Co. had been sold to the Merchant's Company! The sale, which almost entirely extinguished the American flag on the coast and waters of China, was motivated in part by Sino-British competition, but actually it was just an episode in the retrenchment of American business enterprise in the Far East. Even prior to this sale, Russell and Co. had closed out its affairs in the Philippines. The parent company itself was to fail in 1891.

However, never before had so many steamers plied the Yangtze, and seldom had freight rates been so seriously low. Not only had the Merchants' Company gone deeper into debt to expand to dangerous proportions, but it had acquired an outmoded and badly depreciated fleet. At the last

moment, Li Hung-chang had apparently attempted to repudiate the action of his agents.

THE STATUS of the Company was further jeopardized in 1884, when French imperialistic designs upon Annam led to war between China and France. To protect China's maritime fleet and to insure continued transport of the rice tribute, Li resold the Company's holdings to Russell and Company. The transaction had been entered into with the verbal understanding that the fleet would be resold to the Chinese after danger of French attack passed. This came to pass in 1885; but thereafter, throughout its history, the Merchant's Company was plagued by improper management, corruption and threats of bankruptcy.

Despite these last unfortunate pages of its history, the Merchant's Company, far from competing with or even merely complementing private enterprise, had created the necessary environment for modern capitalistic developments. It was the first all-Chinese corporation; and it raised the stature of the merchant class. Furthermore, it had not only broken a foreign monopoly, but even sent a fleet of its own, in time, to foreign waters.—Adapted from the *Philippine Social Sciences and Humanities Review*.

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. You needn't be a singer to know that contralto is: *A. the highest female voice; B. the lowest female voice; C. a false singing voice; D. a discordant voice.*

2. The disputed Suez Canal joins the Mediterranean waters with the: *A. Indian Ocean; B. Black Sea; C. Persian Gulf; D. Red Sea.*

3. Washington's famed Pentagon houses the U. S.: *A. judiciary; B. Congress; C. armed forces command; D. national museum.*

4. You would certainly find among the ancient mariners' navigational equipment the: *A. astrolabe; B. cutlass; D. sextant; D. doubloon.*

5. In religious literature the prefatory word "Imprematur" indicates that he work: *A. is on first, experimental printing; B. uncensored; C. restricted in use; D. approved by proper authority.*

6. All of the following terms, except one, relate to chemistry. Which one? *A. valence; B. transistor; C. titration; D. solvent.*

7. Your friend who is an acturarian makes a living: *A. burying the dead; B. estimating insurance risks; C. stuffing dead animals; D. detecting art imitations and fakes.*

8. A former justice, he was executed by the Japanese in Mindanao for refusing to swear allegiance to the Philippine invaders in World War II: *A. Ramon Avanceña; B. Gregorio Perfecto; C. Jose Abad Santos; D. Teofilo Sison.*

9. What popular product is advertised by the slogan: "Higher than the Alps in quality"? *A. Ovaltine; B. Alligator raincats; C. Latex girdles; D. Alpine Milk.*

10. In ordinary language a pachyderm is: *A. an elephant; B. a goat; C. a lizard; D. a crab.*

ARE YOU WORD WISE?

Answers

1. (b) to hang or suspend
2. (c) an intrigue or conspiracy
3. (a) mirth-provoking
4. (a) awkward or clumsy
5. (d) to produce or deposit
6. (c) to make flexible or pliant
7. (a) a discrediting remark
8. (b) clever
9. (b) sidewise
10. (c) neat and trim
11. (d) harsh-sounding
12. (b) a fixed seat
13. (b) a set of persons who meet
for a purpose
14. (a) a memorized role
15. (c) burning or flaming

ANSWERS TO PANORAMA QUIZ

1. B. the lowest female voice
 2. D. Red Sea
 3. C. armed forces command
 4. A. astrolabe
 5. D. approved by proper authority
 6. B. transistor
 7. B. estimating insurance risks
 8. C. Jose Abad Santos
 9. D. Alpine Milk
 10. A. an elephant
-
16. (d) disagreeable or unpleasant
 17. (a) pale
 18. (c) doubtful
 19. (b) a man of learning
 20. (c) burning

