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The Philippine-American

A RAYMOND HOUSE PUBLICATION

THE MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE

by Paul V. McNutt

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Letters

Christmas Gift

If I may be allowed to express a wish for a Christmas gift in behalf of our unhappy people, I would like to say this:

The one gift that the Filipinos will most deeply appreciate this first Christmas after liberation is not one billion pesos for rehabilitation nor a greater quantity of relief goods nor 25 years of free trade with the United States. It is rather the fervent expectation that our government and our leaders who are running it will, for once, forget their political bickerings and get some real, honest work done for the good of all.

We, the people, are sick and tired of the stupid bungling, the dearth of initiative, the lack of courage, the personal recriminations that we have seen the past several months in all phases of the national life. So many people are too busy trying to prove or disprove that they were patriots during the Japanese occupation to remember that the really big job for patriots needs to be done now.

Let us get on our feet by giving each other a helping hand, instead of kicking and pummeling and biting each other like maniacs as we lie helpless and exhausted on the ground where the occupation and liberation left us ten months ago.

FERMIN S. LEGASPI

Dagupan, Pangasinan

50,000 Filipinos in Japan

On October 6, 1945, President Truman signed a bill which authorizes the American Secretary of War, with the approval of the Congress of the Philippines, to enlist 50,000 Philippine Scouts for service in the occupation of Japan. The Japs, if they heard the news, prob-

(Please turn to Page 4)

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LETTERS (Continued from Page 2)
ably did not like it. Imagine being garrisoned by the soldiers of a country that for three years had groaned beneath the boots of the samurai!

To them we say, "Relax". Let them not fear that our soldiers will exact from their people the retribution which, according to the ancient law of a tooth for a tooth, they have so abundantly earned. Let them believe rather that though they owe us so much in terms of life, they will not be made to pay in like or equal terms.

The 50,000 Filipinos who will assist in garrisoning Japan will stand by these assurances. They will not kill Japanese children. They will respect Japanese women. They will not burn and loot the beautiful cities of Japan.

Through the effacement of Japan's military institutions shall we seek our revenge. By Japan's assimilation of the principles and ways of democracy shall we realize our vengeance. And that shall be done in a peaceful way.

The Filipinos will help teach "the leader nation of Greater East Asia" the simple lessons of human decency and justice.

JOSE C. CRISÓSTOMO

1138 Trabajo, Manila

Bouquet to an Intellectual

I hasten to congratulate Mr. Renato Constantino vigorously for his article entitled "Obligations of the Filipino Intellectual" which I have just read in the issue of the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN of November, 1945, Vol. I, No. 3, pages 37-39.

The article is a challenge to the Filipino intellectual. I am a lawyer by profession and I have been advocating the same "crusading and militant spirit" among the intellectuals with whom I come in contact, but their reaction has not been quite satisfactory. They premise the militant action on the attainment

of "security and an established reputation in their profession."

QUIRINO ABAD SANTOS

San Fernando, Pampanga

Food for Thought

I have in my possession the first and second issues of the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN. With its contents and editorial objectives, it is easily the best magazine we have in the Philippines. The articles are well written. They furnish food for thought and give a clear insight into the news.

FILEMON I. VILLANUEVA

Urdaneta, Pangasinan

Proud Contributor

I somehow feel proud to have been a contributor in your initial issue. Long before I received my complimentary copy, I had heard its excellent editorial being discussed with much interest among certain circles, and S. P. Lopez' "Letter to GI Joe" is a must item for all GIs.

I gave my complimentary copy to Steve de Vries who inspired my poem, and my second copy was grabbed just as quickly by another GI friend who came to spend his furlough with us. I have been unable to secure another copy in the magazine stalls, so that if you still have any left for sale, will you be so kind as to reserve me a copy and I shall call for it when I come for your next issue?

SOFIA BONA DE SANTOS

128 A. Mabini
Caloocan, Rizal

● Copies of our first issue are now extremely rare, but we'll try to secure one for Reader De Santos.—ED.

For Laughter

The PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN is the best magazine I have read. It contains thought-provoking articles, excellent short stories and poems. I read every page of the November issue with great interest. But one thing I would like to

(Please turn to Page 82)

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The Philippine-American

Issued monthly

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RAYMOND HOUSE, Inc.

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BENJAMIN SALVOSA

Publisher

ERIC RAYMOND

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Editorial and business offices in the Philippines: 1050-52 Rizal Avenue, Manila; in America, 1726 Marlton Avenue, Philadelphia, 4 Pa., U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Manila Post Office on November 5, 1945. Subscription P10 a year. Advertising rates on application. If return of unsolicited manuscripts is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed.

A Chat with our Readers

GREETINGS, gentle reader, and may Santa Claus spill on you and your loved ones his cornucopia bursting with the rich and bountiful felicities that have been accumulating these past four dreary Christmases since 1941! The spirit of joy ripe and luscious as a golden mango fruit, the sense of freedom rare and precious as water on the parching desert sands—all this is in a measure yours and ours, though we suffer still from the distemper of the times and though the children of our numerous poor

still rummage through the garbage cans by night.

Greetings to you from the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN, conceived in the early days of our returning freedom, born upon the hour of our victory, nourished by the enthusiasm of men whose minds are once more eager, venturesome, and free. We are happy, too, this Christmas time, for as Christmas is the season of sharing, it pleases us to remember that the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN is the fruit of the generous thoughts, sentiments, and visions that we have shared one with another.

Is it being too sanguine to hope that in this spirit of sharing we shall see many more Christmases together?

THIS fourth number of the magazine comes out in a record issue of 10,000 copies. We say that you have helped nourish the magazine, and you may be interested to know how well it has responded to your nurturing. Well, here are some vital statistics:

	Pages	Circulation
First Issue	50	2,000
Second Issue	68	3,000
Third Issue	72	6,000
This Issue	88	10,000

We have promised that we would increase the number of pages as soon as printing costs come down. We have steadily increased the number of pages though the cost of printing has remained the same, and we have been able to do so only because the increased circulation has automatically reduced the production cost per copy. Thus, dear reader, you'll get a bigger and better magazine each month because you want it so, because your
(Please turn to Page 78)

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You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.—HORACE MANN

The Meaning of Philippine Independence

by Paul V. McNutt

United States High Commissioner

as told to

Lt. Leonard Wm. Hizer, USA

ON November 15, 1935, a new nation came to birth — the Commonwealth of the Philippines. No, not yet a nation but a nation-in-the-making, still under the tutelage of the United States of America. Ten years ago, the United States, recognizing the Filipino hunger for liberty, granted the Filipino people their own government and promised to eventually withdraw completely its sovereignty.

We will join, on July 4, 1946, with the Filipinos in celebrating Independence Day, *their* Independence and *ours*.

One hundred and seventy years ago, Americans died to establish a new nation dedicated to liberty. During World War II, Filipinos and Americans fought together for liberty against the Japanese aggressor. Let us pause for a second to remember the men who lie buried on Luzon, Visayas and Mindanao, who died at Corregidor, Bataan,

Leyte — Americans and Filipinos both!

What are the heroic dead trying to tell us, the living? Their message is clear. They fought and died for liberty—liberty for Americans, for Filipinos, for the entire world. Liberty was no pious rhetoric to these men. They had learned the lesson of liberty from their earliest years, the same lesson out of the same school books. Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson are the common heroes of Americans and Filipinos.

American school teachers came ashore with our first troops to land in the Philippines, forty-seven years ago, to encourage the Filipinos in their love of country and admiration for their heroes. In the years before the war, the walls of the Philippine school-rooms were decorated with the pictures of the national heroes—Rizal, Mabini, Bonifacio, Quezon — men

who had fought for liberty. The Philippine national anthem was heard daily in schoolgrounds throughout the Philippines where the Sun and Stars waved proudly side by side with the Stars and Stripes.

Nowhere else in the vast Orient did the public schools have as their avowed policy the creation of patriots who owed their allegiance to the land of their birth!

Pan-Asia was the slogan repeated endlessly by the Japanese empire-builders. Later the Germanic song of "Blood and Soil" received a Japanese translation. The Japanese did their best to sell the Filipinos the gold brick labeled "New Order in East Asia" — an order that was not new but as old as tyranny. The Japanese preached a color line—Asia for the Asiatics!

BUT the link between the Asiatic Filipinos and the Americans was stronger than color or "blood". The link was liberty, that amalgam of human values and individual rights that we sometimes abbreviate by calling democracy.

On December 7, 1941, Americans and Filipinos *rediscovered* the meaning of democracy. We were unwilling as peoples to become quislings for the Japanese. There were traitors, some in high places, but the great mass of both peoples understood — as Benjamin Franklin did almost two centuries ago — that free men cannot give up their liberty in order to obtain temporary safety.

And what has all this got to do with today? *Everything!* The Philippines, a geographical part of the Orient, are a *spiritual part of America*.

Today, the Philippines are America's opportunity to demon-

strate democracy-in-action to *all* the peoples of the Orient.

We Americans do not foresee an easy task ahead. The agrarian Filipino people—growers of rice, sugar, copra, hemp, tobacco—have suffered much under the Japanese. Their liberty, their lives, their health were all expendable under the bloody banner of the Rising Sun. Their agriculture, trade, and commerce were smashed, leaving a legacy of malnutrition, disease, unemployment, black marketeering, and collaborationism.

But in the crisis of war and occupation, the Filipinos matured as a *people* and as a *nation*. To the Filipinos who resisted the invader, liberty is more than a word in a schoolboy's history book.

Liberty is *not* expendable. It is one of the stable goods of any democracy.

All the elements for democratic progress and a democratic future are at hand. The Filipino people are sufficiently numerous—eighteen millions of them — to constitute a nation. They occupy an adequate territory. Their agrarian economy can be based on a new hydro-electric industrialization. They have chrome ore, copper ore and concentrates, iron ore, and manganese ore.

But they need American help to rehabilitate both people and economy. We Americans cannot fail.

Let us remember that the institutions of the Philippine Commonwealth have grown from American roots. And let us salute the courage and the will to liberty of the Filipino people. We look ahead to July 4, 1946, when the Filipino people will enter the world community of nations as a nation that has gloriously earned its democratic name—the PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC!

To the Living

by Carlos A. Angeles

Work out the peace they promised us
Rememb'ring that those silent dead
May never rise beneath the dust
To break the task for us instead.

While eyes still smart from recent grief
Who peered into the deep of night,
And learned that pain was never brief,
And knew the misery of fright—

Let us from muddled ruins take
Each brick and rubble that we find,
Which welded each to each might make
That better world they had in mind.

Nor ask from them material clues,
Nor reap us symbols from their grave,
For when we ask of signs and cues
We ask what with their lives they gave.

Theirs was the glory of that war,
Ours is the burden of this peace.
Gone is the blunder of this star—
Let us forever know it is.



Lt. Hizer is the Field Service Officer of the Information and Education Division of the United States Army in the Western Pacific. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and has known Paul V. McNutt personally since 1930 and was a member of his staff while he was Governor of Indiana (1935-1937). Since then, except for 30 months with the WPA in an administrative position, he has been active in public relations and promotional work. He has travelled all over the United States and since coming to the Philippines has visited most of the provinces: Leyte, Samar, Cebu, Mindanao, Panay, Negros and Luzon. He is an ardent believer in establishing real democracy here and advocated strong American assistance to that end.

Three loud cheers for the loser
who is winning in spite of himself

Congratulations, Japan!

by Hernando G. Cosío

YOU lost the war, but won a great peace. You threw in the towel, but drew a rich consolation prize. You lost the verdict, and now beatific "punishment" is being meted out to you. You lost face, but found rebirth of soul. Lucky, lucky Japan.

Your Axis partner, Germany, lost the war too. But she did not get your peace, your type of occupation, your prospects for the generations yet to be.

For Pearl Harbor, for Bataan, for "The Death March," and the rape of Manila, you are to suffer the Four Freedoms, you are to submit to a benevolent *pax americana*, you are to perish into a democracy, and dishonor your ancestors by bringing up tomorrow's generations in the American way.

Fortunate Japan! What a future lies in store for you. What benefits undeserved. What glory unwanted.

HISTORY is even now chronicling this great paradox: of a military aggressor-nation vanquished in a contest of arms but assured of rising triumphant in the aftermath of peace. Japan's defeat was military. It was the failure of a power-mad minority. And surrendering as she did, before actual invasion, her land armies left comparatively intact, even this military capitulation was a minor victory in itself. It precluded the carrying out of a standing United Nations threat "to wipe from the face of the earth" this nation of savage barbarians.

With V-J came peace and with peace came America's reversion to type. Uncle

Sam was a gentleman-sportsman once more, forgiving, generous and helpful.

In the interest of a true and lasting world peace, he dropped personal feelings of vindictiveness. With purpose and resolution he displayed a firm hand and took in the Problem Child of Asia. Whereas he could have liquidated the beastly miscreant without a word of protest from the rest of the world, he chose instead to assume the role of a forgiving parent to the family black sheep.

When Japan took over the Asiatic "co-prosperity sphere," we (the Philippines and other occupied territories) expected the worst. We got that, and more, thanks to the genius-for-evil of Japan. When America occupied Japan, the Nips prepared to meet devils with tails. Instead they got Santa Claus in GI garb.

DR. America is determined to cure an unwilling patient of his ideological diseases, by forced doses of unaccustomed medicine.

Warden America is sparing no effort to convert his convict into a model citizen-of-the-world.

Japan will be set free—whether she wants to or not—from herself. America comes to her shores with the gift of freedom, not just one but four! The precious Four Freedoms, no less.

The funny part of it is that Japan doesn't want them. She has little or no idea of what they are. If she does, she ridicules them as a matter of tradition. She never asked for them, but she'll get

them—on a nice shiny platter, with all the trimmings.

Elsewhere, Indians and Annamese and Indonesians are spilling blood for those freedoms. Elsewhere, Filipinos are contemplating the more than four centuries of struggle and sacrifice they have undergone to attain mesger installments of those precious boons.

Freedom of Speech

The Rising Sun has set, but the dawn of a new day breaks over Japan. Directive upon directive comes over the prosstrate nation like healing rays. The top field commander in the Pacific area, appointed as Supreme Allied Commander in charge of occupying Japan, flanked and assisted by experts in every field, draws a master-plan for the rehabilitation of Japan. Commodore Perry has returned in the person of General MacArthur.

Among the first things he attended to was the emancipation of the media of free speech. Government control over press, radio and theater was relaxed. The dread "thought police" was abolished. The commoners may speak, may assemble and discuss their own government and leaders. The radical may even assail his divinity-denuded emperor. Women are given equal rights. Art and education are unshackled.

Freedom from Fear

Thought and speech and the written word are free because they need no longer fear. No secret agents to turn you in. No cruel military to discipline you. No industrial combines and monopolies to crush your free economic effort.

The Diet may legislate for the masses, may break cabinets, may subrogate formerly divine powers reserved to and emanating from the emperor. Truth sets free because truth is free.

You may complain. You may criticize. You may raise your head in solitary immunity or in powerful concert with others and fight oppression. You

may sleep in peace and dream unfettered dreams because Fear has been banished with the old regime.

Freedom of Worship

Shintoism is no longer the state religion in Japan. Whereas they used to make a show of religious tolerance in Japan by permitting the formation of small secular denominations among the people, letting some foreign missions to conduct schools, and even allowing one or two Catholic churches to be built in the big cities, still these are no match to the state-sponsored cult.

In fact, the long preservation of the Divine Emperor myth, as well as the amazing fanaticism of *kamikazes*, *ban-zai*-chargers, etc., encountered by Allied soldiers all over the Pacific, may be attributed to the influence of the state religion over individuals, families and schools. The church-and-state combination has ever been a mighty force for good or evil, as indicated in the history of the world since time immemorial.

That combination having been broken in Japan, we may now see a healthy moral development of its people within a decade or so.

Freedom from Want

This may take longest to effectuate in Japan just as it will in most parts of the world. The fault will not be America's. She is already zealously engaged in the physical and economic rehabilitation of Japan with characteristic generosity and sincerity.

From arsenal of democracy to feed-bag of the world, America is just as concerned about staving off hunger from starving Japanese millions as she is desirous of distributing her ample resources to friends and foes alike everywhere.

From the long-range point of view, however, America has seen fit to break up the few rich-family combines and *zaibatsu* that control the entire economy of Japan. This move, along with others, will in time restore the country to economic self-sufficiency in which wealth

will be more evenly distributed, in which the total economic effort will more directly benefit the masses instead of serving the ends of war-mongers.

REPARATIONS? Oh yes, Japan will be required to pay—in goods or money if and when she can. You can bet on it, though, that long before the desert has slipped through the glass of time, a moratorium on her war-debts will be declared.

Anyway, what's money between friends? or former enemies? especially if the ex-foe turns out to be a model proselyte?

Reparations? Bosh, old-fashioned! Versailles proved it. Vengeance is no longer sweet.

An eye for an eye? Well, the poor fellow had a hard time of it too. Had to play guinea-pig to two of our atomic bombs. Lost his blasted navy, scads of planes, great industrial plants. Millions of lives, too, at the fronts, from starvation and diseases.

Guess he's had his lesson, by now. Not a bad sort, really, after you've taught him things and removed his bad companions. Eh? Tojo? Oh, you can't very well let the bastard die. Had to save him for trial. Besides, what's the use of having plasma and penicillin and good doctors?

OKAY, Uncle, feed the dog that has bitten your hand. But you know how

we little guys feel, those of us who came under the heels of that rabid mutt you now wish to pet. Three and a half years, Uncle. In three and a half centuries we shall still abominate that dog and wear the cicatrices of his fangs and claws.

Go ahead, protect the slink-eyed POWs from the futile pebbles of our children. Tell your MP's to shoot down the little brown bastards who think they can avenge their dead fathers and brothers and dishonored sisters by throwing stones at fat, grinning Nip POWs.

Sure, ship back to Nippon the *kempetais* and marines and soldiers who raped and massacred our people and pillaged our homeland. Just leave us a few of the higher-ups to wreak vengeance on. The rest are homesick (more so than your own GI's) and deserve a second chance to become free citizens and exponents of the democratic way of living. Too bad they didn't give our dead a second chance.

Someday we'll probably sit together, the Philippine Republic and a democratized Japan, in the session halls of the world. Take your seat on the side of Uncle Sam, Mr. Suzuki, away from ours. We, the living, might remember to take that second chance.

Meanwhile, it breaks our heart but we'll say it—Congratulations, Japan! Congratulations to the loser who is winning in spite of himself.



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With Reference to Christmas

—A Story

by *Fidel de Castro*

ON A CHRISTMAS day in 1921 a little boy named Bienvenido whose hair was shaved off because he had itches on the head sat solemnly in church. While he watched the priest in gay ceremonial robes perform service before the Nativity scene on the beautifully decorated altar with all the wonderful songs and orchestral music from the choir loft, the boy's itches kept running with pus and with his mother's linen handkerchief he mopped the sores now and then to keep away the flies.

Twenty years later Bienvenido still remembered the itches that appeared on his head, but they were not the cause of his persistently remembering that Christmas day in 1921.

After mass the little boy went out into the sunshine in the church patio and there he met his school teacher. Mr. Cordero, who was one of the people on earth who knew the importance of living, took him by the hand and led him to the shade of a big acacia tree.

"Now, let's see," Mr. Cordero said with a smile. "Let's see how well you remember that speech I taught you."

"Patrick Henry's?" asked the little boy.

"Yes," said Mr. Cordero. "That one about give me liberty or give me death."

Little Bienvenido showed his teacher that he still knew the piece by heart.

Mr. Cordero jabbed his hand in his pocket and showed him a gleaming fifty-centavo coin. He put the coin in Bienvenido's little palm and then closed the shy fingers into a fist.

"Merry Christmas!" Mr. Cordero said and then he went away leaving a rainbow around the little boy's heart.

That was the important thing which made that Christmas day memorable in Bienvenido's life.

THE following year, 1922, the little boy was in the seventh grade, and his teacher, Miss Montenegro, asked the class one day before the Christmas vacation to write a theme on the subject: "The Meaning of Christmas."

Bienvenido wrote about his only memorable Christmas day. He wrote about the church mass, the itches on his head, Mr. Cordero, and Patrick Henry.

He began his theme with the following sentence: "The meaning of Christmas to me is the bright colors and the songs inside and also outside of the church and what made them possible, and Mr. Cordero making me recite Patrick Henry's speech about give me liberty or give me death and Mr. Cordero's giving me human kindness and goodwill on earth in the form of a new fifty-centavo coin that had an eagle on one side and a man on the other, and Mr. Cordero's message to the world which he spoke thru me, 'Merry Christmas!'"

Miss Montenegro was not very much impressed by Bienvenido's theme. It did not make sense to her. She rated it 70 per cent.

She asked Pacita, a plump girl whom she considered the brightest pupil, to read her theme before the class. Pacita's composition was about Santa Claus

and songs and laughter, gifts and candies and Christmas carols, buntings and silver stars and Christmas trees. The keynote of Pacita's winning theme was superficial gaiety, one of the many things which man takes for granted in times of peace and plenty.

IN 1942 Bienvenido had grown up into a man, and more than ever in his life he thirsted for learning concerning a great deal of things that kept stimulating his mind and heart. A week before Christmas day that year he left the city and rode in a truck for his home town to spend Christmas day with his folks like he always did before.

