

A ride on a Jeepney is an experience outside the concept of motoring by most Europeans. Any more than a bunch gap between vehicles in the traffic of Manila is considered a waste of road space. The most used piece of equipment on a Jeepney is the horn which warns other motorists not to use any more space than the absolute minimum as the guy behind needs the space too. Road Safety in I think is an unknown concept when the rule is one of "Survival of the fittest". At night many vehicles and certainly no bicycles - with or without sidecar, drive with their lights extinguished. No one seems to bother ~~that~~ about lights, let alone tyres which are usually of the 'stick' variety as trends seem to be out of fashion. All the time a tyre will hold air it remains in service. No other criterion exists.

The rack of burning clutch material invaded the inside of the Jeepney already somewhat claustrophobic with over 20 sweating bodies crammed inside. The lower gears had called it a day so the clutch had to be slipped to enable forward motion to be generated after stopping. All fares are passed hand over hand to the driver at the wheel who counts money and passes change without stopping. Holding a selection of poles between all the fingers of his left hand and coinage in a box adjacent to the steering wheel, money is exchanged without a pause in the driving. At least the brakes seem to work OK although distances are minimal between life & death.

We jumped from the Jeepney as I'd seen that
and I wanted to film this lovely scene.

The sun was setting across Manila Bay. Aida & I sat on the harbour wall bathed in the warm orange glow as it dropped towards the sea. ~~At~~ Silhouetted in the path of golden light, a fisherman went about his business, precariously perched on ~~the~~ his double outrigger canoe. ~~The~~ other ships in the bay swung ^{gently} on their anchors and gradually turned on their deck lights. The little outrigger canoe of the fisherman slowly peddled towards us as it got dark once the sun had disappeared. He tied the painter to a nearby rock ~~using~~ the wall on which we sat. The canoe was ~~less~~ only about a foot wide and he was perched with one foot on the top of each of the sides of the little craft. A small wizened man with skinny little legs and a ~~hat~~ dressed in very tattered shorts and tee shirt. He climbed up a few feet of rocks into his home. Home was next to where we sat, ~~a~~ a piece of ~~old~~ old canvas stretched like one wall of a tent away from the top of the harbor wall and was fastened to some rocks a few feet below. It was open at both ends and we were able to peer inside his home, a wooden board on which he ~~was~~ sat precariously laid across the rocks which were supporting the harbor wall.

Aida spoke to him and he confirmed that this makeshift semi-tent was his home where he lived alone, shared only with the cockroaches and a half-corned cat. We gave him the only food we carried and he accepted our small gift with pleasure and a lovely smile which with the gleam in his eye brought

A Jeepney Ride in Manila

A ride in a Jeepney is an experience outside the concept of motoring by most Europeans. Any more than a six-inch gap between vehicles in the traffic of Manila is considered a waste of road space. The most used piece of equipment on a jeepney is the horn which warns other motorists not to use any more space than the absolute minimum as the guy behind needs the space too. Road safety in Manila is an unknown concept where the rule is one of "*Survival of the Fittest*".

At night, many vehicles, and certainly no bicycles – with or without a sidecar, drive with their lights extinguished. No one seems to bother about lights, let alone tyres which are usually of 'slick' variety as treads seem to be out of fashion. All the time a tyre will hold air it remains in service. No other criterion exists.

The reek of burning clutch material invaded the inside of the jeepney already somewhat flavoursome with over twenty sweating bodies crammed inside. The lower gears had called it a day so the clutch had to be slipped to enable forward motion to be generated after stopping.

All fares are passed hand over hand to the driver at the wheel who counts money and passes change without stopping. Holding a selection of notes between the fingers of his left hand and coinage in a box adjacent to the steering wheel monies are exchanged without a pause in the driving. At least the brakes seem to work okay although distances are minimal between life and death.