in 20 years, or a time less than 2/3 of the brief space America has been in the Philippines. He does not worry because Japanese forces temporarily hold Manchuria, since Chinese are rapidly filling up Manchuria and the Japanese improvements there are beneficial mainly to Chinese. If traditionalism moved these Chinese, Dee C. Chuan would be entirely wrong about them—they would be inert, a people spiritually defeated, fleeing from and shunning the exigencies of their age. But as it is the same force moving them that moves the west, Dee C. Chuan is probably right about them. They seek mass life in Manchuria, as they do in China proper; and as they seek this as Chinese, so they will have it as Chinese.

Better thinkers by far than Thomas Steep have given us the clue to such phenomena as the Nanking government, the Philippine Commonwealth, and the new deal for India. One of these thinkers is the Spaniard Gasset. He points out the fact that during the 19th century peoples idealized common rights but left matters to their leaders without caring to take tangible hold of what their sentiment cherished. But in this century all this is quite changed, they now do take hold. China can't make terms with her past and invite a long era of renewed philosophical vegetation. China is now the Chinese people, who want, and will surely have, things for themselves. In this, they don't rebuff the west; they but join the west in the rapid forward-march. It is only because the west invents and passes the implementation of this novel régime along, that the west is taken as in the lead—accused sometimes of bluffing the east into acceptance of its standards. But the charge is untrue, the dynamics of our era enjoy electrical acceptance everywhere. In fact, the fundamental truth is, they are universally demanded, and no people will long permit itself to be excluded from them.

These are such facts as are true. There are few places in the world better than the Philippines in which to observe and verify the truth of them.

Arms Race...

(Continued from page 28)

backwater, Siam during recent years has begun to play an important part in oriental politics, and it has not escaped the prevalent craving for more and better arms. Its military expenditure has risen from approximately 13,000,000 bahts (about $6,000,000) in 1932-1933 to a record figure of 23,300,000 bahts in 1936-1937. Imitating methods of secretive European dictatorships, the Siamese budget-makers have not itemized their military outlay. Its precise destination, therefore, is unknown.

But it is known that a considerable number of airplanes and some tanks have been purchased abroad; the British financial adviser to the government, Mr. W. A. M. Doll, inserted into his last report a gentle warning that heavy expenditures abroad, together with the constant homeward drain of remittances from the large Chinese commercial community in Siam, might endanger currency stability. Siam is also building a navy; an additional appropriation of 18,000,000 bahts has been set aside for this purpose. Only small warships are being ordered, some destroyers having been bought in Japan and in Italy.

Siam is the only independent country in southeastern Asia. So it is naturally a focal point of international rivalry and intrigue. For a time there was some concern in British circles as to whether the new nationalist government which has succeeded the ousted King Prajadhipok might not swing over entirely into the Japanese orbit. Japanese trade grew rapidly; a Japanese cotton expert arrived to study the possibilities of growing Siamese cotton for the Japanese market; Siamese naval cadets were sent to Japan for training. There were persistent rumors that Siam, with Japanese financial backing, would construct a canal across the narrowest part of the Malay Peninsula, the Isthmus of Kra. Such a canal would be a stunning blow to Singapore, both commercially and strategically.

During my visit to Bangkok in the winter of 1936-1937 I gained the impression that British apprehensions were relieved, if not altogether allayed. No concrete proof of the Kra Canal scheme was obtainable; and the idea was specifically repudiated by Luang Pradit Manudharm, the Siamese Foreign Minister. After all, Siam is surrounded by British territory on three sides, by Malaya on the south, by Burma on the west and northwest. Moreover, the new régime in Siam, while definitely nationalist and inclined to resent any suggestion of tutelage from Great Britain, certainly has no desire to fall into a relation of dependence on Japan.

At the moment the Far Eastern arms race, which has been speeding up from year to year, has led to a state of unstable balance of power. The best guaranty of peace in Asia, as in Europe, had seemed to be the unwillingness of any government to take the responsibility of precipitating war when its neighbors were armed to the teeth and the outlook for victory was so uncertain. But peace on these terms was hardly to be regarded as permanent or stable.

—Reprinted from Asia Magazine for October, 1937.

Vikings of

Ships without decks or engines, chart or compass, still cross the Indian Ocean to East Africa. They were trading along that coast before the first Portuguese explorers burst into those seas. They are running between the Persian Gulf and Zanzibar now, fleets hundreds strong, while the **Queen Mary** maintains her trans-Atlantic time-table.

They are the dhows, the ocean-going sailing ships that have not changed since the days of Ptolemy. I have sat at the tiller of a fast-coasting dhow off Zanzibar, yarned with dhow skippers and crews in Mombasa, Mozambique and Colombo. But I have never learnt all their secrets. The dhows, with their rakish lateen-rig and dark, battered hulls, have about them an air of mystery that is not easy to penetrate. By the rules of modern commerce, they should have been driven from the ocean long ago. Yet they sail on, defiant relics of an earlier age of seafaring.