* * *

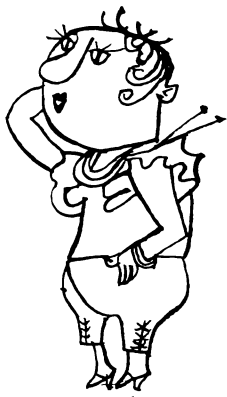
EARLIER STORM WARNINGS *may be possible soon through new U.S. Weather Bureau radars that can detect and track hurricanes and tornadoes up to 250 miles away. The instruments will be linked into a nationwide network of weather stations, according to Raytheon Manufacturing Co., which will produce 39 of the radars. By tracking a storm and relaying findings from one station to the next without losing contact with the disturbance, meteorologists will be able to check storm developments continuously.*

* *

ATOMIC ROCKETS *and space satellites may have their design and construction determined by a study of radiation damage to electronic components undertaken by Admiral Corp. for the Air Force. "Cooking" in nuclear reactors is conducted for six-day periods to determine extent and nature of radiation damage.*

*

In the Beginning. . .



BEAU (a dandy)

From the French word *beau*, meaning "pretty or beautiful," comes this English word with its un-masculine connotation.

MILK (whitish fluid from the female mammary glands)

A possible origin of this term is the Sanskrit *mrjati*, meaning "he wipes, rubs off"—probably left-over milk from the sucker's lips with the back of his hand.



GOURMET (a connoisseur in eating and drinking)

The French *gourmet* was originally "a merchant's assistant—a wine taster."

ZAMBALES: Green Fields, Blue Hills

TWO THINGS attract the first-timer in Zambales: the mountain ranges and the intensively cultivated land. This is the view of six college students, out on a community block survey.

The mountains were so numerous, they said: they were either passing among them or travelling at the feet of them. The ranges followed them wherever they went. They were always around, like loving chaperons. One range ended only where another began. Almost every school building had a mountain for its backdrop. The students consider the Bajajbajac Elementary School in Olongapo the most fortunate. The mountain of the school had a waterfall.

Cultivated rice fields extending from the national road to the foot of the hills, the expanses of green and rippling rice plants broken by talahib clumps with their white plumes—were the sights seen. Appreciated too was the fact



that there was no unemployment in Zambales; the U.S. Navy which keeps a naval base in Olongapo has seen to that.

Southern Zambales is mostly inhabited by Ilocanos who migrated from the Ilocos over a

hundred years ago. Ilocano and Tagalog are spoken in the southern part of the province, the Tagalogs have come from southern part of the province; The native Zambaleños are a minority and live in the north.

The students were almost overwhelmed by the people's hospitality. Small paper bags containing native delicacies and fruits were given them as they left every school they visited. The Zambaleños, from governor to the humblest citizen, went out of their way to welcome and guide the visitors.

AFTER a long climb up the zigzag which begins in Bataan, one gets to the U.S. naval base which is Olongapo. He is surprised to see this miniature city after the rugged road, expecting that all of the province is mountains. Olongapo is bars and movie houses showing first-run pictures and Escolta window displays. It is American service men, largely sailors and marines, without the honky tonk spirit of the Pampanga counterpart in Clark Field. Olongapo is clean and washed beside a bay where the *American Guerrilla in the Philippines* was filmed.

The beautiful Subic Bay, as the student tourists put it, "was like a temptress, giving us only a glimpse of its beauty now and then. As we rolled along

the zigzag, the bay would hide demurely from us until the next turn where it offered us an ampler view. This went on, the lovely bay always giving our eyes, a different come-hither view each time, until the fullness of it was visible to us. Bewitched, we begged our chaperon-instructors to stop where the waves lapped the sand and allow us to feel the cool sea water on our feet. But those precise people responsible for the trip forgot to include the water in our itinerary, so we had to pass by, disconsolate, as Ulysses on his ship as it sailed past the sirens on the island."