There were many Japanese sentries on the way and all trucks were stopped before reaching a sentry-post. The passengers were ordered to leave the truck and in single file were searched for weapons before bowing to the sentry. On the way, because it was often risky talking to strangers, Bienvenido talked to himself silently. The subject of his mental conversation was: "The Meaning of Christmas."

On reaching his home town he felt like a stranger in a place where he first saw the light of day. He discovered that the town and the people had changed pitifully. The town, observed Bienvenido, was like a gay young man whose face had suddenly grown old, and although the spirit was unbent the figure was, and the face was uglier by fear, defeat and a lurking hatred. He also observed that this man to whom he had compared his town had suddenly and shockingly forgotten there was such a thing as Christmas in the world. It seemed as if there was never a Christmas day since the earth began.

He wanted to hear mass that Christmas morning but the church was smelly with manure and filthy with war horses. The church where he was baptized long ago, the house of worship wherein he celebrated all the Christmases in his life was turned into a stable by the invaders.

In the evening designated by the Christian calendar as Christmas Eve Bienvenido heard the story of the death of his sixth grade school teacher. It was told to him in whispers, and the doors and windows of the house were bolted tight, and it was not because the family was afraid of the cold stinging air of the dark December night.

Mr. Cordero, they said, was a fool. He died because he refused to bow to a Japanese sentry. The soldier stabbed him in the heart with a bayonet and his blood spilled like water and formed a puddle in the middle of the street.

That night, for the first time in Bienvenido's life, remembering the little boy with the itches on his head delivering Patrick Henry's speech about liberty and death, and the shining fifty-centavo coin and the Christmas message in 1921, he began to wonder and then slowly understand the real meaning of Christmas.

There are things in life, Bienvenido said to himself, that require a lifetime to understand, and that, sometimes, is not even enough. On a clean page in his mental scrapbook he entered this item: "The meaning of Christmas cannot be isolated. It is related to a great number of things."

If Bienvenido wrote a theme now on the subject, would it make sense to Miss Montenegro?

PACITA, the best theme writer of the class and the brightest seventh grade pupil, according to Miss Montenegro, became a beautiful bride in 1939 and on the night of the day the Christian calendar said it was Christmas in the year 1943, in a frame house in Singalong, Pacita with her three children ate a Christmas dinner of roasted coconuts.

One rainy night three months before this Christmas Eve, Pacita's husband, who thought and behaved and felt like a patriot, was whisked away in a green Buick sedan by four Japanese men in civilian clothes, who spoke good English

and had, each of them, a revolver in the hand and another in a holster on the hip.

That evening, while they feasted on roasted coconuts Pacita told her children, "Tonight is Christmas Eve. Tomorrow will be Christmas."

Lilia, her youngest child who was born the day her father fell wounded on Mt. Samat, asked, "What is Christmas, Mother?" Pacita had long forgotten about the fine theme she read before the class in 1922, so she answered her child simply, "Christmas is the birthday of Christ."

Later in the night, after having tucked the baby in bed, Pacita sang, very softly, quietly, almost in a whisper:

*Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright.
'Round the Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and bright:
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly ...*

Somewhere in the dark the rattle of a machinegun ripped the stillness of the night and Pacita's heart shrank in fear. She looked at the child; Lilia was fast asleep. In the morning people in Singalong talked behind shielding hands about a man found sprawl across the railroad tracks, his body riddled with bullets.

In class that day in 1922, Miss Montenegro, holding Pacita's paper proudly, said, "This, children, is the best theme written in class." And then she read: "The Meaning of Christmas." Pause. For effect. Then: "Christmas is a day of celebration and joy. The whole Christian world has always celebrated Christmas, and it will always celebrate Christmas until the end of the world. People should be happy on Christmas day because on that day Christ was born to save man from his worldly sins."

That was the first paragraph of Pacita's theme.

The last paragraph of the life of Pacita's husband ended that Christmas day in 1943 when the noose in Fort Santiago jerked tight around his neck.

TO Emmanuela, the girl Bienvenido loves and intends to marry, he has nothing to give for Christmas this year.

Loafing around one day on Rizal Avenue he saw in a souvenir store a handbag made of felt, tastefully fashioned. If I send this gift to Emmanuela, he asked himself, will it make her understand the meaning of Christmas?

And then he remembered about a simple altar in a little church in the slums of Tondo, where he found long ago before the war a beautiful miniature set of the Nativity scene, gleaming inside a clear bottle complete with the figures of the Virgin Mother and the Child and the animals in the manger and the three Wise Men with their gifts. And Bienvenido remembered how he had wondered at the clever way the whole thing had been placed inside the bottle. He spent a whole day looking for that little church in Tondo but it does not stand there anymore. War had erased one more of man's houses of worship from the face of the world.

On December 25, 1945, Bienvenido has decided to give Emmanuela a postcard size picture of the Christ with the following message scribbled on the back of the card: "For us to have Christmas again the world had paid a dear price. For the simple lesson that Christmas, like the soul of man, cannot be isolated, mankind had to make so big a sacrifice. On this day let us all pray that this terrible thing shall never happen again. Let us implore divine guidance from God that He may always make us know in our hearts that the meaning of Christmas is related to a great number of things. And some of these are: freedom, peace on earth and good will to men."

Would that message make any sense to the Miss Montenegros of the world?

The Old Familiar Faces—and a few new ones—
are on the job to assist the Commonwealth

Malacañan Americans

by Wilton Dillon

MALACAÑAN'S American "population" has been thinning fast ever since a filipinization campaign was launched during Governor General Francis Burton Harrison's administration to place more Filipinos in the government service. Americans are not all gone, however, for there's still a fascinating assortment of "Belo Boys" at work within those ornate executive walls while the Commonwealth government prepares itself for independence next year.

It may seem ironical that the man who sponsored the bill which brought the sharpest and most immediate decline in the number of Malacañan Americans is the same person who now is surrounded by Americans as president of the Philippine Commonwealth. Back in 1916, as Speaker of the House, Sergio Osmeña succeeded in securing the passage of the "Osmeña Retirement Act." It provides gratuities upon retirement for officers and employees of the Philippine government who have rendered satisfactory service during six continuous years or more. Americans left in numbers and Filipinos took their places — with but a few Americans remaining as advisers.

Emperors, sultans, and presidents have used advisers throughout history and Osmeña is only following a precedent set by such notables as Pontius Pilate, Catherine the Great, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. And when he employs a few Americans, he is doing a little scale-balancing since there are thousands of Filipinos holding civil service jobs in the U. S.

Dr. Luther B. Bewley may rightly be called the "dean" of Americans in Malacañan because this 69-year-old adviser on educational policies has been in the Philippines since shortly after the turn of the century when he arrived *via* Europe on April 21, 1902. He was part of a migration of American school teachers to the Islands — a migration beginning with the history-making voyage of the *U.S.S. Thomas* which bore one thousand classroom marms and masters to help set up a public education system in the Philippines as a prerequisite to self-government.

Andrew Johnson and Luther Bewley both are from the hill town of Greenville, Tennessee, but the Philippine educator isn't so easily comparable with Lincoln's nearly impeached successor as he is with his contemporary fellow Tennessean, Cordell Hull. Alike silver-haired, they have long been in public service, and there's something strikingly similar in their measured speech. In Bewley's Malacañan office, you almost believe you're sitting in on a pre-war Fox-Movietone newsreel and watching the State Department patriarch give you a chat on reciprocal trade agreements, until you discover a more cheerful-looking man in front of you and it's Dr. Bewley reminiscing about his first year as superintendent of schools in Cebu or as classroom teacher in Camarines province. What's more, Cordell Hull and Bewley are personal friends, the latter having visited him in Washington during several of the twelve trips he has made to the States.

During his long career, Dr. Bewley—the doctor is from an honorary degree conferred on him by his Maryville college alma mater—has served as director of the Bureau of Education, *ex officio* member of the University of the Philippines Board of Regents, member of the executive committee of the Red Cross, and has been active in children's welfare work.

"The Japs interrupted my work when they gave me an invitation to move out to Santo Tomas," Dr. Bewley said smilingly in accounting for his recent years, "but I managed to keep busy as dean of a 'college' of 750 American children within the compound."

Another Santo Tomas pastime was the writing of a history of the whole span of American administrators he has known during his stay here — from Governor General Taft to High Commissioner Sayre. He wrote frankly of them, but with particular kindness to Henry Stimson whom he considers one of the ablest. The manuscript was burned during the Normal School fire.

SHARING the same office on the second floor of crowded Malacañan is Allen Thorndike Sylvester, 59, the pipe-smoking adviser on public works who is next on the seniority list, having come here in 1910 as a young civil engineer not too long out of Tufts College, Bedford, Mass.

Manila's luster as the "Pearl of the Orient" had been made considerably brighter before the war as a result of this New Englander's work as construction engineer of such projects as the Bureau of Posts, the Legislative Building, and the Customs House. The nation as a whole benefited from the added trade made possible by improved port facilities in Manila Bay which he engineered.

Sylvester had previously left his mark in Iloilo and Occidental Negros before coming to Manila and the construction jobs in 1920 and subsequently to his eight-year job as port works engineer.

Once, while supervising port constructions in the Aparri area, he almost died of a ruptured appendix, but he returned to his job within one month to the day of the attack.

A. D. Williams, the veteran director of public works before ill health and war premonitions induced him to return to his Virginia farm, was succeeded by Sylvester as director and additionally as executive of the Civilian Emergency Administration.

"We didn't talk about war coming in the days before December 8, 1941, but it didn't prevent our becoming realistic enough to make plans for the evacuation of non-combatant civilians — just in case," Sylvester said.

"Just in case" turned out to be the real thing when Sylvester was finishing breakfast at the Mansion House in Baguio where he had gone to discuss with the late President Quezon further plans for the CEA.

"I went to the front lawn while Mr. Quezon's nurse had her usual trouble handling her energetic patient, and that was when I saw the square-winged planes overhead and a little later the reddish-brown smoke of exploding bombs rising in the distance," Sylvester recalled.

He rushed to the house to tell the President, but Quezon already had been notified by telephone that Camp John Hay had been bombed and that the war was on.

"When I finally returned to Malacañan, I found nobody there, and there were foxholes on the grounds," he said. "My wife and I moved into the Manila Hotel and that's where we were taken for the Santo Tomas trip."

Sylvester — a lobster-lover and high school chum of Republican Leader Joseph Martin in North Attleboro, Mass. served two years as desk sergeant of the Santo Tomas police force during the internment and just before the 1st Cavalry came, was unclogging toilet drains as sanitation engineer.

After the liberation, President Osmeña called him in as an adviser — and now he is able to recall busier times when he was a member of the board of directors of the National Power Corporation and Metropolitan Water District, besides serving on the Manila Hotel board of which General MacArthur was vice-president and treasurer.

A LIST of Malacañan veterans would not be complete without A. V. H. Hartendorp, the pre-war publisher of the Philippine Magazine, oldest American publication in the Far East, and a distinguished leader in Manila's intellectual and cultural life.

While not currently on the payroll as an adviser, Hartendorp's influence continues to be felt in Malacañan circles. He was the first adviser to be called from a non-government position by the late President Quezon to organize an information service and keep the Chief Executive informed on American affairs.

Hartendorp, a Colorado native of Dutch extraction whose initials stand for Abram van Heyningen, came as a teacher to the Islands in 1917. He was bent on continuing his studies — along with teaching — as a psychologist by giving I. Q. tests to Negritos, but he got no farther than conducting over 400 tests in the Cuyo islands before starting work as manager of the publications department of the Philippine Education Company.

He then bought the Philippine Education Magazine, a teachers' publication, and converted it to a journal of general interest which stopped publication for the first time since 1904 when the Japanese took Manila.

Still with cane, tropical helmet, and white suit and presenting a picture of what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would want an American to look like in the Philippines, Hartendorp enjoyed his life in Manila best when he was entertaining writers and artists at tea in his downtown penthouse before J. T. (Japanese Time). Tea at Hartendorp's

became a regular institution at four o'clock; he even wrote a column about conversations there for his magazine.

During this period Hartendorp also was busy organizing and serving as secretary to both the Manila Symphony and Ballet societies.

Hartendorp's last year as editor before the war is well remembered by Manilans who followed his magazine campaign against certain elements in the University of Santo Tomas and the Ateneo de Manila who, he claimed were promoting a clerico-fascist type of government in the Philippines similar to that in Spain and Portugal.

When Americans were being rounded up for the Santo Tomas internment, the Japanese Army, like all military organizations, hit a snafu in Hartendorp's case. The editor was ill and in the Santo Tomas hospital all the time that an extensive manhunt was being conducted to find him. It was strange, too, that he should return to the same campus as a prisoner where he once had taught as a psychology professor.

His writing didn't stop. Although it would have meant death had the Jap guards learned he was writing a book, he took the risk and hid pages of the manuscript inside a wall in the compound. That was the beginning of a book he is completing now at his desk in the Symphony Society building on Hidalgo street.

To be called "Immortal Children," from a line of Walt Whitman, the book is a voluminous, well-documented account of life at Santo Tomas and of war's repercussions in Manila. War Crimes Commission investigators have drawn from the unpublished material to aid them in prosecuting the Japanese.

Hartendorp, who married a Filipino woman and is the father of three guerrilla sons and two daughters, plans to leave soon for his first trip to the U. S. in twenty-eight years. With him will go the manuscript which he'll deliver to Macmillan publishers in New York. In

Washington, he plans to confer with Secretaries James Byrnes and Harold Ickes, presumably on Philippine issues and affairs.

LOUIS P. CROFT, the auburn-haired, 44-year-old adviser on city planning who resembles Spencer Tracy, comes from the more recent era of presidential helpmates.

Brought here two years before the war by Quezon to establish national parks, Croft voyaged up and down the Islands and prepared preliminary reports on twenty scenic sites.

"I was anxious to help locate parks throughout the Islands and forget the U. S. example where most of the parks are in one place and the people in another," Croft declares.

The big Tondo fire in Manila diverted his attention to city planning, however, and Croft set out to recognize these Manila axioms among others: 1) People walk more than they ride, so sidewalks are more essential than plazas and fountains. 2) Until the *calesa* and *carretela* succumb to the Machine Age, there should be more streets like Quezon Avenue with its side lanes which later can be converted into service roads for business houses. 3) Typhoon-resistant shade trees like the *balete* or tamarind are necessary to protect pedestrians from the heat.

During the internment in Santo Tomas, Croft talked with the interned industrialists, gave lectures in planning, and continued sketching designs for a new Manila. Mrs. Croft, former principal of the American school in Manila, served in the same capacity at the compound school and daughter Claire, now a student at Swathmore, attended classes there.

A Harvard landscape architecture student who doesn't speak with a "Hawvud" accent because he grew up in Utah and studied engineering there, Croft has his own set of advisers: A. C. Kayanan of the City Planning Board;

Capt. Kim Norton, formerly of the New York Regional Planning Commission; Lt. (jg) Clifton Rogers, Pittsburg city planner; and Ensign Nicholas Demerath, former Harvard sociology professor and National Housing Authority adviser in Washington.

Croft is a humanist and inclined to favor the Oriental conception of civilization which teaches man how to live without undue emphasis on fancy hotels, theatres, and luxurious apartment houses. That concept of civilization, he says, is what some people consider the ultimate in progress for all the ages of man represented in the Philippines—running a gamut from the Stone and Iron Ages to Manila in its pre-war splendor.

For the Philippines of the not-too-distant future, Osmeña's planning man is eager to get back into national planning after Manila and other destroyed cities are put in the right track. He wants the Islands to become "one of the thousand valleys" of which David Lillienthal, administrator of the far-famed Tennessee Valley Authority, writes in his recent book, *TVA—Democracy On the March*: "In a thousand valleys in America and the world over there are fields that need to be made strong and productive, land steep and rugged, land flat as a man's hand; on the slopes, forests — and in the hills, minerals — that can be made to yield a better living for people."

"With a Philippine version of TVA, rice production could be changed from a one-crop basis to two crops a year through modern irrigation and soil conservation," Croft predicts. "The hydroelectric power harnessed from such rivers as the Marikina or Cagayan could bring on as much an increase in living standards here as in Tennessee or Alabama."

PERHAPS the closest of all the advisers to Osmeña—from sheer physical proximity at least—is 30-year-old Dr.

James K. Eyre, Jr., an expert on Philippine-American relations who is playing a combination Boswell-Sherwood Anderson role to the President while writing his biography in spare hours. Like Harry Hopkins in the White House, young Eyre occupies an office in Malacañan palace proper with a view of the Pasig's floating hyacinths. There, at his kidney-shaped desk, he's surrounded by part of his library, one of the largest private collections on the Philippines in existence.

Dr. Eyre—his friends call him "Jim-mie"—first joined President Osmeña's staff in August, 1944, in Washington, but their association dates back to 1942 when the latter came to the States from Corregidor and they became good friends.

At that time, Eyre was in Washington as an assistant to the late Dr. J. R. Hayden, MacArthur's civil affairs adviser, the vice-governor under Frank Murphy and one of the foremost American interpreters of the Philippines. He had first known Hayden as a professor at the University of Michigan where Eyre received his Ph.D. at the age of 24 after writing his doctorate on: "Attitudes of Various Major Powers Toward American Acquisition of the Philippines." His master's thesis had been on "Japanese Economic Penetration in the Philippines."

Good-looking Eyre, a native of Wilmington, Del., is often kidded about the year he spent as professor of political science at Sweetbriar college, Virginia, one of America's best-known girls' schools, but he isn't ashamed to admit that "it was a very enjoyable year."

While teaching and later working in Washington as a specialist on the Far East with the Library of Congress and the Board of Economic Warfare, Eyre wrote numerous articles for the *American Political Science Review*, *Pacific Review*, *Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute*, and others. His most recent contribution to the Navy publica-

tion is "The Sea Campaign from Australia to the Philippine Islands."

His present writing project, "Sergio Osmeña, President of the Philippines: Builder of a Nation," is his most ambitious. Now almost half-completed, the manuscript may be ready for publication by a university press next fall.

Another writer on Osmeña's staff is David Bernstein, former public relations man for Quezon and later drafted into the American army in Hawaii before a request from the current president brought him a discharge and re-assignment to Malacañan. The son of a former American minister to Tirane, Albania, Bernstein flew to Washington with the President to help with the rehabilitation funds campaign.

LEONARD M. GARDNER is an adventurous Tennessee extrovert, a self-pronounced "liberal New Deal Democrat" and insurance expert who came here with Louis H. Pink in June of this year to shoot some life-blood in the Islands' war-ailing insurance system.

With Pink's recent return to the U. S., Gardner remained as Osmeña's adviser on insurance with offices in the Finance Building on Taft Avenue.

He has met with the entire insurance industry, found the Philippine Insurance Law did not contain a statute similar to New York and California laws authorizing the Insurance Commissioner to rehabilitate the companies.

A veteran at pushing similar legislation in New York while serving as counsel on the New York State Insurance Department under Governor Herbert Lehman, Gardner helped in preparing such a statute and through Osmeña, presented it to the Philippine Congress for approval. There were hearings and delays, but the bill was finally passed and signed by the president—and Gardner got a little homesick for New York.

"It reminded me of the New York State legislature where I worked for

six terms; the Philippine lawmakers, like our own, passed nine-tenths of all legislation the last night of the session," he reminisced.

Gardner chuckles, too, when he reveals that the alleged collaborators would still be in jail had the insurance companies not re-opened. There was a little problem of bail which the rejuvenation solved somewhat unwittingly.

If there ever was anything slow about this Southerner when he left Tennessee to attend Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., you would never know it now. He literally runs into his office, talking en route and warming up his factual efficiency with a keen sense of humor on things political

A record of his world travels further proves the point that he covers a lot of territory. A few months after earning his law degree, in 1918, he dashed off to the American embassy in Rome as disbursing officer and that sent him all over Europe.

In 1925, he returned to practice law in New York, but he didn't stay put for longer than two years when he went to India as an ordinary seaman on a tramp freighter. The freighter hit a rock and sank off the coast, and he paddled in a lifeboat for six hours before he was rescued and taken to Bombay. Once again in New York, Gardner stayed for ten years this time, leaving in 1937 to go to Albany for the counsel job which he kept until Republican Tom Dewey shed the statehouse of Democrats in February 1943. He was practising law in Portland, Oregon, when he decided to come to Manila.

Before returning to the States in February after completion of his Philippine job, he will tour Shanghai, Tokyo, and Moscow. And on the prospective boat and air trips, he will likely spend a great deal of time reflecting on his current hobby: observing the results of forty-seven years of American administration in the Philippines.

JUST outside the realm of advisers, but serving as a "technical assistant" to Osmeña is "Col." Henry Gilhouser, who beat even the veteran Dr. Bewley to the Philippines by arriving as a sergeant with the Third Cavalry in 1900. It's his tedious job to supervise the distribution of food, clothing, and medical supplies to the civilian population through the much-discussed agency called the Philippine Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, better known as Emergency Control Administration before its re-christening. PRRA is the funnel into which U. S. Army and United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation goods are placed for circulation—a process which some describe as "rather devious."

