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INDIAN NATIONAL COMMISSION FOR

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Indian National Commission
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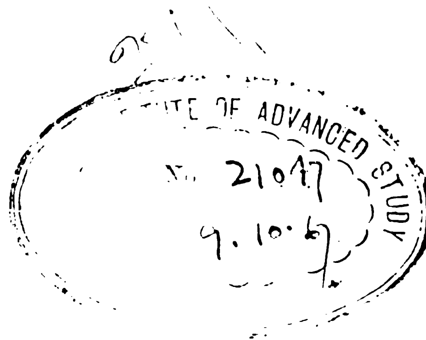

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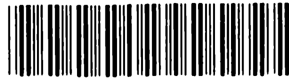

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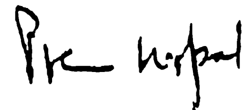
FOREWORD

This selection from UNESCO FEATURES was compiled in connection with the commemoration of the Twentieth Anniversary of UNESCO in 1966, but due to exigencies of work in the National Commission it could not be published earlier. The articles contained in this book cover a wide spectrum of human life and activity, and have been selected with special reference to the themes which young readers will find interesting. Many of the contributions reflect the life, culture and aspirations of young people in different countries. They are of universal interest and the story of mutual help, understanding, fearless self reliance and progress based on active effort that they seek to convey reflect UNESCO's spirit and philosophy. UNESCO is dedicated to the ideal of international peace based on understanding between countries and peoples and it is fully aware that the foundations of peace can be constructed only on the basis of economic, social and political equality between nations. During the last decade, UNESCO has contributed the major part of its funds and effort to the development of Education, Science and Technology in the developing countries in order that they may be enabled to make the best use of their economic resources and man-power potential and reduce the gap that yawns between them and the developed countries of the world.

I am grateful to Shri Jia Lal Jain of the United Schools Organization of India for helping us to make a selection of suitable articles from the point of view of their interest to the youth. I want to acknowledge my thanks also to UNESCO for giving financial assistance for this project and for permitting us to reproduce the articles from their publication "Unesco Features".



(Prem Kirpal)
Secretary-General
Indian National Commission
for Co-operation with UNESCO

15 July, 1967

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SALGOTARJAN REVISITED

by Erno Bajor-Nagy

The chrome fittings of mysterious apparatus glinted in the sunlight; coloured solutions bubbled in test tubes, and my gaze, wandering to the window, was scanning a sea of red roofs, when the chief chemist said: "This morning I spent half an hour getting rid of a deer that had strayed into my garden. He must have jumped in over the fence."

This took place a few weeks ago in one of the biggest mining and industrial centres in northern Hungary. Salgotarjan is a town of surprising contrasts, where extremes rub shoulders and the landscape changes from one day to the next; a town where giant cranes loom over building sites, while a stone's throw away a sow leads her piglets across the road into a maize field; where tubmle-down miners' shacks and modern eight-storey housing projects stand side by side, and where the old-time pub is across the way from the brand-new hotel.

With its mines, its steelworks, power station, glass-works and factories producing building materials, Salgotarjan forms an important industrial complex. It is also the county town of a picturesque, wooded hill area, famous for its game, where you can still find the footprints of the prehistoric animals that roamed the region millions of years ago. Once a sea bed, the sandy clay here contains corals, mussels, whelks and shark's teeth, while on higher ground, scientists have found imprints of leaves and flowers similar to the plants that thrive today on the South-China seaboard or round the Gulf of Mexico.

The Burning Mountain

The area, in fact, is rich in deposits of all kinds. In Salgotarjan mining museum, I was shown a faded newspaper nearly two centuries old reporting the fire that broke out on Mount Salgo, just outside the town, in 1767 the hill burned for two months. But almost a hundred years went by before proper geological tests were made on the hillside and steps taken to tap the seams of lignite, or brown coal, hidden beneath the earth.

By 1945, dozens of pits were operating in the area. But in the early 19th century, the local squire, Antal Jakovics, had banned coal mining because he was afraid that his peasants would rush off to the pits and leave his lands untended. In those days, Salgotarjan was little more than a village, with a population of about 700. Today, with 32,000 inhabitants, it has grown nearly fifty times. Thirty-eight pits are now operating and

various other industries provide employment for the great-grandchildren of the peasants, foresters, charcoal-burners, shepherds and hunters.

More than 4,000 are employed at the Steel Works which makes agricultural machines and tools, as well as springs and machine parts. The factory has customers in such far-off lands as India, Indonesia, and Morocco, not to mention Greece and Federal Germany.

The Lost Key

The stocky foreman with handle-bar moustaches held up a key.

"In how many countries do you think you would find locks that this key opens?" he asked. I said I didn't know.

"In over fifty", he said drawing himself up to his full height. "But come along to the office. They'll tell you all you want to know about our exports."

The people in the office were eager to oblige: they had all the information on hand, but when it came to opening the files, no one could find the key! They hunted high and low, tried 17 different keys—the lock refused to open. Finally, I brought out the key of my desk in Budapest: to everyone's amazement, it worked ! It turned out that my key had been produced in this very factory 19 years ago, but that the type was no longer made ; there wasn't even one in the factory museum.

This factory which employs nearly two thousand men not only makes keys. It also manufactures kitchen ranges, stoves and bath-tubs. In this connection, I was told an amusing story. The designer of the tubs, a local boy who had made good and been sent to study in Budapest, was the son of a game-keeper who lived in the hills, in somewhat primitive conditions. The young man's colleagues knew this and, to please the old man, they sent him the first model of the tub designed by his son.

Witches' Crag

But modern as life is today in Salgotarjan, people there often recall the past. The ruins of an old castle, dating back to the days when this valley was of strategic importance, stand guard on Varhegy Hill above the winding Tarjan river; while, opposite, rises the Boszorkanyko, or Witches' Crag. On this rock, according to a local legend, witches and demons used to meet in a kind of Walpurgis Night to hatch their devilish plots. Once a year, so the tale goes, they would hurl a young girl into the abyss from the rugged cliffs of Boszorkanyko, until, at last, a young shepherd lad defied the witches and saved his sweetheart.

Plenty of water has flowed under the cliffs of Boszorkanyko since those far-off days, and in the last thirty years Salgotarjan has changed almost beyond recognition. But swift changes are rarely painless. The town's new-found prosperity has brought an influx of young people eager to learn a trade, peasants who want to become skilled mechanics, but also trouble-makers anxious to earn easy money. The manager of the town's largest pub told me that ten or twelve years ago hardly a pay-day went by without fights and sometimes stabbings. And on the way to the mining museum, my guide showed me the place where two rowdies had stolen his motor-cycle.

At the new cultural centre, I met a man with an important job in a local factory who admitted that he originally applied for an unskilled job in Salgotarjan so that he could sell the dungarees issued him, get drunk on the proceeds, and then move on to another place.

"Did you sell the clothes ? " I asked with some embarrassment.

"No" he answered, laughing. "You see, they pulled a fast one on me: they gave me such an interesting job that I just didn't have the heart to leave. I kept on putting off selling the clothes.... until, one day, I found myself enrolling for evening classes at the high school."

This effort to educate people is one of the most significant things happening in Salgotarjan today, more significant perhaps than the amazingly rapid pace of building.

Poetry and Steel

There are many heartening signs, like the "Modern Home" exhibition I visited at the cultural centre, and the play, "Sisyphus and Death", by the French writer Robert Merle, staged by the Steel Works' amateur dramatic group. Other regular features include meetings of the "Grandmothers' Club", Bartok Memorial Evenings, quizzes on Greek mythology, exhibitions with the co-operation of local artists, and lectures on political or technical subjects.

But of all the events I attended in Salgotarjan, the most impressive was the gathering organized each year by the Steel Works at which young people come to read poetry. Apprentices and students, lathe operators and engineers, typists and social workers recited Goethe and Yevtushenko, verses by Gyula Illyes, our great contemporary poet, and those of Petofi, Hungary's greatest poet of all times. My friend the locksmith recited one of Shakespeare's sonnets, then his place was taken by a girl who read verses by Francois Villon. Through the windows I could see the factory chimneys: never, I reflected, would I have thought that steel and poetry could be made to rhyme together—steel and poetry, poetry and steel....

2.

HOBBY TIME IN PRAGUE CASTLE

by Eddy Treves

Within the walls of the Hradshin, the ancient fortress of Prague whose ramparts, spires and pinnacles dominate the modern city from a hilltop above the broad Vltava, is the Czechoslovak Children's House. Here, as I had the opportunity to see recently, is a whole world specially conceived and laid out for children's spare-time activities.

Everything which might stimulate a child's imagination or help to introduce him to the artistic or professional activities of his adult life is there—though always the idea of play and improvisation remains uppermost. The variety of activities pursued in the Children's House is amazingly wide: painting, drawing, photography, pottery, electronics, cinema, dramatics, music, dancing, and many more, not to mention the liberaries crammed with books for all ages.

Push-button Transport System

I saw dolls for the little girls, each with a complete wardrobe to suit every change of weather and activity. And one room over 30 feet long which is given over entirely to a model transport system—railways, waterways, roads—and even an underground railway, although there is so far no such thing in Prague. The youngsters can operate the system themselves by means of a push-button switchboard. In fact, the excellent facilities for hobbies in the Children's House have become so well known that members of hobby circles from all over the country hold their meetings there and often join the children in their various activities.

A permanent staff of six draws up daily programmes offering a choice of games and activities for the children to choose from. The young people are quite frank about what they do and do not like: if they are bored by a performance or an activity, they walk out. The success of a given programme is measured by the number of children who stay to the end.

Always, they are encouraged to take an active role. For instance, one of the games for boys is to drive model cars round a "road circuit" marked out on the floor, while others count the mistakes they make in the highway code. Another game is to improvise charades or sketches based on folk-tales. On some days, puppet shows are organized—puppet-making is an ancient tradition in the country, and Czech puppeteers are world famous. Cartoon films are also popular. The children are encouraged to learn the techniques involved in all these activities, and often well known

artists, craftsmen and technicians—puppeteers, film-makers, writers of children's books, painters and sportsmen—come to Prague Castle to meet them and talk to them. But none of these games or activities ever lasts for more than an hour, so that the younger children's attention is never over-taxed.

In another room I saw examples of the work carried out by the older children—10 to 15-year-olds—in the various studios of the House: enamels, pottery, necklaces, well-composed watercolours. Animals are a frequent source of inspiration—owls, dogs, geese and horses which look as though they might have stepped straight from the pages of La Fontaine.

Spirit of Competition

But what struck me as most remarkable in all this is the stimulation given to the children's initiative and critical faculty: they learn to observe, to judge and to act. Also, they are encouraged to do even better by the spirit of competition which prevails in the House: there are prizes for the best works of art, for the best actor in a sketch and so on. And after getting to know the House well they are expected to assist the adult staff in their various tasks and help the younger children to find their way around.

Inaugurated nearly three years ago, the Children's House has so far been visited by 350,000 young people: they come from all sorts of background, though a large number have parents who are musicians, writers or scientists. There is room for up to 500 per day. Hot meals are served, at a token price, in a dining hall decorated with a large mosaic fresco in pastel colours depicting a smiling cosmonaut standing by his spacecraft and, behind him, Icarus, prostrate on the ground after his vain attempt to fly.

On the first floor I was shown the Hall of Friendship; this was originally the Burgrave's Court Room, and its fine Renaissance painted ceiling is still preserved, while against the 16th century murals hang the flags of youth organizations which have visited the Children's House.

Golden Lane

Finally, on the very top floor of the building, while the rest of my group were still talking to the director, I looked out of a window and saw an extraordinary sight: down below was a row of tiny houses—blue, pink and yellow, with little square windows—like a landscape out of Gulliver's Travels, a child's doll's house world. But someone quickly put me right: "That's the famous Zlata Ulicka—Golden Lane—where alchemists in the 16th century are supposed to have carried out their experiments to discover the magic formula for making gold. They never found it, but that's how the street got its name."

Without wishing to lapse into facile symbolism, it did strike me as strange to see, a few yards apart on the Hradshin, these two contrasting visions of a better future. That of the Middle Ages, still pursuing the chimera of gold, and that of the 20th century, at work shaping the raw material of tomorrow's world.

3.

RUMANIAN TEENAGERS LOOK AT THEIR FUTURE

Great interest was shown in Rumania in an extensive survey published by Unesco in 1964 into the attitudes and motivations of young people in three Eastern countries and three Western countries. Recently, a Rumanian writer and journalist, Mihai Stoian, arranged a survey among Rumanian young people based on the Unesco questionnaire: a selection of the questions was put to 1,000 teenagers attending secondary school in Bucharest and four other Rumanian towns.

Chemistry, biology, forestry, electronics, horticulture, aeronautics, ship-building and other branches of civil engineering are among the most popular careers among Rumania's younger generation : 42% of the teenagers taking part in the survey named one of these when asked "What profession seems ideal to you ?" ; 24% want to become teachers, while 10% would like to take up medicine. Artistic professions seem to have fallen behind—few teenagers say that they would like to become actors, directors or writers. Rumania's young people seem to feel little attraction for the humanities, and to prefer scientific training; apparently quite a number of those who enrol for the humanities in secondary school afterwards attend scientific and technical faculties.

Remarkably, no difference was found to exist between boys and girls as regards the choice of their future profession. Some typical replies to this question : "It is that of a research worker in mathematics and physics, by means of which all your dreams may come true" (Gheorghe Florea); "All the professions are beautiful, but technical professions seem ideal to me" (Marta Vieru); "I think that medicine can give everybody what he or she absolutely needs: health" (Liviu Petrescu). And one untypical one: "I should like to be a detective" (Victor Domocos).

A Hero with Defects

Asked in another question about the characteristics of their favourite hero, the teenagers put bravery at the top of the list (82%); for 6% he was "stern", and for another 3%, "clever"; other virtues, such as kindheartedness, sincerity, modesty, resourcefulness and perseverance, collected 1% each.

Seventy-six per cent thought their hero should be perfect, but the rest preferred him with defects: "My favourite hero is brave, but he also has some defects" (Eugenia Felegean); "Brave, clever, cultured, desirous of using his qualities for the good of the community to which he belongs" (Emilia Ciolan); "I prefer heroes who are brave, tolerant, sensitive to what

happens round them, who love their country and people, who are dignified and have a firm character" (Rodica Iliut).

However, when asked "What human virtue seems essential to you?", only 16% mentioned courage. Top of the list was honesty (44%), followed by sincerity (32%), with 4% each for kindness and discipline.

A surprisingly large number of young Rumanians are unenthusiastic about space research. Although 60% would like to have been among the first astronauts, to the question "In what should money, research and investment be invested first and foremost all over the world?" only 3% replied "space flights", while 85% thought that priority should be given to the control of diseases. "I think that both are very important. However, medicine should be given priority" (Adrian Petrescu).

Shakespeare on a Desert Island

Not many of the teenagers would like to live on a desert island—84% would definitely rather not: "No, because I like to live among people" (Marioara Galatan) was a typical comment. However, those who answered affirmatively were asked what they would like to have with them: "The idea is attractive. I would like to live on an uninhabited island, but for a short time only. I would take a tape-recorder with Beethoven's symphonies. I think that some cigarettes would also be welcome." (Adrian Motrescu). "When I am melancholy, I should like to live on an uninhabited island, even alone. I should wish that island to be beautiful, with mountains and streams. On it I should want to listen to the Moonlight Sonata." (Marinela Medrea). "No. However, if I were to be alone, I should like to have with me Eminescu's poems and Shakespeare's sonnets" (Rodica Iliuta).

The teenagers obviously found it difficult to decide what they would most like to see in their own children. First came physical abilities and good health (24%), closely followed by moral qualities (20%), and happiness (17%). Mental ability and culture were not far behind, while "a successful career" and "true love" got hardly any votes at all. "Love of life and of work, so that everything they do should be done passionately" (Pericle Uidumac); "Above all, mental and moral faculties, and a wide culture. Happiness, success and so on, would then be readily obtained". (Eugen Iordache).

No Time Like the Present

However, they were in no doubt about when they would like to live: 91% opted for the present or immediate future; very few would rather have lived in the past. On the other hand, the answers to the question "What entertainments do you prefer?" were somewhat surprising: 43% preferred films, and 29% plays, while football matches and other sports competitions came only third, with 21%.

Another surprise was in the answers to the last question "What do you mean by happiness?" Over half of them—51%—answered "to be cultivated", and over a quarter thought that brains had something to do with it. 8% plumped for good looks, and 5% for "being sensitive": "I

am happy when I am sensitive to everything. It is difficult to give a definition" (Gabriela Daisa). There were other definitions of happiness too, among them Marinela Medrea's: "Happiness means love—there are several kinds of love having different objects"; and Eugen Iordache's: "Happiness is a complex notion. I find happiness in the joy of the work I do rather than in personal satisfactions". But not one of the Rumanian teenagers thought that riches were the key to happiness.