The largest are about the size of Drake's hip, the **Golden Hind**. Some that venture over from the Persian Gulf to Mombasa, three thousand miles, do not displace more than ten tons. Their Arab crews are the Vikings of the East, accomplishing in their high-pooped dhows the deeds of adventure the old Norsemen achieved in their longships.

I remember a dhow that came drifting into Colombo Harbor after a hard passage from the Maldives—the shining atolls that are strung out in line for four hundred miles just north of the equator. My boatman spoke the island dialect, and we boarded the dhow to see how she had fared.

Her mast was the bent trunk of a coconut palm, her sails were mats. The fiber rigging was frayed. Sheets of corrugated iron covered with thatch formed the cabin. Nearly all the small bottles used for water storage were empty. Her crew of thin and timid young islanders seemed unaware of any feat of seamanship in bringing this flimsy ark safely to port. If it had happened in western waters the news would have been on the front page.

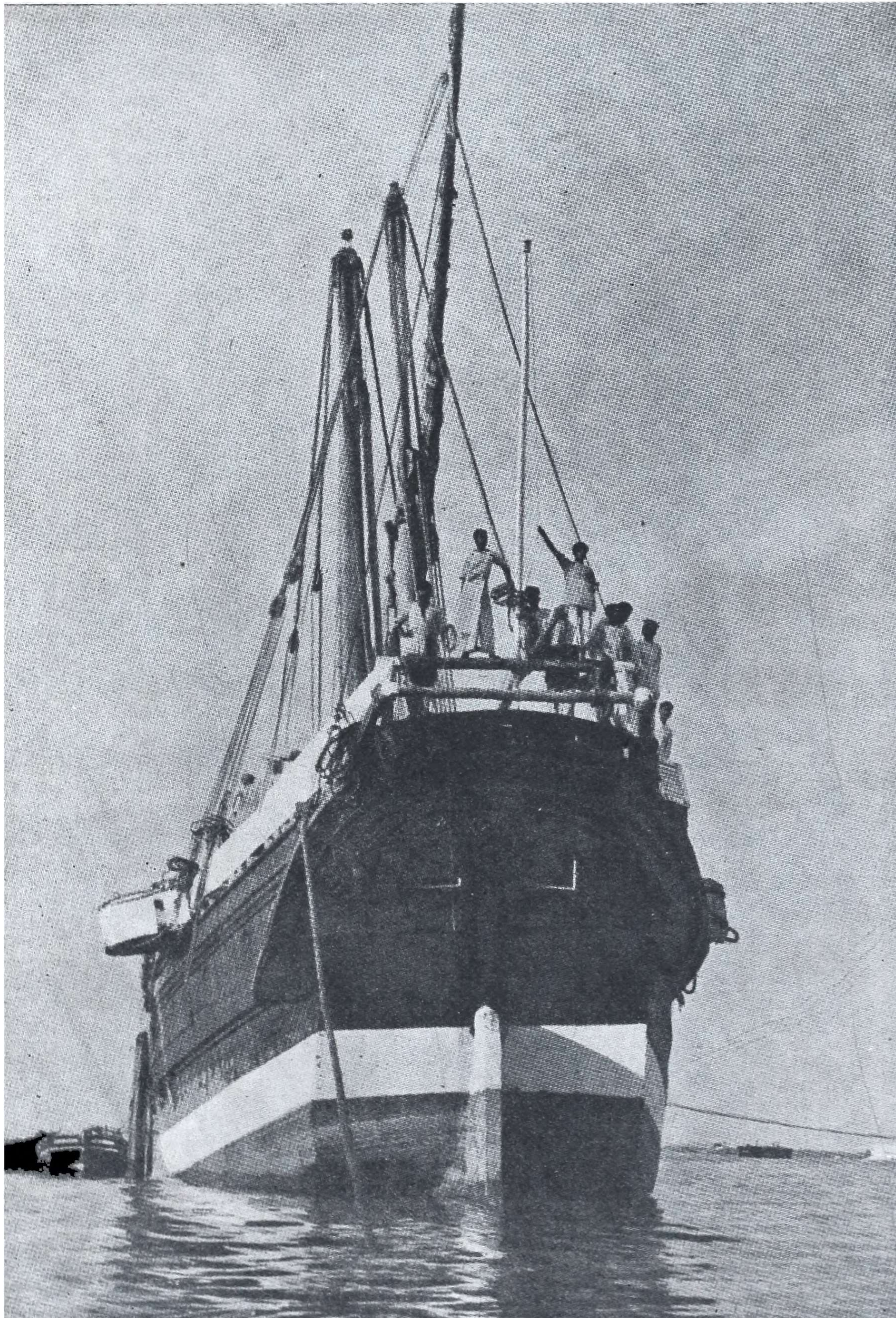
Sometimes the frail Maldive dhows keep company in mid-ocean. Fleets of a hundred sail have been sighted, the dhows in the outer lines burning torches at night to keep the whole formation together.

the East

● By LAWRENCE G. GREEN

How do the dhows find their way across thousands of miles of open Indian Ocean? I knew the Maldive Islanders had their wooden sextants, and navigation tables copied from modern books. But most of the Arabs, Indians and Swahilis display none of the up-to-dateness of the island people. How is it done?