If the other American helpers are to be likened to U. S. political "names," then Gilhouser bears a resemblance to former vice-president John Nance "Cactus Jack" Garner. He's gray-haired, round-faced and 64. Brooklyn-born, he enlisted in the army at the age of 16, served in Puerto Rico and Cuba before coming to the Islands. After his discharge and subsequent appointment to the Philippine Constabulary, he rose to the rank of colonel by 1913 while serving as assistant chief of the P. C.

In the meantime, Gilhouser had served as governor of Davao and Sulu after an appointment in 1910 by Gen. "Black Jack" Pershing, then governor of Mindanao, who soon was to leave for his famed Villa expedition into Mexico. Gilhouser also had been given the tough assignment of keeping law and order in turbulent Lanao province, where he established, in 1912, the first schools among Moro children whose only previous education had been from the Mohammedan Koran.

The "colonel" relinquished his army job in Lanao in 1916 to manage interests of Standard Oil Company of New York in Mindanao, with headquarters at Zamboanga, Cebu, and Iloilo—a job he held for 20 years.

After a fling at mining ventures, he was preparing to return to the U.S. in May 1941 to settle Mrs. Gilhouser's war fears when President Quezon, unknown to Gilhouser, announced the latter's appointment to handle the fuel and transportation division of CEA, of which Sylvester was head. He accepted the job and later, of course, was interned at Santo Tomas, where he continued to distribute money to needy Filipino families of American internees and guerrillas outside.

Money used for this purpose came from loans which the late Carol C. Grinnell, a fellow-internee, was able to negotiate from General Electric Company. Because Grinnell and A. F. Duggelby were murdered by the Japanese for their participation in the work, Gilhouser now sighs with relief and wonders how he escaped the same fate.

After liberation, the PRRA chief waived his chance to return to America to remain and influence the Commonwealth government to acknowledge its indebtedness to General Electric, which supplied funds for civilian welfare purposes after the CEA's half-share of a ten million dollar U.S. Congress appropriation disappeared during the Jap occupation. The Red Cross had received the other half, General MacArthur being the distributor.

Gilhouser's return to the States was further delayed when Osmeña asked him to distribute supplies to war-destitute Filipinos through ECA.

YOUNGEST of Americans in Malacañan is 22-year-old Lt. Leslie Callahan, who assumed duties this month as liaison officer between the palace and the U. S. Army after replacing homeward-bound Capt. James Sutton. A native Marylander, he was training for a diplomatic career at Washington college in Maryland when an appointment to West Point came through. He graduated there with the class of 1944 along with General Eisenhower's son.

Arriving in Manila in March, Callahan served as junior aide to Senator Tydings during his mission here in May—an experience he believes will be helpful in his current task of handling the turn-over of Army surplus properties to the Commonwealth government.

The man in charge of keeping the High Commissioner's residence in smooth running order during the Yamashita trial is an Italian-American, Tom Coppola, Ridgeway, Pa., who's been in the Philippines since 1927. He was discharged from the army at Ft. McKinley in 1940 and took over the job of superintendent of buildings and grounds for Commissioner Sayre. "I had the lawn looking like a real tropical paradise before I went to Santo Tomas—and look at it now; I'll have to start all over again," he lamented.

Season's Greetings

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Manila

Maria Aurora Quezon comes home—
with a new maturity and humbleness

Her Father's Daughter

by Lyd Arguilla

OUTWARDLY and at first glance it's the same girl we knew in 1941.

The same fiery flash of eye. The same stubborn, spoiled-brat manner: "Don't bully me. I won't be bullied. Do you think they'd feed me better food at that banquet than I'd eat at home? It's a choice between staying home or going out."

The young man smiles and coaxes. She flounces back into her chair. Waves her arm in dismissal. "I can do as I please, now. Nobody will care. I'm no longer the President's daughter. I can say what I please, do as I please. It feels good to be a common citizen."

Actually when there is no "audience" (for, like her father, whether she admits it or not, Baby gets dramatic before an audience) in quiet, serious talks with an old friend, she relaxes. Wide eyes get soft and at some recollection give a gentle hint of tears; petulance drops away from the thin, mobile mouth.

Same girl yet different, with a new maturity and humbleness: "Lyd, what can I do? What is there to do? Charity here seems so haphazard. I want to help where I can be most useful."

"Coming home," says this slender, wide-browed girl, "was something the family looked forward to so much. And yet I felt badly when I first saw Manila. It's not the ruined buildings. It's the people. They're not the same. They don't look happy. Oh, yes, I know. They've had three years of enemy occupation, but I thought now that they are free again, that it would show on their faces. They don't look happy. And we

have not been home long enough to understand why not."

We sat, locked up in the bedroom because in the sala we were being interrupted by callers coming and going every two minutes.

"We heard you wanted to come back, though you were warned it is a bereaved country you are returning to. That you were insistent. Why?"

"We wanted to come home. We were so homesick. Home meant not just this house, nor this street, nor Manila and Tayabas our home province. It meant friends, our own people. They told us things have changed in the Philippines, that people have suffered and are even now in great need. It is so hard to guess what to do for your people when you are so far away. So we came back, to help in any way we can. I can be useful in charities with my 'connections', for instance. I know whom to approach for contributions, money. I have friends who can be gotten together easily to sell tickets for charity benefits. But I am bewildered. Maybe it's because I haven't had time to size up the situation. We have only been home a few days and most of that time has been spent seeing callers who come here everyday. Many have asked me to help raise money for war widows and orphans. But so many different organizations seem to be doing the same thing. I want to help, but I don't know what to do. The relief that has come in here seems to get bottlenecked somewhere along the distribution channels. Or they don't get to the right places."

WE told her there are a number of women's civic organizations she may well join or help rehabilitate. There's the YWCA—an organization like that can do so much more and over a longer period of time than any desultory group of well-meaning individuals. There's the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Through its branches she could reach out the provinces, get puericulture centers or some such projects undertaken locally.

"I want to look around," said Baby, "not grab anything that's offered me." "Go shopping?"

"Yes. Find out what people really need. Go out among them, not just drive around, but get down and into houses—or *barong-barongs*. Where I can be most effective there I will serve. I'm thinking of working with the Girl Scouts. Helen Benitez has asked me. Anyhow I started on that work before the war. And it's the least I can do for Mrs. Josefa Llanes-Escoda who believed in the movement so much."

A knock at the door. "Come in." Friend to say goodbye. Friend had brought young coconuts because she thought Mrs. Quezon and the girls and Nonong would want to taste young coconut again after such a long absence from the land of coconuts. The right graciousness and easy friendliness of manner in saying her thanks — Baby Quezon had not been the President's daughter all those years for nothing. Friend goes out of the room.

"Where were we?"

War widows and orphans—to help rehabilitate their lives rather than merely afford them temporary relief.

Playgrounds for children—to reduce juvenile delinquency and crime, make for a healthier, wholesomer future citizenry.

Puericulture centers — for indigent mothers and their war babies; not to hold silly baby contests and award prizes to already fat babies. A fat baby is prize

enough. It is the thin, undernourished unfortunate who can't use prizes and blue ribbons so well as milk, medicines, clothing.

HOUSING—because people need houses, in many cases even more badly than food. How miserably most people in Manila now live, doubled-up with several families in houses meant for one; or staying in *barong-barongs*, little better than pig-stys.

"Outside Manila how much damage is there?"

"The situation is practically the same in every important town and city in the Philippines. The heart of the city or town is ruined. Reconstruction will be a long and painful process. Yet the sooner we build permanent, low-cost houses, the less trouble we shall have later if we had to tear down existing houses put up in haste as emergency jobs. Building should go hand in hand with long-term planning so that our towns and cities do not become more messed-up than before the war. Destruction has at least given us this advantage — that of having a chance to rebuild right. What a great pity if we failed to use that chance."

Knock at the door again. Major So-and-So to see you. "Let my sister, Nini, talk to him now. I'll see him later."

"What can I do about housing?"

"Get really interested in it as a citizen, and an influential one. There will be agencies to look after the various phases of planning and housing but in the end it is the people who will get things done by prodding the agencies. Just like being actively interested in politics—not necessarily as a politician but as a citizen who will insist that his government gets run right."

"I know," she said thoughtfully, "we don't want to get tangled up with politics—there are those who want to make tools of my mother and us, but we're not going to let them. At the same time we will be actively interested in how our

government is run—just like other citizens."

Talk veered to other topics.

Sitting up in bed, cupping one knee between her hands, Baby said, "Lyd, tell me, I don't understand the psychology of it—but how can some girls come and recount to me all about the hardships they went through during the occupation and in the next breath inform me that it cost them P500 to get the dress they're wearing?"

"People have short memories..."

"I'm not trying to criticize, I'm trying to understand... people may forget soon about other people's misfortunes, but not their own experiences, and the lessons they should have learned from their own hardships. We've been getting the worst kind of publicity in the States. *Time* magazine printed a story about a local fashion show where somebody fainted from making so many expensive gowns. Prices of the ternos were quoted too at P1,000 or so — and you can imagine! There were our representatives in Washington, trying to convince Congress and the American people that the Filipinos need money for rehabilitation and relief!"

"There are many things I don't understand," she continued. "When you have been away for so long you lose touch. Tell me, is it true that the morals of the Filipino girls have become loose since the war? GIs going home to the States have said so. I've talked to them in the hospital where I did Red Cross work. It hurts to hear things like that said of one's country."

WE said morals have become looser everywhere in the world. Returning GIs say the same thing or worse of French, English, German, Australian, Japanese—even American girls. Not everything they say can be discounted. At the same time the situation is not one to twist one's soul about. That it's a natural consequence of the war, like increased law-

lessness and tendency to crime, inflation, and the black market—and will right itself as normalcy returns even though standards will have definitely changed. What we need is more understanding and compassion for our fellows—less bitterness and desire to condemn.

We told the girl there are many things to be happy about in our country. The war changed certain values — for the better with some kinds of people. Our newspapers, for instance, have less revolving hacks among them. Some leopards can't change spots, but most of the local newspapermen can no longer be "bought" or dazzled by "big shots." They write according to their convictions—not according to which side their bread is buttered.

"By the way, we read in the papers about funds being raised to build a monument for your father."

"What for? They would put the money to better use if they turned the money over to the Quezon Institute. I understand the Institute needs funds. The Quezon Institute can do a lot more to honor my father's memory by aiding those who are afflicted with tuberculosis than any monument."

Thought of her father reminded her of last year's Christmas. "It was the most miserable we ever knew. We missed father so. I spent Christmas Day doing Red Cross work in a hospital. This will be the first real Christmas we will have in a long time. I don't know what it will be like. But we're home among friends, now."

"When my father died..." her eyes glistened for a while, "no one came to see us at all in Washington. Except our old American friends, and a few, very few Filipinos. We felt badly of course," she shrugged her shoulders, "but we were prepared for it. Father had told us time and again to expect it."

"That is why we are quite overcome by our reception here. More friends

have come to see 'us than we expected. I'm glad I'm home. All of us are. Mother wants to recover Dad's intimate personal belongings, anything at all. She especially wants to have his letters to her—from 1907 when he was a nobody. She had his letters bound in an album and arranged according to dates. For myself I want to recover Dad's speeches—not the official ones, there are records of those, but the ones he himself wrote

into a notebook. I wonder if I'd still find them in Malacañan."

* * *

This is how we found Maria Aurora Quezon, no longer "Daughter of the President," but as she is now, back after a war exile of four years to her father's country and people. The same impetuous, outspoken Baby, yet not the same, and always and essentially, her father's daughter.



Woodland Sketches in American

(*Recollections of a Land Well Remembered
by a Son in Absence*)

by L. E. Vanbenthuysen

PRISM WALLS

*Wander far along the threshing fields of wheat,
Linger where the virgin spruces meet
The rustic, cedar fences going east or west
Or north or south and never rest
Until they meet the greying, granite wall
That guards the farmer's land, however small,
And sets the boundary for the raucous crow
And tells a man how far his land can go,
Gather where the corn is waving sweet
And listen to the sighing pines repeat
Their gentle, ballad call
That mourns the summer's coming into fall.
Sit yourself beside a frosty mound
That rises white and hard above the ground
And test a solid pumpkin's wall
Or listen to the fleeing wild geese call.
Rise upon a virgin morn of white
When silent snow has fallen through the night
And wander all across a powdered world
In search of nature's flag unfurled
Above a crystal pond of glass
That harbors icy, sleeping bass
And rimmed with silhouetted trees
Is frozen in a barren ease
That won't relent until the sigh of spring
Gives voice to tiny little birds that sing
And flutter all about a daffodil
Or taste a beetle with a tiny bill.*

*Watch a yellow tulip tossing on the air,
 Taste a luscious cherry growing fair,
 Listen to the buzzing bumblebee
 That sings a pollenated symphony:
 Wander far along the threshing fields of wheat,
 Linger where the virgin spruces meet
 The rustic, cedar fences going east or west
 Or north or south and never rest
 Until they meet the greying, granite wall
 That guards the farmer's land, however small,
 And sets the boundary for the raucous crow
 And tells a man how far his land can go.*

PURPLE BLOTCHES

*Grapes, growing in purple blotches on elfin leaves;
 Leaves of green and yellow blending into brown or beige.
 Tender little curls upon the vine,
 Like puppies on some high tightrope,
 Little grapes, uncompleted in their evolution,
 Sapping at the chlorophyl and growing green,
 Growing yellow, growing blue, red and purple.
 Great, purple blotches of grapes growing warm in the sun,
 Like precarious drops of wine dripping from a green lawn.
 Purple blotches, lush grapes, dewy honey wine
 Dripping in great purple blotches from a riotous green dawn.
 Grapes, growing purple, growing rich scarlet, growing tawny,
 Growing thirsty for human mouths to feed.*

YEAST TANG

*Autumn, gaudy flirt with all her wiles,
 Sassy with her red lip leaves,
 Pert with her golden hair leaves,
 Mysterious with her green leaves of serenity,
 Ageless with her purple haze mind,
 Carefree with her puffy, dancing clouds of feet,
 Talkative with her winds of many voices
 Seductive with her orange pumpkin blush,
 Changing with her dewy lashes of rain,
 Enticing with her crisp, frosty manners,
 Tasty with her hazel nut perfume,
 Daring with her tart red and golden apples of wisdom:
 Autumn, gaudy flirt with all her wiles.
 Ah, but that she might linger all the year,
 I would pay her ceaseless homage.*



Two GIs tell a Filipino girl how she
is likely to be received in America

*So You're Going to the States!**

FIRST LETTER

SO with enthusiasm in your heart and almost a pioneer spirit in your soul you look forward to your visit to the United States?

You are going there to study in our universities, are you, Julia? You want to learn?

No doubt, Julia, you too are filled with the same wondrous dreams of America that seem to fill the thoughts of so many girls like yourself. The beautiful homes, the tall buildings, automobiles, and magnificent movie palaces. Yes, they are there, Julia, but not necessarily for you or your use.

There are the poor also in the U. S., just like in your Philippines and they have no beautiful houses. Many of them live in hovels and huts like those you have seen here. Worse, many live in the tenements. That is one evil I do not believe you are very well acquainted with. You will get to know it very well in America.

In some of the tall buildings, Julia, are offices and some of these offices hire clerks and stenographers and typists. But Julia, not many of them would be willing to hire you. For if they did they would be creating a "race problem" and no American businessman in his right mind would do that.

And those beautiful movie palaces. In many of them, Julia, you would not be allowed to purchase a ticket. They would tell you, perhaps politely but withal firmly, that they do not solicit the patronage of your race. Dick may have his fit, Julia, and the worst I will believe of him is that he is naive, but you would be refused service in some of our "better" cafes and restaurants for the same reason.

You are going to one of our universities are you, Julia? I wonder if you would not be much better off going to one of your own. For you know, Julia, it's going to be tough working at your studies and at the same time being, as you put it, "miserably, unashamedly frightened". And that's the way you will be. You might get over it, Julia, if there were one or two of your new-found acquaintances to help you over this period. But, Julia, this may hurt but it's the truth: I doubt if you will be accepted as "one of the bunch" by your classmates.

You will be a curiosity at first, but after the novelty wears off you will find the "caste" system beginning to work. Yes, Julia, we do have a caste system in our universities, a very definite one.

You have heard of sororities, haven't you, Julia? No doubt, in your dreariness of college life, membership in one is included. Well, good luck, Julia, but I doubt it. In many colleges, it would be unthinkable to initiate into a sorority an

* These two letters are in reply to Julia L. Palanca's "Memo to the American People" in the November PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN.

American of Jewish blood or a Nisei, or an American negro. Now, how much chance do you think you will have?

I am sorry, Julia, but there is racial discrimination in the United States. Discrimination against the Negro, the Jew, the Nisei, and the Oriental. Some sections of the country have their own particular brand of discrimination—the Catholic, the Irish, the Italian, and so on. But those against the Oriental are almost coast to coast. Cities like San Francisco and New York have their Chinatowns for the same reason Berlin had its Ghetto. That's where we allow the Oriental to live. And the boundaries of these Chinatowns manufactured of discrimination and public opinion are as strong as the electric ally charged fences that bound the Concentration Camps of Germany. And just as hard to break through.

BECAUSE of some of your remarks, Julia, I sense that you are vaguely aware of conditions in the United States as they exist. But you attempt to brush them aside with platitudes and assume because we were allies in this late war that perhaps everything has changed and it's just possible that you may be welcome. That way frustration lies.

Surely you have read of the returning Nisei veterans? It is not necessary to elaborate on the debt of gratitude our country owes these people. Yet, even you know how they have been received. Now, how much of this "we were Allies" business is going to stand up?

Do not think, Julia, that all Americans hold to the doctrine of "White Supre-

macy". We don't. But don't make the mistake of thinking that those who do are necessarily a minority. In some parts of our country they are the majority. Some of our most respected men, some of our clergy, some of our most influential newspapers preach this sermon of hate. And, though regrettable, it is still a fact that some of our leading statesmen were elected to office on a platform of racial discrimination.

Pretty rough, this sort of thing coming from an American, isn't it, Julia? Yet it's time someone told you the truth. The movies, the magazines and, yes, our own GIs have, I am afraid, oversold our country. We love it, Julia, but we have, O, so much work to do there before it will ever approach the state of things you are thinking of.

Go ahead to America. Go to college and learn. But, when you go, don't, Julia, go with the idea in mind that you are approaching Utopia. Expect to see poverty, abject and miserable, dirt and filth, and class struggle. You will. Expect to take it on the chin from some of our snobs. Expect to feel the sorrow of discrimination and a general "pushing around". Expect the customs to be different and to be hurt if you don't comply with them. There are unthinking people everywhere and we in America have our share of them. Expect to be bumped by them.

You will receive your hard knocks and perhaps become disillusioned. I hope you do not become bitter. But go on and learn, Julia, and while you are there perhaps we can learn something from you.

Sincerely,
PAUL E. RITTENHOUSE

SECOND LETTER

Dear Julia,

I READ with great interest your article in the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN. You seem to be bothered by doubts about how you will be received in the United

States when you go there. Your words struck a responsive chord in me, and I am impelled to do my best to answer you. It will not be a simple answer that dismisses the subject one way or

the other; for, as you suggested, it is a complex problem for a foreigner to enter a strange land and be accepted.

Initially, let me say that the answer is yes. You must come; I assure you that you will be welcome. It is this welcome and your subsequent acceptance that I wish to examine.

First, it is important to realize that foreigner is a poor term. It is a word that suggests differences that do exist; but it emphasizes differences and ignores similarities. It is the similarities of people that constitute the bases for understanding, which give rise to smooth, mutually satisfying relations between different races.

I will approach the similarities by way of the differences in an effort to suggest the understanding that I hold so important. This understanding is not to be the academic understanding of the theorist; nor is it to be an understanding born of wishful thinking, which is not true understanding, but feeling or emotionalizing. Instead, let it be a realistic understanding inspired of real thought and genuine feeling.

You show every indication of receptivity to this understanding when you speak of your friend's statement that his family would welcome you and show you a good time. Though not denying the statement, you wisely look at the matter more thoroughly when you suggest that this is only his opinion of how you will be received. Undoubtedly, no matter how enthusiastic he may be, there will be differences between your actual reception and his opinion of it.

However, the family will accept you on two main bases. First, you will be welcomed for his sake. But of more permanent importance will be their acceptance of you for what you are.

There are, then, two factors involved in your acceptance. You, and your new environment, of which the family is a part. They are part of the American Scene upon which you will make your debut.

You will be meeting Americans on their home grounds, a fact which is likely to create problems that were not existent in your home land. In your native land you met Americans who pleased you, and those who did not. You will have the same experience in the States, but it will be more difficult. The American, in his natural habitat, will be more natural; he will not be acting as he probably did, in the Islands with a conscious feeling that he was entitled to certain thoughts and actions. He will act as he feels with little thought on the matter.

All of this places most of the burden on your pretty shoulders. You will have to face certain differences, and the best way to cope with them is to have some previous knowledge of those differences. The manner in which you react to them will, in particular, give you a chance to exercise your capacity for adjustment.

ONE trait of the American that I have already suggested is their impulsiveness of thought and action. Conclusions are hastily drawn, and action quickly begun. This characteristic should guide you, and if you make mistakes, some Americans may thoughtlessly criticize you and attribute the error to your race. Some will not, but you must be on your guard against hasty decisions.

Also, Americans have an abundance of racial and religious prejudices. Various geographical sections and social strata of the country are intolerant of certain races and creeds. Of particular strength is the color prejudice against the negroes, which is not limited to the South. Realize that there might be some measure of carry-over to you from this. You may be burned as an accidental bystander of a conflagration of which real Americans are not proud.