MY HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND

by Martha Zsigmond

Martha Zsigmond is in the senior class of the Ilona Zrinyi Grammar School in Miskolc, a rapidly developing industrial centre which is now the second largest town in Hungary. Martha is 18 years old, and has learnt English for three years. Her school is one of five in Hungary which participate in Unesco's Associated Schools project in education for international understanding. At present, there are over 400 Associated Schools in 51 countries, all over the world.

In December 1963 my English teacher took part in the teachers' conference organized by Unesco in Paris. She got acquainted with some other teachers there, among them the headmaster of a grammar school in Stone, England. As there were some girls from my class who wanted to correspond with English girls, my English teacher gave the headmaster our addresses to get some pen-friends for us. So I got acquainted with Diane Stevens by corresponding. We often wrote letters to each other and became good friends. This correspondence was very useful for me, too, because I got some practice in writing.

A year after this Diane and her parents invited me to go to England and to spend some weeks with them. I decided to spend about three weeks of my summer holiday in England.

My First Flight

I got my passport and visa and booked my ticket. I started on 24 July, 1965, on the aircraft of the Hungarian Company Malev. It was my first flight and I liked it quite well. It was very interesting to be above the clouds and the towns, rivers and woods, which were as small as in fairy tales.

I started to get excited when we were flying above the English Channel. Some minutes latre I caught sight of London. I had never seen so many buildings. I could only recognize the Thames and Tower Bridge. I met Diane and her family at the London Airport. I think Diane and I became very good friends straight away.

It was very good that I had to speak only English and heard only English spoken. Of course it was strange in the first few days, but it was very useful practice for me.

Everyone was very kind and I was considered a member of the family.

We had something on every day. First of all we looked round the neighbouring towns. One day we had a tour to Lichfield by car. In that town there was an old, lovely cathedral of the 12th century. Another day we went to Chatsworth, a wonderful country house in Derbyshire. I need hardy say I enjoyed looking round there. The visitors were spellbound by the beautiful furniture, the pictures, the large collection of books and the other things. We had a walk in the park with lovely fountains in it. I liked the country scenery, too. I had already heard about the famous green fields before, but this was the first opportunity I had to see them.

Shakespeare's Birthplace

Stratford-on-Avon is two hours' journey from Diane's village. I was very glad to be in Shakespeare's town. The old town was very busy and full of visitors. I liked the Memorial Theatre on the banks of the Avon. There were a lot of people at Shakespeare's birthplace and his wife's cottage. I wrote my name into the visitors' book at Shakespeare's birthplace. This was indeed a great occasion for me. I saw the famous Shakespeare Hotel and the poet's school, too. We had a very good time in Stratford.

We decided to spend one day in Wales. Once we had good weather for climbing mountains, so we set off for Wales. It was fascinating: the lovely mountains covered with grass, the beautiful lakes, the blue sky and the highest peaks in the clouds. I couldn't imagine anything more beautiful than the scenery in Wales. We climbed to the very top of Snowdon which is the highest mountain in Wales. It was a very good feeling to be on the top of Snowdon. It was cold and windy, but we were cheerful. One of my last days we went to the seaside in Scotland. That was the first time I had seen the sea.

Differences Between Hungary and England

We visited Diane's headmaster, Mr. Woods, too. He and his family live in the schoolhouse in Stone, Staffordshire. We had a look round the school. It is quite different from ours. There are classrooms for each of the subjects—chemistry, biology, physics, etc.—so the pupils have to go from one classroom to another after every lesson.

In our school every class has its own classroom, and all the lessons take place in that room. The subjects are generally the same, but the English boys and girls can choose what subjects they want to learn. In Hungary we can only choose the languages. They have examinations every year, we have one only at the end of the fourth year of grammar school. They have three terms in a school-year, we have only two.

The English week-end is also longer than ours. We have ours from Saturday 2 p.m. until Monday morning.

There is a bit of difference between Hungarian and English meals, too. Our midday meal is called dinner, and we have it when English people have their lunch. Their food is very nourishing but lighter than ours.

During the three weeks I spent in England I got to know English customs a little and the English people generally—to say nothing of the

Mrs. Stevens, Martha and Diane at Chatsworth

country itself. I was sorry I hadn't any time to look round London but I hope I'll have an opportunity for doing that in the future.

Next summer, Diane will come to Hungary. I do hope she will enjoy her stay here. We will show her our country, the capital, some other towns and Lake Balaton. I am already looking forward to next summer when I shall meet Diane again.

5.

A TRADITIONAL TALE FROM TURKEY

Turkey, at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean, is a land of hardy mountain farmers, most of whom live on the high Anatolian plateau. Islam is the religion of the people who share with the peoples of the Arab countries and of Iran a rich fund of folk tales centred around historical characters known and cherished throughout the region. The Hodja, or Hadji, is a holy man who has made the pilgrimage to the City of Mecca.

The Hodja preaches a Sermon

One day, the celebrated religious teacher, Nasr-ed-Din Hodja, addressed his congregation from the pulpit in the following words:

"I beseech you to tell me truly, oh Brethren, oh True Believers, if what I am going to say to you is already known to you."

And the answer came as in one voice from his congregation that they did not know, and that it was not possible for them to know what the Hodja was going to say to them.

"Then," the Hodja said to them, "of what possible use can it be for me to talk on an unknown subject?" And he descended from the pulpit and left the mosque, while his congregation remained in confusion.

The following week the Hodja's congregation gathered early, because the people were greatly interested in what he might say. And rather than fewer people, there were more, for the Hodja had made a great impression on his previous appearance. The congregation was tense as the Hodja came into view.

He ascended the pulpit and said, "Oh Brethren, oh True Believers! I beseech you to tell me truly if what I am going to say to you is already known to you."

The answer that came back from the congregation was so spontaneous as to suggest that it had been pre-arranged. With one voice, all together, they shouted: "Yes, Hodja, we do know what you are going to say to us!"

"If that is the case," the Hodja said, "there is no need for you to waste your time or for me to waste mine."

And descending from the pulpit, the Hodja left the mosque. His congregation, having remained a while to pray, also left gradually, one by one and in groups. Outside the mosque they discussed the problem created by the Hodja's questions. Many of them had come not only to pray, but to hear the Hodja speak; and it appeared that he would neither deliver a sermon if they knew the subject of his talk nor if they didn't know.

On the following Friday, Nasr-ed-Din Hodja again mounted the pulpit and saw that his mosque was so crowded that not a nook or corner in it was empty. He addressed his congregation in exactly the same manner as he had before.

"Oh Brethren, oh True Believers!" he said, "I ask you to tell me truly if what I am going to say is already known to you."

And again the answer of the congregation had evidently been prepared beforehand, for one half of them rose and said, "Yes, Hodja, we do know what you are going to say to us."

And the other half of the congregation rose and said, "Oh Hodja, how can we poor ignorant people know what you intend to say to us?"

The Hodja answered: "It is well said. And now if the half that knows would explain to the other half what it is, I would be deeply grateful, for, of course, it would then be unnecessary for me to say anything."

Whereupon he descended from the pulpit and left the mosque.

C.

IRANIAN VILLAGE REBUILT BY VOLUNTEERS

by J.H.A. Kleijn

The author was a work-camp volunteer in Iran in 1963. He returned this year to the village which he helped to rebuild.

In September 1962, a terrible earthquake devastated over 300 villages in Iran and made more than 130,000 people homeless. The re-building of one stricken village was undertaken by the European Working Group, an international volunteer organization whose chairman is Princess Beatrice of the Netherlands.

There was much to be done: the organization planned to build 116 earthquake-proof houses, designed by the Red Lion and Sun, the Iranian equivalent of the Red Cross. Later, agricultural and social life was to be redeveloped. The total cost was to be around £120,000. The young people of Holland organized a fund-raising campaign, and Oxfam (the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief) donated a large sum so that work could begin as soon as possible.

The village chosen was Dusaj, situated some 100 miles south-west of Teheran, high up in barren mountainous country. Before the earthquake it had been a small cluster of mud houses; now it was open to the ravages of bitter winter weather—and wolves. The building materials for the 116 houses had to be trasported over 100 miles, across hilly desert country where the road was often no more than a track.

Work-campers from 10 Countries

The European Working Group and the Service Civil International appealed for strong volunteers willing to work under uncomfortable conditions, far away from civilization at an altitude of nearly 7,000 feet above sea level. They came: former work-camp volunteers, students, an ex-priest, a graduate shipping engineer, a circus hand, a photographer; dreamers, nihilists, idealists, anarchists, Christians and atheists from 8 European countries and Japan and Australia. For 6 months they worked on the site, digging, painting, building, concrete-mixing—and all under a blazing sun, with temperatures soaring to 110 by day and dropping almost to freezing at night. When blankets were no longer sufficient to keep them warm, they built themselves stoves for their tents.

Alongside the volunteers worked 50 villagers, who got little pay and who were supported by the rest of the villagers who did not have to go to the site. From the capital Teheran came students, many of whom had

never used their hands before, and were coming into close contact with their poor country brothers for the first time.

What did the villagers think of all this outside help? Here is the answer of David Mitchnik, the project leader:

"Probably the best way to judge their feelings is from their behaviour towards us. They worked alongside us. They invited us to their homes. Even the women of the village, who did not greet us at first because it is forbidden to speak with a stranger, now greet us with the usual "Salaam" whenever we see them. They know we have come to help them and they are very grateful. For them it remains a puzzling experience that we should want to help them."

That was in 1963. The houses were ready by the winter, and the agricultural scheme was got under way by Jan Petiet, an F.A.O. expert. Later the F.A.O. took over the project and made it a pilot project for the whole district. The project leader is Fred Stukey, a Dutchman.

Dusaj Revisited

And how does the new village look today? When I returned to Dusaj this year, the drive through the desert was as rough as ever. But I found that the aspect of the new village has changed. Before, the houses had been wide apart—grey blocks unfamiliar and lonely on the bleak plain. Now they are surrounded by the traditional walls, built by the villagers to protect themselves against the icy winter wind. I also found that they had made gardens in their compounds, and built small mud huts for storing food and sheltering their animals.

The Iranian Health Corps has sent one of their officers to instruct and help the villagers. The officer is a young man who had made the first social survey of the village while he was studying sociology at Teheran University. He talked to me about the present situation in the village:

"Because the villagers have been helped so much, they have lost their former energy and initiative. We must teach them how to organize their lives themselves again: if something doesn't work, they must call and pay the repairman from Teheran, not just leave it. But, he added shyly, "it is very difficult not to do it myself if I see that help is urgently needed."

And one villager told me:

"Often, we are not sure what to do. We have to do things now which we never had to do before. In the old days, when our land still belonged to the landlord, all the work was done by his bailiff. After that the Europeans came, and we still feel that they will solve our problems as soon as they become urgent enough."

To help them with their new problems, the European Working Group has now sent a home economist, a nurse, a social worker and an agricultural expert. In their first report they write:

"For the first two days, nobody greeted us except the children. But this quickly changed, and now even the men stop for a talk or invite us to have some tea.

"Maureen and I (the social worker and the nurse) are having success with the youth club we have founded. Every evening about 20 children

come to the playing field—and they keep coming. But we found that very few girls come. So now we have started a special girl's club, where they can learn sewing and embroidery. It is a pity that the spinning wheels have not yet arrived, for with those we will surely have a great success, especially with the women."

School Equipped Through Unesco Scheme

There is a nice school-building, the furniture for which was donated under the Unesco Gift Coupon programme financed by contributions from the people of the Netherlands. The schoolmaster Mr. Shariff, has now got another teacher to help him.

The agriculturalist, Frank Tommelein, told me about the project he was supervising:

"The first day we had the Landrover in the camp, we took the opportunity of visiting the other villages of the project. We noticed that our potatoes were doing well—a lot better than the local variety. But one of the trial fields of wheat at Dusaj was a failure, and the farmer wanted to know what we were going to do about it.

"As everything was already planted, there was nothing that could be supervised, so I set about making our own vegetable garden—tomatoes and beans. I had made my plot just by the roadside, and one of the farmers must have noticed it, for he has imitated my way of planting—that is, in rows set some distance apart. Let's hope he will have good results."

That last remark is of great importance. It shows that one of the main problems is being overcome: the villagers' distrust of new methods. It shows that they are beginning to have the will and the courage to abandon their old system, and adopt, on their own initiative, new ideas.

PANAREA, MY NAKED ISLAND

by Odile Montserrat

My name is Giovannino. I'm eleven years old. My father's name is also Giovanni. He's a fisherman. When I grow up I'll be a fisherman, too.

Here, everything comes from the sea around us: it gives us food and links us to the rest of the world. You see Panarea, my island home, is right in the middle of the Mediterranean, off the tip of Italy. From my father's house, all you can see is water with the big rocks of Lisca Bianca, Dattilo, Basiluzzo, rising out of the sea and, in the distance, the great, glowering volcano on Stromboli. Look at it; every quarter of an hour or so you'll see it give off a puff of smoke. But it's even more spectacular at night when you see the tongues of fire rise and fall against the black sky.

The Vagrant Isles

This winter at school the teacher told us that in the old days people believed that our islands were vagrants that roved the seas. And in fact, depending on whether the weather is dry and clear or warm and misty, the other islands seem sometimes near, and sometimes far away. The ancient peoples also believed that Aeolus, god of the winds dwelt here. That's why they are called the Eolie islands—or Lipari after the largest island in the group.

Let's go down to the port. The pier is very small. Only fishing boats can tie up here. The big boats have to anchor offshore and a rowing-boat runs between them and the pier.

From the waterfront our houses rise in tiers on the hillside. They all look alike with their terraces, white-washed walls, and verandas literally bending under the weight of the bougainvilia and jasmine, their garlands of onions, garlic and tomatoes. There are no streams on Panarea, but each house has its own cistern or well. In winter the cisterns are filled by rainwater which falls on the terraces and is collected by a system of pipes.

In summer when all the rainwater is used up, a tanker brings us fresh water from the mainland. A big canvas hose shoots out from the ship and refills the village reservoir; then it goes snaking up the steep alley-ways between the houses, filling individual wells. There is no electricity on the island. We use candles and fuel lamps; or, when we can afford it, bottled-gas.

When I was born there were only dirt roads on Panarea and not even a bicycle. Now a narrow cement path winds among the houses: it is useful for carrying foodstuffs and building materials from one end of the village to the other.

When summer comes, tourists arrive from Sicily and northern Italy or even from foreign countries to visit our island. They come by boat from Naples on the mainland, or from Milazzo and Messina in Sicily; some travel by the *aliscafo*, a strange vessel consisting of a cabin mounted on waterskis which, when it gets up speed, rises and glides over the waves.

I've only left Panarea once, and that was to go to the doctor on Lipari, the big neighbouring island. A few years ago you had to go to school on Lipari. Now we've got our own school.

But the old folk in the village can neither read nor write. When my grandfather or Aunt Cecilia get a letter from relatives who have emigrated to the United States or Australia, they ask me to read it to them. Then I have to write the reply while they dictate.

Lots of men from our village leave the island to work on the mainland or abroad. They leave their families behind. Sometimes they come back after a few years, but they generally go away again quickly because they say they feel too cramped at home.

Lobster Fishing

If you'd like to we'll take a trip round the island in my father's boat. It's a fishing smack with a diesel engine added. My father catches lobster and swordfish.

The water is so clear that you can see down to great depths. If you look carefully you can identify lots of different kinds of fish, as well as sea urchins, starfish, and shellfish in the pools, among the rocks. The other day I saw a skindiver catch a great big grouper that must have weighed 60 pounds at least.

Everywhere great rocks rise steeply out of the sea. A few tufts of grass and an occasional olive tree or fig tree cling to the rocks.

Our village is in the only fertile part of the island. Lots of different plants grow there: carob trees, which produce those long brown pods, delicious when they are dry; palms, fig trees, ferns from Africa higher than the houses, pink and white laurel bushes, various flowers, and crops of oats for the village goats, tomatoes, oranges and lemons.

The Caper Harvest

Let's moor the boat in this creek and climb the hill. In the fields laid out in terraces you'll see the island's main crop—caper bushes. In the evening, when it is cooler, the women come and gather the little green berries and salt them down for shipment to the mainland. At home we use capers to season the *caponata*—a wonderful mixture of fried eggplant, celery, olives and tomatoes that every mother knows how to make.

Higher up, we come to the prehistoric village. It's said to be nearly 3,400 years old. Up here, they've found weapons made of bronze and obsidian—a kind of vitrified volcanic stone that was one of our island's

greatest riches in ancient times. You can still see the round foundations of stone houses that must have been covered with straw.

Straight ahead of us now you can see Lipari, the big island with its pumice-stone cliffs; and to the right Salina with its two humps.

Don't you think my island is worth a visit ? Even in the winter when the last tourist has left and the sky is sometimes grey, I climb one of the pebbly paths leading to the hilltop. Below Panarea's white houses nestle near the waterfront, and all around is the sea—that infinity which is ours.

8.

SENEGAL'S SCHOOL CO-OPERATIVE TEACH DEMOCRACY

by Robert Mathias

"Dear friend, if you knew how useful a co-operative can be, you'd start one in your own school, because if a boy gets sick in class, well, the co-operative goes right away and buys some aspirin for him and then they put him into a carriage and take him to the infirmary...

