



JULY, 1926

Celebrating the Nation's 150th Anniversary

Gathering o' the Clan: Toasting the President

Monday, July 5 in Manila; a fair gray day, little rain, but kindly clouds with the sun peeking through frequently as if to view the spectacle. Nine o'clock, and the holiday crowd of thirty thousands lining the parade route from Gutili to the Luneta; and there, in the reviewing stand, our committee and our gentry and our veterans and our officials, civilian and military, in feckless white. Hushed moments, anticipation. Then down old Bagumbayan come the bands, the troops, the mounted officers, the cavalry, the infantry, marines, blue jackets, veterans, *veteranos*, boy scouts, campfire girls, phalanxes of cadets and marshalled schools of children—on comes the whole cavalcade and every unit marches splendidly past the reviewing stand "eyes right!" and step a-spring and lively.

It is a very gay and patriotic pageant. The Army makes up a lot of it. The Navy lends its touch. The veteran and civic bodies broaden it into something truly descriptive of the community. Beyond the stand ranks break and the marching thousands assemble for the speaking. Mayor Miguel Romualdez speaks, so does Major General Wm. Weigel. Stanley Williams reads impressively the Declaration; the solemn periods fall eloquently upon everyone's attention. Clyde A. DeWitt delivers the oration, interpretive of America. He does it capably. Dr. George W. Wright reads the poem by the Grand Army veteran, Professor Ebenezer Cook. Thomas, of the days of '61, is there too.

Now the formal program is over. The morning has passed. Athletics take up the afternoon. Youth has marched to please the elders; now it romps to please itself—to win or compete for prizes and do as the Greeks were wont to do. The country shares the heritage of the western world. America brought it that.

America brought it a lot of things. Peace, for example; and to know how to give and

take. There were the veterans marching, and there too the *veteranos*. Aguinaldo in the grandstand, with Weigel and the rest; and down with the serried ranks of *vayodillo*-uniformed men from Laguna, marches Juan Cailles. The *veteranos* number no less than eight thousand; they come quietly in Manila, and as quietly disperse to the provinces after being the guests for a few hours' holiday and comradeship of the veterans who fought them in the guerrilla campaigns of insurrection times. Before they leave, however, they assemble at the Stadium for a meeting all their own. Aguinaldo is there, and Felipe Agoncillo. Cailles presides. The girls' band from Maragondon plays; the soloist gets many encores and must play a *kwadiman* on the saxophone before they finally let her retire.

Girls of the native Red Cross are there, given the best seats and treated like queens.

There are speeches; no native meeting would be complete without them. They are hot, expressing the impatience of the *veteranos* with the current heckling of America. They denounce such tactics as hypocrisy, short-sighted and selfish politics. We might be on the platform, but we don't go there to sit among the dignitaries; we wind our way up into the galleries and sit with the humblest of the listeners—the men who bore the rifles and dug the trenches and wielded the bolos. "Good!" they shout. "Good, Good!" as speaker after speaker dwells upon the harsher times of old, the better times of today and the folly of trying to budge America from a position she is reluctant to give up.

We ask for interpretations. "He says that of old we fought the Americans, but those days are over and today we are all comrades and ought to remain friends. It is good, we ought."

Aguinaldo beams, he is happy among his *veteranos*. American veterans present him

the colors, American and Philippine, borne in the parade. The meeting honors America's executives, Coolidge and Wood. Then the people disperse, to a hundred hamlets and towns skirting Manila bay. The girls of Maragondon mount a truck and go playing all the way home. Indeed it is a holiday.

About this hour Americans gather at the Chamber of Commerce for their own tribute to the day. They are received by the Directors and their ladies. They are addressed, upon their follies and their virtues, by General Weigel, who has as many patriotic sermons in his barrel as a Wesleyan minister has on the life of St. Paul. They sing, *America*. They hear Bishop Gouverneur Frank Mosher on the theme of "The American Community." The eagle doesn't scream, nor does it droop its feathers: President Heath as master of ceremonies intimates in fact that it has grown tired of drooping its feathers. He says that more than fifty per cent of the Chamber's membership is made up of veterans of the *empire days*, and the membership of the directorate too; and those who didn't serve as soldiers, which was really just youthful adventure, served their country honorably in organizing civil government; and what all did has been worthwhile, the government need not forget that service was rendered.

The veterans got service bars "for patriotism, fortitude and loyalty." Captain Heath, wearing his for the first time, believes more patriotism, fortitude and loyalty has been required under the civil administration of the territory won in the campaigns than was required in the campaigns themselves. In this way the eagle plumes its feathers: it is weary of political dust on its crest. Bishop Mosher makes an inspiring and dignified address. The cup is passed, all drink, as the sun is setting in gold and russet and purple and lustrous shade over Mariveles, to the President of the United States of America and the Governor General of the Philippine Islands. They sing again, *The Star Spangled Banner*. They munch beans, quaff friendly cups with one another and disperse, presently, to their homes.

The nation has been remembered, by its nationals. *E pluribus unum.*



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