Furthermore, Americans are a proud lot, and the pride of some Americans is different from a normal healthy national spirit; it has a superior and irritat-

ing quality about it. Here I ask you, Filipina, to separate the wheat from the chaff.

Moreover, it would seem that many Americans are too materialistic, with the worship of the dollar being a common indication of this attitude. Sometimes the real values of life are marked by this feeling.

Impulsiveness, prejudice, pride, and a rather materialistic attitude are some of the major differences, as I see them, between the Americans and your people. You will, undoubtedly, run into them all; be prepared to see them in action. I shall not go into differences on the credit side of the ledger, for they will take care of themselves.

Rather, let us turn to the similarities suggested at the beginning of this letter. There are many. There are a host of ideas, habits, and ideals that all peoples share. Of particular importance, however, is the paradoxical attitude of all peoples toward something new. On the one hand, they are reluctant to accept strange ideas and customs, and yet they are hungry for variety and newness. If this be true of Filipinos and Americans, we have a clue for your success. If each

desires the new and the better, which is incidentally one of the spurs to all world progress thus far, each could accept the better parts of each other's ways and ideas, with the understanding, I asked for, acting as a selector of the good parts, and as a means to soften the impact of the bad.

To come from the general to the particular: You must apply patience and understanding to both differences and similarities, resolving to some extent the differences, and capitalizing on the similarities.

Do not, for the sake of conformity, sell your ideas and customs short. Change, if you can do so honestly and without reservation. But retain with calm tenacity the differences that do not clash.

You will have both joy and sorrow, but so do the Americans in their own land. But if you wish you can, with thoughtful understanding and genuine feeling, become more than a guest of the land. You can become a part of it for as long as you desire. You can become a member of the American family.

Sincerely,
NORMAN WAITE



Mount Arayat Morning

by Francis William Jennings

*The stars have left their places
One by one
To congregate and rise up
As the sun—
The vestments of the fields this day
Are radiantly green
And by the streams in prayerful dreams
The bamboos humbly lean—
Communicants in line, awaiting the Divine—
While in the sky the white birds fly
Through golden, watered wine.
The cloud on Mount Arayat's pattened hand
Is spotless, morning offering of the land.*

The first of three articles on—

THE FERMENT IN ASIA*

I. 19th Century Imperialism Is Dead

by Philip Christian

BEFORE relinquishing Southeast Asia, including the Philippines, the Japanese deftly planted "intellectual land-mines" for the returning Allies—-independent republics for the teeming colonial millions who had long yearned for real political freedom from the western powers.

In the Philippines, of course, Japan's pitiful puppet "republic" was recognized as the propaganda weapon it was, and Filipinos, confident that the United States would keep its pledge of independence on July 4, 1946, welcomed and actively aided the liberating forces. But elsewhere the Jap's fake "independence" had so nurtured local political vitality that the peoples of Indonesia and French Indo-China particularly were no longer willing to assume their old role as inferior, exploited "colonials." They wanted the self-respecting stature of free men, and they would get it, if necessary, in the same forcible manner that the Americans and French achieved their liberty: with guns. Everywhere in these countries the returning Allies were met, not by loyal equals as in the Philippines, but by gunfire.

The dynamic of world politics has militated for many decades against the vicious empire system, which benefited dependent nations only when they received unchecked control of their own destinies, remaining bound to the mother country through culture—"by bonds

light as air and strong as steel," as Edmund Burke said.

Both Great Britain and America evolved a formula for this form of freedom. Under the British Commonwealth system Canada, Australia, and South Africa developed into major nations. But the British pattern has been tested most severely—and to date found wanting—by the effort to bring India into the circle of free and democratic nations.

It was America's revolutionary vision of training an ambitious race in the techniques of virile democracy that gave impetus to the national aims of all subject peoples in the Far East. Despite private efforts by vested economic interests to sabotage Filipino freedom, the program moved boldly forward. And so successful was it that the symbolic ceremonies of next July 4 will be largely anti-climactic—the Philippine-American dream of a democratic outpost in Southeast Asia had met and passed tougher tests of democratic achievement than had ever been expected.

A London newspaper has disclosed the basis of the unrest in the Dutch East Indies in these words: "In common with many of the peoples of Southeast Asia, they [the Javanese] now apparently aspire to independence on the model of the Philippines."

The liberal Detroit *Free Press* has acknowledged "that the experience of the Philippines under American management is proving a grave embarrassment to the whole system of white imperialism in the East."

Unhappily, many have attempted to

* The second, representing the Chinese point of view, will be written by Mr. Lin Yu, of The Fookien Times, and the third, representing the Filipino point of view, by Mr. Renato Constantino. Both will appear in subsequent issues.

whistle the old tune that America is, in actuality, hypocritical when it points to the steady progress, under American guidance and encouragement, of the Philippines toward their goal of freedom. The new snickers at U.S. international morality stem from the State Department request that Great Britain remove U. S. markings from the Lend-Lease weapons with which she is repressing the Indonesians. America's position is clear and honorable: The weapons were freely given to help defeat the Japs. Since no strings were attached, how can they be recalled? All the United States could do was to demand, since the arms were now used for unforeseen and undesirable ends, that it be done with every evidence of American displeasure.

But the Javanese may yet win something more solid than mere passive U. S. support. Just as the fate of all empires is wrapped up in the security of each, so the future economic and political health of the Philippines will depend largely upon an expanding trade relationship with her vigorous, free Asian neighbors. In the mounting crisis of imperialism, America may find the opportunity further to encourage Far Eastern democracy and simultaneously lay a firm commercial foundation for the Philippines.

THE economic arguments against imperialism, particularly as practised in the East Indies and in Indo-China, are indisputable and widely known: the titleholder takes all and contributes as little as possible in return; the practice is termed in real estate parlance, "milking the property." The excuse, in the old days, for the "drain" was that the European powers provided protection; the Japanese ended that security argument in 1942. The rationalization has not appeared in bald form as yet, through the temporary justification is the obvious necessity of disarming and corraling the defeated Japanese garrisons.

Were the economic wealth of Holland's

East India possessions, one of the world's richest properties, harnessed to the task of raising the local population's living standards, the whole world would be benefited. Tiny Holland's annual profit from the N.E.I. topped a quarter billion dollars annually, supplied by revenue from 95 per cent of the world's quinine, 30 per cent of its tobacco, 20 per cent of its richest petroleum. Small wonder the Dutch are determined to hold on to the colony—by force if necessary.

The first and most obvious object on which the Islands' bounties should be lavished is education, just as Taft's famous 1,000 school teachers symbolized America's initial contribution to the Philippines. Javanese nationalists accuse the Dutch of deliberately starving the islands' educational system to forestall normal political aspirations. "The Dutch policy," so the saying runs, "is to keep the bellies of the people full, their minds empty." The Dutch record in education is at best indifferent, N.E.I. illiteracy sometimes reaching 95 per cent. Fortunately, one of the hand-picked early graduates of a Dutch "show-case" college in which "natives" were admitted was a brilliant engineering student later turned revolutionary leader, Dr. Achmed Soekarno.

Despite their smug concepts of educational opportunities for all, the Dutch did practise inter-racial democracy, perhaps solely to provide a binding sense of integration with the mother country for the great strata of Eurasians which form the backbone of the N.E.I. civil service. Nor did the Netherlands change the legal system, similar to that of the Philippines, under which the people retain pre-emptive rights to land and other natural resources. By this code, Indonesians were dispossessed for debt, and their property leased by Dutchmen. Legal machinery to the contrary, however, profits flowed to absentee landlords in Europe, the real owners.

French oppression in Indo-China has

been more violent. Their sins against the common people became a catalogue of imperialistic ills: opposition to education and popular participation in government, suppression of local culture, inhuman hours and pittance wages for labor, strict censorship, a terroristic secret police, disproportionate living costs, excessive taxes, frequent graft, and, as always, the unreciprocated "drain" of all wealth.

Such long-standing grievances could not but produce violent uprisings in the past. The Annamese in Indo-China, with a long history of liberty, have plagued French authority since the 19th century by forming revolutionary societies. In 1926 Annamese Communists and Nationalists culminated years of active resistance in a violent upheaval that France was barely able to suppress. During the same year, Malaysians on Sumatra revolted against Dutch rule, demanding a voice in their own government. Both revolts were crushed with blood, and the Dutch, like the French, determined "to make an example" of its leaders. The hapless patriots were carried in chains to a remote Dutch New Guinea valley which was hemmed in by head-hunting tribes. Left without guard, since the savage terrain and savage cannibals made escape impossible, they were sneeringly told they could now have all the voice in their own government they wanted.

But a true spirit of freedom is not so easily uprooted. Violence was narrowly averted seven years later, in 1933, when stringent "crisis measures" were initiated to shield N.E.I. wealth from the ravages of the world depression. A virtual proclamation of martial law, the decrees made the governor a dictator empowered to control local trade and industry, license import-exports, fix prices and wages, forbid political activity, and regulate communication and transportation. The unnecessary regimentation

heightened the existing smouldering resentment but there was no rebellion, since a decisive nationalist faction feared realistically the intentions of Japan's "co-prosperity sphere."

TODAY nationalists in all subject countries are united in their anti-European, pro-freedom ambitions. Liberated, not by their "protectors," but by Australian troops with American tactics and weapons, they owe no gratitude to The Hague. If these ambitions are thwarted, it will be by force. Queen Wilhelmina pledged to "continue efforts" to maintain the Commonwealth, which she described as "built on the freely accepted solidarity" of her empire. In less gracious terminology that means military strength will be used in the time-honored 19th century manner.

But this is no longer the 19th century and there are portents that a new code of international morality will prescribe empire-colony relations. And looming over all arguments is the United States' precedent of turning over the Philippine government to the Filipinos as originally scheduled. In the face of this example, other colonies ask why their national rights do not merit equal respect.

The American press is uncompromisingly opposed to the undemocratic political fashions in the Far East, as are influential officials in the State Department. Certainly the mother countries cannot look to the U. S. for aid or sympathy in putting down honest colonial aspiration. As the *Detroit Free Press* has said:

"Our position in the matter was assumed long since, and its words speak for themselves in our relations with the Philippines, founded on mutual trust and accommodation of the natural longings of mankind, which have withstood every trial and today emerge the stronger for it."



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Linking Two Worlds . . .

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From the heart of the liberated Orient our branches
are reaching out to provide you with service. Connections
have been made with the U.S.A. and goods are
coming in steadily to re-establish normal conditions.

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"THE HOUSE WHICH SPELLS SERVICE"

I Am Thinking of Us Today

—A Story

by *Ligaya Victorio-Reyes*

I AM thinking of you today because it is Christmas, the time of year when one remembers those with whom one has been happy. Outside, the ruins of Manila lie bleaching in the sun, skeletons of a city desecrated and forsaken. From afar comes the blare of an army radio, making the dream of a white Christmas a nightmare of noise for homesick GIs still sweating it out in the camp you have left. There is no leisurely ring of horses' hoofs striking the asphalt, no spattered red of potted poinsettias, no lofty warmth of flame trees sturdy by the roadside. There is only the roar and sputter and grind of huge wheels against dirt, the drift of billowing smoke upon seared grass.

There is no Christmas tree in our *barong-barong*. Neither is there a miniature representation of Bethlehem, nor gifts wrapped in green and red and twinkling with silver ribbon. But the obi that you sent me from Japan is laid on the one good table, a flash of brilliance to defy the gloom. I look at it now, and the thought of you is a glow like the gold that weaves through its pattern—sunlight through lattice-work. And I remember that today it is Christmas, even if the trappings are of decay and the setting is desolation.

You meant to spend Christmas with me, but the plans of men and women do not count for a centavo against the will of the Army. You have been gone these many centuries — it is hard to believe. For so many things have happened. I now have a job which gives me security to wipe off the fear of last year's hun-

ger. I have been given a dress that looks prewar. The prices are still up, but there is talk of their going down, and this once we hope that where there is smoke there will be fire. Manila is coming more firmly to life — a bit too hysterical, a bit too gaudy, but life nevertheless.

Because it is Christmas, let me be sentimental and recall the fun we have had. Remember the day we spent by the seaside? We watched the ships come in, loaded with the stuff that life is made of. You said that very soon there would be rice and meat and even sugar to put some flesh in cheeks that starvation had made haggard. You looked at my arms which were just filling out, silent about the scars that covered bayonet wounds. You passed your hand over my hair, murmuring that the edges, burnt when our home took fire, were softer to the touch. Tenderness is food and drink when one has known cruelty, senseless though it may be, and I could have kissed your hand because you had it then for me.

I remember the jeep rides we have taken, your hand holding my shoulder against a particularly rough bounce, our laughter superior and amused at the jibes pedestrians flung at me. I remember the dancing we had done, myself in my one good dress and in a pair of pretty shoes a cousin had given me after I left the refugee camp. The music was sweet, the floor was good, and I could forget that my mother lies buried in some strange backyard and that my brother is still missing. I wore an orchid in my hair and I was

in love, and the past buried itself deeper in my heart.

AND I remember that once, centuries ago, you actually asked me to marry you. I wonder if you understand why I didn't, then. I have told you I love you, and love can be sufficient excuse for marriage. But love is not all in wartime, or immediately after peace. There is no normalcy, even in the heart. There is still the hang-over of combat fear, of starvation and insecurity, of death. Man is lonely, woman is despairing, and in both is an eagerness to make the most of the moment which each fears is but passing. But marriage is not a passing moment. Not for me—nor for you.

Marriage has never been easy, but it is more difficult under circumstances like ours. I know we speak a common language. Our feelings are alike. Your sight and mine are geared to the same appreciation of beauty. Our laughter rings the same, and we know the same respect for the right of people to live the way they believe. Your skin has been browned by three years overseas. My complexion has been paled by months in a hospital. My cheek comes to rest against the funny curve of your chin, and my heart is only a little distance from yours when we dance. But your past is different from mine, your future promises to be. You have seen both the East and the West—you can make comparisons. But what I know of your country is what I read in magazines and what I see in the movies. My knowledge of your people is limited by contact with people like you—fighting men who are geared to friendliness or hatred by the machinery of war. I suspect that life in America is not all chromium and streamlining, not fur coat and satin, that beneath the power and the wealth lies misery and want and despair. And that beneath the fine talk and the admiring smile are curiosity

and even veiled hostility. But these are still suspicions. I don't dare find out if they are true.

The things we remember are different. We must be sure that the things we look forward to are the same. Even the colors of our Christmases are different. Yours are white, mine are green. Christmas to you must mean snow on the ground, and a huge Christmas tree with glittering parcels to hedge in the spirit it represents. These things mean Christmas to me: a new dress for Mass, kissing the hands of our elders in simple greeting, coins clinking in beaded purses, the pleasant reek of green oranges, the mouth-watering vapor of *lechón*. We have no Santa Claus. We know just whom to thank for Christmas cheer. Christmas, they say, is the same the world over. But would you recognize Christmas if the wrappings are different? I want to be sure that you can.

Lately, we have welcomed Christmas trees into our *salas* and piled bright parcels of foreign gifts about them. But we still have our shiny coins, we still go about kissing the hands of our elders, we still consider hearing Mass the most elevated way of observing Christmas. For we are westernized just so far and no farther. We are Orientals, and Orientals we shall remain while our skins remain brown and our country floats on the face of an ocean near the sun of morning. We shall feel proud in so remaining as long as we remember that there is pride in being what you are no matter what you might hope to be, and that pride in so being is lasting panacea against prejudice, a shining shield against the small-minded contempt and ignorance which varies in cruelty of expression according to the amount of pigment in peoples' skins.

YOU say you are different. I must be certain that you are. When you look at our peasants and our nipa

shacks, do you remember that in your own country you also have peasants and shacks? Or do you believe that we have a monopoly of them? When you gaze at our slums and our scum, do you think of your glittering mansions and your dazzling debutantes? Do you remember that this is a country ravaged by war and that possibly beneath the muck and ruck, there is decency and the gentleness of peace? The looting and the thieving, the cheapness and the mire—have you ever wondered just how much misery and want they cover? Dearest Keith, I'm not apologizing. But how many among us remember that war is a cancer that eats deep into the soul of man, and the stench can be the odor of martyrdom?

And I must be certain that between us there is no prejudice. That to you I am a woman desirable and not just intriguing, because I possess the qualities that you find desirable in woman. I don't want to be just part of the strangeness that is war—the strange sights and tastes and feelings that are thrust upon a fighting man, and which in peacetime must fade into the shadowiness of dream. We must know what love between a man like you and a woman like me must stand in peacetime. The companionship that we know must be something apart from the loneliness that is such a curse in wartime. The dovetailing of tastes, the similarity in outlook, and the earnest desire to make such similarity and dovetailing the basis for a rich life together should be made to stand the test of time.

We must be certain that passion is not a brief candle which burns at both ends and rests against the precarious edge of youth's vanishing moment. Passion should be a steady glow that cannot consume itself, and which towards the end must simmer down into a mellow warmth that will ease the cold of the years' dying, a mere breath, but scented with the memory of delight it had served to deepen.

Of these we cannot be certain while the poison of war lingers in your mind, while peace is still so strange a dream in your heart. You must go back to the world which four years ago you have left, and in the embrace of the things which to you have stood for security and peace, try and decide if the look in a woman's eyes, the yearning in her arms, the flame of love in her heart now reflected in yours make for a strength that can combat whatever bewilderment and pain a marriage like this can bring.

I HAVE said all these to you before, but I put them now on record because I have to convince myself that I am right. Because today, being Christmas, I feel so lost and alone without you by my side. And because despair is in my heart. I may be right, but I also want to be happy. Sometimes I wonder if the future is worth all the pain of the present. Because I still have youth, I am still wondering if respect and love like ours can combat the serpents of pettiness and cruelty which man, being man, has nourished in his bosom. The casual cruel word, the glance askance, the discrimination and ostracism—will they be matters for deep despair or instruments for a closer drawing together? I do not know—I cannot know now. I only know that I love you, even if this love is not reckless enough to snatch at the happiness of the present and let tomorrow take care of its pain.

You keep saying that you love me, that you will come back for me. Much though I love you I beg you to take your time about it. Make certain that I fit into the life which you will build for yourself. Make your own adjustments, then you can help me make mine. In the meantime, this being Christmas, I send you my love. Wrapped though it is in banana leaves and tied with abaca twine, it is still of the height and depth and strength that make it the perfect Christmas gift.

The Filipino goes under the knife—
here is what one surgeon discovers

The Filipino Is a He-Man

by I. V. Mallari

WOMEN are highly susceptible to flattery. So is the Filipino male. He laps compliments as a kitten does milk. Sometimes he does not even know when his leg is being pulled. For he takes the praise of a fellow creature seriously and as a matter of course. He is pretty sure he deserves it.

Yet he is offended if he is compared to a woman in any respect. He is proud of his masculinity, and he loves to assert it. He feels it is demeaning to do chores that women alone are supposed to do. And, unlike his American brothers, he would practically die of embarrassment if he were suddenly surprised washing dishes, darning his own socks, or pushing the baby carriage.

He is expansive about his romantic conquests. He can, at the drop of a hat, give numberless instances of his irresistibility—his way with the gentler sex. He would never admit being won by a woman. He prefers to believe that it is always he who does the chasing and the winning. His favorite topic of conversation is the female anatomy. He enjoys standing at street corners and casting speculative eyes on nylon-encased legs and oscillating hips. His jokes and his anecdotes are almost always pornographic, and he would consider you a friend once you have swapped dirty stories with him.

The Filipino, as a matter of fact, wants to be known as a gay dog—a combination of Benvenuto Cellini, Francois Villon, and the Great Profile—with a touch of the languorous East. He waxes literary and poetic whenever he touch-

es the subject of women. By this is meant being flowery, prolix, and generally boresome.

For he believes that women are the very essence of poetry and that Philippine poetry has suffered because the Filipino woman has turned modern. He would not admit, however, that, if Philippine poetry has suffered, it is because he has run out of clichés about women.

This, of course, saddens him. For he takes art and literature quite seriously, believing that he belongs to an inherently artistic race. He is shocked when a writer asks to be paid for his work. He feels that a writer should not soil the hands dedicated to the muses with such a filthy thing as money.

ART, to the Filipino, is something esoteric, something beyond the comprehension of the average layman. It should, therefore, always be approached with care and contemplated with respect and awe.

One thing is certain to the Filipino however: art is synonymous with beauty. To be beautiful, an object has to be ornate. A carved chair, for example, is more artistic than another which is simpler in design. Since a chair with a plain back is more comfortable than one with a carved back, the Filipino is often confronted with this dilemma: which should he choose—comfort or art?

Restraint in design, especially in buildings and furniture, always puzzles him and leaves him cold. Artistic discipline is foreign and irksome to his exuberant spirit.

He has the same attitude towards criticism in general. Of course, he always wants to have it known that he welcomes criticism. But he always specifies "constructive criticism," which, to him, can mean only favorable criticism. He cannot stand any adverse statement about his work or about his attitude of mind. He thinks it is an affront to his dignity, to his manhood, and to his intelligence. And he is filled with a vehement desire to knock his critic's head off. His *amor proprio* is tremendous.