"The co-operative can also buy you spelling books, arithmetic and geography books...and boxes of chalk and pens when the school runs out of supplies: one day, we were taking a test and I didn't have a pen; the co-operative lent me a 5-franc piece so that I could go out and buy one. If it hadn't been for them, I would have failed that test...But with the co-operative, there's no longer any difference between rich and poor; everybody has the same chance.

"When the co-op's chicken coop is running well, we sell the eggs laid by our hens, 20 francs an egg. We also sell rabbits, roosters and pigeons. When the vegetables come in, we dig them up and sell them at a profit for the co-op..."

"Every Sunday and Thursday (a free day), I go into the woods to hunt for mahogany nuts. We sell them to the Forestry Service...I also go out in the country to get straw to make wicker baskets, chairs and tables. The co-op gets lots of orders for the baskets..."

The Top Rank in Africa

This is how a Senegalese schoolboy from Tivaouane, a small town east of Dakar, wrote to a friend to explain the operation of his school co-operative. This movement, which was started in Senegal in 1962, has developed enormously over the past three years, reaching the top rank in Africa. The young co-operators of Senegal have received congratulations from the International Co-operative Alliance and their achievements were commended at the International Exhibition of Pupils' Work, held in 1964 at Perpignan (France).

For the activities of the Senegalese youngsters go far beyond the limits of the classroom. Their co-operatives are schools for democracy and really contribute to the country's development.

In meetings or on committees, where caste, tribe and social status play no part, they learn the workings of democracy and also how to balance a budget and to take and share responsibility, preparing themselves in this way to become useful citizens.

This is how young Abdoulaye Senghor of Foundiougne (a town about 60 miles south of Dakar) describes a lively discussion at his school co-op meeting:

Two months after the election of the new committee of which I was the Secretary, some of the boys in the sports section started grumbling. They went around whispering that the election had not been fair and that I'd got the Secretary's job because I was top of the class and not because the co-op members had confidence in me. I was very worried about this, so we decided to hold another meeting.

At the meeting, the grumblers, instead of taking an interest in the proceedings, joked and chatted amongst themselves. So I called them to order, saying, 'If the discontented members really have the welfare of the co-op at heart, they'll sit up and take notice'. That seemed to impress them. Boubacar, the ringleader, raised his hand and said, 'I'm not against the whole committee, but I don't think the chairman does his job well.' There was some applause at this, but another member pointed out that Boubacar was good at criticizing but was not prepared to do anything himself. At this there was more applause, and further discussion which didn't seem to be leading anywhere, so I called for nominations for a new committee.

"Three other boys got the most votes, and we were just reading out the names of the chairman, secretary and treasurer, when our teacher walked in. 'I'm glad to see', he said, 'that you are able to manage your own affairs and behave like responsible citizens. But I think the first committee should be thanked for all the trouble they've taken, and I suggest that for the rest of the year they should be co-opted as deputy-chairman, deputy-secretary and deputy-treasurer.'

"The suggestion was immediately accepted and everyone clapped. Then we went on to other business."

A Big National Contest

The co-operatives also teach the children farming. In a country like Senegal where the nation's leaders are anxious to expand the economy both by obtaining higher yields and by introducing more varied crops, the school garden is often the only place in the village where people can see fresh vegetables, such as tomatoes, carrots, radishes and lettuce, and a rational use of fertilizer and a well-run barnyard. These gardens are not just examples for local farmers; they also supply school canteens run by the pupils and, through the sale of their produce, finance many activities inside and outside school.

The government of Senegal is well aware of the value and influence of these co-operatives. To publicize their achievements in country areas, the Ministry of Rural Economy has, for the past three years, been organizing with the Ministries of Education and Technical Training, a contest between all the co-operatives in Senegal's primary schools, and trade and agricultural schools.

Among 308 competitors from 275 schools selected on a preliminary basis during this year's contest, four winners—two pupils and two teachers—

were singled out as the best leaders of co-operatives. A prize for the best overall achievement was awarded jointly to the Djilor school co-operative and to the Union of School Co-operatives at Foundiougne which, among its numerous activities, had used proceeds from plays staged by its theatrical troupe to buy seeds and a cinema projector.

Besides growing tomatoes for canning and sisal, the youngsters in Foundiougne gathered kapok from shade trees to manufacture "Co-op" cushions now on sale as far a field as Dakar. Girls attending a course in hairdressing invented "Co-op braids" for the town's most fashionable women. Price: 25 francs, for the benefit of the co-operative (it should be noted that Senegal's Miss Independence 1965 was wearing "Co-op braids" when she was elected).

Four Prizewinners Set Out For Europe

Invited to Dakar, members of the Foundiougne co-op committee were received by President Léopold Senghor of Senegal and by the National Assembly. So were the four individual prizewinners, who were also invited by co-operative groups in France and Switzerland to spend six weeks in Europe this summer.

Gagnesiry Seye, a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl from the village of Thilmaka; Issa Diouf, a teacher at the N'Doucoumane School; Alioune Fall, 13, a pupil at the Tivaouane school; and his teacher, Ousmane Diagne, began their stay in Europe by rolling up their sleeves and working side-by-side with other youths building an international reception centre for apprentices at Bonnat in central France.

After two weeks at the work camp, they came up to Paris for some sightseeing. They were received at Unesco House and interviewed by radio reporters there.

"I get up at six to water the co-op's garden before going to school," young Alioune Fall explained. "My father did not like this at first: he said that I might meet evil spirits on the road. The teacher had to talk to him for a long time to convince him that there are no more 'genii'." And Gagnesiry Seye told how she spent her Thursdays and Sundays picking peanuts whose sale enabled the school co-op to buy equipment for its market garden.

The Co-operative Spirit

While these youngsters, like members of school co-operatives in all countries, devote part of their proceeds to buy farm tools, educational equipment and even building materials to supplement an inadequate budget for new classrooms, they never forget that the co-operative spirit must go beyond the limited circle of their school.

Many co-operatives, explained teacher Ousmane Diagne, contribute money from their funds to fight leprosy or to the Freedom-from-Hunger Campaign. "But the co-operative union at Foundiougne is doing something even more unusual," he said. "For the first time, children are going to pay for their parents' education. You see, the Foundiougne co-op has undertaken to send funds to pay the salary of a literacy instructor who will teach the farmers in an outlying village where there is no school."

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS FROM 12 COUNTRIES DIG FOR PARIS'S PAST

by Edward C. Hotaling

An underground parking lot at the doorstep of Notre-Dame de Paris? The proposal, awaiting only official approval and a team of bulldozers, is enough to give a scare to those who love history, art and Paris.

But André Malraux, France's minister of cultural affairs, is taking no chances. His ministry and the City of Paris are conducting a preliminary archaeological search under the parvis, or court in front of the cathedral. If any evidence of important historic or artistic treasures is turned up, no garage.

The officials have at their disposal a small group of students, picks and shovels at the ready, who are getting to know Paris as few other summer visitors do.

For many visitors, the heart of Paris is symbolized by the cathedral itself. But it also lies underground—in the form of the ramparts of Lutèce, the ancient city and ruins of successive invasions.

It is this Paris that the students are beginning to discover before, perhaps, yielding their hole to the bulldozers in the interest of the more recent automotive invasion.

An International Team

They come from at least a dozen different countries in Europe, the Middle East, Asia and North America, and they are not necessarily students of archaeology. All wanted to spend their vacation in Paris, earning their keep by doing a constructive job, and learning French in the process.

The operation is sponsored by "Youth and Reconstruction", a private organization affiliated to the Unesco-aided Co-ordinating Committee for International Voluntary Service (*).

The students, numbering about 30 at a time, put in an eight-to-five day on three-week shifts in return for food and lodging at a hostel run by the French Unesco Commission in the Latin Quarter.

Twenty-year-old Nikola Junakovic of Belgrade, for example, decided to see Rome and Paris for himself this summer. He was taken on here for the first three-week contract period in July, and was made student foreman for the second. His interest in the work and his knowledge of several languages helped.

*6, rue Franklin, Paris (16e).

George Sneed, also 20 and a junior at Columbia University in New York, learned of the job when he sought summer working papers from the French Embassy. He joined the Notre-Dame crew with another Columbia student, sophomore Robin Rector, 18, one of the several girls on the project.

Their work may make archaeology majors out of them yet.

Under professional supervision, they are digging in the middle of the busy city square which Baron Haussmann, the builder of boulevards, cleared in the 19th century, enlarging the earlier parvis.

The only toll the excavations have taken is a bronze star which marked "point zero" on the parvis, from which the distances on all roads radiating out of Paris had been measured since 1769. Underneath, they have produced evidence of a wall and a street.

The street is the former rue Neuve-Notre-Dame, which dated from the construction of the present cathedral, started in 1163 under Bishop Maurice de Sully. The street ran perpendicular to the facade of the cathedral. The students have come upon the cellars of buildings which bordered it in the 18th century and, in some cases, earlier.

The wall of one of the cellars is built against another wall, made of large blocks of stone and perhaps dating much further back—before the first church named for Notre Dame in the Sixth Century and before the city's first Christian church, dedicated to Saint-Etienne around 375—to the Gallo-Roman days of the Third Century. (The present cathedral was built on the sites of these two churches).

The wall of stone blocks lies approximately along the presumed axis of the ramparts of early Lutéce.

Conciliating Past, Present And Future

It is unlikely, however, that the cellars and the rocks of the wall would be enough to preclude the garage. The students are tentatively scheduled to continue the digging until the end of September, and if there is an indication of real treasures, more careful, systematic excavations will follow.

If not, the city council may be able to approve the parking project at its December session.

In the meantime, the students have become something of a tourist attraction in summertime Paris. Their excavation site is surrounded by a chest high wooden fence lined with sidewalk superintendents, many of them camera-carrying visitors to Notre-Dame.

It makes a good picture. The twin towers of the cathedral rise above the students, their construction shanties, the tourists and the busy traffic around them—catching the past, the present, the problems of the future, and an effort to be fair to all three.

KENYA RUNS AN ORPHANAGE.. FOR WILD ANIMALS

by Richard Greenough

A somewhat unique orphanage is situated on the outskirts of Kenya's capital at Nirobi. Open to the public, it is an orphanage for wild animals whose parents either were slaughtered by poachers seeking meat, skins or ivory; caught in traps; killed in fights with other animals; or died from natural causes. It is believed to be unique although a similar institution is to be established in neighbouring Uganda.

Some 40 Different Species

Situated on the edge of Nairobi's own 44-square mile National Park—tiny by comparison with most other parks in East Africa—it was opened 18 months ago with eleven inmates. Its first guest was a young and bewildered rhinoceros—Bruce, barely two-feet long and only a few weeks old—whose mother had been killed and whose father's whereabouts were unknown. Bruce had to be lured and coaxed into his new home with handfuls of sugar cane. Now there are about 130 guests, representing some 40 different species of animals and they attracted 120,000 visitors last year.

"Most of our inmates are genuine orphans found by the game wardens in the neighbouring park," said Mr. Mervyn Cowie, director of National Parks in Kenya, whose pet interest this orphanage has now become, and who looks forward to expanding it into a large national zoological and botanical park "where Africans, especially school children and teachers, can come and learn about and appreciate the animals of their own country, which, mostly, they have never or rarely seen and have been brought up only to fear or to kill".

Weaning Back Into The Wild

When these young animal orphans are found, and discovered to be too small, weak or sick to feed or look after themselves, they go first to the orphanage hospital and are cared for or bottle-fed. This was the case with another early guest, a baby hippo only a few weeks old.

"We also had a leopard cub, whose mother had died in a trap, and who had absolutely no coat at all. We doctored on a new coat and now he has as fine a set of spots as any leopard in Africa," continued Mr. Cowie. "As they grow up, we slowly train the animals to fend for themselves, to hunt, to make their own way with other wild animals at large, until eventually they can be released back into a game reservation."

This process of "weaning back into the wild" must be gradual. After an animal has reached a certain age you can't just automatically turn him loose and expect him to adjust to the jungle law of wild life, as if he had been there all along instead of being under human care in almost domesticated surroundings, explained Mr. Cowie. This is especially the case with lion cubs who usually cannot be released until they are about four years old.

Part of this gradual process may involve leaving an orphan's pen open so that, if he wishes, he can wander off to the game park and get used to being with other animals, fending for himself, foraging for food and generally learning to keep alert and alive. But the orphan always knows that the pen door is open and that he can come back if need be.

Some Return To The Orphanage

But it is not only a matter of being able to survive, hunt and get their own food. After being brought up in a more or less domesticated state, some animals lose their immunity to certain diseases, automatically acquired in the wild state. They also lose a sort of build-in sense of self-preservation that, for instance, warns wild animals against eating infected food. So, when they are released, animals usually must be vaccinated against certain diseases. Some of the cats, mainly the cheetahs, become fat and lazy in their easy life and find they can't run fast enough to catch their food. So they also come back, unable to cope with the facts of wild life.

There have been baby elephants in the orphanage, hippos, camels, buffaloes, even two bears from a travelling circus which was closed down, wild dogs—perhaps the rarest species here at the moment for they are in danger of dying out in Africa—all sorts of members of the cat family such as leopards and cheetahs, bat-eared foxes, porcupines, many species of deer and antelope, a wart-hog, and among the many various members of the monkey tribe, Sebastian.

Sebastian is a four-year-old chimpanzee, about whom the phrase "as clever as a monkey" could well have been originally coined. He has all sorts of open-air parlour tricks. He genuinely seems to enjoy smoking cigarettes, not only lighting them with a match but chain smoking as well, and he also likes his glass, even bottle, of beer. Given a number of keys on a keyring, he can pick out the one which will unlock his own collar—and does so. He is temperamental about cameras. In general, he enjoys being photographed and poses willingly, as a rule to the accompaniment of piercing chimpanzee laughter, though he has been known to react by turning his back on a photographer. Yet, sometimes if a camera comes too close, he will snatch it, run off and gleefully smash it to pieces.

Quite apart from the humanitarian aspect, the orphanage serves many other useful purposes. "First of all we can study animals in more or less natural surroundings, learn about their habits, diet and so on. Then we can breed some of the rarer animals in safety, like the wild dog," said Mr. Cowie. "We can also help fill demands from zoos all over the world needing fresh stock. This is satisfactory in two complementary ways. It allows animals that have got used to humans to remain tame and not

run the risks in getting back to wild life, and it obviates the need to capture fresh wild animals, thus contributing to the campaign for the preservation of wild life."

Learning To Conserve Natural Resources

Problems concerning the conservation of the world's natural resources, particularly its wildlife, have always been one of Unesco's preoccupations. Important developments have taken place in Africa following an international conference on the conservation of nature and natural resources in modern African States, convened by Unesco at Arusha, Tanzania, nearly four years ago. Unesco specialists are now in Ethiopia, at that country's invitation, advising on a conservation programme following an on-the-spot investigation led by Sir Julian Huxley two years ago. Moreover, Unesco has just opened a Regional Centre for Science and Technology here at Nairobi.

As a result of national campaigns, largely primed by Unesco's work, there is growing pressure being brought to bear by all African governments for the preservation of their wild life, and for action against the indiscriminate poaching of game, particularly animals threatened with extinction.

But a problem is to acquaint Africans with the wild life of their countries, especially those who live in towns. It is unsafe to visit game parks except in cars, and most Africans haven't got cars. "One of our aims at the orphanage is to bring Africans here who cannot afford to go into parks", said Mr. Cowie. "That is why the National Parks Administration has started organizing bus expeditions to bring people—especially pupils and teachers—from Nairobi to see the orphanage and, where possible, a bit of the game park as well." An information service has been set up and an exhibition hall built next to the orphanage where lectures are regularly given about the wild life of Kenya, in particular, and of Africa in general.

"This important educational work is another reason why many members of the Kenya administration agree that they would like to see the orphanage expanded into a large zoological and botanical park where people can learn too about the flora and fauna, soil conservation and the conservation of wild life," said Mr. Cowie.

Already, he has promises of land for such a park. And, if the success of this rather unique orphanage—now self-supporting as a result of admission fees—is any indication, it should not be long before Nairobi has its new park complete with an enlarged orphanage for, unhappily, the number of new inmates is not dropping.

11.

FROM THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH TO SPACEVISION

A Century of International Co-operation

Just one hundred years ago, on 17 May 1865, delegates of 20 European countries, meeting in Paris, signed the first international telegraph convention. In so doing, they created the International Telegraph Union, later to become the International Telecommunication Union (ITY), the oldest of all international organizations.

In our era of telex and television, with radio reaching out into space and the prospect of telephone calls travelling along beams of light, it is hard to appreciate the significance of that first convention. Yet without it and the agreements that followed, many aspects of modern life would simply not exist. It would be impossible, for example, to make telephone calls from one country to another, to tune in to a foreign radio or television programme, to say nothing of flying planes over international routes.

