



Photograph by Sid Zipser

BALINESE GIRL

PARADISE, LIMITED

By SID ZIPSER, '30

Photography is a stimulating profession. Even on a holiday, a devotee rests in the pursuit of new beauties, and different ways of life. Personally, I could think of no place more intriguing than the Far East, and a little less than a year ago I found myself on a Dutch freighter sailing westward toward the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Malay, and India. Sometimes, I wondered why, but as we sailed leisurely through rhythmic swells of the Pacific into the glorious radiance of tropical sunsets, and as I imbibed the more tangible glow of unparalleled Dutch beer, I felt that no logical explanation was necessary.

An American Professor bound for the Philippines, a tobacco buyer going to Sumatra, a plantation manager returning to Java, oil men investigating New Guinea, and a group of steel rolling mill operators bound for India all heightened the contrast of East and West, foreshadowing the impact of western technology and democracy upon the subtle philosophies and wierd charms of the orient. There were Javanese waiters aboard who couldn't understand English but merely brought forth the numbered morsels you might indicate on the menu. Sometimes, you would receive the desert before the entree because it hapened to be ready first, and very frequently the wrong number, but the easy going Javanese were too good-natured to be disturbed by the confusion and too amused by our antics with the silverware to worry about anything.

The Pacific, as the story goes, was unappropriately named by a gentleman who never sailed upon its surface. When smooth swells turned to choppy seas and these suddenly assumed titanic proportions, we detoured a bit so that we were just on the edge of a typhoon. The dark waves came ominously over the prow of our 10,000 ton ship, crashing against the bridge, and I amused myself by trying to visualize just how one of our little lifeboats would tople over those fierce swift crests. Fortunately, my theories remain unconfirmed.

We were all very glad to see the Philippines, and especially to set foot upon them. There was an island for every mile of ocean we crossed, over 7,000 in fact, and even the least of them would have been a refreshing sight.

CONTRASTS IN MANILA

Manila is the capital of the Philippines and was our first stop. We drove through the sombre walls of the old town, built by the Spaniards, and crossed one of the bridges to the new, modernized city whose air-conditioned stores and office buildings might have been in the United States proper, excepting the heat and humidity. Contrasting this section were outlying districts such as those seen in Cebu where bamboo woven nipa shacks were raised above the sandy coastline on stilts and where the high tide performed the same function on the adjacent littered beach that plumbing does more privately in the average American home. But the jolly inhabitants, honored by our visit, gleefully posed for pictures undirected, and invited us to play ping-pong and volley ball in safer areas of their slums. My comrade, better at ping-pong than I, accepted, and his strokes and eventual overcoming of the local champion were sportingly cheered.

The Philippines have been an embarrassing United States possession ever since Admiral Dewey captured them in 1898 during the Spanish-American war. In the spirit of fair play we paid Spain for what we won by military conquest, protected feudal Spanish landholders, raised the general standard of living, developed the natural resources, helped raqueteering politicians to power, and gave enterprising Japanese the opportunity to dominate the important hemp and fishing industries.

AMERICAN SANTA CLAUS

Quite naturally the legend has grown in these islands of an inconsistent good-natured Santa Claus who sails from the rising sun on the most powerful battlefleet in the world with a bag overflowing with gold and democracy. Someday, they believe, Santa Claus will give them their freedom, and leave his gold and his democracy, and most important of all, his battlefleet for their protection.

That mutual benefits as well as exploitation can exist in the administration of industrially backward countries which are rich in raw materials is admirably shown by the administration of "The Netherlands across the Seas" which include Java, Sumatra, Borneo (partly), New Guinea (partly), the Celebes, and the Moluccas, all south of the Philippines. In the lower center of this tremendous archipelago which forms the East Indies, midway between Asia and Australia, lies the tiny self-contained island of Bali, only fifty miles across but inhabited by over a million contented people.

Our huge freighter was not at home in Padangbali. There were no docks, no cranes, no cargo. There were no buildings of any importance, no railroads, no maze of power lines. I looked up from the waves lapping the sandy shores and the sunlit palm trees, up past terrace after terrace of intricate rice sawas to blue mountain slopes that lost themselves in clouds.

BALINESE TEASE

Outriggers were rowed from the shore to meet us, just as you would expect from reading travel circulars. But the smiling dark-skinned natives pointed to large baskets in which we could throw something, money obviously. Curious, we dug in our pockets for Dutch coins and flung them to the natives, expecting to see them dive, but they did this only when necessary for the coins were usually captured with the baskets, and then a strange performance began. The girl of the party, for there was one in each outrigger, unfastened the simple jacket she wore, and in a modified strip-tease, simply removed the jacket, revealing the Balinese torso as it is so frequently seen on picture postcards. Obviously, the Balinese are quick to capitalize on their natural resources.