The Filipino is forever harping on the need for native culture and all its manifestations, reminding one of a man who is intensely preoccupied with family trees for the simple reason that he himself is not very sure of his pedigree. He dreams of a culture and a language purely autochthonous.

Yet he worships in Churrigueresque churches, and he is proud to call home a poor version of an American nineteenth-century architectural atrocity. His sartorial criteria are *Esquire* magazine, Hollywood, and Palm Beach. He dances like the Negroes of Harlem and tries to write like Hemingway, Saroyan, or Dorothy Parker.

The Filipino, as a matter of fact, excels in imitating others. This he does quite as a matter of course, without even trying to find out first whether the thing he is imitating is good or bad. He sees GIs wearing their wrist-watches on the lapels of their shirts, and lo! he suddenly begins wearing his wrist-watch on the lapel of his shirt also.

It is possible that it is thus he got his notions about being democratic—until now he fondly believes that democracy has been inherent in his race and that it has been "nurtured by four hundred years of contact with the West—conveniently overlooking the cruel despotism of Spain.

Most of the Filipino's democracy is manifested in his politics, which is, to

him, a matter of life and death. It is to be suspected, however, that his conception of democracy is of the most superficial. He is, for example, subservient to his superiors and arrogant to his inferiors. For the Filipino is fundamentally a snob. He is impressed by wealth and social position, particularly by the outward trappings of these—namely, fine clothes, worldly possessions, and a lavish standard of living.

THAT is why the Filipino is often completely taken in by impostors and charlatans. Government offices are teeming with highly-paid "experts," both imported and local, with no greater grasp of their supposed specialties than their subordinates struggling along on starvation wages. Barnum would have had a warm corner in his heart for the Filipino.

The Filipino is easily dazzled by diplomas and titles, regardless of how these have been earned. There are countless educational mills in which these diplomas and these titles may be obtained on very lenient terms; and the public elementary school course has been reduced to six years, in order that even the dullest child may claim to have gone through school and therefore, to be "educated." Any nincompoop returning from abroad is automatically considered a savant. His platitudes are accepted as if they came from Sinai, and his artificial manner of speaking the King's English is taken as a sample of the Harvard accent or even the Oxford accent.

In short, the Filipino, as McNutt caustically remarked before the war, is concerned with the form instead of with the substance—certainly not with the quality of that substance. He has embraced the philosophy of the just-as-good and the just-as-well. His standards of taste are not of the highest, and they are colored by a rather fierce variety of provincialism.

This is often mistaken for patriotism, of which the Filipino talks eternally and vociferously, probably because the idea of nationalism is comparatively new to him. He even holds the naive belief that nationalism alone can solve the social and economic problems of the country. He believes, for example, that the nation can become economically independent by the simple expedient of patronizing home industries and buying only from stores run by his countrymen. But he invariably finds himself eating

in Chinese restaurants, enjoying American movies more than local films, and buying foreign goods; because that is the only way, he realizes, in which he can get his money's worth.

This may lead you to believe that the Filipino is inconsistent. Well, he is. In this, of course, he is also like a woman. But try even implying that he is, and you will suddenly witness a prodigious assertion of his masculinity. For the Filipino is a he-man.



Curtain

by Pfc. Caesar F. Rotondi

*Children of war, anxious troops
Swarm home in nervous groups
Besiege familiar shores
Unscarred by wars
And blood-drenched hands reach eagerly,
Groping towards breasts loved dearly,
And long missed,
The promised trysts
Remembered and fulfilled
As warm arms melt the ling'ring chill;
What matter if they fail
To know the cause of their travail!
Their procreation
Will produce a generation
To revere those fallen
In the Earth's great swollen
Thaw — cut off before
The world proclaimed the end of war.
The struggle never ceases,
And these dead alone know what peace is.*

WAS ROXAS A COLLABORATOR?

I. Yes; Mortal That He Is, He Was

by J. Antonio Araneta

MANUEL ROXAS y ACUÑA has missed the chance of occupying a niche in the Philippine hall of fame. His is an irretrievably lost case. He is the perfect example of a man who progressively degenerated from a conservative to a reactionary. Like all the strong men of destiny who preceded him, his concern for peace and order is fanatical. But peace and order for whom, we wonder. His service to the enemy was a necessary and logical stage in his ideological development.

"Peace and order is, of course, an absolute essential. But peace and order does not mean merely the termination of all hostile acts against the established regime; it means also the respect for the authorities and obedience to the laws and regulations duly promulgated. It also means, on the part of the people, confidence and faith in the Government in its ability to administer the law properly and justly."

Thus did Roxas, under the aegis of the Rising Sun, embark on a career of easing the burden of the Japs in suppressing the deep-seated resistance of the people against the invaders. The place: Malaybalay; the date: September 5, 1942. The attempt was a total failure.

The remarkable record of the Filipinos in their epic resistance against the enemy has elicited generous praise from all over the world. But our occupation

leaders cannot claim credit for this. That 99% of the Filipinos did not collaborate is certainly not the fault of Roxas, Laurel and Aquino. It would be an arrogant presumption for these men to claim credit and bask in the glory of the people's resistance. If they failed it was not their fault. It is simply that they did not realize the immovable faith of the Filipinos in democracy.

THE history of Roxas from the day of surrender in Mindanao to the day when General MacArthur, for some reason or another, liberated him and captured his closest friends with whom he served in the high councils of the puppet republic, is one of cleverness and opportunism. He is a brigadier-general in the U. S. Army. When the fight against the enemy became hopeless, surrender was the only thing left. Surrender under the circumstances was honorable. No one, not even a super-patriot, can impugn that act. As an officer of the Army he was a prisoner of war. He would be naive if he should claim that the Japs would not attempt to use him. And they did. Tomas Cabili is authority for the statement to the effect that Roxas sent him a letter asking him to give up and help in the restoration of peace and order. Why did not Manuel Roxas, a soldier, a brigadier-general at that, stick to his status as a prisoner of war? The answer is obvious. He wanted to save himself. In

other words, when he could have been of greatest service to the cause, he joined the enemy. There is very little doubt that he would not have been executed had he refused to collaborate. After all it has been stated that the Japanese realized their mistake in executing Chief Justice José Abad Santos. Death of course is the extreme sacrifice. Perhaps his love of life far transcended his sense of obligation and of the responsibilities of leadership. We have no right to expect him to be another José Abad Santos. It is probably for this reason, he told the Japanese: "José Abad Santos is a better man than I am." But we have a right to punish him for that failure, and that punishment is political ostracism. If danger ever comes again, and he is chosen to lead the country, the example and conduct he has shown should serve to remind us that he will fail.

The Japanese militarists—assiduous students of Machiavelli—employed an indirect method of controlling the Filipinos when they realized that it was impossible to exploit them directly. In the political field the rulers, they learned from Machiavelli, should always preserve and maintain a semblance of benevolence and magnanimity. So the Japs decided, to gain the sympathy of the Filipinos and exploit their love of independence, to give them the closest thing resembling political independence. The Japs went through all the necessary motions, including a period of preparation. Thus was born the Preparatory Commission for Philippine Independence. The most prominent member of this body, Manuel Roxas, helped considerably in drafting the constitution of the puppet republic. Two years later, when he was asked by a correspondent of *Time* Magazine about his activities as a member of this commission, he replied:

"I helped in the drafting of the constitution to make it less despotic and give more freedom to the people." We wonder, if in his occasional tussles

with conscience, Roxas thinks he succeeded. Perhaps readers of this constitution which Roxas helped draw up will find in it all the elements of a democratic form of government. But history is replete with cases which demonstrate the infinite difference between form and substance, between the word and the deed. The case of the Philippines is not an exception.

WHEN the period of shortage in prime commodities came, the Japs again utilized the magic name of Roxas. And again he consented. As Chairman of a board the principal purpose of which was to commandeer rice ostensibly for the civilian population but in reality for the Japanese armed forces, he delivered an impassioned speech before the rice growers asking them to deliver their rice to the BIBA. With tears flowing, he depicted to them the sad plight of the population. The following day, as many will recall, the price of rice rose and more people died of hunger.

Roxas was not against the declaration of war against the United States. Reliable authorities state that he was in favor of it. We find the following from the memorandum of Mr. Miguel Unson, of what transpired at Malacañan on September 22, 1944:

"Someone then asked for General Manuel Roxas, and the President stated that the latter had declined to assist at the session, because he had already expressed his opinion. The President added that General Roxas had told him that, if the Japanese authorities asked for the declaration of the existence of a state of war, or for the declaration of war, such declaration should be made."

Of this incident, Mr. Ramon Fernandez says in his memorandum:

"At this moment, one of those present called attention to the absence of General Roxas, to which His Excellency answered that, because of the

state of his health, he (Roxas) had not been able to attend the gathering, but that he had already expressed his opinion the day before in these or similar words: "Compadre, if our allies require this declaration of the existence of a state of war, sign it; and if they are not satisfied, and want a declaration of war, do it also."

FOR this signal service to the cause of the enemy, Manuel Roxas was spared his life. But how was he to face the people when, contrary to all Jap propaganda, they were finally redeemed? Roxas is not intelligent for nothing. In all fairness it must be admitted that he may have had connections with some guerrilla organization. After all, did not five American guerrilla chiefs give him certificates attesting that he was their spiritual leader? It does not matter of course that one of them turned to be so anti-Filipino as to say that the majority of the Filipinos do not want independence. The fact remains that there are those credentials to which Roxas is now tenaciously clinging like a tight-rope walker holding on to his umbrella. Moreover, did not Gen. MacArthur, the man who discovered the potentialities of mechanized warfare when he used tanks to disperse the bonus marchers in Washington—did not this great General liberate Roxas and capture the other puppets? The real question is whether his tenuous connection with the resistance movement is enough to compensate for the harm he had done to the cause of democracy by aligning himself with the Japs. Active connection with the resistance was the sacred duty of every Filipino. As a duty, no one should claim extra credit for having performed it. It should not serve to atone for the evil one does when one collaborates with the enemy.

We are taking for granted that Roxas is genuinely concerned with democracy. He has mouthed the word so often that it is possible that he has come to believe in it. Here again, between the word and the deed, lies an infinity of difference. The fact is that Roxas, in his entire career, has never lost a night's sleep over such liberal thoughts as civil liberties, rights of the people, and economic democracy. His periodic discoveries of the common men always occur sometime around elections. He can never forget that he is a member of the Nacionalista Party, the majority of whose members collaborated with the Japs. The Nacionalista Party has been and will always be the party of the vested interests. It has never hesitated to impose its will upon the people. While it is true that such conditions as existed in Germany and Italy did not exist in the Philippines, yet it must be remembered that the Nacionalista Party certainly tried its best to deny the people those rights and privileges inherent in a democracy. Commissioner McNutt is authority for the statement that democracy in the Philippines existed only in form and not in substance. That the Nacionalista Party through its instrumentality, the government, was not able completely to suppress civil liberties, was due to the vigilance of the local militant progressive groups. Many prominent Nacionalistas were also prominent in the business world. It is hardly to be expected that they, because of their associations and convictions, should believe in the people or espouse progressive ideas. Thus the collaborators were Nacionalistas first and collaborators afterwards, just as Petain, Laval and Quisling were fascists first, before they were collaborators.

Yes, Manuel Roxas had to collaborate. The logic of facts demanded it. And mortal that he is, how could he have done otherwise?



II. No; and Here Are the Facts

by Federico Mangabas

THE question can so easily be charged with emotion that it would undoubtedly be far better to let the facts speak for themselves. Here, then, are the bare facts which anyone can verify for himself.

Two days after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Manuel Roxas offered his services to General MacArthur. On December 15, 1941 he was called to duty as a Lieutenant Colonel. Appointed aide to General MacArthur and in agreement with President Quezon, he was assigned Liaison Officer between the Army Command and the Philippine Government.

While acting in this capacity, he was authorized by President Quezon to sit in at all meetings held by the Cabinet. General MacArthur himself attended one or two of these conferences. At the last Cabinet meeting held a few hours before President Quezon's departure for Corregidor, a member of the Cabinet asked President Quezon for instructions as to the attitude they should take upon the anticipated enemy occupation of Manila. President Quezon replied that he had discussed the matter with General MacArthur and that with the latter's approval, his instructions were that all government officials remain at their posts until the Japanese decide otherwise; that they continue serving the people to avoid disorders and to mitigate their sufferings; and that while they should continue to serve the government there was one thing that they should refuse to do, namely, to take an oath of allegiance to Japan.

WHILE the activities of General Roxas on Corregidor and Bataan, and later on in the Visayas and Mindanao,

may not be wholly germane to the question of whether he was a collaborator or not, it is only fair to point out that his work there during the war was supremely valuable to our government and our forces. He continued to maintain liaison between General MacArthur and President Quezon and facilitated contact with the provincial governors of the unoccupied provinces through the Army communication system. He visited the Bataan frontlines several times in order to help maintain the morale of our forces. Under his direction, the Army was able to run the tight Japanese blockade and secure a few hundred bags of rice from Batangas and later more substantial supplies from Capiz and Iloilo consisting of 30,000 sacks of rice, 2,000 sacks of sugar, and 800 bags of salt.

When President Quezon left Corregidor around the 21st of February, Roxas remained and was given full authority to act for and in behalf of the President in all matters of government and, particularly, to take charge of the national treasury. Before General MacArthur left Corregidor on March 11th, he asked Roxas to remain and take charge of the government in view of the fact that President Quezon, who was already in the Visayas, was scheduled to leave for Australia and the United States. MacArthur also thought it important that Roxas remain in to assist General Wainwright in maintaining the morale of our forces still fighting on Bataan.

When President Quezon was about to leave Mindanao for Australia, he was determined to take Roxas along with him because in his own words, Roxas was too valuable a man to risk on Corregidor. When ROXAS learned of Que-

zon's plans, he flew out to Mindanao and upon meeting the President at Del Monte convinced the latter to let him stay a few weeks longer. Quezon agreed but assured him that as soon as he reached Australia he would ask General MacArthur to send a plane to Mindanao to be placed at Roxas' disposal so that he could go to Australia if and when the circumstances should so require. In Mindanao Roxas worked very closely with General Sharp, the commanding general of the USAFFE forces on the island, at the same time making trips to Cebu and Negros, communicating with the provincial governors of the unoccupied provinces, and providing them with funds needed for relief purposes.

After the surrender of Corregidor, Sharp received orders from General Wainwright requesting that the USAFFE troops in Mindanao surrender to the Japanese who had threatened to annihilate all the forces on Corregidor unless the remaining USAFFE forces surrendered likewise. At first Sharp refused to heed the appeal of Wainwright but a few days later when the Japanese forces that invaded Mindanao had succeeded in piercing our lines and a personal emissary from Wainwright had contacted Sharp reiterating his appeal to surrender, Sharp decided to do so. Upon learning of Sharp's decision Roxas gathered a few officers and enlisted men and went to the hills, determined not to surrender. A few days later, however, he was informed that the Japanese were dissatisfied with the situation in Mindanao where less than 7,000 out of approximately 30,000 men composing the army had surrendered, and were threatening reprisals. He therefore decided to return to Malaybalay. Entering the prison camp without being noticed, he talked to General Sharp who prevailed upon him to remain in the camp in order to avoid Japanese reprisals against the civilian population.

A FEW days later, a Japanese officer came to the camp to inquire about a Filipino officer by the name of "Rocas." Roxas did not consider himself properly identified, so he did not answer the call. Fortunately, his name cannot be written in Japanese except as above, for had he been identified at that time, it is certain that he would have been executed. As a matter of fact, he learned a few weeks later that his execution had been ordered by General Hayashi, then chief of the Japanese military administration in Manila. In June, at Davao, the military police investigated and tortured him for 17 days but failed to elicit any important information. While there he was asked to sign an appeal to all USAFFE forces and guerrillas to surrender. This he refused to do on the plea that he was a war prisoner and could not be compelled to sign such an appeal. A month later, however, he learned that the Japanese had printed a leaflet purporting to have been signed by him asking all USAFFE personnel to surrender in accordance with the order of Generals Wainwright and Sharp. He declares that this leaflet had neither been authorized nor seen by him before it was dropped by Japanese planes.

Upon his return to Malaybalay, he was named commander of the Filipino war prisoners' camp, an assignment which pleased him because it gave him a chance to be of service to his men. He exerted every effort to provide them with the best care and food, and despite the fact that many of the 6,500 men under him were afflicted with malaria and dysentery, only 24 of them died.

As camp commander he was visited by the chief of staff of the Japanese forces in Mindanao with the request that he send emissaries to the guerrilla units on the island asking them to surrender. Roxas told him that in view of the fact that he was a war prisoner, his appeal would not be heeded by these elements.

He insisted that Roxas select about 250 officers for this job. At an officers' meeting Roxas said that whether they liked it or not they had to send 250 officers to make these contacts. He asked for volunteers and more than the required number offered their services. The credentials carried by these men did not demand that the guerrillas surrender but merely informed the members of the former USAFFE forces of the order of Wainwright and Sharp to surrender.

Before they left he personally told everyone of them that they were not to act as spies or to do anything to discourage guerrilla activities. He told them that as soon as possible they should immediately take to the hills and organize guerrilla units. Not a single guerrilla unit surrendered because of the activities of these officers. As a matter of fact, more than 90 per cent of them joined the guerrillas or independent units which became the backbone of the guerrilla movement in Mindanao.

THE war prisoners were subjected to a six-week "rejuvenation" training. Conducted by Japanese officers it consisted of Japanese military drill, Nippongo, and lectures on Japan's war aims. At the end of the course, Roxas was asked to speak before the men. Despite the order of the prison commander, he refrained from expressing any favorable opinion concerning the war purposes of Japan. On the contrary, he reminded the troops of their duties as Filipino soldiers, and their responsibility in seeing to it that the sacrifices of our people during the war should not be in vain. Everybody in the camp understood what he meant; they knew that the man who had spoken before them was a true and loyal Filipino.

On November 17th Roxas was taken to Davao, again investigated and asked to serve the puppet government. He refused to serve, saying that he preferred to remain in the prison camp. On Nov-

ember 22nd, he was flown to Manila for a conference with the chief of the Japanese military administration. From the airport he was taken to his house but guards were stationed there with orders that he was not to see or speak to anybody without the permission of the head of the military administration or the chief of the military police. This order was never revoked.

Nor was he ever released as a prisoner. He is probably the only Filipino war prisoner in the Philippines who was never formally released, for he had refused to sign any commitments as a condition for his release.

He was later summoned by the head of the military administration to several conferences. Roxas stubbornly refused all requests that he serve the government in any capacity, alleging among other things the poor state of his health.

In one of these conferences he was asked his opinion on Tojo's plan to grant independence to the Philippines. He gave it as his candid opinion that it was a mistake for Japan to grant independence to the Philippines for the following reasons:

- (1) While the war continued, the Japanese could not be expected to permit the Filipinos to run their own government. He told General Watsi that the grant of independence under those conditions would fail to win the good will of the Filipinos because the Filipinos would immediately be disillusioned with that kind of independence.

- (2) If, as was evident, the purpose of Japan in granting independence to the Philippines was to convince the peoples of Greater East Asia that Japan was sincere in her announced policy to liberate the dependent peoples in this part of the world, the plan would prove a boomerang because the other peoples would realize that independence under Japan was no independence at all in view of the fact that the military authorities would continue to govern.

HIS purpose in opposing independence was to prevent Filipinos from assuming any responsibility for the government during the occupation. He also feared that, if the Philippines were granted independence, Japan would later insist that the independent government declare war against the United States. Though Watsi seemed to agree with his views, he told Roxas that he could do nothing about it because the policy had been laid down in Japan.

A few days later General Tojo visited Manila and a big parade was held at the Luneta. The people were compelled by the Japanese to attend. Roxas did not attend, feigning illness, and was investigated by the military police. The next day, Tojo called Filipino leaders to a conference. Still "ill," Roxas was taken from his house by the military police and brought to the Manila hotel. He sat through the conference without saying a word, and listened to Tojo announce his plan to declare the Philippines independent before the end of 1943. After the speech of Tojo, there was to be a tea party from which Roxas requested to be excused, alleging illness. Tojo told him that he was sorry Roxas was in poor health, and because the Philippines needed his services very badly, he was very much interested that he regain his health and advised him that he would send his personal physician from Tokyo to treat him. Roxas thanked him for his concern and left under guard. Ten days later, three doctors came from Japan to treat him. They stayed for three weeks and visited Roxas every day. They reported to the military authorities that he was not suffering from any serious ailment except from hypertension and that, with proper care, he would be ready to work in a month or two.

SOMETIME in July or August, 1943, Roxas was appointed to the Preparatory Commission for Independence by the chief of the Japanese military ad-

ministration. He immediately sought a conference with Watsi and informed him that his health would not allow him to work in that the body. Watsi replied that the commission would merely draft a constitution for the "Republic," which would be submitted to the people for ratification. Watsi went so far as to say that it would not be necessary for Roxas to work because all the Japanese wanted was that Roxas' name appear on the list.

Roxas did not attend the first meetings of the commission. However, he was in touch with two or three members who kept him informed of developments. When he saw the first draft of the constitution he realized the importance of preventing its adoption because in the preamble the Philippine "Republic" was considered a part of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere and subject to Japan's domination. The draft was without a Bill of Rights and was far from creating a republican state. At first, he tried to change these provisions through some members of the commission but he soon realized that to make certain the defeat of this draft he had personally to take an active part in the deliberations of that body.