At the Zambales Rural High School, it is noted that all its graduates are employed, working on land near the school site. Upon graduation each student is loaned ₱2,000 to start with. The students form a small community living in cottages on the campus, producing their own food, raising their own poultry, milling the cassava they eat. Most of them study on the student-farmer basis, devoting the time for experiment in soil cultivation. There is plenty of Zambales land for future graduates to till.

AT SAN Marcelino, there is a new kind of cottage industry—that of extracting the fiber from the *walis-walis* an weed. Slippers, rice sacks,

ropes, bags, and brooms are made of the fiber. The chief industries of this town are farming, fishing, and broom making made possible by the abundance of raw materials. There are also tilapia ponds near the provincial road.

In San Antonio is an elementary school donated by Teodoro R. Yanco, the late millionaire from that town. The six-room concrete schoolhouse lay in a green pocket against the backdrop of the Zambales range.

San Narciso is the largest town and occupies the largest plain. It has a port called La Paz facing the China Sea. A

marker indicated that on January 29, 1945 the Americans landed there without firing a single shot.

Iba, 345 years old, became the capital of Zambales in 1680 when the seat of the provincial government was transferred from Botolan. The transfer was agreed upon by the *funcionarios* of Botolan and Iba on the ground that the patron saint of Iba was a man while that of Botolan, Sta. Monica, was a woman.

Zambales, besides its green fields and blue hills, is noted as the home province of the Philippine president, who as a boy used to romp those fields and hills.

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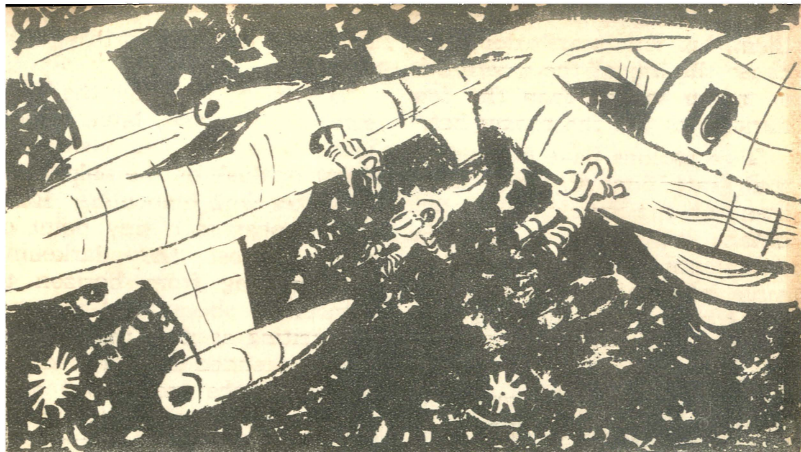
And Now . . .

X-RAY MOVIES have been made of the innards of an engine while it is running. Achieved by a General Electric-Detroit Arsenal engineering team, feat involved taking X-ray pictures of internal movements of engine through its steel housing and visually "stopping" action with the aid of a betatron. The slow motion movies of moving parts have enabled engineers to scrutinize, for the first time, complete cycles of engine operation for faulty performance or wear. Called stroboradiography, new technique could have a significant effect on engineering design, according to GE.

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Fun-Orama..... by Elmer





What Earth Satellites Will Find Out

By R. BOYD

PROBING the earth's frontier with rockets carrying instruments started in the United States, after the war, using captured German V-2s. Since then better rockets have been developed specially for this study, and during the Geophysical Year which begins next midsummer, America, Russia, Australia, France, and England plan to use them for upper-atmosphere research.

But these rockets, valuable as they are for the purpose, soon come tumbling to earth again, while a satellite, like the moon, would stay up for weeks.