A few of us left the huge freighter by means of a tiny launch, waving goodbye to the other passengers who only had this burlesque version of the charms of Bali. Radiant faces of guides and chauffeurs who had broken down foreign cars greeted us. Calm women sat beside the road with colorful displays of papayas, mangoes, watermelons, and a prickly fruit. There were no deformed beggars, no outstretched hands, no cries for money: in the Far East, that was news!

We went through the courtesy and favorite oriental sport

of bargaining, securing a rambling vehicle that might get us to Den Pasar which was the center of Balinese life. As usual, the gas tank was practically empty so our first stop was the nearby dispensary underneath a palm tree where just enough gas was purchased to get us to our destination.

I intended staying a few days but they easily stretched into a week, and then I stayed another week, captivated by the almost unbelievable charm and gaiety of Balinese life.

LET LIZARDS LIVE

For awhile, my headquarters were at a Dutch hotel in Den Pasar which faced a beautifully carved temple across the street. Every morning, two little girls placed flowers on our driveway as an offering to the gods who might bring tourists that way to buy their curios. Every evening, a friendly lizard crawled into the parchment shade on the dinner table to warm himself and ants crawled over the tablecloth. At first I indicated these to Marda, the grinning best boy, expecting their subsequent removal, but he only shrugged and replied, "That may be," and did nothing. "Live and let live," is the good-natured policy of the Balinese.

Leisurely, I roamed from one village to another; sometimes in a car, sometimes in a pony cart, and often on foot, alone. I have never seen such a completely satisfying cycle of life anywhere. Each village is a little world of its own, supported largely by the surrounding rice fields, and ruled by a democratic council of which every man becomes a member automatically after marriage. Hereditary princes, a mild caste system, and Dutch "Elder brothers" have been unable and in the latter case unwilling to seriously alter this basic communal organization. Money is not a power there as the need of it is only incidental; and exploitation, thievery and unemployment (excepting those unfortunates who have depended on tourist trade which has become almost nil since the war) are hardly known. Private property exists mainly for personal use, not as a threat or a menace to other people. They accept the land and water as gifts from the gods and try to arrange them as justly as possible amongst themselves. The enjoyment of their family life, their music, their dancing, their cock-fights, their festivals, their handicrafts, their temple offerings, their legends as well as their work is life to them all centered in their community,

all dependent on the good-will and cooperation of their neighbors. Individualism thrives because it is primarily a human manifestation and not a legal abstraction of corporation lawyers.

PEACE IN BALI

So happy are the Balinese in their way of life, that they have no desire to leave this favored isle, indeed, that would be the greatest tragedy that could befall them. And there is always rejoicing at a cremation (where most of their savings go up in smoke) because they believe implicitly that the deceased will return to Bali, reincarnated as a grandchild, for these imaginative earthly people can conceive of no finer paradise than a repetition of their own existence.

Wandering through the thatched mud-walled lanes of Bali where woven bamboo shacks and delicately carved red and gray brick temples rest so naturally beneath palms and papaya and banyan trees makes sidewalks and skyscrapers seem very silly. You see old women proudly arranging colorful temple offerings, young bare-breasted girls sitting under little stands by the road selling black-pitted slices of thick orange papayas and green bottles of fermented cocoanut juice. Flocks of ducks are driven along the road by attentive boys, and playful youngsters make faces at fighting cocks which are placed in bamboo cages beside the road so they can amuse themselves by the sight of people walking by. Ugly sway-back hogs and yelping dogs lend an atmosphere of fabled villainy. Then a continual procession of women, bare-breasted and well-poised, walk to the fields and markets and temples and homes, balancing heavy loads on their heads, for they are the means of transportation, wagons or trucks being almost unknown.

The men care for the fields mainly, creating a quality of rice and an irrigation system which in appearance and efficiency are unparalleled anywhere.

There are not many white people living in Bali for it is not a white man's paradise. It does not have the rapturous lagoons or easy indulgences of some of the South Sea islands. Then the tempo of living is different than ours, the desires and joys being infinitely simpler, and infinitely richer in their simplicity. Seeing their way of life makes an engineer a humbler man for they seem to have found the secret of life without any machinery or even a wheel to guide them. Certainly, those old platitudes

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POWER DRILLING RIGS

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is assisting with the specifications relative to portable drilling masts suitable for drilling to depths of 4000'. Harold has been actively connected with development of portable drilling rigs and has made many valuable recommendations and suggestions for improvement.

ED FOSS, '32, supervised the technical details and kept accurate performance records of the two new power rigs of the Barnsdall Oil Company, Barnsdall's preference being for pumps driven by independent internal combustion engines with other compounded engines driving the drawworks and rotary machine.

BOB GARDNER, '36, and DON BLODGETT, '36, of the Richfield Oil Corporation, have been checking the hoisting characteristics of drilling rigs powered by both steam and internal combustion engines. Unfortunately, Don is now on sick leave with his folks at Balboa Island.