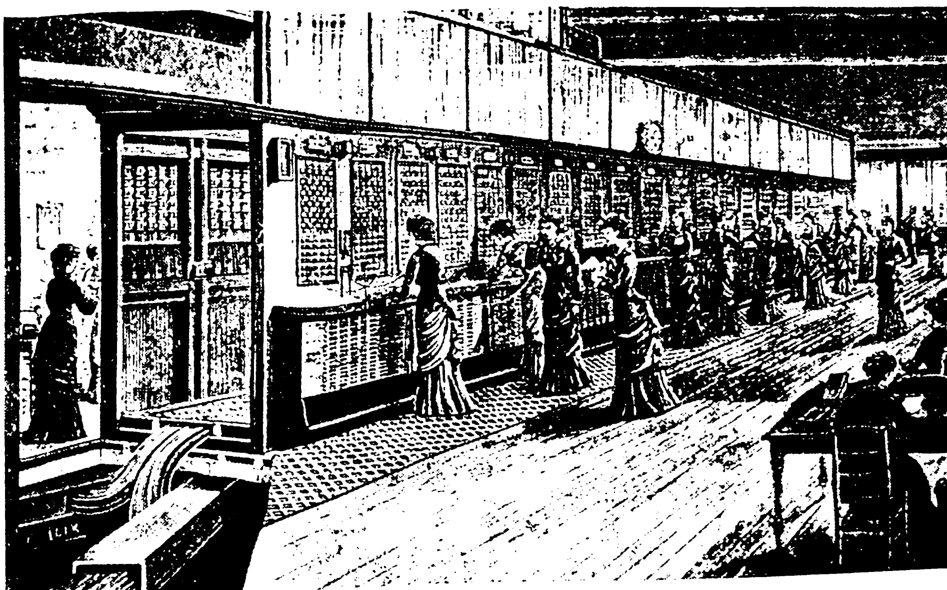
Let's take a brief look back one hundred and twenty years or so to the 1840s. The scene is an "international" telegraph office operated jointly in Strasbourg by France and the Grand-Duchy of Baden. The French operator receives a telegram sent from Paris at the speed of light. He carefully writes it out by hand and passes it across the table to his German colleague, who translates the text into German and sends it on by telegraph. The message has taken longer to cross the border than to travel hundreds of miles by wire! And in this case there was only one frontier to cross.

The First International Wire System

These and other problems, for the most part entirely new in international relations, led Emperor Napoleon III to invite the European States Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Greece, Hamburg, Hanover, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Saxony, Spain, Sweden-Norway, Switzerland, Turkey and Wurtemberg—to take part in a conference in 1865. (Great Britain was not invited because its telegraph services, unlike those of other European nations, were still in private hands).

Co-operation under specific agreements had, of course, been necessary prior to this meeting for the development and application of the electric telegraph. Communications by electric wire were first sent in 1837, and the first public use of the telegraph was the achievement of Samuel F.B.

The giant radiotelescope at Nancay, France, stars formed the myriads of white tracks as the earth turned during the three-hour time exposure. At the centre of the circles is the Pole Star. Radio telescopes are used to study radiowaves from outer space and to track satellite flights.



The young ladies of the central telephone exchange in Paris in the 1880s. To-day, there are over 170 million telephone subscribers in the world.

Morse in 1844. Five years later, in October 1849, Prussia and Austria signed a treaty authorizing the connection of their telegraph systems.

The Paris convention of 1865 went several steps further. It laid down common rules and uniform tariff rates for Europe's telegraph systems. International action in telecommunications had begun.

The invention of the telephone by Alexander Graham Bell in 1876 further widened the scope of international action, and in 1885 the International Telegraph Union drafted agreements for the new medium.

In 1895 and 1896 the first wireless transmission were made, heralding a new era and, for the first time, bringing ships at sea within the reach of telecommunications. It soon became clear, however, that international regulations were essential.

One major problem was highlighted in 1902 when Prince Henry of Prussia, returning across the Atlantic from a visit to the United States, tried to send a courtesy message to President Theodore Roosevelt. The message was refused because the radio equipment on the ship was of a different type and nationality from that at the shore station.

Partly as a result of this incident, the Berlin Radio Conference of 1906, brought 27 States into agreement on international radio regulations. These incorporated the principle that ship and coastal radio stations must accept messages from each other; the conference also adopted the SOS distress signal.

The Tragedy of the Titanic

But the problem of ensuring effective radio communications at sea was still far from settled. This was shown dramatically in 1912 when the British liner *Titanic* sank after colliding with an iceberg in the Atlantic. Many lives could have been saved if the *Titanic's* radio operator had been able to communicate with another ship cruising within rescue distance: but the other ship's operator had gone off duty for the night.

In 1920 a new kind of radio service—broadcasting—began, and, with it, a new problem: how to share out the frequencies used for broadcasting. A first move was made at the Washington conference in 1927, which allocated frequency bands to the different radio services, including maritime services.

With the development of television and radar in the 1930s and its horizons for action spreading every year, ITU changed its name, in 1932, to International Telecommunication Union. In 1947, the Union became a Specialized Agency of the U.N. and moved its headquarters from Berne to Geneva.

It has been said that communication would be impossible without co-operation, and international co-operation certainly would be impossible without communication. Like the other Specialized Agencies of the U.N., ITU is engaged in technical assistance activities, helping the developing countries to acquire complete telecommunication systems and training facilities. Thirteen ITU-Special Fund training centres are now operating and since 1953, more than 450 ITU experts have been sent to advise 47 countries; over 500 fellowships have been awarded to nationals of 57 countries.

With the progress of science and of international consultation, communication services have become tremendously diverse and effective. ITU, through its study groups and its specialists, is concerned with such questions as automatic operations for worldwide teletype transmissions and the possibilities for worldwide automatic dialing or semi-automatic service in telephony. There are also problems connected with multi-channel microwave systems with a possible capacity of 2,700 calls per system, and the development of data transmission services for electronic computers.

Calling the Cosmos

Then there are questions related to the use of communications satellites such as Early Bird and Molnya, to say nothing of manned satellites roaming the reaches of outer space: for cosmonauts Leonov and Beliaev or Young and Grissom, telecommunications spell survival.

To meet this new demand, ITU held a special World Space Radiocommunication Conference in Geneva in 1963, at which more than 6,000 megacycles were allocated for outer space (roughly 15 per cent of the entire radio frequency spectrum.)

Thus the hundred years which began with those who wanted to hear faster from abroad, have been rounded off with those who want to listen closer to the stars. And fittingly enough, this century of international co-operation in telecommunications was celebrated in 1965 which was designated by the U.N. as International Co-operation Year.

12.

NO TIGERS IN NEUCHATEL

by Jeremy Hamand

"How glad I am to see no tigers!" remarked an Indian visitor to the exhibition on India being held at the Fine Arts Museum of Neuchâtel in western Switzerland (15 April-5 May 1965). What he meant was that it is all too easy to stress the picturesque and sensational aspects of a distant country at the expense of its cultural heritage and topical problems. Especially easy, perhaps, when you are young, and it is all the more remarkable that this exhibition was arranged—from start to finish—by boys and girls of the Regional Secondary Schools of Neuchâtel.

A walk around this exhibition would give most of us a salutary reminder of how little we really know about remote civilizations, and also of how much of this small store of casually acquired knowledge is made up of myths, half-truths and trivia. One room is devoted to everyday life: against one wall is a full-scale representation of the scene in front of an Indian village house—a cooking-pot on the fire, a butter-churn, people coming and going in front of the low, baked mud facade; against another, the plan of a typical Indian village. This part was designed and arranged by girls of only 12 and 13.

The second part, devised by two slightly older boys' classes, shows by means of charts and photographs the challenges facing modern India. The standard of living, the food shortage, the rate of population increase and the need for teachers, doctors, skilled workers and capital are brought out by contrasting the plight of modern India with the prosperity of Switzerland. The positive side is shown too—the reforms, planned or already carried out by the Indian government, to combat hunger and illiteracy.

Philosophy and Culture for the Seniors

Everyday life, modern problems—but the picture would not be complete without some account of India's cultural heritage, and the difficult and ambitious task of providing this was left to the senior girls. They outlined the beliefs of the major religions, and the philosophies of the great thinkers; and with well chosen examples of Indian painting and sculpture, jewellery and silks, they opened our eyes to the incomparable richness of the visual arts of the sub-continent. Nor was Indian music overlooked: there were examples of some instruments, and sketches of others the girls had been unable to obtain, and a strikingly clear introduction to the structure and complexities of Indian classical music, which is so very

A Swiss schoolgirl models a sari.

Part of the Neuchatel exhibition : an Indian village

different from anything visitors to the exhibition are likely to be familiar with.

This exhibition is the climax of half a year's study of various aspects of India. The Regional Secondary Schools in Neuchâtel are among the 30-odd schools in Switzerland (there are hundreds in different countries of the world) which are taking part in Unesco's Associated Schools Project. What these schools try to do is to give their pupils an idea of other countries and their problems, to suggest to them how many of these problems can be solved through improved international understanding—to make them realize, in fact, that they are citizens of the world. All this is easier said than done: only the most senior pupils, for instance, are going to gain any benefit from the study of abstract principles such as those in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. One method which has proved its worth in this particular school for ten years now is the study in depth of one particular country and its people.

Indian Novel . . . by Swiss School girls

Take the class of juniors, who have spent four hours every week learning about daily life in India. At the end of last term, they were able, not only to plan and arrange part of the exhibition, but also to stage an Indian play ("Sakuntala" by Kali Dasa), in which the whole class took part, and produce an illustrated novel about Indian life.

To read the novel, which appeared in a limited edition with hand-coloured illustrations is particularly illuminating. It is about a rich girl whose father dies of cholera, and who, after a series of adventures, decides to give all her money to the poor village where she lives and become a teacher. The girls wrote the story collectively, a group of two or three being responsible for each chapter. There are descriptions in it of life in the village, of a religious festival, of a drought and the building of a dam for irrigating the fields, of an epidemic of cholera and how the disease is treated, and of a pilgrimage to Benares—descriptions which it is hard to believe come, as they do, entirely from the imaginations of 12- and 13-year-old Swiss schoolgirls who have probably never left their own country. An indication, by the way, of how seriously the girls took this project is that there is no romantic interest and no marriage in the last chapter !

In other words, this class have not just absorbed a few facts and figures which they may or may not remember next year : they really have an almost first-hand knowledge of what life in India is like. This they have acquired from the travelling kit supplied by the Swiss National Commission for Unesco full of books, records, slides and maps, and from the pictures and films sent by the Indian Embassy in Berne. But most of all they have benefited from the enthusiasm and inspiration of their teacher, Edmée Montandon, who has travelled in India and who has a very special gift for transmitting to these young girls her own knowledge and humanity.

The World in the Classroom

Over the past ten years Miss Montandon has introduced her junior classes to other countries—Thailand, Japan and Greece among them.

Whenever possible—as with Greece, for instance—she arranges camping holidays in the country during the following vacation. In the case of the Eastern countries, she tries to ensure that the girls meet people from those countries. The class who studied Thailand were exceptionally lucky, as Queen Sirikit happened to be in Switzerland that year, and was able to visit the school! Last year, at the suggestion of her Headmaster, Mr Pierre Ramseyer, Miss Montandon started a Unesco Club—the first of its kind in Switzerland—for the senior girls of the school. It was the girls of this club, which is voluntary and which meets out of school, who planned and arranged the section of the exhibition dealing with Indian art, philosophy and religion.

At the same time these senior girls have been working on a complementary project: a documentary recording about life in Switzerland for use in schools in Asia. They hope that the interviews and sounds which they are recording in Swiss industries and the Swiss countryside will make it easier for Asian schoolchildren to form an accurate picture of life in modern Switzerland. The scheme provides an encouraging example of international co-operation—even if only on a small scale.

Encouraging too is the proof the exhibition gives that at least one section of the younger generation knows that there is more to India than tigers. It is appropriate that the exhibition poster—designed like everything else by the children themselves—depicts the God Shiva in his aspect of Lord of the Dance: framed in a halo of fire, and dancing on the back of the dwarf Ignorance whom he has overcome.

13.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS AT BOBOWICKO

by Maja Kremer and Magda Stomma

(Narcyza Zmichowska School, Warsaw)

We are leaving to-day. The bus is already parked alongside the manor house where we spent our vacation. Girls are busily running up and downstairs, carrying luggage; others are just finishing breakfast. Our stay at Bobowicko, in eastern Poland, is almost at an end. Barely a week ago we were singing and dancing, surrounded by the village children who were probably hearing French spoken for the first time in their lives. It'll be a long time before they forget those foreign songs and dances.

They'll remember, too, our puppet theatre. We learned to make the puppets and to manipulate them. We even built a stage with tables and plywood.

During our evening shows, we also gave poetry recitations, played games and organized quizzes. Our teachers never seemed to be short of ideas for entertainment.

We already knew France through books and films, but at Bobowicko France was much nearer to us because of our teachers. They became our friends. Now, when I run a finger across a map of France, I can say, "This is where Geneviève lives", or Marie-Claude, or Françoise.

When it got too hot we went down to the lake. We used to chat, rambling on—about clothes, films and young people in general. But, most important, we talked in French—that was the main purpose of our camp. Of course, we already had a good grounding in French, since we are taking the experimental language course taught in several Polish schools. But talking French in everyday life was another matter. At first, we hesitated between subjunctives, conditionals, and other terrors of French grammar. I still remember how, on the very first day, I was daring enough to use the subjunctive! But, as time went on, we became quite fluent. In fact, now, when speaking Polish, I sometimes find myself using French words.

To-day we are leaving our teachers, our camp, and the lake. But every one of us hopes that, to Françoise Lenoble, Genevieve Rey, Yveline Grillet and Marie-Claude David, we are not saying good-bye but only "au revoir".

AT THE FOOT OF THE CARPATHIANS: "GOVORITYE PO RUSSKY"

by Andrzej Barcz

(Jan Kochanowski School, Cracow)

Rytro is an attractive little town with a ruined castle, lying on the banks of the river Poprad in mountainous south Poland. In the summer of 1964 a Unesco vacation camp was set up there for students from secondary schools in Cracow and Lodz where certain subjects are taught in Russian.

Our day started with physical jerks, followed by breakfast, during which there was always lively discussion about Russian dishes. Then, language class—but not like lessons at school. We simply talked without instructor, Nikolai Yermolenko, about some subject or other. The rest of the day we played games or went on excursions.

Sports activities were organized by energetic Konstantin Konstantnovich, who laid on chess tournaments and basketball and volley-ball games and track competitions.

Every few days, we had lectures with colour slides on various aspects of life in the Soviet Union—Russian songs and music, Moscow, literature, and so on.

There is no doubt: the Russians are especially gifted for singing and dancing. Our teachers all played the piano or the accordion, and performed at our concerts. Nikolai Yermolenko had a fine voice and, after dinner, we always asked him to sing for us.

The day's activities were not all in the camp grounds. We went on trips into the nearby Carpathian mountains, and the Russians were delighted by the beautiful scenery. We also organized evening dances to which we invited the girls from a neighbouring camp.

When the day came to leave, we said a sad good-bye to Rytro and our teachers. We accompanied the Russians on the first lap of their journey, for they wanted to visit Cracow, our former capital. In saying "do svidanye", we promised to write to each other so that we could keep in touch with our new friends.

15.

1964 WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD YEAR FOR NABATEANS

by I. Natcom

If the Nabateans, those remarkable water engineers and desert farmers who flourished in Israel's arid Negev 2,000 years ago, had been alive in 1964, they would have enjoyed a fabulous year.

Israeli scientists, who are farming as the Nabateans did, in an effort to solve the mystery of how these people engaged so successfully in agriculture in a waterless zone with only 100 millimetres of rainfall, are exultant. Their experimental crops are flourishing.

Almost a decade ago, Professor Michael Evenari, of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, water engineer Leslie Shanan and agronomist Naphtali H. Tadmor became fascinated by the problem of how the Nabateans had farmed without adequate rainfall or water resources. One possible explanation, that the climate had changed in the Negev, was investigated and rejected.

Obviously, in a world which is rapidly growing short of water and particularly in a country which suffers from a chronic shortage of the life-giving liquid, the discovery of an agricultural method not requiring irrigation would be of world-wide importance.

Living a Theory

The Israeli scientists believed that the expert desert farmers of old based their system on husbanding every drop of rainwater through "run-off farming". Clearing the slopes of gravel and stones, and building conduits, they concentrated all the water from a large watershed area into the valley below, where a series of terraces formed by solidly built stone walls constituted the farm itself. The slight rainfall was concentrated in a few winter flash floods. Since the soil of the Negev highlands consists of loess, forming a thin impermeable crust, the flood water did not penetrate underground but flowed down the wadi where it was trapped on the dam-like terraces.

The scientists calculated that 20 to 30 hectares (50 to 75 acres) of catchment area would provide enough run-off for one hectare (2.4 acres) of cultivated farmland in the valley.

To test their view, they adopted the Kontiki system of living a theory. They set up two Nabatean farms, one at Avdat and the other at Shivta, rebuilding the old terraces and clearing the slopes as they believed the Nabateans had done. Unlike the Nabateans, they added elaborate scientific equipment, including water gauges, thermometers, dendrometers (that

measure the daily growth of trees) and other devices to keep exact records of how each plant or crop used the water.