The satellite, like the moon, neutralises by centrifugal force the pull of gravity which would otherwise bring it back to earth. It is rather like swinging a brick round on a string—only in the scientist's case the brick is an earth satellite and it must circle the globe several times a day. This means achieving a velocity of 18,000 miles an hour on a course which must be accurate to within one or two degrees.

That is a big technical pro-

blem, but it is worth doing because the life of the satellite is so much longer than the few minutes of life the rocket has.

Two nations have announced their intention of using satellites. Of the Russian plans few details are available, but the Americans have published more information. During their experiments with the V-2s they used to carry up a smaller rocket on its nose and in this way reached the record height of 242 miles. The satellite is to be carried up in a similar way but a third rocket will impel the thirty-inch diameter hollow ball into its path round the earth.

Two minutes from take-off the first rocket will have reached a speed of 3,500 miles an hour and its fuel will be spent. The second rocket will then pull away from the first to reach a speed of 11,000 miles an hour at a height of 130 miles. With this tremendous momentum, it will travel on upwards to 300 miles, when the last rocket will be fired.

The Americans intend to launch perhaps a dozen of these satellites. The path of the first will take it at times as far as 800 miles from the earth and bring it to within 200. Starting from Florida in a southeasterly direction it will travel as far south as Mel-

bourne and as far north as Madrid.

It is expected that the Russian satellite and, later, American ones will be visible at dawn or dusk by the naked eye or better with binoculars. Each will appear as a tiny point of light against the darkening sky, passing from horizon to horizon in about ten minutes.

Exciting as it is, the satellite is not intended as a first adventure in space travel but as a serious research instrument. What can we hope to find out in this way about our planet? For it is this that makes the complex and costly venture worthwhile.

PROBABLY the most important thing the satellite can tell us is the density of the atmosphere. Just how much air is there at those great heights and how far does the atmosphere extend? Why will the satellite not stay up indefinitely, like the moon? The answer is atmospheric drag. Even the greatly rarefied air will gradually slow down the satellite till it plunges, weeks later, into the denser regions of the atmosphere, where the tremendous air friction will burn it up like a shooting star. From its changing course we can calculate the density of the air. We can learn, too, about the shape of the earth and the

composition of its crust in the same way.

To do these things we not only need instruments on the earth—radar and cameras to track the satellite—but the vehicle itself will carry instruments. These will send back radio signals to tell us about the rays and particles coming in from space—the energetic cosmic rays, the meteors, and the intense X-rays and ultra-

violet light from the sun.

These rays play upon the upper atmosphere and are absorbed by it, so that we can only study them from great heights. They are immensely important, for they affect our weather, our compasses, our radio communications, and our air travel. So these earth-satellites should enable us to add greatly to the sum of our knowledge about the earth itself.

* * *

Underwater T. V.

A UNITED KINGDOM firm has produced a new handheld underwater television camera which will enable divers to be supervised effectively from above water. It will be the smallest and cheapest underwater T.V. camera yet to be produced.

With the new camera, instead of having to rely on a diver's report, a number of expert observers may view the underwater scene displayed on large screen monitors. A record of the picture reproduced on the monitor screen is easily made photographically, which obviates the difficulty of taking photographs underwater. The equipment will find many applications in salvage operations, submarine engineering, marine biology and oceanography.

With accurate visual information available on the display monitor, it is possible for expert direction to be given to the diver and an accessory for this equipment, the underwater loudspeaker, provides a simple method. Two divers, one holding the camera and the other concentrating on a complex project, may be directed by observers above water to derive the utmost advantage from favourable weather conditions.

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ext month:

Panorama

MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

will be

BIGGER and

BETTER

watch for it!

The Pope's Swiss Guards

Suez Pilots Are Wizards!



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Book Review by LEONARD CASPER

Poetry • Fiction • Features

OUR NEW COVER: Starting with the next issue in January, *Panorama* covers will be in full color. Scene below depicts salt-making a major industry in Parañaque, Rizal.