He took the view that since there was no way of preventing the adoption of a constitution, as the Japanese had already decided that this be done, the best the Filipinos could do was to approve a constitution that would at least be in keeping with their democratic ideals and which would not commit the "Republic" in favor of Japan or the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. He therefore suggested that a subcommittee be appointed to revise the draft, believing that he could influence more easily the work of the sub-committee. The sub-committee, meeting in his house, drafted the constitution, eliminating all mention of Japan and the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, inserting a Bill of Rights, and setting up a government

republican in form. As redrafted it was little more than a paraphrase of the U. S. and the Philippine Constitutions, with such modifications as were absolutely necessary to adapt it to the prevailing circumstances. There is not a word of disloyalty to America or allegiance to Japan in that constitution.

This is the only participation that he had in the establishment of the "Republic." When the time came to elect the members of the Assembly, he invariably advised his friends not to seek election to that body. Among these men were Congressman Primitias from Pangasinan and Mr. Felipe Buencamino from Nueva Ecija who followed his advice.

AFTER the constitution was adopted Roxas was asked by Watsi if he would consent to become President of the "Republic." He firmly declined alleging ill health and indicating, as Watsi knew, that he had been opposed to independence at that time. Moreover, Roxas said that it would not be advisable for the Japanese to favor a man in his position for the presidency, for it would mean placing their reliance on a prisoner of war, one who could be accused of changing his allegiance for personal consideration or through cowardice. He told Watsi that even if the Filipinos were for independence, they would not look with favor upon his selection as president. Though the offer was repeated, he consistently refused.

After Laurel was elected president he informed Roxas that the Japanese desired his appointment to the Cabinet. Roxas pleaded with him not to yield to this request, telling him frankly of his determination not to deviate from his loyalty to the United States. Laurel, convinced of his sincerity and understanding his position well, promised to do his best to save Roxas from that predicament and formed the cabinet without Roxas. When later the food situation in Manila became very acute, rationing of rice was stopped for a few days and the

government agency for the distribution of rice found all its stock exhausted. The reason was that the government had fixed a maximum price for rice but could not procure the cereal because the Japanese Army and Navy sponsored companies were competing with the government agency in the purchase of rice, offering prices much higher than the price fixed by the government.

Knowing that Roxas had been in charge of the rice procurement and distribution activity of the Commonwealth before the war, Laurel appealed to him to help save the people from starvation. He assured Roxas that he wanted him to serve only in this emergency, stating that if he did he would be serving the Filipinos and not the Japanese. After consulting a few of his friends, including General Lim, who unanimously advised him to accept the post, he told Laurel that he would help formulate plans for rice procurement but only in a private advisory capacity. Laurel, however, moved by the seriousness of the situation, told Roxas that nobody but he could solve the problem and that if he persisted in his refusal, he would publicly state that Roxas had declined to help save the people from starvation. Laurel's attitude convinced Roxas that he could no longer refuse the request without laying himself open to the accusation that he had failed his people in their hour of need. And so Roxas was appointed Chairman of the Economic Planning Board in charge of food procurement and distribution and more particularly of the BIBA (Bigasang Bayan).

ROXAS immediately appealed to Filipino rice producers to sell their rice to the government at official prices rather than at higher prices to the Japanese authorities. In this manner, the BIBA was able to obtain sufficient stocks to continue rationing rice in Manila until the next harvest. Not a

single grain of rice procured by the BIBA under his direction was ever given to the Japanese army. He succeeded in preventing this with the support of Laurel.

The only speech that Roxas delivered during the Japanese occupation was when he publicly gave his word of honor that not a single grain of rice sold to the BIBA would be given to the Japanese. The Japanese army resented this statement and did everything in their power to counteract his activities because they were themselves suffering from rice shortage.

One incident is worthy of mention. Under his direction the BIBA was able to buy approximately 3,000 bags of mongo beans for distribution in Manila. The Japanese navy, also trying to buy mongo, was unsuccessful because the producers were giving him full cooperation. When the Navy heard of the BIBA's mongo stock they sent their officers to get 300 bags of it. Roxas instructed the manager of the BIBA to refuse their request, telling them that to obtain anything from the government they must submit their request to the President; that the BIBA was not authorized to deal directly with them. They submitted their petition to a secretary to the President, and the latter, without the President's knowledge, ordered the BIBA to surrender the 300 sacks. Upon receipt of this order, the manager delivered to them 100 sacks unbeknown to Roxas. When Roxas learned of it, he stopped the delivery of the remainder and threatened to resign if this practice continued. Laurel supported him and prohibited the delivery of any more mongo or rice to the Japanese.

In view of this and other incidents, the military authorities finally decided that they did not want Roxas to remain in the BIBA. They, therefore, proposed the reorganization of the company, which was effected immediately. The BIBA was abolished and the RICOA

established in its place. Upon the organization of the RICOA he severed his connections entirely with the rice procurement agency.

EARLY in January, 1944, without having been consulted, Roxas was appointed ex-officio member of the Cabinet as Chairman of the Economic Planning Board. He was told by Laurel that he made the appointment on the insistent demand of the Japanese military authorities. Roxas can say truthfully that he has not attended a single meeting of the Cabinet; that he has not collected any salary from the government either as member of the Cabinet or as Chairman of the Economic Planning Board. He can state further that when the Military Administration gave a ₱10,000-bonus to each member of the Independence Preparatory Commission for their services he refused, despite repeated urgings by the military administration, to cash the check, and has never collected it. Neither did he collect the ₱2,000 which the Philippine government gave each member of the Preparatory Commission for clerical personnel and for transportation.

On December 23, 1944, he was notified by Laurel that the military authorities had ordered the President, all Cabinet members, and other important officials, including himself, to evacuate to Baguio. Acting on this order, Roxas left for Baguio with his family, living in a private house guarded by the military police up to April 13, 1945. Before that time he had made many attempts to escape from Baguio but, because of the illness of his wife, he could not make good his escape. Late in March, the Japanese Supreme War Council instructed Laurel to proceed to Japan with his Cabinet. Roxas told Laurel that he did not want to go. Laurel told him that the Japanese had particularly insisted on his going, believing that he was a dangerous man to leave behind. He asked Laurel to tell the Japanese that he could not go

that time but that he might go later on, his intention being to leave Baguio as soon as possible to prevent the Japanese from forcibly taking him to Japan.

Roxas made arrangements to cross the Japanese lines after Laurel left. He took his family with him after evading the Japanese guards and made the trip on foot from Baguio to Tubao, La Union, which took three days. Upon arrival at Tubao he reported to the American commander there.

On the same day, he sent a radio to General MacArthur reporting for duty. Roxas was called by him to Manila for a conference. General MacArthur authorized him to work on his staff and he was assigned to G-2 of GHQ. He worked in this section for two months until the Congress of the Philippines was convened, when he asked to be inactivated in order to take his seat in the Senate.

Roxas had no part in the declaration of war made by Laurel, except that Laurel told him that, in view of the peremptory order of the Supreme War Council of Japan, he (Laurel) had no other alternative but to make the declaration. Roxas pleaded with him not to do it, and Laurel promised that he would not, unless the Japanese army should definitely insist. Roxas told Laurel that in that event he should at least reiterate his determination not to organize an army to help the Japanese. Roxas also urged him not to submit his war declaration to the Legislative Assembly for ratification as provided by the constitution to make it valid. Laurel agreed he would act in accordance with the suggestions of Roxas in these matters.

FOR two or three months after his arrival from Davao, in late 1942, Roxas had been unable to contact the leaders of the Resistance since he was very closely guarded. Upon being allowed to leave the house and receive visitors, however, he began contacting the Underground.

He formed a group in Manila that was to become the center of espionage activities in this area. This group was first composed of General Vicente Lim, Colonel Jose Ozamiz, Mr. Enrico Pirovano, Mr. Juan Elizalde, Mr. Manuel Elizalde, Colonel Pastor Martelino, Colonel Manzano, and Colonel Jose Razon. Through this group he was able to contact SWPA first through Commander "Chick" Parsons in Mindanao and later through Major Philips and Commander Rowe in Mindoro. Colonel Ozamiz was in charge of maintaining contact with Mindanao and Mindoro. He made a trip to Mindanao for this purpose and personally contacted Commander Parsons and Colonel Fertig. Mr. Pirovano was in charge of organizing a unit to watch troop and supply movements in Manila with special attention to ship arrivals and departures at this port. Some of Roxas' agents, particularly Captain Mañosa, were able to obtain employment as harbor pilots in Manila and, through these people, he secured accurate information on ship arrivals and departures. All this information was sent to Mindanao and Mindoro.

General Lim was designated by Roxas to take charge of the Fil-American guerrillas that were left without a leader upon the capture and death of Colonel Straughn. Colonel Manzano was assigned by him to make plans of all Japanese airfields in Luzon, together with Japanese defense installations around those airfields. After gathering this information he left Manila in an attempt to proceed to Australia. Colonel Martelino was assigned by Roxas to watch coastal defense installations, with special reference to Corregidor. Mr. Juan Elizalde was in charge of providing monetary assistance to the Santo Tomas and the Cabanatuan internment camps, as well as obtaining information concerning conditions there. Colonel Razon was Roxas' general utility man, carrying his messages to different groups, and

assisting Colonel Ozamiz in transmitting code messages to Mindanao and Mindoro.

To provide Luzon guerrillas with funds for their activities and to support his own espionage organization, Roxas raised more than P5,000,000 from voluntary contributions given by his intimate friends. Among these were Messrs. Juan Elizalde, Manuel Elizalde, Enrico Pirovano, Hans Menzi, Jose Fernandez, Jr., and K. H. Hemady. These funds were distributed under his direction to different units.

When President Quezon in Washington sent Roxas a special courier by submarine around September, 1943, he was able to contact that man with the assistance of Colonel Razon. At his suggestion the messenger contacted also Mr. Rafael Alunan and Mr. Jose Yulo. Through him Roxas gave President Quezon a detailed account of conditions in the Philippines and reported to him the unswerving loyalty of the people to the United States and to the Commonwealth Government.

SOME persons have expressed surprise that, despite the fact that the Japanese had definite information of the underground activities of Roxas, they had refrained from arresting and liquidating him. Only two possibilities can be given in explanation. The first was his close friendship of Laurel. It may be presumed that Laurel did everything within his power to prevent the Japanese from taking any action against him. The second reason may be gathered from the explanation given Mr. Kano in an interview he had with a newspaperman following his capture in Siniloan, Laguna, which was published in the *Philippine Press* on September 17, 1945. Mr. Kano was the liaison officer between the military administration and Malacañan, and he was well informed of the opinion which the Japanese Army entertained towards Roxas as well as of the immense popularity which Roxas enjoyed among the people.

Kano stated that the Japanese had always regarded Roxas as their enemy and wanted him killed. They had, however, refrained from taking action against him for fear that if they arrested and executed him the guerrilla movement would become even more serious. As a matter of fact, Colonel Nagahama once stated to a group of prominent Filipinos that he himself would take care of Roxas and shoot him with his own hands, because he had convincing evidence that Roxas was really the head of the guerrillas in the Philippines.

One of the greatest services that Roxas believes he has rendered to the Allied cause is the information that he sent through two guerrilla transmitting stations shortly before the great naval battle off Leyte which occurred in October 1944. Several days before that battle occurred he had sent to SWPA the information that the Japanese were going to counter-attack the U. S. beachhead in Leyte in what was going to be a decisive action, adding that it would take place shortly after October 20th. He obtained this information from a conversation that he overheard between Ambassador Murata and Laurel, wherein Murata said that he had received the information directly from the headquarters of the Japanese High Command. Roxas sent the information through Major Hans Menzi in Batangas and also through Captain Jose Ma. Guerrero, who was his liaison officer with the ROTC (Hunters) guerrillas. He learned later that the information was relayed to SWPA through their transmitting stations in these areas. Another American officer who can testify as to his conduct during the occupation is Colonel Folsom, who was in Manila for almost two years during the occupation as head of a unit of the Fil-American guerrillas. Roxas did everything he could to safeguard the lives of Americans in the Philippines and at least in one instance he prevented the capture of a very important guerrilla leader, Major Ramsey.

TO SUMMARIZE: Roxas did not in anyway collaborate with the Japanese, did not give them aid or comfort or sustenance in any form whatsoever. On the contrary, he did everything within his power and with the means at his command to aid and strengthen the resistance movement throughout the Philippines. He appeals to the testimony of all the active guerrilla leaders throughout the Philippines and, likewise, to the testimony of American army officers including General MacArthur, General Wainwright, and General Sharp under whom he served during the first days

of the war. He cites as witnesses the Americans who were interned here by the Japanese, especially those who, like F. Theo Rogers, Sam Gaches, and others, were in the General Hospital for a time, and were properly informed of what was happening in the country. These men knew, as did Filipinos everywhere, that Roxas was the rallying-point around whom gathered the resistance movement against the enemy, to whom an oppressed people looked for inspiration as they secretly nursed within their hearts the hope of ultimate redemption and victory.



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RAY: Moonstruck

—A Story

by C. V. Pedroche

YOU have not heard of my Ray? I will tell you. Before the war I wrote two stories on Ray. Ray: A Duck Story and Ray: Superman. In one, Ray planted a duck's feather which laid eggs and in the other Ray flew like Superman.

When he did those things Ray was four. He is almost nine now. He did them with nothing up his sleeves whatsoever and with nothing but a child's heart and a child's faith.

Along about the time these things happened Ray was beginning to learn to read and write. I think I have told you how he learned to write his name: RA and then the Y which he wrote bottom up. I called his attention to it. I said: Write a V and then put a tail to it, this way. I showed him. You remember he said: Okay, Daddy, and then wrote the RA and, inverting the paper, wrote the Y the same way he did it at first: an inverted V with a top tail.

And also I told you about the banana. This about the banana is now a classic in its own right. Remember how once my wife bought a bunch of bananas which, though they were only of the *latondan* variety, tasted like *lacatan*? And how Ray, sampling one banana exclaimed: Not *lacatan* nor *latondan* — they are *laecatondan*!

And then Ray planted the feather and in about two weeks' time the feather laid how many eggs I have forgotten. My friends still are asking me how I did it, for they seem to think that I pulled a fast one on Ray and the wife and the readers. I tell you now I had nothing at all to do with the eggs. Ray

believes it, I believe it, and as for the wife, she has her suspicions even to this day. But she is only a woman and she can never hope to have Ray's wonderful luminosity of heart and pureness of spirit.

My being a child despite my years has been my little woman's despair. She thinks it's high time I grew up. She's a practical woman and a good wife but that is about all. How about the kingdom of heaven, I often ask her. How does she suppose she can inherit that rich and shining place if she does not remain a child at least in heart?

I am a mother now, she would say. I have no time for your childish fooling.

But one night I was playing with Ray on the stairs under the mango tree. There was a big yellow moon above. It was December. We were playing Moon, Moon... You say, Moon, moon — and make a wish. Only in this game the usual first wish is for a bolo. In the vernacular it runs into a sort of poem which rhymes imperfectly if at all. Moon, moon, you say, please send me a bolo and the moon answers what do you want a bolo for and you say you want to build a granary and the moon asks you what you want a granary for and you say to store grains in and the moon finally asks what for and you say to give to beggars. Something like that.

And that night I said, Ray, let's you and me play Moon, moon.

Let's, Ray said.

So he intoned the rhyme to the moon. Suddenly a bolo dropped seemingly from nowhere at the foot of the concrete stairway. When I looked up I saw the

dusky face of Vito, the maid, slinking into the dark of the unlighted room upstairs. I could hear her muffled giggle. Vito, despite everything, also had the heart of a child and she was often helpful that way.

Look, I said, what do I see near your feet, Ray?

A bolo to be sure, he said. Did the moon really give me the bolo?

Sure, I said, didn't you ask for it?

If I ask for money, do you suppose he will give me?

I suppose so, I said.

So Ray began: Moon, moon, please give me a thousand pesos.

No, Ray, I said; that's a little too much. And besides the moon is probably not so rich and if he gives you a thousand pesos it might make him sick for a long time. You don't want that to happen, do you?

Well, then, Ray said, how about one peso?

That also is too much. Ask for twenty centavos. (It was all I had at the moment and I knew Vito knew where to find it under a vase atop the piano. I said that aloud for her to hear.) Ask for a peseta, I said. That is easier to give.

Okay, said Ray. Moon, moon, please give me a peseta.

The silver piece dropped rolling from above with a tinkling sound which went well with the cool moon—kling, kling, kling in the December night—which contrasted with Vito's choking giggle from the window.

Daddy, Ray exclaimed, a twenty-centavo piece!

Right, I said. The moon is kind tonight. Ordinarily he won't give you more than a shining wink.

HERE the little woman went down to join us.

Crazy, she said to me. Why fool the child?

Hush, woman, I said, don't you see we are playing Moon, moon?

Listen, she said, you are an old man with two children. I should think it is time you grew up.

I refuse, I said, to grow up. I want to remain a child always.

Ray could not, of course, follow this talk. He was contemplating with wide-eyed wonderment the silver piece shining in his palm. And very soon he was addressing the moon again: Moon, moon, please give me a pair of shoes.

The moon was quick to respond. Pluck! the shoes fell at the foot of Ray.

The wife could not help laughing now. She pinched me on the side and nearly split her sides with laughter. Ray looked at his shoes.

Daddy, he said, they look like my old pair.

Loko! said the wife, so they are. Don't believe your Daddy. He is a fool like you.

Listen, I said in mock anger, who is a fool did you say?

The two of you, she said.

Ray, I said, your mother thinks we are a couple of fools. Don't listen to her.

But these are my old shoes, Ray said. Don't take that against the moon, I said. Ask for something else now.

And suddenly Ray said: Moon, moon, please give me a bicycle—a new red bicycle with three wheels!

Listen, Ray, I said, mind what you are saying. Whoever heard of a bicycle with three wheels? The moon may not like it—the way you said it, I mean.

But I want a bicycle with three wheels, Ray insisted.

Okay, I said, but see if the moon will pay any attention to you. The moon, you know, is a stickler for correct usage and all that.

I did not suggest a tricycle at once because I knew there was none in the house for Vito to throw out of the window. So

I tried to dissuade Ray but he insisted he wanted a bicycle with three wheels.

The wife, by now, gave up and stood to go.

Let me see you squirm out of that one, she said. If you produce the bicycle, call me down. I might want to take a ride on it myself.

Listen, wife, I said, don't go now. Please don't leave me alone with Ray. I can't stay alone and bear to see him disappointed.

That's your own headache, she said yawning. I am going to bed now.

Meanwhile, Ray was still pleading with the moon to give him a bicycle with three wheels.

Now, listen, Ray, I said, it's not Christmas yet. Won't you wait until Christmas? Maybe the moon has no bicycle just now. Old Santa is not due to see him until Christmas eve, you know.

I want a bicycle with three wheels now, Ray said.

And besides, there are no bicycles with three wheels, I said.

How about Berting's? he said. It has three wheels.

You mean a tricycle, I said, unable to bear it any more.

Yes, then, Ray said, a tricycle. O Moon, please, I want a red tricycle like Berting's.

It's getting late now, Ray, I said gently. Let's play again tomorrow.

Meanwhile Vito was splitting her sides up and down the house, unable now to suppress her laughter. Good Lord, she said, how shall we give him a tricycle now?

Ray, I said, it's getting chilly. Let's you and me go up now and I'll tell you the story of the big bear and the little bear.

You have told me that three times already, Ray said, and besides, I want a bicy—I mean a tricycle now.

I KNEW how it was with Ray. I realized in that moment that the wife was right. I was a fool—a crazy old fool. I was going to pay for being a big crazy old fool now and the price was Ray's disenchantment. I did not want that to happen to Ray—anything but that, for Ray's fairyland was a rare and precious world which, once lost, could never again be rediscovered—except perhaps in senility.

Okay, I was crazy and a fool—but in that moment of desperation I caught myself praying in my heart for God not to fail him now, please Lord, send him a tricycle somehow. How He was going to do it I did not know.

I knew it was pretty hopeless and my prayer was merely a thought and it came to me when I stood up to take Ray by the hand into the house.

It was a still night and bright. The smell of Christmas was in the air.

Ray, I said, it's time we go up.

But Ray stood there in silence under the moon, his eyes bright and his face shining with expectancy. His hand raised in pleading to the moon was soft and cool and his lips were still mumbling the words: Moon, moon, dear moon, please send me a tricycle...

When I stood up to take his hand I felt a tenseness come to his fingers and his face broke in sudden wonder and from his young throat there issued a wild cry of triumph: Daddy, Daddy, look, a tricycle!

There was a rustle of leaves in the mango branches, a sudden breaking of the stillness of the moonlit night. When I looked up I saw the red shining tricycle dangling from a branch of the mango tree.

Ray is nine now and has outgrown the rusty tricycle, but then there is Dan after him and Joel after Dan—two husky boys who won't ever let the grass grow under the bicycle with three wheels.



The Blessing of the Atomic Rocket

—A Fantasy

by Jack Silver

A HUSH fell over the assembly hall as the Chairman of the World League rose to make his report. His voice was terse, matter-of-fact.