Unfortunately for the modern Nabateans, the first years of the experiment were years of drought. The year 1962-63 produced an all-time low—24 millimetres of rainfall—and the previous years yielded only 50 millimetres and 60 millimetres respectively.

Originally the plan was to plant only trees known to have existed in the Near East in the sixth and seventh centuries A.D. But the varieties were not available at the time of planting and some substitutions were made. Eventually, Professor Evenari and his colleagues planted cherries, pomegranates, figs, peaches, almonds, apricots, plums, pistachios, blackberries, grapes and apples. Among the crops were wheat, barley and perennial pasture grasses. Of the vegetable crops, artichokes, asparagus and onions for seed are the only ones tried on any scale.

World-wide interest was taken in the experiment and numerous varieties of plants were sent to Israel to be incorporated in the pilot project. Among these were Sudan grass and henbane, a plant of great medicinal value.

Bumper Harvest

Reversing Joseph's dream, the lean years were followed by a very fat year indeed in 1963-64, when 165 millimetres of rain fell in the desert.

There were two heavy floods which nearly washed away the desert farms.

Almost all the crops and trees are now flourishing. The triumphant modern Nabateans are eating cherries and blackberries and peaches. The wheat yield is 1,200 kilograms (2,645 lbs) per acre. Artichokes are yielding 320 kilograms (705 lbs) per acre.

The two farms at Avdat and Shivta are based on relatively large catchment areas and are spread over large cultivated surfaces. A supplementary experiment has now been started to test the principle in very small areas by concentrating run-off water into microcatchments. Every tree or shrub or other crop will have its own small catchment area, with a plant at the lowest point of it, thereby receiving the maximum amount of water. If this experiment succeeds, it will be of great importance in the arid zones of African and Asian countries because every peasant farmer will be able to use the system.

16.

THE SKIPPER OF THE "KALAVA"

by Daniel Behrman

About the last place on earth where anyone would expect to see a Norwegian fishing skipper living ashore is the Malabar coast of India along the Arabian Sea. Yet there, a world away from the icy fogs of Spitzbergen, a tiny Norwegian community in Cochin is sharing the lives of Indian marine scientists and fishermen.

They represent the Indo-Norwegian project in the south Indian state of Kerala and their story is one of the least-known and most heartening episodes in the history of international technical assistance.

To hear a Norwegian explain it, the project is not at all extraordinary. Foreign aid had enabled Norway to get back on her feet within a few years after the war and the Norwegians felt an obligation. As one of them has stated, "We had a feeling that our annual grants to the United Nations technical assistance programme were not enough to pay off our moral debts."

Four New Fishing Stations

The result has been this Indo-Norwegian project upon which Norway, a nation with a population of 3.5 million, has spent $8 million since 1952. Four fishing stations have been set up in Kerala with ice factories, ship-building yards, freezing plants and insulated vans, and others are now being started in the states of Mysore and Madras. South Indian fishermen, who once were limited to near shore waters in their paddle-driven *vellam* canoes, are now bringing in much greater catches with motorized boats.

Research in oceanography has gone hand in hand with development of fisheries in order to find new grounds for this modernized fleet. Indian scientists from the Central Marine Fisheries Research Substation in Cochin harbour make regular trips aboard a Norwegian-built oceanographic vessel, the 150-ton *Varuna*, named after the Indian god of the sea. These cruises have enabled them to learn the general distribution pattern of fish along the coast of the Arabian Sea from Veraval in the north to Cape Comorin in the south, and down to a depth of 100 fathoms (600 feet).

The trim, white all-steel *Varuna* can carry four scientists and she goes out on cruises lasting more than a week. When I saw her, Captain Sven Saetre was preparing to cast off for a ten-day trip with Dr. E.J. Lewis of the Fisheries Research Substation as chief scientist. Dr. Lewis was interested in the study of the stratification of plankton in the sea to learn why fish

shoals rise to the surface. His cruise had two purposes: to collect microscopic plant life—that is, phytoplankton—and to take standard oceanographic measurements for the International Indian Ocean Expedition.

While the *Varuna* is only ninety-three feet long, she still dwarfs the *Kalava*, the second largest of the project's fleet of seventeen research and fishing vessels. But the *Kalava* commands the respect due to age. Sixty-seven feet long, she was built in Norway as a trawler in 1916; in 1955, the Norwegians brought her out to India under her own power, taking three months in the process.

The *Kalava* and her skipper must make one of the most picturesque teams in the entire International Indian Ocean Expedition. In the first place, the venerable straight-stemmed trawler is almost twice as old as her master. In the second place, her master is Captain Keere Larssen who, at nineteen, was the youngest fishing skipper in Norway and who now, at twenty-eight, has discovered a vocation for oceanography.

The Curry Was Good

I met Captain Larssen on the deck of the *Kalava* in Cochin harbour, in his outdoor dining-room, a hatch cover under a sunsail. It is there at sea that he and his crew take their meals of rice and curry.

"When I came aboard the *Kalava* in 1962", he told me, "the Norwegian chief engineer said that the curry on this ship would burn a hole in the deck. It wasn't true—I like it."

Captain Larssen arrived in India in 1961 when he brought the *Varuna* from Norway. He thought he would stay three months, but then something happened. He found himself taking a sharp interest in the oceanographic work carried out on board.

Soon, he was collecting plankton and lowering Nansen bottles to take water samples. This was nothing new to him because fishing skippers in the North Sea readily use a Nansen bottle to check on the temperature of the sea. But this time the sampling had to be much more precise.

Then, charting fishing grounds, first on the *Varuna* and later on the *Kalava*, he began to write articles and his job was called 'fishing expert and fishing master'. Captain Larssen has no trouble keeping the two straight: "When I write an article, I'm an expert. When I'm on my ship, I'm a master."

On shore, he begins his day at five in the morning, squeezing in a daily stint of reading in oceanography, and he ends it with a navigation class at nine in the evening....which gives him time to work on his correspondence course in marine law.

Skipper at Nineteen

Captain Larssen grew up on Espevaer Island in Norway where he had his first boat when he was five. He went to sea in a trawler when he was fourteen. But, somehow, he could not stay away from school and he passed his master's certificate when he was seventeen. A shipowner obtained a dispensation for him because he was under age and he got his first command when he was nineteen.

This career explains why his working hours in Cochin do not impress him. "Compared to spending twenty hours in the wheelhouse in the Barents Sea, it's a rest", he remarked.

Two years of navigation in the Indian Ocean have given Captain Larssen a very realistic grasp of some of the problems that the International Expedition is trying to solve. This is a sea without any modern aids to navigation such as radio beacons, and a captain must rely on the stars and the sun to find his position.

But, during the monsoon season, the sky can be covered for days at a time. Then navigation is by chart and the charts of this ocean are far from perfect. "I have measured a six-knot current where the chart indicated two knots", Captain Larssen said. "You can imagine how far that can throw you off course at the end of the day."

This young skipper has no definite plans for the future when his service in India is finished. But he is not the same man who came out to south India two years ago.

"I know that I've been able to help fishermen here", he told me in the wheelhouse of the *Kalava*. "I'd like to do the same thing somewhere else."

THE SPIRIT KHWAN BRINGS THAILAND A SCHOOL FROM DENMARK

by Richard Greenough

Ban Phran Muan, the village of Muan the Hunter, in the remote north-east corner of Thailand, will soon have a new school and a new water well, .thanks largely to schoolchildren of a small community in Denmark on the other side of the world.

This heartening example of international co-operation occurred recently as a result of the efforts of Mr. Anders Poulsen, an educational psychologist of Gladsaxe, near Copenhagen, who worked in Thailand for 15 months as a Unesco expert at the Bangkok Institute for Child Study. Half of his time in the country was spent up in the north-east close to the Mekong river and the Laotian frontier, in the poorest part of Thailand where Ban Phran Muan is situated.

The only "school" the village had for its 200 or so children was the "sala" or meeting room attached to the local temple, with no seats, no tables, no educational equipment or material as such, Mr. Poulsen explained. "The villagers badly wanted a new school, but according to Thai law, they had first to raise half the money for any school building, with the government eventually supplying the rest, and this would come to some 100,000 baht or about $5,000 with classroom equipment," he said. "But the villagers were too poor for this".

Mr. Poulsen became very attached to the people of Ban Phran Muan, and they to him. So much so that when it was time for him to leave, the village elders held a special ceremony for him which they normally reserved for relatives or very close friends who are setting forth on a long voyage. According to their beliefs, all human beings have a sort of "life spirit" or "life power", which they call "Khwan" and which seeks to leave the human body in perilous or difficult periods such as, for example, a long journey to foreign lands. This ceremony was to call on the "Khwan" not to leave the body of Mr. Poulsen on his trip back to Denmark.

The "Prawescloth"

When he returned to Gladsaxe, a community of 70,000 of whom 10,000 are school-children, Mr. Poulsen could not forget the villagers of Ban Phran Muan and their yearnings for a school. How to raise the $5,000 was the problem.

His first idea came when the local municipal committee for culture at Gladsaxe asked for proposals for the artistic decoration of local offices, schools, municipal homes etc. Mr. Poulsen remembered an old "Prawes-cloth", a religious decoration cloth about 65 feet long and nearly two feet wide which the villagers had. It was made 60 years ago and painted with pictures telling the life story of the lord Buddha. The villagers were anxious to sell it and get a new one. Result: Poulsen negotiated for its sale, its export through the Department of Fine Arts in Bangkok and its import into Denmark—all for $100. Explaining his story about the need for the new school at Ban Phran Muan, he sold the cloth to the cultural committee for $1,000 on the understanding that the money should go towards the school; the cloth was framed and now hangs in one of the schools at Gladsaxe. Poulsen was already $1,400 to the good.

Then he remembered that he had, for fun, made a 30-minute educational film on village life in Thailand for the Danish Organization for Aid to Developing Countries. Explaining his purpose again, he asked the organization to help. They replied that though normally they did not give money for small, private projects, they felt a responsibility for the school because of the film and they gave him $1,100. Now he had $2,500, half of the sum needed.

Then, as celebrations in all Danish schools of United Nations Day last October approached and preparations were made by the local municipal and teachers committees for commemorating UN Day, Mr. Poulsen suggested that Gladsaxe schools should center their activities on Thailand.

The Children to the Rescue

"For two to three weeks all our schools concentrated on Thailand," he said. "I visited every school and gave lectures with slides, from kindergarten to adult classes. My visit to each school was a signal for the beginning of an educational programme on Thailand. With help from the Thai ambassador, His Excellency Prince Gustavus Chacrabandh, and the Thai community in Denmark, we found books, pictures and so on, so that teachers were supplied with material on Thai crafts, Thai dances, songs, games, history, and religion. One new school at Enghavegaard arranged a splendid exhibition ranging from household articles to a buffalo plough. At the same time they ran a competition there and in other schools for the best poster drawing symbolizing: 'The children of Gladsaxe are building a village school in Thailand'.

"Meanwhile, all the schools were busy collecting money. The children cleaned cars, baked cakes, organized lotteries, polished shoes, and I don't know what. Local papers published a number of articles and I was asked to make a radio broadcast about the whole project," continued Mr. Poulsen.

"As a culmination of all these activities we invited 800 children, two from each class, as representatives to our big new theatre. The Lord Mayor welcomed the guests, the Danish children performed Thai dances and games, sang Thai songs.

"Finally, representatives from each school came and handed over the sums they had collected. Each school had been very mysterious about how much they had collected while the campaign was going on. It was a great surprise, therefore, to find that the total reached some 24,000 Danish kroner, or about $3,500. This was $1,000 more than was needed. It was a great day for the children," he concluded.

Construction Begins

Mr. Poulsen made contact with the Danish ambassador in Bangkok who has handed over the money to the Thai Minister of Education. Work on the school has begun and will be finished before the end of the dry season in May. Not only is there enough money for the new school and all necessary equipment, but with what is left over, a new fresh water well is being constructed in the school grounds for the children, and other wells in the village are being lined with brick.

Mr. Poulsen hopes to be able to be back in Thailand to attend the opening of the new school. The village elders will be able to hold another ceremony for him, this time to give their thanks that "Khwan" was able to remain with Mr. Poulsen so successfully during his voyage and his stay in Denmark.

18.

THE LEGEND OF MALISSADIO

A Folktale From Guinea

by Ibrahima Khalil Diare

The story of Malissadio that I am going to tell you happened in the days when animals spoke with humans.

Mâling, the hippopotamus, lived in the still, deep waters of a river near a peaceful village of farmers and fishermen. Men knew and venerated him, for Mâling was not just an ordinary hippopotamus like his brothers. He never trampled the harvest, he never interfered with the long lines of canoes that travelled up and down the river. He had acquired as much wisdom as the wisest of the village elders and he spoke the language of men perfectly. He was said to be a genie, a kindly genie who protected the village and saw that its inhabitants remained prosperous.

One day, while the hippopotamus was lying in the shade on the banks of the river, he saw a woman big with child who was filling a jar with water.

Mâling called to her and said :

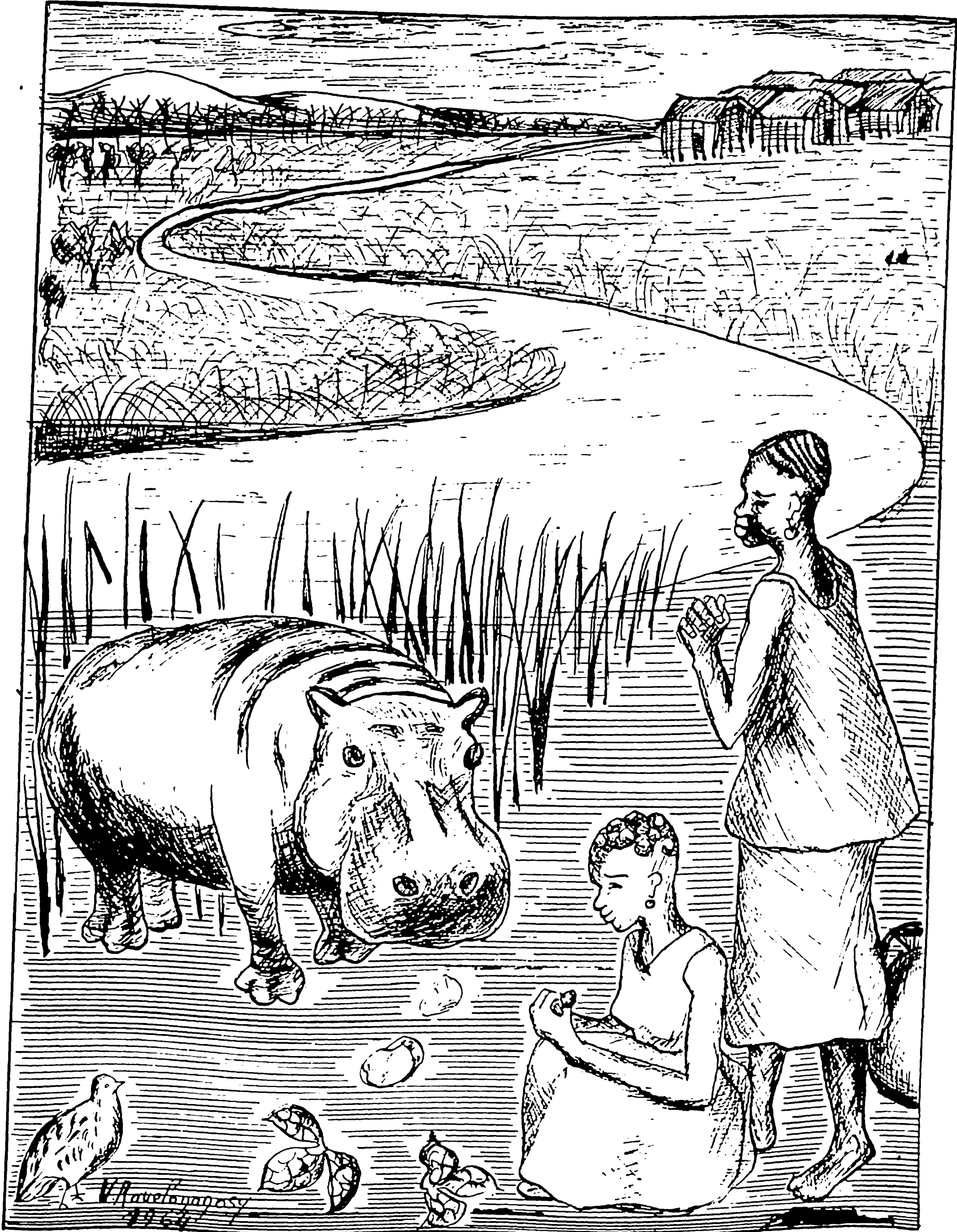
"Noble woman, may peace be with you! I wish you well, for ever since you married your husband you have set an example as a hardworking wife and a loving mother. This is why I wish to befriend the girl who is to be born to you. The fate of your village and my attitude towards men will depend upon this bond of friendship between your daughter and myself."