BOB RAMEY, '30, and WALTER MOORE, '23, of the Machinery Division, Republic Supply Company, have been active in sales of power drilling rigs. Both have been very helpful in

about not being able to change human nature, and about beautiful and impractical forms of society, and all this folderol about progress are due for some revision.

Rather wistfully, I sailed from Bali to Java, wended through its rice fields and tea plantations, circling around numerous volcanic peaks and climbing atop three of them. Then I sailed from Batavia to Singapore where I hoped to meet Bob Stirton, '30, then representing the Union Oil Company as a lubricating engineer, but he was in Bangkok. Fortunately, I met him on my return trip from India and he and his charming wife showed me the town. Later, under the flattering glow of cocktails, we recalled and eulogized other Caltech Alumni.

SECOND CLASS TO SINGAPORE

From Singapore, I sailed to Penang, Rangoon and finally Calcutta aboard a blacked-out British ship. A five-inch gun aft was constantly and itchy attended, but no subs were sighted. The heat was terribly oppressive, but the company of a Chinese merchant, a poetic Hindu textile buyer, and a group of Indian soldiers including Sikhs, Hindus and Moslems was most informative and entertaining. Ordinarily, a white man wouldn't travel second class in India, which is one reason I was taken for a missionary, but in spite of certain difficulties it gives one a chance to "meet the people." None of the natives addressed me first, and they were reluctant when approached, but frequently became very talkative especially when they found I was an American. Stern Britishers looked on in horror from the adjoining first-class deck.

India formed the most amazing and impressive pageant I ever hope to see. I left the glittering golden pagodas of Burma where I had to walk barefoot amongst the Buddhist pilgrims and leprous beggars to get my precious snapshots and see a weird misinterpretations of one of the world's greatest teachers. In Calcutta, I saw live sacrifices of goats to the awful goddess Kali in the old city of her name, Kalighat, which the English adopted as Calcutta. In the same city, I visited the Jain Temple, built with infinite care from millions of mosaics.

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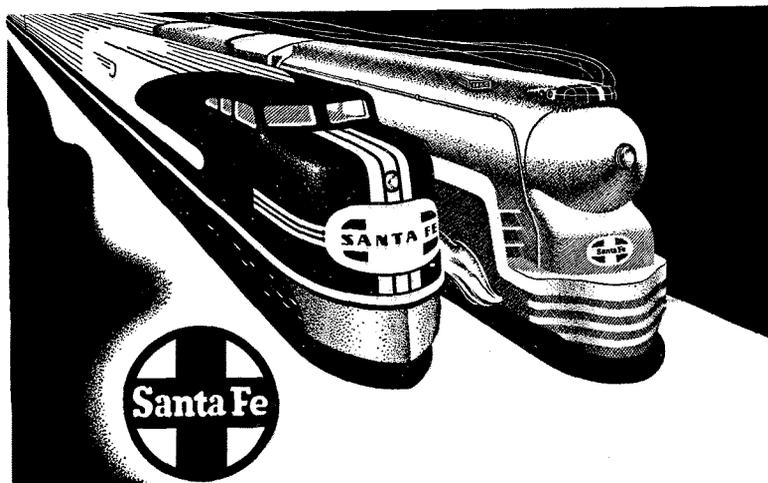
assisting with new developments required for power drilling rigs in addition to their sales work.

LEROY NEWCOMB, '25, of Emsco Derrick & Equipment Company, has designed the new friction clutch drawworks developed largely for use with large power rigs. Leroy has also designed Emsco's hydraulic controls, oil-tite drawworks, hi-speed rotary machine, and is regarded as one of the best engineers in the Emsco organization. NICK D'ARCY, '29, is in charge of the Sales Office at Emsco and works closely with the Engineering Department on new products, relaying to the Engineering Departments trends reported from the fieldmen.

JIM KEELEY, '31, of Hillman-Kelly, is now selling the portable mast developed by the Franks Manufacturing Company. This mast is used with power drilling rigs on shallow holes where no derrick is erected.

At National Supply Company, five Cal Tech men are connected with power drilling equipment. BOB CRAIG, '21, and B. R. SCHABAKUM, '25, have been actively engaged in sales engineering work in the Mid-Continent, reporting many developments directly to National's Engineering Department. SPENCER LONG, '30, has been doing interesting stress analysis work in connection with rotary drilling equipment. M. W. HENSHAW, '36, is preparing sales data on power rigs in addition to development work on drawworks, and S. M. BROSE, '40, is connected with drawworks design.

(The writer wishes to thank at this time Barnsdall Oil Company, Richfield Oil Company, T. P. Pike Drilling Company, and Bell & Loffland for information and data contained in this article.)



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