"You all know," he addressed the delegates of all the nations of the world, "why we have convened today. It is because after the invention of atomic weapons, humanity has failed to control their power and utilize it in the interest of peace and progress, but instead has harnessed it to the same sinister purpose for which science has been used throughout the centuries—WAR; it is because all world societies and leagues, such as ours, have failed; it is, ladies and gentlemen, because humanity itself has failed.

"In this Year of Our Lord, 1985, only forty years after the first atomic bomb was invented, we have come to realize that because the peoples of the world could not, or would not, work together and lose that distrust which, in the last forty years more than ever, has become the source of wars, there is only one blessing that we can bestow upon the inhabitants of this planet, and that is, to wipe them out once and for all.

"It is true that some of the nations represented here have tried to bring about a better understanding among the peoples by directing man's interests toward a philosophy of life which would make men build together, one with the other, rather than one against the other. But since the other nations have maintained that either each and every one of us should go under—another Deluge—or that we should continue as before, the innocent have agreed to perish with

the others. Does not in every revolutionary change the innocent suffer with the culprit?

"The Executive Committee, ladies and gentlemen, has now completed the survey of the means at our disposal to attain that end. It is possible, at this time, to cover all land on earth with atomic rockets.

"Two months from today at a given moment which will be 12 o'clock noon at Greenwich, England, atomic rockets will be hurled from key-points to designated areas, atomic rockets which will kill everything alive in this world, all in one moment."

The Chairman pointed at the huge globe on the dais. It was covered with a network of fine lines, dividing and subdividing the earth into equal parts.

"The subdivision of the globe," the chairman resumed, "has been done in a way which assures complete coverage. No spot will be left out. We have taken the radius of action of our largest atomic rockets, and subdivided the earth into squares, each one large enough so that its corner would touch the circle formed by the periphery of the sphere of demolition. In this way," and a grim smile played about the speaker's lips, "while there will be an overlap of demolition, we are sure that no place will be left out.

"Now you might ask me, ladies and gentlemen, how we shall prevent any combination to save some spots of the world from destruction. We have arranged that each area will be atomized by three rockets coming from different key-points. Thus, each key-point will at one and the same time launch three

rockets in different directions. In this way, there can be no chance for any combination to spare a particular area of the globe."

There was some commotion in the assembly as the delegate from Brazil demanded that he be heard. "How shall we prevent," he asked, "individual groups from escaping destruction by fleeing to the high seas or into the air?"

The Chairman replied courteously. "We have two months to go. The International Police Force, although unable to prevent wars, will certainly be adequate to the task of clearing up the oceans. No one will be on the seas when the time comes. And all planes will be destroyed.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, are there any other questions or objections? Otherwise, the plan is unanimously accepted."

Not a single hand was raised, and *Weltschmerz* was reborn.

THE delegates returned to their respective countries. Preparations for the final destruction of humanity were begun and the general announcement was made to the people. Police were held in readiness for any eventuality.

But a strange thing happened. The people of 1985, knowing they had only two more months to live and knowing they would be wiped out from the face of the earth as by the sweep of a heavy hand, mercifully, painlessly, and all at the same time, were not afraid. Instead of trying to hide, they came to the cities; instead of seeking refuge on the high seas, ships soon took their courses homeward.

Many thought of death as the end to all their troubles, and others believed that they would be reborn into a better world. There were the rich who heretofore had been afraid of losing their possessions, who had been carrying weapons with them because they were afraid of attacks by their jealous neighbors. These wealthy men had now lost their

fear because nobody craved their money.

The acquisitive society had broken down, its values upset. The poor, the eternal "hunted man" of history, had for the first time ceased to be hunted, and in exchange, had not even been forced to hunt.

The pious gave away their fortunes. Knowing that soon they would face their Maker, they wanted to do a good deed before they died, and anyway, they could not take it with them. Those money bills, craved by so many millions, which had enslaved nations and individuals alike, floated down into the streets from skyscrapers or were thrown from cars passing through lowly villages and were pounced upon violently.

And the rich were satisfied. They whose worry had been how to invest the money they could not spend and who had looked to the State to protect their interests, found their worries gone.

In the beginning, the poor who had picked up money where they could grab it, spent that money lavishly, buying jewelry, food in abundance, and seeking entertainment, things which they had never been able to afford before. Gradually, as people stopped working, life stood still. And yet, man was contented, preparing for the zero hour.

There were those who, as the fatal day came nearer, began to believe that humanity could have been spared. One of the leading industrialists of the United States said that perdition would have been unnecessary if the old, worn-out moral values had been discarded and new ones been accepted in their stead. But while many listened, it was too late. The zero hour came, and then the rockets struck.

THE destruction wrought by the atomic rockets was complete. Less than a minute after they had been launched, life ceased on earth. Cities lay in rubble even worse than after the several world wars of the 20th century. Plants died along with man and beast. Continents

were cleft in several parts. Fumes enveloped the globe.

Everything was dead at last. Or was it? Could it be possible that any living creature survived the catastrophe? Yes, strange as it may seem, there were a few that were still alive. A handful who, by a freak of fate, had been spared. When they found themselves alive, dazed, wounded, their instinctive desire to survive drove them toward the coast in an effort to escape the deadly fumes which were hourly claiming more and more of their number.

And when they came to the sea, they saw that they were alone. And with loneliness there came the longing for human companionship. With loneliness there came the unconscious understanding that human beings are alike, basically, no matter if they are tall or short, clad or naked, black or white.

So the few men and women left alive after the fumes had cleared away, set out to find companions. Somehow, they managed to build rafts or boats, and started roaming the seas as their ancestors had done thousands of years before, but not to conquer new lands or to trade, but to find brother human beings with whom a new, and a better, world could be built up.

And slowly, in the years after 1985, isolated groups found each other. Two black men on a raft came to a place where a few white men had built their camp. And they continued their search together. They found, after another year's quest, some Malay men and women, and after some more months, hit upon a handful of Indians. By 1990, the group had increased to about one hundred. That was all that had been left alive on earth.

And these one hundred men and women, some of them white, others black, some yellow, others red, and a few brown, these hundred suddenly decided that the time had come to settle down again. They did not know where they were, could not recognize the land they were standing on, but it did not matter. It belonged to all of them equally. They did not choose a leader or a king. Longing for a chance to find self-expression, they set out upon the building of a new world.

They worked, each one for himself, their work serving the common benefit. When the 21st century finally came, this group of many races had melted into one single race, had managed to build out of the ruins a living, organic miniature of the Federation of the World.



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The Bells Peal Again

—A Story

by D. Paulo Dixon

FROM where he stood on the shoulder of the hill he could see through the December mist of the morning the layout of the town stretching snugly in the valley. He was tired and hungry. All night long he had trudged through the mountain fastness. In spite of the cold he was wet with perspiration. He lay down on the grass to rest and perhaps to have a nap until the sun showed up. It felt fine to relax thus with the soft grass under his back and the voluptuous ache of his muscles became now rather a pleasant sensation to him.

He was at last about to lapse into sleep when he heard the distant pealing of bells. For a moment he thought he was dreaming; it had been nearly three years since last he heard the sound of bells. Strange that all this time he never thought nor dreamed of bells ringing, and now that he actually heard them the sound bore for him a sort of childish fascination. He opened his eyes and listened, inert, his hand upon his forehead, and as he lay there listening he remembered the time of his younger days when his mother used to hustle him off to church on Sundays at the sound of bells. Come to think of it, he thought, those were happy days. He did not wish to remember more things about his youth because somewhere in the past there was a wound it hurt him to touch.

He pulled himself up with a start. Now the sun was up and the mist had gone and he could see the wakeful activities of the town. He could see the people moving like ants along the

road, in the fields, crawling as it were from their hovels, sad-looking makeshift affairs made out of scraps salvaged from the ruins. The church was not where it used to be and he wondered where the bells were ringing from. The town itself seemed like the aftermath of a horrible nightmare.

Now, he thought, what did I want to come back for? What made me decide to come down here? No, he thought, no. I'll stay up in the wilderness after all. That's where I belong. The town is not what it used to be. Look at the houses, he thought, look at the people that live in them, how sad they look. His mother, his father, his brother, his younger sister—something had been done to them, all on account of his having gone away to the mountains. And now the ruins of the town seemed to point to him with a guilty finger, as if he were to blame. In a way, yes, he was to blame. He was to blame for what happened to his people. He knew that. They had been held as hostages, his companions had told him, and that was many months ago.

He turned his back to the town and made shift to retrace his steps to the wilderness. He had made a clearing there and had built himself a hut and had planted things and had grown to like it there, living the way he did for almost three years.

But the bells pealed again and he could not resist their sound; it was as if their tolling was a call for him to come down, as if it was for his return

they pealed and pealed. He stopped short and listened. He was fascinated. And now as he stood there listening he remembered himself as a kid stealing into the belfry to see the bells, how they looked like, how they made such a wonderful sound which could be heard all over the land. They hung up there in the tower and they had a beautiful shape. His hands itched to pull at the ropes to make them ring. He looked around and he saw that nobody was there and his hands flew to the ropes and tugged at them with all his might and a loud melody of ringing boomed and reverberated inside the tower. It scared him, and he ran out. Outside he could still hear the melody of ringing bells trailing away into silence.

This he remembered and other things also. There was the time when the bells were rung to announce the baptism of his younger brother. How gaily the bells rang then. They seemed to sing in their ringing the name that was given his brother. And there was the ringing of bells at twilight. He remembered how holy the sound of the bells was at such a melancholy hour, and how he felt, and the prayers he recited then.

BEFORE he knew it he was walking down the hill toward the town. The people who saw him first did not recognize him. His hair crept frowzily down the nape of his neck covering part of his ears, and his beard was a scandal in a town that had again learned to shave. The children crowded about him and looked at him with wonder. He walked on and on. He wanted to hear more of the bells, but for the moment they had stopped ringing. He wanted to go where the bells were hung. He wanted to pull at the ropes again. After that he would go back where he had come from.

In front of an improvised store a group of men saw him and immediate-

ly recognized him, whereupon they stood up and rushed to him and greeted him warmly. They were his former comrades in the mountain fastnesses. Now that they had come down they meant to stay and live in the town, among their folks, among people, and feel, as they put it, civilized once more.

Why, they said, putting their arms about his shoulder, tapping him on the back, Why, Marcos, you've come down at last!

We knew you'd come down eventually. We have been waiting for you. Welcome home, Comrade.

Merry Christmas, soldier.

Merry Christmas, Marcos.

Christmas? Marcos said. Christmas?

Yes, it's Christmas. Peace on earth.

Goodwill towards men. Welcome home, Marcos.

I heard the bells ringing, he said. I wondered when I heard them last. I want to hear them ring. Afterward I am going back.

Back? Back where?

Home. Home, Marcos said.

His comrades looked at each other in bewilderment. They could not understand. They did not understand either when he stayed behind. Surely, they thought, what happened to his folks was no reason for him to stay behind.

Were not some of their relatives and dear ones taken as hostages also? But they had come back just the same. Now it seemed that nothing had happened. They were living again the normal lives of men.

Where are the bells? Marcos asked of his friends. I want to hear them ringing.

They took him to the improvised chapel. He saw the bells. There was a mass being said and soon the bells pealed again. They pealed again, joyously, and the crowd streamed out and dispersed in the yard, into the street, greeting each other.

Merry Christmas, they said to each other.

I don't see why you want to go back up there, said one of his friends. I don't see why you can't stay here in town. After all, the bullies have been driven away and there is no more fear. Here there is much conversation, there is peace.

And there are bells, added another. The bells ring every morning. They ring for peace.

Peace? Marcos said. Peace?

Yes, brother, peace. The war has ended. We are free men and women again. Aren't you glad?

How about those who died?

They, too, are at peace. They know no trouble any more . . .

But they died in trouble. They did not die in peace. How can they rest in

peace? Marcos said.

Let's not talk about that anymore, another of his friends said. They died for peace, that's all. Why can't we live what they died for? It was given us to survive the trouble, and we must carry on.

Please show me where our house used to stand. I have lost track of everything in this town.


Come and live with me and my folks, Marcos. As long as you wish to stay with us, it is all right with me. Come.

You can come with me, another said,

Let us all go to my house first, another said. My son will be baptised at noon.

They took the last one to come down from the mountain to the town barber and had him spruced up to look like one of them, one of the men in the town.





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The Eagle's Eyrie

by S. P. Lopez

On the Other Hand

AN American friend told me the other day:

You have expressed the grievances of your people. You have defended them against unjust criticism, justly and effectively. But it can't be that your people are right all the time. It can't be that they are wholly beyond censure in their thoughts and actions. What have you to say?

Touché, my friend, I said. You're quite right. Whenever I have tried to say that our people aren't really as bad as they are sometimes painted, it has never been my purpose to imply that they are perfect. A great many of them are thinking a lot of things that are wrong, and many more are doing a lot of other things that are evil.

For instance, I said, I have used the argument that one should not expect a people so badly ravaged by the war like the Filipinos to be on their Sunday school behaviour. They are suffering from what Mr. A. V. H. Hartendorp has well described as "the severe trauma" of the war and the occupation. They have been bewildered and shocked and are not quite themselves. Let us remember this whenever we are tempted to sit in judgment over them as a people.

Perhaps, I did give the impression that I was trying to gloss over the weaknesses of the Filipino character, the flaws in the pattern of Philippine life. We have our faults, and God forbid that any Filipino should be blind to the sins of his people that cry for correction and atonement!

Shall we name some of them? There is the awareness of having suffered much which is rapidly degenerating into

a morbid sense of self-pity. The bewilderment, which should be a passing condition, is fast developing into a state of permanent coma. We are using our helplessness, which should be temporary, as an excuse for remaining permanently helpless. Help! help! we cry, but we do little or nothing to help ourselves.

Everybody wants to live again the way he used to live before the war. Oh, for the good old days when the Big Shots were on top of the world and the lowly workers and peasants were a bunch of meek and well-behaved peons! It doesn't seem to occur to him that those days are gone forever, that it is the task of this generation to fashion a freer and better life for our people. He wants to forget the intervening period of war as if it was merely a bad nightmare, to wake up relieved and bright in the morning—as if nothing had happened in the night. Well, something did happen in the night, and the sooner we realize it, the better we shall be able to meet the problems of the day that is already here.

And, perhaps, it should be added that while our people did endure much, their suffering was not sufficiently ennobled by the spirit of sacrifice. The first phase of the war ended too quickly for that. There was not enough time to mellow the warm and generous sentiments which sprang in the hearts of the people that morning of December 8, 1941, and blossomed into bright courage and whole-souled devotion in the days that followed. Defeat and demoralization set in too soon like a chill after the mighty surge of patriotic fever. Consequently, the suffering that ensued

was a great deal meaningless to many, for it was suffering amid a condition of utter abandonment and defeat, suffering that was but little sustained by some hidden spring of hope and a tenuous promise of redemption.

All this would seem to explain the lassitude that you see everywhere, the supplicant waiting for salvation to come from somewhere across the ocean, the hypochondriac conviction of helplessness, the craven distrust of independence...

Shall we mention others? The collapse of moral values? The passion for easy money and disdain of productive enterprise? The scandalous bungling and dearth of initiative, the political ineptitude and lack of faith in government? The brainless mimicry of foreign fads and fashions, the want of originality and the seeming incapacity for judicious assimilation? The copious lip-service to democracy and the unwillingness to pattern the people's life and living upon its tenets?

All that is fine, said my American friend. But I do wish your people would learn not to dump their garbage into the open streets nor make a latrine of the sidewalks as I have so often seen them do. It's damned unsightly and unsanitary, you know. And with a reduction in your all-day siesta some time might be left for a communal effort to create a more civilized environment for your people.



What of April?

PEOPLE have often asked me what I think will happen during the elections next April. Is General Roxas *really* going to contest the Presidency with Mr. Osmeña? Is the breach between the two past all healing? Or, are Messrs. Zulueta, Romero, Arranz, *et al*, under secret orders to work out the basis for a reconciliation between the two? And if Roxas should run, will he win?

All I know, I have always managed to say, is what I read in the papers.

And the papers have made a few things quite clear. President Osmeña is strongly for unity. If we are united, he has said time and again, we stand a better chance of solving the tremendous problems which confronts us. He means *national unity*, of course — something highly desirable anywhere and at all times. Whether he also means by it *unity within the party*—the Nacionalista party—is not equally clear, though it would seem, by inference, that he does.

General Roxas has, on the other hand, left no doubt about his determination to run for president. He favors national unity too, but he is not willing to confuse that with party unity. He is ready to split the Nacionalista party if necessary in order to have a balanced two-party system. Only thus, he believes, can genuine national unity be achieved. It will be forged in the fire of electoral conflict, and it will be all the stronger because it will be based on the will of the majority prevailing over but respecting the opinion of the minority.

There the matter stands at the present time.

I have often wondered why people do not discuss the prospective candidates for Vice-President with the interest the matter so obviously deserves. For, as we have seen, the question of who happens to be Vice-President at any given time can be supremely important. Voters who find it hard to choose between Osmeña and Roxas may ultimately be swayed by their choices for running-mates, on the wholly natural supposition that if elected either of the latter stands the chance of becoming president. And well he may.

As this is being written, pro-Roxas Senator Cuenco is quoted in the papers as having given the tentative name of "Liberal Party" to the Roxas group, and "Conservative Party" to the Osmeña faction. Since pro-Osmeña elements have time and again accused Roxas of being at the head of a "Fascist" clique,

we now find ourselves in the middle of a highly interesting, if somewhat confusing, situation. What we all need, to start with, maybe, is a few elementary lessons in semantics. We simply have got to know what Liberal and Conservative and Fascist and Progressive really mean before we start tacking them on to people. Nobody wants to be taken in by false pretenses.

★

Lesson in Democracy

GENERAL YAMASHITA has been sentenced to die by hanging.

They say that the trial was important because it set up vital new precedents in war criminal trials. That may be. To most people, however, its greatest value lies in having demonstrated the moral superiority of the democratic over the samurai way of life.

I was in Malaybalay, Bukidnon, when Filipino refugees from the Japanese reign of terror in Davao arrived there with stories of how the conquering Japanese troops had treated the Filipino civilians whom they found in that fallen city. They were out to wreak vengeance on the Filipinos who were in charge of the internment camp for Japanese civilians. They herded all suspects they could find to the edge of the town. Without being given any chance whatever to defend themselves, the Filipinos were tied along the entire length of a long bamboo pole. At a given signal,

two flame-throwers at either end of the pole were turned on until everyone on the line had been burnt to a crisp. Very swift and very efficient.

To Secretary Jose Abad Santos and later to Generals Lim, Segundo, and De Jesus, the same brand of samurai justice was meted out by the conquerors.

In the whole course of the trial, nothing has been more striking than the diligence and skill which the defense counsel of American officers employed in a determined effort to save the life of their client. It is no secret that they had many people, including GIs and foreign correspondents, secretly applauding them for the telling effect of their methods during cross-examination and for the simple dignity of their pleading.

Too bad the trial could not be held in Japan in a vast courtroom open to the Japanese. As a powerful lesson in democracy, it might have proved more effective in the end than a dozen directives.

★

What Sort of a Fellow?

I have been asked what sort of a fellow is Noel Young who wrote me a letter in the November PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN under the title, "A Bigger Snowman". Noel has only recently gone home, but before he did we met three or four times, the last two times when he came to dinner at the house. I can

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only report that he is just about the most personable and pre-possessing young American I have met. He is young, 22 or 23, about five feet six inches tall, writes poetry and fiction and essays, loves books, laughter, children, and good food. Not really much of a Bigger Snowman than I am, and that's perhaps the reason we got along so nicely together.

When he first came to the house he said, "Well, here I am, and I haven't brought the Empire State Building or the Boulder Dam with me either." We both laughed at that, and after the usual amenities began talking shop.

He likes Kahlil Gibran, Rabindranath Tagore, Jose Garcia Villa, marvels at the latter poet's perceptive grasp of the English language, the way he can model and remodel words to serve a new purpose till they become as precious stones which you could feel with the fingers. His literary preferences didn't surprise me because Noel is himself trying to do that in his own writings, both in prose and poetry. He thinks it is the privilege of a writer to discover novel modes of expression, and that the real artist, if he should ever feel the need of reaching out for the mind of his audience, may compromise thus far but no farther.

He speaks Spanish with the unmistakable accent of an American who has learned it in college. The short time he was in Manila he picked up some

Tagalog too, and used to spring it on street vendors who flabbergasted him by replying in English. He speaks Pangasinan much better, having stayed in Lingayen about five months. His language perplexity centered on the fact that while in Leyte he had learned to say *tubig* for water, when he reached Lingayen, he found that water was no longer *tubig* but *danum*. Then, upon reaching Manila, he found that water was *tubig* all over again. Also, he couldn't understand why in Pangasinan a person says *wala* for "there is," and in Tagalog *wala* for "there is none."

He hated Rizal Avenue. Too garish, he said. He preferred to take long, solitary walks through the little side-streets of Chinatown. He thinks there are no fruits anywhere in the world quite as delicious as papaya or mango, and he is fond of *pansit*.

He comes from Pasadena, "city of roses", where his pretty wife, — a Philippine-born American girl who studied and lived with her parents in Silliman until she was fifteen—awaits him, as well as a six-month-old son whom he has not yet seen.

Noel returned home by plane, and should be there now, in plenty of time before Christmas which is his birthday.