The woman agreed, but on condition that there would never be any question of a marriage between the hippopotamus and her daughter and that their friendship should be no more than the love that unites brother and sister.

Several weeks later, the woman-with-the-jar gave birth to a daughter. Like a wild plant, the little girl grew. She shot up like an ear of corn in a well-ploughed field and she became as beautiful as an expanse of ripe rice in the moonlight.

One afternoon, during the quiet hour when the wild animals rest in the shade on the edges of pools and streams, the woman-with-the-jar took her daughter by the hand and led her to the edge of the river. She showed the girl to Mâling. All three broke cola nuts as a sign of friendship, the friendship that now bound the girl and Mâling.

The girl was not in the least frightened, and as the days went by, she paid further visits to the river and her affection for the hippopotamus



grew stronger and stronger. Her life was now split between her mother's hut and swimming in the river with her friend Mâling. They grew so close to one another that they were like two petals of the same flower or two fingers of the same hand. Never on earth had men seen such a perfect friendship.

It is said that perfection is not to be found in this world and that, whenever it appears, public gossip will always find a way to render it repulsive. And that is just what happened.

The men of the village, forgetting all that Mâling had done for the community, began to criticize the friendship. Soon the whole village was alive with gossip. Old women spinning cotton in the doorways of their huts shook their heads sadly when they saw the girl walk by. Her friends fled her as if she had been stricken by the plague. Her father was scorned for having sold his daughter to an animal, a four-footed beast, a devil.

The girl had been betrothed—without her consent—to one of the best hunters in the village. This young man also disapproved of the friendship between his future wife and the hippopotamus. One morning he took his rifle and headed for the forest where he knew he would find the witch, a terrible witch who had sold her soul to the evil spirit. She gave him a magic bullet that no power on earth could deflect from its course.

One warm afternoon when he knew that the hippopotamus would be lolling on the sand, the hunter loaded his gun carefully. Into its long barrel, he poured seven fingers of powder and then placed the witch's bullet on top. When he saw the hippopotamus, he flew into a blind rage. He knelt, took careful aim and fired. Mâling fell, wounded in the heart. He bellowed in pain as his blood gushed from the gaping hole made by the magic bullet.

In the village, the girl had heard the shot. Driven by a feeling of foreboding she ran towards the river. When she saw her friend lying in a pool of blood, she collapsed in tears. "If I had not been a woman, Mâling would still be alive and our friendship would not have ended so tragically," she cried.

Nature seemed to share the fate which had struck down the hippopotamus. Five minutes earlier, the sky had been clear blue. Now it darkened. A sudden gale sprang up and, under its powerful blast, trees were bent to the ground. Then a thunderstorm more violent than anyone had ever seen broke over the village. In a flash, the river rose, its waters boiling with rage. It left its bed and flooded the countryside. Fields and huts vanished beneath the flood. All the people of the village perished in the deluge. No one escaped save a bird of the forest, a partridge, and it is through his song that the legend of Malissadio has come down to us. The cautious partridge said:

> I foresaw that it would happen:
> This friendship had to end.
> Placing your confidence in a man
> Is like trusting a river in flood.

And that is why even today the partridge would rather die of hunger than live among men.

80,000 MILES AROUND THE WORLD—OR—THE PEREGRINATIONS OF A PUPPET

by Philippe Genty

Barely three feet tall, a funny face, wide eyes that can look shy, astonished and mischievous in turn : this is Alexander, the world's tiniest reporter. He has given his name to an expedition which started out in August 1961, and has already taken him more than 55,000 miles across four continents, eight deserts and 26 countries.

Whether he happens to be before television flood lights, in a broken down car in an Australian desert, with friendly tribesmen in the heart of India, or on the brink of an erupting volcano, Alexander keeps calm and smiling. This tireless little fellow, it must be disclosed, is a puppet, a puppet who has set out on an 80,000-mile expedition to meet his friends, the world's puppets and marionettes. Alexander, who is also an actor, stars in a film produced with Unesco support by his travelling companions : Philippe Genty, 25, organizer of the expedition; Michiko Tagawa, 30, puppeteer from Tokyo; and Yves Brunier, 23, cameraman. They have taken this trip around the world to gather all possible information on the traditional art of puppetry, which is older even than the theatre. Besides carrying out this research, the expedition presents an intenational puppet show, "The Hobgoblins," at every stage of its journey.

Since leaving Paris, the team has shot nearly 16,000 feet of colour film on Alexander's meetings with his colleagues, the puppets of East and West, given more than 450 shows and made 40 television appearances.

Alexander in Moscow

The expedition left Paris on 13 August 1961, but the great adventure started in Russia. In Moscow, the "Alexander Expedition" was invited to appear on television at the French Exhibition then taking place in the Soviet capital, and Alexander was received at the famous Obratzov Marionette Theatre where 200 people create and animate scenery and puppets with the most intricate mechanisms (sometimes three animators are needed to control a single marionette).

The team left the Soviet Union at the end of October 1961, crossed Rumania and Bulgaria and reached Asia by way of Turkey.

Iran-Pakistan: 1,500 Miles of Desert

In Iran, while crossing an impressive series of deserts, the car driven by Philippe hurtled into a dry river-bed one night and several hours were needed to pull it out. The steering rod was broken, but the expedition members managed an emergency repair with a piece of wire. For 160 miles they had to drive at a snail's pace and repair the rod over 30 times, for it broke with every bad jolt in the road. It took them two days and nights without food or water to reach Teheran.

India: Death of the Ten-Headed Demon

In Pakistan, the expedition followed the caravan route along the Indus River and entered India early in 1962. Three months of research enabled Alexander to meet, in remote little villages, the most fantastic puppets of all shapes and sizes, dressed in lavish costumes. Others were "shadow puppets", some more than six feet tall, made from the hide of water buffaloes. In the evening, in the centre of the village, their coloured shadows traced on a silken screen the fascinating tales of the Ramayana, in which the god Rama and the ten-headed demon Ravana engage in a merciless battle from sundown to dawn.

Japan: the Island of Dolls

From Calcutta, Alexander took a ship to Thailand, visited Laos, and spent a few days in Hong Kong. From there he went to Japan, and stayed more than five months, enchanted by that country known as "the Island of Dolls". Among the many classical and modern marionette troupes, he met the famous Bunraku puppets. Each of these is controlled by three animators, dressed in black, who are visible to the public and seem to follow their puppets like shadows, rather than to direct them. In Tokyo, Michiko Tagawa, a puppeteer with a traditional Japanese troupe, joined the expedition.

Danger: Kangaroos Ahead!

From Japan, the expedition went by ship, first to Malaysia and then to Australia. There, during a 3,000-mile cross-country trip, one of the cars remained stuck in the sand for two days. On another occasion, Michiko Tagawa smashed the front of her car at night by running into a kangaroo, which didn't appear any the worse for the experience. Nor did Alexander who went on to give a show for an audience of aborigines. The Australian visit ended at Sydney where the expedition boarded a ship bound for South America.

The Highest Show in the World

After seventeen days at sea, the team landed in Peru and set out to climb the Andes. Their cars groaned up to 9,000 feet, then to over 12,000. At La Paz, in Bolivia, Alexander gave the highest show in his travels around the world.

A few weeks later, while crossing Ecuador, another accident occurred which was almost disastrous. The car driven by Michiko Tagawa skidded

off the road and rolled down the mountainside where it crashed 800 feet below.

Michiko was thrown clear before the crash and escaped with several broken bones. But all the equipment that was not destroyed in the accident was afterwards looted.

Michiko was taken to hospital in Guayaquil, while Philippe made a quick trip to Paris to try to salvage the expedition. Within a few days his friends put on an exhibition of the puppets collected during the trip. The appeal succeeded. When Philippe left again for South America, he had sufficient funds to continue the expedition.

A New Start

In Ecuador, Michiko, with great courage and determination, slowly regained the use of her arm and leg. After three months, they were off to a new start. At Panama, the next stop, Yves Brunier arrived from Paris to join the team. But Alexander made no interesting contacts in Central America. In Costa Rica, the Irazu volcano was erupting, and, on some days, it showered 40,000 tons of ashes on San José and the neighbouring countryside.

As the expedition moved north through Nicaragua, Honduras and El Salvador, a new blow struck the team. Michiko, despite all her efforts, was no longer able to control the puppets. X-rays showed that her injured arm had not set properly. It would have to be operated again and a bone graft performed.

The run of ill-luck continued. The day the team arrived in Guatemala, all the equipment—cameras, photographic gear and personal luggage—was stolen from the car. But the Guatemalan authorities took quick action. The President of the Republic, Colonel Peralta, offered to have the best surgeon operate on Michiko's arm, and, so that the team could continue its work, he provided a complete set of film equipment, a jeep and a chauffeur. As a result, Philippe and Yves were able to film masked dances and picturesque religious ceremonies in remote Guatemalan villages.

Meanwhile the thieves became panicky when they saw the stir they had created. They returned most of the stolen equipment to a priest who turned it over to the French Embassy.

In spite of its misfortunes, the team was sorry to leave Guatemala and the many friends it had made there. Michiko, who is recuperating from her operation, has remained behind in Guatemala. But she will join Philippe and Yves in Mexico City. Already, Alexander has met a number of colleagues in Mexico, including the famous sleeve puppets used in schools.

Future Plans

Right now, the expedition is in southeastern Mexico. Then it will move north to film marionette shows put on by Indians at Patzcuaro. On January 16, it will enter the United States where it will remain for five months visiting Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver,

Chicago, Detroit, New York, Boston and Rochester. It will arrive in Canada in June 1965 to spend six weeks in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec before leaving for Europe early in August.

Back in Paris, the team will have a number of urgent jobs: the cutting of more than 18,000 feet of colour film and the organization of a travelling exhibition of puppets collected during the trip. A four-month tour of the French provinces is also planned to present the film of the expedition and the show given by Alexander and his four companions—Mr. Blop, Blaise the Pelican, the Samurai warrior, and Synopsis, the quiet puppet.

LETTER FROM VILLETA

by Ruben Bareiro Saguier

About an hour's drive from Asuncion, capital of Paraguay, lies the small town of Villeta where life still maintains its leisurely pace. Below, the Paraguayan writer Ruben Bareiro Saguier describes the daily occupations and customs of its inhabitants.

This article is one of a series intended to inform readers in other countries about the lives of their contemporaries both in the East and in the West.

In Villeta, the sun rises above the golden mists of the River Paraguay. I was born in Villeta and have spent all my life there: to us, our river with its islands of green, its fine beaches and exotic water plants is not merely a scene of beauty: it is the life-blood of our country to which it gives its name. At Villeta it is more than a mile wide, and the ships which come and go bring visitors and news of the outside world.

From the harbour, you make your way up to the town through narrow streets winding among clusters of old houses. The town is picturesque and, seen from the air, it resembles a brightly-coloured carpet, with its houses surrounded by 'patios' ablaze with flowers. Although the capital, Asuncion, is only an hour away along the new motor road, life here still proceeds at a leisurely pace.

A Day in the Life of a "Capillero"

If you live in Villeta, you may work at the oil refinery or in the docks, or perhaps at the cotton mill; or you may be a craftsman, or own a shop. But most of us work on the land, because Villeta is the centre of a farming and cattle-raising area.

Take my own case. I am "a capillero", the name we give to people from a community large enough to have its own chapel, just as we call peasants from the country "ocaragua". Every day, I go out to my small plantation at Guazu-Cora, about two miles from the town.

I get up early and after drinking my *maté* (a kind of tea made from the dried leaves of a shrub), I saddle my horse and ride off across the fields at a gentle trot. The earth here is red and, against the vivid green of the fields, it sometimes looks like a gash made by a giant sword. Guazu-Cora itself consists of a few houses built of stone or dried mud, a school, a grocery store and a butcher's shop.

As I ride up, the farmhands on the plantation greet me, shouting and waving their "piris"—large, shady sun hats made from palm leaves. The countryfolk here are friendly and courteous: no one ever passes a stranger on the road without wishing him "Good day". Hospitality is proverbial among Paraguayans: a stranger arriving in our midst is sure to be invited to a meal, offered the best bed for the night and made thoroughly welcome.

Guarani, a Legacy of Indian Culture

This does not mean that the countryman wears his heart on his sleeve. On the contrary, he is rather reserved and withdraws into his own private universe. With his friends, however, he is quite different. He talks a great deal, loves a good joke, brags about his amorous conquests and tells ghost stories. For he is superstitious and believes that ghosts are the guardians of hidden treasure.

Though his culture is Spanish, the Paraguayan has inherited his language—*guarani*—from his Indian forebears. Everyone, from the President to the poorest peasant, speaks guarani, a tongue well suited to the expression of deep emotion. The mixture of cultures is seen in the music: the nostalgic melodies played on the guitar and the harp are Indian in inspiration, but the rhythm is Spanish.

But to get back to my plantation: we grow pineapples and citrus fruits—oranges, lemons and grapefruit—which are our country's main exports. We also produce melons, avocado pears and other tropical fruit for local consumption. The principal crops grown in our region are maize, cassava—which, with meat, is the staple diet of the population—*porotos* (a kind of bean), various vegetables and tobacco. In Guazu-Cora, farming is not yet mechanized and our small tractor has created a minor sensation among local farmers.

The working day begins very early. At ten o'clock we call a halt for the ritual drink of *téréré*, or cold maté. This habit is so deeply ingrained in local tradition that contracts for jobs on the land contain a special clause: "with" or "without" téréré. On our plantation, no one would dream of making a contract "without téréré". After the midday meal we all have a siesta, for work is impossible in the suffocating heat of the hours between twelve and three. Then we work on until dusk.

Mounting my horse, I make my way back to Villeta. A soft breeze from the river ruffles my hair; the fitful gleam of the fireflies fades as we approach the lights of the town; and a chorus of grasshoppers heralds a peaceful night.

MOSCOW'S THEATRE FOR THE DEAF

by Tatiana Topilina

Millions of people in the world are denied the enjoyment of a good play simply because they cannot hear... A solution to this problem comes from Moscow where a theatre for the deaf was opened recently by a group of actors who are themselves deaf-mutes.

It would be unfair to start this article by merely saying that the actors in this theatre are deaf. When considering an artist, it is his work alone that counts, even if to achieve this work he has had to overcome terrific odds.

This theatre of mime and dumb-show has been in existence for eighteen months. When the actors were still students and the theatre only a project, producers met the famous French mime Marcel Marceau. He was enthusiastic about their project and told them that he had always wanted to create a troupe that would mime not only revue sketches but also full-length plays. He added that he was working on an adaptation of *The Cloak* by Gogol, and that sooner or later he planned to stage it.

Once Upon a Time....

The Moscow producers have now acieved what they set out to do. Their theatre and a troupe of young actors fresh from the school of dramatic art for the deaf are creating the kind of plays Marceau dreamed of. Their first production was a play called *Once upon a Time*....inspired by Gorki's childhood stories.

Once upon a time, long ago, an eagle swooped down on a village and carried off a young girl. A few years went by and, one day, she returned home bringing two sons. Both were strong and handsome, but one was proud and cruel, and the other kind and good. One made fun of his fellows; the other loved them warmly. The first one tore out the heart of a young girl who wouldn't marry him; the other gave up his own to light the road of life for people. One was condemned to everlasting loneliness; the other became a legend....

A straight play could not do justice to such a subject. "Its poetic symbolism calls for the use of conventional forms," explained Leonid Kalinovsky, the theatre's chief producer. "But mime and dumb-show accompanied by expressive music and a lively rhythm help to dramatize the show."

From its first performance, the play proved a great success. The actors were at home in their parts, their mimicry was extraordinarily powerful, their sense of rhythm and of music perfect.

'Listening' to the Piano

"But how can deaf actors play and even dance to music?" I asked Kalinovsky.

"They remember the rhythmic pattern of the music," he replied.

"But how do they hear it?"

"They 'listen' by placing their hands on the piano," he explained, "and they almost always memorize the pattern right from the start. The orchestra, in fact, is more likely to miss the beat than the actors."

Leonid Kalinovsky told me how the idea of the theatre for the deaf originated. A few years ago, the Soviet Society for the Deaf approached the Shtyukin School of Dramatic Art with this request:

"Our disability prevents us from understanding and enjoying ordinary theatre", they said. "Yet many deaf people have a gift for acting and they would like to have their own theatre."

The idea seemed strange at first, but on second thoughts the directors of the school decided to give it a trial, and a separate section was created for members of the Society.

The Means Create the Form

"Our work with the deaf turned out to be more interesting than we had imagined," said Kalinovsky. "The students were quick; most of them had a definite talent for acting, and they persevered. But we were venturing into a completely unknown field. Nobody before us had ever tried to work out courses for deaf actors. A great deal of thought was necessary to decide what form we should give to the performances."

"What made you choose mime and dumb-show?"

"It was really very simple. A form of expression stems from the artist's ability, his possibilities. Our actors are deaf; they have a defect—most of them lack the free power of speech. On the other hand, they have remarkable gifts of expression and mime. Mimicry and dumb-show were, therefore, the obvious choice."

"What about the audience?"

"Our plays have been very well received and deaf people are by no means the only ones who come to see our shows. When we staged *Once Upon a Time...*, many people in the audience were astonished to learn that all the members of our troupe were deaf."

These deaf players have created their own, individual form of art. But not only that: each new play they act is a challenge and an achievement.

THE STORY OF RANGI AND PAPA

A Maori Tale From New Zealand

re-told *by* Margaret Orbell

Rangi is the sky, the father of all things. Papa is the earth, the mother of all things.

In the beginning there was darkness, and these two, the earth and the sky, lay together. They had many children, who lay between them. It was dark for many ages; there was as yet no world with its bright light.

Then the children of Rangi and Papa began to wonder what kind of thing the light could be. They wearied of the narrow space to which they were confined, and wished to separate their parents, so that there could be light. They met together to decide whether it would be better to kill their parents or to tear them apart.

The fiercest of the children of Rangi and Papa was Tu, the god of war. It was Tu who spoke first, and he said: "Let us kill our parents !"

Then Tane, the god and father of forests and of all things that live in them, or that are made from trees, said, "No, we will not kill them. It is better to drag them apart, and let the sky be far above us, and the earth lie beneath our feet. In this way the sky will become a stranger to us, the earth will stay close to us as a mother.

All the brothers agreed to this except for Tawhiri, the father of winds and storms; and he, being afraid that his kingdom was about to be overthrown, was angry at the thought of the separation of his parents.

It is from this happening that there comes the saying found in the ancient Maori prayers, "Darkness, darkness, light, light, the seeking, the searching, in chaos, in chaos"; this tells of the way in which the children of the sky and earth sought some way of dealing with their parents, so that human beings could increase and live.

When at last they had agreed to this plan, Rongo, the god and father of the cultivated food of man, stood up to tear apart the earth and sky; he struggled, but he could not part them.

Then Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, stood up to try his strength; he also struggled; but he could not part them.

Then Haumia, the god and father of the food of man which grows without cultivation, stood up and struggled; but he also failed.

Next Tu, the god and father of warriors, stood up and struggled; but in vain.

Then at last Tane, the god and father of forests, slowly stood up, and he struggled with his parents; but he could not part them with his hands. So for a moment he stopped, and he placed his head on his mother, the earth, and rested his feet against his father the sky. He strained his back in a mightly effort, and he tore apart his parents; they shrieked and groaned as they cried out:

"Why are you parting us thus? Why do you commit such a terrible crime as to tear your parents apart?"

But Tane did not stop, he did not listen to them; far, far beneath him he pressed the earth; far, far above him he thrust the sky. It is because of this that there is the saying in the ancient prayers, "It was the fierce thrusting of Tane which tore the sky from the earth, so that they were dragged apart, and darkness became known, and so did light."

As soon as the sky was torn from the earth there was light in the world, and crowds of human beings were discovered who were the children of Rangi and Papa, and who had been hidden until then between the bodies of their parents.

Tawhiri, the god and father of hurricanes and storms, was angry with his brothers, because against his wishes they had torn apart Rangi and Papa, and he was afraid that the world would now be too pleasant and beautiful. Because of this he followed his father Rangi to the sky above; and from there he sends upon the earth mighty winds, dense clouds, dark thick clouds, fiery red clouds, clouds of thunder storms, and clouds swiftly flying. In the midst of these Tawhiri himself sweeps wildly on, and makes war against the creatures that live on the earth.

But, in spite of the evil rage of Tawhiri, the human beings who had been hidden between Rangi and Papa increased in number and flourished upon the earth; and it is from these first men that we are all descended.

And through all this time the vast sky has not ceased to mourn the loss of his wife, the earth. Often in the long nights he weeps, and drops upon her breast those tears which men call dew. And often the loving sighs of Papa go up towards the sky; and when men see these, they call them mists.

WAR AVERTED, or, THE POWER OF REASON

A Tale From Cambodia

by Chuuk Meng Mao

In the days when the Buddha was still living, two neighbouring countries were preparing to go to war over a dispute about the waters of a river which each claimed as its own in order to irrigate its rice-fields.

The Buddha repaired to the plain where the enemy armies were already in battle order, ready to go into action. He summoned the kings of the two States, together with their ministers and counsellors and, before the warriors of both armies, the following conversation took place:

"Why are so many armed men assembled here?" asked the Buddha.

"In order to go to war," he was told.

"And why should you go to war?" the Buddha asked.

"On account of the waters of the river which are vital to our fields."

"Of river water and human blood, which is the most precious stream?" asked the Buddha.

"Human blood," they answered, "is much more precious than water."

"If that is so," said the Buddha, "why are you preparing to pour out torrents of blood to get only river water which is much less valuable?"

"Because we need this water to live," they replied.

Then the Buddha asked: "If you value life so much, why are you preparing to give and to receive death?"

"Because the situation has become impossible as a result of our opponent's ill-will," the two heads of State replied.

"If hatred is the only reply to hatred, then where shall hatred end?" the Buddha exclaimed.

The two enemies, ridiculed in this way, were reduced to silence. They thought the matter over and, perceiving the error of resorting to violence, each appointed a delegation to settle the dispute by peaceful negotiation.

Thus by the power of reason, man sometimes manages to avert violence and war and to settle matters peacefully.

BULGARIA'S CHILD MUSICIANS

By Jivka Todorova

Several times a day I pass by the square where Sofia's four boulevards, Patriarch Evtimi, Skobelev, Christo Botev and Prague, meet. There, under the trees, along the sunlit sidewalks, I always meet groups of children, some carrying music workbooks under their arms, others a violin or an accordion. Each time we smile at one another, and I stop to talk with some of them because we live in the same neighbourhood, we have known one another for a long time and we work together. You see, we both belong to the Preparatory Music School of the Bacho Kiro Cultural Centre.

Two children pass, holding hands. The boy, Vladi, is already in his fourth year at the school, his little sister, Tatiana, is beginning her first year. Their father, a working man, bought them a fine piano two years ago. I also stop to chat with Sashko Kirkov. He is scarcely nine years old but is studying the piano with unusual application. And mischievous little Toshko. He cannot pronounce 's' properly and sings 'shol' for 'sol', but he has a very musical ear and a clear little voice.

Whenever I approach the building, I always hear some melody issuing from the school windows: it may be a Clementi sonatina played by fingers still awkward on the piano keys, a folk tune sung by young voices, or the sounds of a violin or an accordion.

The story of our project goes back to the spring of 1954, when the staff of the Bacho Kiro Cultural Centre decided to open a preparatory music school for neighbourhood children. Soon, about fifty young people were enrolled.

Before a year had passed, the school had 120 pupils and the following year there were 300. Today, with more than 400 pupils, its enrolment is among the largest of the country's 500 preparatory music schools.

More than 30,000 Bulgarian children are now learning to play a musical instrument in these special schools and music circles. Trained teachers give instruction in piano, accordion, violin and other string and wind instruments. The accordion is the most popular instrument, followed by the violin and then the piano. In some schools, the youngsters play our "national" instruments—the fife, the rebec (a sort of 3-stringed violin), bagpipes and the tambourra (a kind of mandolin).

These schools have the support of the local councils, trade unions or cooperative farms. But funds for their operation are provided chiefly by fees paid by the parents, the sum varying according to their income.

Musical groups are organized in villages and rural areas, for the purpose of teaching children and young people to play an instrument. In the regular schools, however, there is a general programme (including theory), which lasts from 4 to 7 years, depending on the instrument (the accordion course is the shortest).

Our school in Bacho Kiro is very demanding. The admittance age for beginners in the piano and violin courses is from 6 to 8 years, and 12 years for the accordion. For solfeggio, young children under 7 years old are accepted. Their admission is based on tests of ear, musical memory and sense of rhythm. Entrance examinations for children wishing to learn the violin are even more difficult and, often, indignant parents can be seen leaving the audition hall with their child prodigies in tears. This, unfortunately, is inevitable in competitive examinations.

Pupils have two half-hour instrument lessons a week and everyone is required to study solfeggio and theory in two 45-minute periods. Each pupil has an individual programme of studies, his progress being followed closely and recorded by grades, commentaries on his work, and end-of-year examinations.

Our diplomas, however, do not carry any special advantages. The courses are intended only to initiate children into the world of music and to prepare the more gifted ones for study at State music schools and at the Conservatory.

Our pupils regularly give concerts, not only at the school, but also in Sofia's concert halls. With the proceeds of these performances, the school has bought two accordions so that the children will not have to bring their own heavy instruments to class. Now we are saving to buy a grand piano for the centre.

Bacho Kiro students have won many prizes in country-wide inter-school competitions and the Centre's reputation is now firmly established. Its activities are no longer limited to the neighbourhood. Our school has become the centre for 15 other preparatory music schools in Sofia.

The reputation of young Bulgarian musicians has crossed the country's frontiers. The singers of the "Bodra Smiana" choir have been heard not only in Bulgaria but also in Budapest, Berlin, Belgrade, Bucharest, Weimar and Düsseldorf, while the Symphony Orchestra of the Sofia Pioneers' Centre has earned thousands of admirers in Belgium, Italy, Austria, Germany and the Soviet Union.

25.

YAMA-YAMA AND THE CROCODILE MAN

by Joseph Holler

Joseph Holler, an art teacher and former principal of the School of Applied Arts at Uherske Hradiste in Czechcslovakia, recently returned to Prague after six years as a Unesco expert in Africa.

During his missions to Egypt, Tunisia and Ghana as teacher-artist, Mr. Holler sketched his impressions of African life and his collection of paintings and drawings is presently being exhibited in Prague under the auspices of the Czech National Commission for Unesco. The following is a verbal sketch of Mr. Holler's lively observations.

In Africa, the amateur photographer doesn't have to go to the zoo to take pictures of wild beasts. You can shoot all the photos you want in nature reserves and national parks.

A lion was recently the object of my camera. Our car stopped and cautiously, without leaving its safety, we began to take pictures of the animal as he slept peacefully under the hot African sun.

But soon, wishing to take more lively shots, we got out of the car and approached the lion who continued his nap, blissfully unaware of us. Finally impatient and excited, some members of the group began throwing stones, hooting and honking to wake up the lion.

At long last he awoke, stretched, yawned, and padded softly away, totally disregarding his admirers.

On the African continent not always the biggest animals are the most dangerous. Even tiny ants or the smallest snakes can be treacherous. But the animal that is responsible for twice as many deaths as all the other wild beasts together is the crocodile.

Not all crocodiles are bad. You may have heard stories about the sacred crocodiles which became so domesticated that they could no longer feed themselves and opened up their jaws wide so that people might take pictures of them.

But Yama-Yama (which means bad crocodile in the Fra-Fra language) living near the Bolga River in Northern Ghana, was not nearly so friendly. My friend, a hunter, took me to see Yama-Yama and brought along the 'crocodile man'.

The "crocodile man" is very popular among the village people for he appears whenever there are bad crocodiles and catches them. Everyone believes that his magic powers enable him to turn into a crocodile.

The "crocodile man" at first observes the bank of the river or lake and, after some evenings of walking back and forth to prepare his "magic", he announces that he is ready to dip under the surface and visit the king of the crocodiles.

Before he goes a big celebration is held and at sunset all the local population accompanies him to the water's edge. He disappears under the surface and everyone leaves since, otherwise, the magic would not be effective.

They return at sunrise and the magic man emerges from the water at the place where he disappeared. He hands the ends of four ropes to the strongest men of the village. They pull with all their might and out comes a live crocodile tied up in a neat bundle. He is killed, ripped open and, often, a brass bracelet or some other trinket belonging to one of his victims is found in his belly.

Every villager believes that the crocodile was captured by the magic powers of the "crocodile man". Even the "crocodile man" himself believes in his magic. And I think after all, it should be so. One should believe in one's own alibi.

But the truth is as follows: the "crocodile man" dives, swims underwater and hides, protected by a large rock or thicket, until he is alone. Then he goes to a place where he has been setting out lures for the past several nights—a lighted lantern and pieces of meat or even a small ape bound to a stake.

He stretches out on the ground behind the lighted lantern and waits for the ugly monster to creep slowly and heavily out of the water intent upon his dinner. At the moment the crocodile opens his mouth to swallow the food, the "crocodile man" thrusts a pointed stick between the wide-spread jaws, at lightning speed. The more the reptile struggles to close its jaws, the deeper the stick epenetrates until it is so solidly lodged that the hunter, grasping the stick with both hands, can turn the crocodile over on his back. He then throws loops of rope over him, binding him tightly and saving the final loop for the mouth which he slips shut, simultaneously removing the stick. He removes all trace of the struggle, throws the tied animal into the water, and hides where the villagers saw him disappear, awaiting their return.

My friend, the "crocodile man" and I arrived by car at the edge of the pond where I was to see Yama-Yama. Colourful dragonflies were circling above the surface of the water. Near-by, on massive boulders, the flamingos were holding a debate, and reflected the pink, red and blue-violet hues of the brilliant sunset.

A few village girls with graceful, effortless movements dipped their huge jugs into the water and placed them on their heads. Some boys ran along the edge of the pond waving a frog on a long stick and uttering strange guttural sounds to tempt the crocodile. My friend pointed to a trunk floating in the water and cried out, "There he is!" Suddenly, the "trunk" approached the bank. The boys, shouting and waving the frog, tried to tempt him out of the water I grabbed my sketch book and began to outline the movements of the animal as he crawled up on to the bank

and, in a rapid movement, snapped up the frog.

A little dog from the village nervously jumped and yapped around me. The crocodile, growing bolder, came quite close. I could see his wicked eyes as I painted ferverently away. I didn't even hear my friend and the "crocodile man" calling to me from the car, ready to leave.

Suddenly, in a few brisk movements the animal was at my side. It was not a piece of my leg that disappeared in his mouth but the little dog from the village. I realized that Yama-Yama was indeed a wicked and malicious animal and I hurried after my friends to escape the fate of the little dog.

26.

POLICE BOYS' CLUBS HELP AGAINST DELINQUENCY

by Barbara Henderson

Societies the world over are showing concern for the welfare of their youth, fighting a battle against delinquency. It is universally recognized that this battle has become the responsibility of the community as a whole, and that one of the best ways to counteract delinquency is to give young people a place where they can go in their spare time to let off steam and enjoy themselves.

One of the most successful ventures of this kind is to be found in Australia, in the State of New South Wales, where the Police and citizens have joined forces to organize a network of Boys' Clubs.

The Police-Citizens Boys' Clubs movement was lauched in Sydney in the post-depression years of the 1930's by the late William John MacKay, a Commissioner of Police.

The commissioner chose as the site for the first club a disused police lock-up in the toughest section of the Sydney waterfront—Woolloomooloo. Boys' from 8 to 18 went there to take part in sports and join in other recreational activities.

The venture was an immediate success and similar clubs were soon established in country areas. Organizations set up in other States also expanded swiftly.

As an example of what has been accomplished, membership of the clubs in New South Wales alone amounted to more that 50,000 by 1964, and the NSW Federation of Police-Citizens Boys' Clubs with 36 branches, owned assets totalling more than $ 2,000,000.

The cost of building each club—usually a fine brick building, equipped with a hall and every kind of sporting gear—amounts to as much as $ 120,000 and is commonly raised by the Governments of each State. But local committees are responsible for finding money to maintain them.

Clubs are open every day except Sunday and police instructors attend as part of their duty. They teach the boys gymnastics, boxing, wrestling, weight-lifting, judo, football, cricket, swimming, musketry and archery, sailing, hockey, table tennis, lawn tennis and indoor games.

Some of the arts and crafts are taught in addition—weaving and painting, for instance—and choir and band instruction is given, along with elocution.

The boys learn first-aid and attend talks and films of an educational nature.

In New South Wales, an added attraction has been the setting up of a holiday camp about 50 miles from Sydney. Approximately, 7,000 boys use its facilities every year. The camp is self-supporting, having its own farm supplies of milk, cream, vegetables and eggs.

While on vacation the boys are given instruction in Morse code, take a junior adventure course, map and compass reading courses, and share in expeditions. A wide range of farming activities is available to them as well as a swimming pool.

The Boys' Clubs organization has been kept simple. Local commitees usually consist of the local officer-in-charge of police (as chairman) and a number of interested and responsible citizens of the district, with a member of the Police Force experienced in dealing with boys, appointed as superintendent.

The administration of the movement is vested in a board of directors of 25, known as the Council of Management, with the State Commissioner of Police and a number of prominent businessmen and senior Government officials as members.

27.

BAMBILICA VISITS BANGUI

by Bamboté Makombo

The Central African Republic lies north of the Equator, between the Ubangi and Shari rivers. In area, it is about the size of Spain and has a population of 1,200,000. Its principal resources are agricultural—groundnuts and cassava in the south and west; coffee, tobacco, rubber and, above all, cotton and sisal along the banks of the Ubangi. The capital of the Republic is Bangui, a rapidly expanding town which is described below by the African writer Bamboté Makombo.