Nice time I had meeting and knowing Noel—as fine, unassuming, and friendly an American as they make them, yea, even in the great Pacific State of California.



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Newsmonth

By Baldomero T. Olivera

THE UNITED STATES

WHEN the first atomic bomb literally vaporized a good portion of Hiroshima, man entered upon a new epoch. And, like any revolutionary change, the beginning of the atomic era heaped on the shoulders of men of affairs the world over more and more problems even before they could solve problems in human relations which such relatively tame sources of power as steam and electricity brought about.

The question at once arose: What to do with this tremendous force?

For days on end since Hiroshima, the Great Debate raged. Scientists disagreed over the extent to which research should be pursued on a source of power that could destroy life more summarily than any weapon of destruction has ever done before.

In Washington last month, the first official step was taken toward assuring the use of atomic or nuclear energy to benefit man, not to destroy him.

Since the discovery by Becquerel of radioactivity half a century ago, scientists the world over had a theoretical knowledge of this new source of power. The great Einstein forty years ago startled the world when he said if the energy in a glass of water were released, the resulting power would be sufficient to propel a giant battleship across the seven seas.

But while the world's leading physicists knew about atomic power in theory, its practical application was something else, and today the know-how is the ex-

clusive property of three countries: the United States, Great Britain, and the Dominion of Canada.

One week last month, the heads of these governments—President Truman, Premier Attlee and Premier McKenzie King—went into a huddle in Washington, exchanged views on atomic power, promptly emerged from the powwow with a one-thousand-word communiqué defining the intentions of the "Atomic Three."

The communiqué in effect proposed that the United Nations Organization set up a special commission specifically charged with the duties of:

1. Studying ways and means of controlling atomic energy so that it be used for peaceful purposes only.
2. Setting up an international instrumentality which would eliminate from arsenals all weapons of mass destruction, including the atomic bomb, and gas and bacteriological warfare.
3. Organize proper safeguards, such as international inspection squads, to see to it that no violation of agreements on this subject is committed by any country.

If and when such safeguards are assured, said the Atomic Three, then they would share the secret of nuclear energy with all members of the United Nations Organization.

But, to make it an even trade, all the other member nations in turn must agree to let each other share their respective scientific secrets.

Within the United States, World War II continued last month to produce after-effects often bordering on a first-rate crisis.

Industrial reconversion saw labor and management still at odds on labor's demand for a 30 per cent wage increase. The month saw an average of 300,000 union workers, including 200,000 in the automobile industry, dig in for a long strike. Statistics showed the man-days lost due to walkouts was nearing the peak set in 1919.

The strike bug had bitten the steel industry too as the month ended. The CIO Steel Workers in Pittsburgh, numbering more than 600,000, voted to strike unless their demand for a two-dollar daily wage increase was granted, set the walkout for sometime before the end of the year.

Another backwash of the war caught Washington's top brass divided on the proposal to unite the armed services under one civilian Secretary of the Armed Forces. The Army was for it. So was the Air Force, which stood to lose nothing in the merger, being now more or less an adjunct of the Army.

But the Navy, quite zealous about guarding the independence it has enjoyed heretofore, strongly objected, cited the successful combined operations in the war just ended as proof a merger was unnecessary, warned against what Admiral Nimitz termed "destroying the strengths of our present system in accepting a new and untried one."

Army big guns, however, boomed louder as the month ended, and press comments indicated American public opinion was convinced a unified command was desirable. Congressional action on the merger bill was expected this month.

For work well-done, meanwhile, top brass got either the rest or the promo-

THE TEN MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF 1945
Selected by the Editors of the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN

1. Harnessing of atomic energy.
2. V-E.
3. V-J.
4. Signing of the United Nations Charter.
5. Death of President Roosevelt.
6. Labor Party victory in England.
7. Anti-imperialist revolutions in Indonesia and French Indo-China.
8. Flare-up of undeclared civil war in China.
9. Failure of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in London.
10. War Crimes trials.

tion they deserved. Into retirement went General of the Army George C. Marshall whose job as chief of staff went to the hero of the European war, General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower. Soon to retire is Admiral Ernest J. King whose top Navy job will go to Admiral Chester Nimitz.

Hardly had General Marshall left his desk in Washington, however, when President Truman telephoned him one morning and said, "I got work for you to do in China. Will you go?"

Always a good soldier, George Catlett Marshall said yes, and as the month ended, he was dusting off his duffel bags, readying himself for a trip to China and a plunge into one of the worst trouble spots on earth.

Marshall's hurried trip was necessitated by the abrupt resignation of Maj.

Gen. Patrick Hurley as ambassador to Chungking. Without giving the State Department or the White House a chance to announce his separation from the service, Hurley issued a stinging statement to the press saying he quit because some career diplomats in the State Department were "sabotaging the traditional foreign policy of the United States."

Congressmen listened, demanded an immediate investigation. Did some liberals in the State Department whisper some secrets to Liberal Congressmen who in turn made caustic remarks about the manner in which Hurley was "sticking his nose too far into the China mess?" The Hurley resignation had far-flung ramifications. It dramatized the existing conflict within the State Department on the China policy, brought to a focus the need for a clear-cut definition of a new policy.

Will Hurley's resignation mean a retreat from his all-out support of Chiang? Was Marshall sent to China to solve a military problem?

December will give the answers, but meanwhile, wiseacres thought that Marshall, rated tops in Washington, was out to weigh America's next move in the only area in the world where the land forces of Soviet Russia and the United States looked at each other across an imaginary line.

For, as of the first week in December, 1945, the enigmatic Kremlin, quiet, adamant, was considered the unknown factor in the peace equations.

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date, as defined in Potsdam, was to convert the Japanese to the democratic way of life.

General MacArthur lost no time in carrying out his mandate. A barrage of directives kept Emperor Hirohito's government busy all month. A second list of war crimes suspects, including Japan's Pearl Harbor Ambassadors Nomura and Kurusu, was issued, and trials of the top suspects now in detention were slated for sometime this month.

The Diet was called to an extraordinary session as the month ended to implement General MacArthur's directives, particularly on matters of (1) purging the government of men with taint of war guilt, (2) reforming the election laws to permit repressed Japanese women to vote for the first time in history, and (3) amending the land laws with a view to destroying feudalism and giving the masses more share in the produce of the land.

As December came, the seat of Japan's militarism—the war and navy ministries—bowed out into history, became the Demobilization Ministries No. 1 and No. 2, respectively.

Across the Sea of Japan in Manchuria, Chinese Communist resistance to Kuomintang forces all but fizzled out after Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's U. S.-equipped men drove through on an end-run at Shanhaiwan, where the Great Wall meets the sea.

At presstime, the government forces were more than halfway between the Wall and Mukden, with the Communist Yen-an forces offering negligible rear-guard resistance on flat terrain difficult to defend.

More significant, however, was the fact that Yen-an was being abandoned by the Soviets. At month's end, Marshal Malinovsky was making arrangements with General Tu Li-ming for the transfer of airborne Chungking troops to Changchun, capital of Manchuria.

But key-points in North China and Inner Mongolia still remained in Yen-an hands, and this month, the People's Consultative Council, where China's major political parties, including the Communists will be represented, will attempt to settle once and for all the great China muddle.

Further south in Indo-China, the picture was obscured in a shroud of censorship. Fighting between the Annamese and the French appeared to have decreased considerably in the southern states where French reinforcements arrived in increasing numbers.

But the Viet Minh government set up by the nationalist Annamese functioned with apparent impunity under what appeared to be the quiet approval of Chiang Kai-shek's troops who rushed into northern Indo-China on Allied overall orders to disarm and accept the surrender of the Japanese.

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French commanders in Saigon dared not complicate matters by sending troops into the Chinese zone, condescendingly told reporters the Viet Minh leaders could not be charged with treason since the movement started during the enemy regime, when "French authority was temporarily suspended."

Nearby India, for years and years a hotbed of disaffection under British rule, reached the boiling point one week last month.

Coincident with the opening of the trial in New Delhi of the captured officers and men of Subhas Chandra Bose's Indian National Army, fifty thousand nationalists in Calcutta staged a demonstration demanding that the trial be dropped since the Hindu soldiers were not any more pro-Japanese than they were anti-British.

The demonstration turned into riots which raged for three days, spread into many cities. Scores were killed and hundreds wounded, including several Americans.

London observers agreed it was the most serious uprising in India since the Great Mutiny. For Moslems and Hindus heretofore divided, joined as one in the anti-British demonstrations, and even the usually quiet Bengalis waved nationalist flags, carried slanderous anti-British placards.

British analysts saw in the disturbances a general trend against colonialism throughout Asia, conceded that the Hindus, a bit impatient, would rather resort to force than rely on London's promise of autonomy within the British commonwealth of nations.

Similar offers by the Dutch made equally little impression on the Indonesians who continued their resistance against great odds all last month.

The diplomatic front improved considerably, but the fighting fronts were

made doubly complicated by the emergence of extremist elements who defied even the pleas of their own recognized leaders.

Towards the close of the month, the Allied command, using British, Dutch and even Japanese troops, had most of Java under control although scattered resistance flared intermittently outside of the port city of Sourabaya, at Bandoeng and near the vicinity of the internee camps in Batavia.

Two factors foreshadowed possible negotiated peace: (1) the revamp of the nationalist cabinet which saw 36-year-old moderate Sultan Sjahrir catapulted to premiership; and (2) the announcement by Dr. Herbertus H. Van Mook, acting Dutch governor, that The Hague was now in the mood to discuss terms with the Indonesians. Heretofore, The Hague had ignored the nationalists.

Premier Sjahrir meanwhile announced he would endeavor to persuade his extremist countrymen to seek more peace-

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ful methods of settling their differences with the Dutch, and announced that trusteeship under the United Nations would be acceptable until Java was better prepared, provided such trusteeship did not mean the return of the Dutch to overlordship in the East Indies.

THE NEAR EAST

The biblical lands attracted its share of the world news spotlight last month. Out in northern Iran (Persia) where Asia ends and Europe begins, pro-Russian inhabitants of the Iranian province of Azerbaijan rose up in arms, demanded autonomy.

The government at Teheran pointed an accusing finger at Moscow, charged that the rebels were armed by Russian Armenians, accused Moscow of conniving with tribal rulers in an alleged plot to control the fabulously rich oil lands of the region.

Washington saw dangerous portents in the revolution, sought to short-circuit possible Russian expansion by inviting

the Big Three to withdraw their respective troops from Iranian territory. Washington reminded Moscow that under the terms of the Teheran Declaration, the Big Three were to respect Iranian sovereignty, and withdrawal of the troops—which entered Persia to make secure the backdoor supply route for Allied lend-lease aid to Russia—would be one way to respect that territorial integrity. At press time, Moscow had rejected the Washington proposal.

EUROPE

France's Fourth Republic saw a mild political circus last month. The constituent assembly unanimously selected Gen. Charles de Gaulle president of the government, but when he set out to organize a cabinet, the Communist party, which had secured the largest number of seats in the Chamber of Deputies in the recent elections, threw a monkey-wrench into the De Gaulle machine by demanding one of the major portfolios—war, interior, or foreign affairs.

De Gaulle did not relish the idea. To



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yield to the Communists was to him more concession than would please the Western Democracies to which France, by tradition, was attached. So back to the assembly he dumped his mandate in what amounted to a resignation of the presidency.

The assembly was stumped. There was no personality of De Gaulle's stature in sight. After a little wrangling, De Gaulle was given another mandate to form a government, and this time the Communists accepted the next to the best thing they could get—a ministership in a newly-created army supply portfolio which operates directly under de Gaulle in his capacity as head of the armies.

Further north in Nuremberg, Ger-

many, twenty top Nazis faced an international court on charges of war crimes. Led by the No. 1 known living Nazi, bulky Hermann Goering, ex-air marshal of the Reich, the Germans pleaded innocence on arraignment, then settled back to the ordeal of listening to hundreds of witnesses who will try to prove that the Nazis deserved the gallows for plotting an abortive conquest which sent millions of men, women, and children to untimely death.

The trial is unprecedented. Whether or not the Nazis are convicted, the Nuremberg court represented the first tribunal destined to give international law the teeth and meaning so sadly lacking in previous world courts. Here, legalists

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hope, is the beginning of an instrumentality that can outlaw war.

THE PHILIPPINES

Back home in Manila, another war crime trial was terminated as the month ended. After listening the good part of the month to lurid tales of Japanese atrocities, General Tomoyuki Yamashita, accused on 123 counts of responsibility for these crimes, took the stand, denied giving any orders to his men to turn barbarians, claimed he did not know anything about the killings of 60,000 unarmed Filipino men, women, and children until he was told about it after his surrender.

A defense maneuver to let Yamashita go scot-free by petitioning for a writ of *habeas corpus* was denied by the Philippine Supreme Court, but the American military lawyers detailed to see that Yamashita gets justice tried all legal remedies to save the Japanese general.

Promptly, they filed a similar petition with the U. S. Supreme Court. On December 7, fourth Stateside anniversary of the outbreak of the Pacific War, Yamashita was sentenced by the five-man American military commission to die by hanging. The decision now goes to General MacArthur for review.

President Sergio Osmeña was all smiles when he landed on Nichols Field one day last month. For one thing, it was his pleasure to take home with him the widow and orphans of the late President Quezon. For another, his last trip to Washington was adjudged a singular success, and the City of Manila showed its appreciation by giving him a rousing welcome.

When he rushed to Washington two months previous, the drive for rehabilitation aid to the Philippines was lagging. But before he flew home, Mr. Osmeña had secured definite commitments from President Truman that all avail-

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able assistance would be extended the worst war-damaged territory under the American flag.

Few days later U. S. High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt arrived to assume his position, assured the Filipinos he was happy to be of service to them, affirmed the U. S. has no greater moral obligation to any nation than to the people of the Philippines.

Promptly, the White House let it be known it was throwing its full weight behind the latest version of the Bell bill which would extend free trade eight years after independence and a four per cent graduated tax every five years until full tariff duty is levied at the end of 25 years.

In the U. S. Senate, meanwhile, Senator Tydings, head of the territories committee, presented what he called the Philippine Rehabilitation Act of 1945, which provided, among others, close to a billion pesos in war damage payments, transfer of Army surplus goods to the Commonwealth government, and special funds for the reconstruction of public buildings, roads, bridges and public services.

At month's end, Congress was mulling over the measures, but final ap-

proval, with possible slight modifications, was considered a cinch.

The arrival of Mr. Osmeña rang the bell for the first election battle in the Philippines since Pearl Harbor. Acting on President Truman's suggestion that elections for president, vice-president and congressmen be held on or before April 30th next year and that those elected hold office by May 30th, President Osmeña called a special session of the Philippine Congress to determine the date and other details of the elections.

Osmeña's Campaign Manager Jose O. Vera dramatized the confidence of the president's camp by announcing he'd commit suicide if the president is not reelected. For Osmeña's running-mate, veteran Eulogio Rodriguez was prominently mentioned.

Middle-of-the-roaders sought to persuade Senate President Roxas to preserve party unity by running as vice president, but Roxas supporters poo-pooed the idea, threatened to split the Quezon-less Nacionalista party wide open by holding their own convention.

At presstime, the hyphen which once happily joined Os-Rox was lengthening to a full dash and several thorny asterisks besides.

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A CHEAT... (Continued from Page 6) patronage and support comes back to you again in dividends of enriched entertainment and illumination.

It may also interest you to know that despite difficulties of transportation, the magazine is today being distributed in places as far away as Davao and Palawan, as well as in the Ilocos, Bicol, and Visayan provinces. In Central and Southern Luzon, of course, not to speak of Manila and suburbs, the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN has become something of a household word. As a Hollywood blurb-writer would put it, the magazine has taken the country by storm.

The PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN leads the magazine field in news-stand and book-stand and bookstore sales, the only publications that offer it competition being those printed in the United States. It is sold by newsboys in the streets—the only magazine that is thus distributed on

exactly the same cash-and-carry basis as newspapers.

Our steadily growing subscribers' list shows nearly as many American as Filipino names—a concrete endorsement of the magazine's happy choice of a name, and further proof that it has struck a happy balance in Filipino-American reader appeal. The same balance is reflected in the contents of the magazine itself, for no other magazine published in the Philippines today counts with the proportion of contributions from Filipino and American authors that we have been able to present each month.

American soldiers returning home have subscribed to the magazine out of a desire to retain a point of contact with the Philippines. They believe that the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN can provide that point of contact, and we'll see to it that it does. Others who will be with us for

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some time longer have sent gift subscriptions to their friends and relatives back home, believing that the magazine will more than supplement and perhaps rectify what bits of information they may send about the Philippines and its people.

And, by way of footnote, to show that circulation and advertising do tie up together, our paid advertising this month is nearly double that of the preceding issue.

IF all this sounds like a Report to the Stockholders, you may, if you wish, take it in just that spirit. For we have no stockholders to speak of the way the big-time commercial publishing houses have them—big names and mighty, you know, at whose mere mention the mind conjures awesome visions of power and pelf. This is a magazine of writers by writers who are happy in their work because no Big Somebody looks over their shoulders as they write. We have no mysterious connections anywhere, no surreptitious "backers" hovering behind the curtain, no hidden source of financial support which we could tap as the need arises. But what we think we do have is established reader confidence based on the belief that we have something to sell and that people will buy it because it is good and so long as it is good. Our only backers are our readers and our advertisers whose faith in the selling power of our advertising space has remained firm and sound.

THOSE among our readers who desire to turn their leisure time into cash by acting as community distributors, advertising and subscription solicitors for the magazine are urged to write us for particulars. They'll be surprised to find how easy and profitable this work can be, as the experience of many an energetic person who has come in with us even for a brief period has shown

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clearly enough. Others with less time to spare can at least earn a free one-year subscription to the magazine by turning in to us four paid-up annual subscriptions.

MOVED by the same impartial spirit, we are running in this issue two articles, pro and con, on the subject: "Was Roxas a Collaborator?" Mr. Roxas, so the papers say, is running for president in the coming national elections. So, here are the facts and the arguments, for and against; we leave them to you to sift and weigh as you will. Be seeing you in the election booths come April.

IT seems we are never going to hear the end of S. P. Lopez's "Letter to GI Joe" which appeared in our first issue. First, it earned us a friendly visit by two American army officers who wanted to know how we can help promote better understanding between Americans and Filipinos. Next, came word that Resident Commissioner Romulo in Washington had inserted the article in the *Congressional Record*. Then, it was published in condensed form in a U. S. Army unit newspaper under the name of a Filipino civilian employee. The condensation was picked up and reprinted by B.C.T. in his column in the *Manila Times*. There is where trouble began, because numerous readers who first read the article in the *PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN* wrote in to B.C.T. and the *Times* calling attention to the plagiarism. Proper apologies and explanations were made to everybody's satisfaction. Capt. Lopez himself dismissed the incident saying that he felt flattered and pleased that his Letter has gotten much farther around than he thought it would.

THE other week Mr. Edgar Snow, famed American war correspondent and writer on Far Eastern affairs, accepted our invitation to have *merienda* with our staff. Chatting informally we plied him with questions and found him to be extremely affable, though not too eloquent on affairs Philippine, claiming that he hadn't studied our problems thoroughly. Nevertheless we did elicit the opinion that many reforms in the economic and political situation are necessary before the nation can become truly democratic. Regarding Philippine-American relations we were especially pleased that he thought the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN an excellent medium for their improvement and expressed the hope that we would continue to grow and carry out our policies. Surprised that such a publication had made its appearance so early, he commended us on our stand in dealing with Philippine-American affairs.

The point that Mr. Snow emphasized

most strongly is the fact that it is indeed "one world" we live in today, and that the problems of any one nation are intimately tied up with the world political and economic situation. Problems such as those of Korea, China, and Indonesia, depend almost entirely on world politics, and the Philippines should especially pay attention to this tie-up now that it is on the verge of independence. It was indeed a pleasure speaking with him and we are hopeful of having an article from him in a forthcoming issue. We feel that our readers should not be denied this privilege.

JUST a word about reprints from this magazine: The contents of each issue of the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN are copyrighted and may not be reprinted or condensed without permission. The management will grant such permission whenever requested, unless it is constrained from doing so for one reason or another.

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LETTERS (Continued from page 5)

suggest is that you have a column that will make the reader laugh once in a while. How about it?

ARTURO TAN

Manila

● *We have been thinking about that. One of these days we will have it.*—ED.

It's "Tops"

I enjoyed reading the November issue of the PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN and wish to say it's tops among local magazines. Within its pages one finds both enjoyment and instruction.

I like Lyd Arguilla's story, for it depicts a tale not uncommon nowadays. Here's for more of her stories in your future issues. And Noel Young's.

ALICIA P. LOPEZ

1343 M. Hizon
Sta. Cruz, Manila

"... but in Praise"


You welcome suggestions for improvement. Not for improvement but in praise I suggest you continue your splendid poetry section. It is a pleasure, indeed, to discover in the Philippines such skill in modern poetics as Godofredo Bunao exhibits in his "Apostrophe to Yamashita." To be sure, the editors of the P.A., are contributing much "toward the promotion and development of Philippine culture and literature."

I am returning to the States soon and I am anxious not to lose contact with current events in the Philippines. A subscription to your magazine is just the answer. I thank you. (Coupon enclosed. If there is any increase in rate for Stateside address, please advise.)

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