This article is one of a series designed to inform readers of all countries about the daily life and customs of ordinary people in other countries, both in the East and in the West.

The Ubangi, one of the great rivers of equatorial Africa, first flows westward, then curves towards the south, and finally joins up with the Congo. Together, the two rivers flow into the Atlantic Ocean.

The town of Bangui is built on the rocky north bank of the Ubangi and lies at the foot of a small, heavily-wooded mountain where panthers prowl as soon as night falls. Above Bangui there are rapids. Across the river, great palm trees rise up towards the sky behind a strip of fine white sand—on this side is the Congo Republic (Leopoldville).

At the beginning of the century, Bangui was a small fishing village called M'Bangui. But it was already important as a centre for the fish trade and for the barter of ostrich feathers against salt. In 1960, M'Bangui became Bangui, the capital of the Central African Republic, which was formerly called Ubangi-Shari, taking its name from the two rivers between which it lay. The Shari river has its source in Lake Chad.

Today, Bangui has a hundred thousand inhabitants, and its population is growing steadily. Practically everyone in Ubangi-Shari would like to live in Bangui, for it is a modern city with movies and dance bands. It is said that on Saturday night, especially after pay-day, nobody sleeps in Bangui. The towns people, it seems, earn a lot of money.

Bambilica Starts Out

On hearing these tales, Bambilica said to himself: "Why don't I go to Bangui?" He packed his bag and caught the bus at Bañgassou in the eastern part of the country, a three-day trip from Bangui. As village after village slipped by, Bambilica began to feel that he had had enough:

he was covered from head to foot in red dust. Finally, Bangui appeared on the horizon.

The bus stopped on the Place de la Republique, in the centre of town. Bambilica felt small and intimidated. Where could he find water to wash the red dust from his hands and face? All around him were large stone and brick houses in which cloth, pots and pans, soap, moth-balls—everything imaginable—was being sold. He was in the commercial section of town with its big hotels for rich travellers. If only he had enough money he could walk into one of these shops and come out smartly dressed.

Bambilica's cousin, Toleke, had written that he would meet him in the market place. While waiting, Bambilica bought a loaf of cassava and a tin of sardines. He squatted in a corner to eat. There was still no sign of Toleke. Bambilica began to wonder where he would sleep that night, for he didn't know a soul in Bangui.

He walked round the market place and watched the craftsmen at work. Men in white robes were working on red and blue leather, making purses. They were cutting into crocodile skins—into the scales—making brief-cases for government officials and businessmen. "That's why businessmen walk leaning to one side, like crabs", thought Bambilica.

Further on, other craftsmen were carving elephant tusks. They carefully scraped the tusk with a knife, carved it, and gradually there emerged a whole row of white elephants holding each other by the tail and the tip of the trunk, or long crocodiles with big, white scales.

The Craftsman's Birds

"Do you only carve heads?" Bambilica asked a small man with a pointed white beard, who was sitting on a wooden bench.

"Yes, that's all I do. I gather black wood in the forest, carry it here on my back, and then set to work carving it. As you see, I carve heads. Do you like them?"

"They're true to life," said Bambilica. "You'd think they were real men. The only difference is that they can't speak or see."

"And the birds?", asked the man.

Bambilica stifled a cry when he saw the birds that the man took out of a gunny bag. "I do the rounds of the butchers' shops with this sack", the man said, "and collect the horns of oxen. I twist the horn, like this . . . Then I put in two red beads for the eyes . . . and there you have a bird!"

"I'll sit for a while and watch you work", said Bambilica. He settled on a large stone in front of the craftsaman who soon forgot him completely and sang softly as he worked. Bambilica kept his hand on his bundle to make sure that no one could take it.

His cousin, Toleke, arrived at last and was overjoyed to see him. "I've been looking everywhere for you", he said. "How is everything in the village?"

They chatted as they walked. Toleke showed his cousin the press service building, the Presidential Palace, and the Roch Club with its swimming pool. Toleke said that up on the mountain, near God, was St. Paul's Church, but you had to climb a lot to visit it.

Bambilica wanted to see the boats that carry lorries and cars, so they went down to the river. There, men were unloading barrels of beer and wine and wooden crates. A crane lifted a car over their heads and set it down on the bank. The owner of the car, an official, jumped in, slammed the door and raced off.

Bambilica and his cousin took a bus out to Toleke's home. The passengers were packed in like sardines in a tin. Everybody was talking at once and trying to hand his ticket to the conductor. "That's the government settlement," Toleke said as the bus stopped near a row of neat, square, red-brick houses, all exactly alike, with smoke streaming from their kitchens.

The bus started up again and Bambilica recognized the airfield with its big hangars, and then, on the right, the Kasai military base with its small white houses surrounded by gardens.

"That big building over there", Toleke said pointing," is the Emile Gentil College, the biggest secondary school in the country. Five hundred pupils are studying there."

Toleke lived at "Milestone 5", a shanty town on the outskirts of Bangui. In the daytime, there's nothing to see there but a succession of huts. In the evening, however, lights begin to glow in front of the houses and young men stroll down the road, joking and laughing gaily. Everywhere you can smell the broiled, salted, highly-spiced meats that are sold at little stalls all along the narrow alleyways. At the crossroads behind the school, the merchants who sell fine wooden furniture, gather up their things before going home for the night.

The "Milestone 5" section is growing steadily, and similar sections are beginning to go up all around Bangui. They have no history—they just seem to spring from the damp earth.

Bambilica stayed two months in Bangui. Then he returned to his village in the eastern part of the country.

THE POSTAGE STAMP—A LINK BETWEEN THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

by Edgar Reichman

Letters, especially from abroad, often bring something more than just a personal message. The stamps on the envelope may tell us many useful facts. There are those, for instance, which celebrate the birth of famous men or remind us of some invention which has affected the lives of millions of human beings; while others illustrate the flora, fauna or folklore of a particular region, or appeal for help—for the world's hungry, or for victims of an earthquake, a hurricane or a flood catastrophe.

The educational value of stamp-collecting led a young schoolmaster in Monaco to hold a philatelic contest among his pupils in 1956. At the time, no one realized how quickly the idea would spread. By 1959, the contest had developed into an international event: a philatelic exhibition sponsored by the Unesco National Commission in Monaco took place that year at Unesco House in Paris with entries from 120 schools in 15 countries.

The second international and inter-school exhibition—Scolatex II—which was displayed during February at Unesco headquarters, is an example of what can be achieved when stamp collecting is combined with classroom studies. Two thousand entries from competitors in 18 countries illustrated how the postage stamp can become a means for increasing understanding between peoples.

From Folklore to Austronautics

Children from all parts of the world have shown remarkable imagination in arranging selections of stamps illustrating subjects not necessarily connected with their own country. The themes chosen feature all kinds of activities related to science and culture. Collections of gaily-coloured stamps give life to such subjects as literature and astronautics, natural sciences and history, art and folklore.

A Czech schoolboy contributed a brief history of costume through the ages, using issues from many countries. One of these was a magnificent Israeli stamp representing a herald announcing the appointment of a new mayor in the Jewish quarter of Prague.

Students at a teacher training college in Buenos Aires chose as their theme the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Stamps from Honduras, Mexico, El Salvador, Mali, Ghana and other countries in Latin America and Africa show the statesmen who fought for the independence

of their peoples, as well as newly-built schools, universities, hospitals and other institutions which contribute to the dignity and welfare of man.

The youngsters of Monaco assembled an art gallery in miniature, with a surprising variety of works by artists who include van Gogh, Fragonard, Michelangelo, Quentin de la Tour, and many others. French schoolchildren, on the other hand, seem fascinated by zoology. Their "Noah's Ark" displays show the Siberian bear and the American bison side by side with the Bengal tiger, the Australian kangaroo next to the lion of the veldt, and the tiny colibri, or humming bird, apparently unafraid of the giant condor, vulture of the Andes, diving with outspread wings.

Messengers Across Frontiers

Though many youngsters were attracted by the natural sciences or history, modern technology has not been forgotten. From Rumania, besides pictures of national costumes and folk dances, were stamps commemorating the feats of the Soviet and American cosmonauts. And young philatelists in San Marino and Liechtenstein contributed, along with portraits of celebrated poets, philosophers and scholars, a series showing the development of the automobile, the aeroplane and the bicycle.

Stamps are crossing frontiers throughout the world like messengers spreading the ideas and achievements of countries great and small. And the friendly rivalry of an international philatelic contest brings these ideas to the youngsters taking part and helps to broaden their knowledge of other peoples and other lands.

NTSAME'S WEDDING

by Germaine Menghe

The Republic of Gabon, in Equatorial Africa, is one of the least populated countries in Africa—420,000 inhabitants for 102,000 sq. miles (approximately the area of Rumania). The tropical forest which covers a large part of the territory is the country's main resource. But Gabon also has important deposits of manganese, oil, gold and iron. The school enrolment rate is high: more than 80% of the children—one of every seven Gabonese—are presently attending school.

The story of Ntsame's marriage which we publish below by courtesy of the Cabonese Ministry of Education, describes a wedding in the northern part of the country, not far from the Cameroun border. The author, Germaine Menghe, is a 13-year-old girl pupil at Oyem Regional School.

For the past six months Obame has been paying towards the dowry of his future wife: young Ntsame from the village of Bolosso. He has already paid quite a large sum—70,000 francs (approximately $280)—to Ntsame's parents. The seventh month, Obame goes to Bolosso to ask for Ntsame's hand. Her parents ask him to come back two weeks later. The following day, Obame returns home.

There, Obame begins to prepare for the reception of his guests. During the two weeks of waiting, the women of Obame's family lay in a stock of all sorts of foods. There are meats, fish, peanuts, squash, bananas, manioc, etc... At the same time, the men clean and repair the kitchens and the meeting house, so that the visitors will not criticize their village.

At the appointed time, Obame returns to his future in-laws at Bolosso and greets everyone. In the evening, he meets with Ntsame's parents and asks a second time for her hand. Ndong, the father of Ntsame, tells him that to-morrow all the family will bring the girl to the groom's home.

Around eight o'clock on the following morning, the women pack their baskets. The men round up goats, ducks and chickens. These are carried by little boys, the brothers of Ntsame. Behind them come the men and their wives, and in the midst of them is the young bride. Obame's village is only four kilometres (2 and a half miles) away. The women, walking behind the men, offer advice to the bride to be, advice that may be useful for her future happiness.

Finally the visitors arrive at Obame's village. The people come out to greet them. The village women sing and shout at the tops of their voices. The father-in-law and his relatives install themselves in the meeting house in the midst of the inhabitants who, for the most part, are smoking tobacco, while others are making baskets. The women visitors quickly enter the kitchen of the groom's house and rest after their journey. When all the noises have stopped, the guests open their baskets and offer Obame's parents all kinds of food that they have brought. Then, the groom's mother and her relatives serve their visitors.

The guests remain eleven days in Obame's village. When they get ready to leave, Ntsame's father calls all the villagers together. He speaks to them as is customary, usually in the form of advice directed to his son-in-law and his relatives. Previously, a number of goats, chickens and ducks have been slaughtered by the family of the young bride. Obame's family also collects a fair sum of money and a large quantity of gifts which are presented to the visitors.

This is how Ntsame's wedding took place.

In several days' time, Obame's family will organize a dance ceremony to bestow various names on their new daughter-in-law.

RAMADAN: MONTH OF FASTING FOR GROWN-UPS, OF SONGS AND SWEETMEATS FOR CHILDREN

by Sayed Attia Abul Naga

Ramadan, the month of abstinence, meditation and prayer, has already begun in the Moslem world. Through the rigorous fasting it demands, this month embodies an act of willpower and generosity; it is a time when spiritual values are renewed through the reversal of the usual rhythm and order of daily life.

By not eating from sunrise to sunset, well-to-do people are better able to understand the suffering and privations of the poor, and they regularly practise *zakat* (charity), which is one of the five pillars of Islam. (The word *zakat* means both charity and purification.) The *hadith* (words of the Prophet) warns Moslems that wealth is always dangerous except when it is used in the service of God.

But while Ramadan is a time of fasting and purification for grown-up people, it is a month of singing and sweetmeats for the children. In Egypt, groups of children throng the streets every evening, carrying the traditional lantern and chanting time-honoured songs which are recreated and enriched from one generation to another:

Wahawi, Ya wahawi, Iyaha(1)
You have gone, O Chaaban(2)
You have returned, O Ramadan
Month of charity and *zakat*
Wahawi, Ya wahawi, Iyaha

Stopping in front of each house, they sing the following words:

We only came to bid you good evening.
Give us a little of what you have;
Give us two hundred rials(3)
So we may go to Syria.
We want a delicious *kahk* (cake)
That we will devour joyfully
Our eyes gleaming like a tiger-cat.

(1) The meaning of these words is unknown. But this verse has never varied, although the other parts of the song have changed over the course of centuries.
(2) Lunar month preceding Ramadan
(3) Coin worth about 40 cents or 3/-.

If the people who are asked refuse to open their purses, or to give food for the poor, the children chant this ultimatum:

Give for Ramadan
Or you will not enter Paradise.

Alas, as everywhere else, there are misers who will not be moved. The children shout at them:

This shop will soon be in ruins
This house will be empty
And hell awaits callous misers.

From midnight on, the *missaharati*, the man responsible for waking the faithful for midnight supper, goes through the streets, telling people "to rub the sleep from their eyes and to eat for fear of being gnawed by hunger during the day".

The festival of Little Bairam marks the end of the period of abstinence and fasting. It is a day of joy and merry-making. The laughter, shouts and songs of the crowds fill the streets and a tempting aroma of *kahk* floats in the air.

The city celebrates the festival with brilliant fireworks, special musical and theatrical performances, radio and television programmes.

In the villages, everyone takes part in the traditional merry-making which breaks the monotony of daily life. On that morning, the fellaheen dress their children in brightly-coloured clothes. The boys and girls form buzzing swarms, singing, crying at the tops of their voices, riding donkeys, dancing and shooting off fire-crackers. Under the palm trees, the adults gather round the village bard who sings of the exploits of legendary heroes such as Antar or Abu Zeid El-Hilali, accompanying himself on his *rabab*, a one or two-stringed instrument, whose frame is covered with parchment.

IETSE, THE FIRST MAN : A MALAGASY FOLK-TALE

Ietse was the first man. He was alone on earth and he was very happy, for he did not have to work in order to live. And so, he spent his time making statues in his own image.

He had just completed his tenth statue when God said to one of his slaves:

"I want you to marry Ietse."

"Perhaps he will not want to marry me," she answered.

"We shall see. Take these calabashes. The first one contains cold. When you arrive you will open it and Ietse will come close to you in order to warm himself. If he does not come near you, then you will open the second calabash. Heat will come out of it and he will need the coolness of your arms.

"If he hesitates, you will open the third calabash. It contains thirst. Then he will ask you for water. But he is so stubborn that he may still resist; if he does, then open the calabash of hunger and you will prepare delicious foods for him. If you fail, here are mosquitoes. They are in the fifth calabash. He will ask you to lend him your *lamba* (piece of cloth in which the Malagasies drape themselves) to protect himself from their stings. If he succeeds in escaping them, then here are all the itches. I do not believe that he will be able to stand them and you will rub him with this balm. But, if he refuses, here is boredom: you will let it seep out through the opening of the seventh calabash and then you will tell him beautiful stories. If they do not interest him, then let laughter out of the eighth calabash. He does not know laughter and he will come close to you to hear it and to imitate it."

When the woman arrived on earth, Ietse pretended that he did not see her.

She opened the first calabash. He immediately started a big fire. She opened the second calabash and he took shelter in the woods in the cool shade of the tall trees.

She released thirst and he drank the water of the ravenala plant. To fight hunger, he picked a few bananas and he watched her scornfully as she prepared food. The mosquitoes swarmed over him. He drove them away with his hand and fled. When his body started itching, he scratched himself against a tree. Boredom invaded him and to keep busy he began to cut wood without listening to her stories. Laughter burst out of the last

calabash, but he put his fingers in his ears and fell asleep.

The Calabash of Life

Having failed in her mission, the woman returned to heaven and told God that she had not been successful. God shrugged his shoulders and sent her back to her kitchen.

Then he called his favourite daughter, beautiful Ivelo, and sent her down to earth. To attract the man, Ivelo had put on her most beautiful gown. It was made of veils in seven colours: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. Ietse found her so beautiful that he agreed to keep her and to marry her.

From the time Ivelo arrived on earth, the sun kept shining and Ietse paid no more attention to his statues. He spent his days watching her. One day, Ivelo said to him:

"I am bored. I would like to play with your statues, but they are lifeless and I am going to ask my father to give me life for them."

She returned to heaven and rain began to fall. Then Ivelo came back, bringing with her sunshine and a calabash filled with life. She poured it over the statues and they began to move. They were the children of Ietse and Ivelo.

But Ivelo once again became bored. She used to go away more and more often, returning only for short spells. Then Ietse died and his descendants, men, always say "Ietse" in memory of him when they sneeze.

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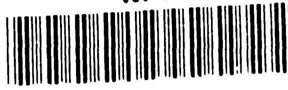
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