At last I formed the opinion that it was indeed a "hit or miss" affair, the chances of disaster varying according to the experience of the dhow skipper. Some there are with a knowledge of the stars. They tell you that, when a star appears in a familiar position, a known port or island must lie under it. Others are able to estimate their latitude with the aid of a wooden instrument, two arms set at right angles with a knotted string across. This gives a fair idea of the angle of the Pole Star.



Not very graceful—But she will ride out any storm

On board a fine baggala that had sailed all the way from Bombay to Colombo I saw a shining binnacle. Many Arab dhows still put to sea without a compass, in spite of the fact that the Arabs have been credited with using some form of magnetized needle when they first met seafarers from Europe.

The sun and the steady monsoon winds are the great signs of direction observed by dhow sailors. The position of the sun at dawn and dusk is important. If there is no sun, and fog or clouds cover the stars, then Allah is held responsible for the safety of the ship. It does not matter if currents take her off her course. As long as there is water in the earthenware jars, rice and dried fish in the cooking pots, a week has no significance.

"There are no devils save imaginary devils," say the stout-hearted Arabs. Nevertheless, a bold proverb is a poor substitute for a sextant, and these rough methods of navigation do lead to wrecks and heavy loss of life. Whole fleets of dhows have been driven ashore on Cape Guardafui—the sinister cape that was called, even late last century, "the unknown horn of Africa." Weather lore is all right up to a point. The white man's liner with her barometers, echo-sounding gear, wireless direction finder and chronometers may carry too many aids to navigation. The white man's liner with her barometers, echo-sounding gear, wireless direction finder and chronometers may carry too many aids to navigation. There is no doubt that the dhows have too few.

But it is impossible to shake the oriental philosophy of these aged, sea-wise Arabs. On a coast, where they recognize every landmark by day, they prefer to anchor at night. Ask the skipper why he wastes time like this, and the answer comes with a smile. "I cannot see in the dark. Also, the night is the best time for sleeping. Do not count the days of a month which do not belong to thee."

Every long voyage starts with a ceremony of drums, music and dancing to appease the spirits of the deep. Charms are fixed to the bowsprit and eyes painted on the bows, a precaution copied from the Chinese junks. Then, with the crew singing a shanty that the monsoons have blown down these eastern seas for two thousand years, the dhow makes sail for blue water.

One day I stood on the beach at Port Amelia, that wonderful harbor in Portuguese East Africa, watching the Arab shipwrights building a dhow. They were working to a plan that was old when the ancient Britons were paddling their coracles. Not a nail did they use as they laid the planking along the hard balks that made the ribs. Every plank and timber, deck beam and stringer, in a dhow is fastened with wooden pegs.

Most seaworthy of all dhows are the large baggalas from Muscat and the Persian Gulf, with their high, square sterns—often richly carved—and shapely prows. A baggala may be a hundred feet in length with a beam of thirty feet. Tiller, cleats, bulwarks, spars, everything about her is massive. She has a double skin, like the famous Norwegian life-boat design, the space between inner and outer planking being filled with a lime-and-coral mixture to make her thoroughly watertight. Fish oil or propoise fat serves as paint. The heavy rudder might have been transshipped from the Ark.

Yet the dhow has lines that capture a sailor's eye. She may appear to ride low in the water amidships, but she has a powerful bow and a stern that will not be swamped when she runs before a gale. The deep keel gives her a grip on the water, so that she can be driven to windward and claw off a lee shore. Her keel is of such stout timber, too, that she can scrape over a coral reef or pound heavily on sand without causing serious damage.

A type of dhow that has aroused wide interest is the **mtepe**, the sewn boat in which the planks are held firmly together with coconut fiber. A certain amount of elasticity is created by this ingenious device, and the mtepe stands up remarkably well to the hammer blows of the sea. You can distinguish a mtepe by her square rig, long projecting stern and a bow like the head of a camel throwing up white spray on an emerald sea. I have seen these boats at Zanzibar, but I believe they are now built only at Pate Island in the Lamu group.

The odors of past cargoes cling to all these hardbitten wanderers of the Indian Ocean. They are "tramps" in the true sense of the word; for most of them sail without knowing where the next freight will be lifted. I saw a Maldive dhow arrive in Colombo reeking of dried fish. In her holds, too, were coconut products, tortoise shell; and I was told she would carry rice and bicycles back to the islands.

When you see any battered, ocean-going dhow you may be fairly sure that frankincense and skins, coffee and ivory, carpets and dates, cloth and sponges have all been heaped in her bilges at some time or other to cross the seas covered with tarpaulins. The passengers sit on top of the lot with their baggage. It is transportation reduced to simple terms. Cooking is done in an iron box half-filled with sand. Often a flying fish drops on deck at night, drawn by lanterns. Occasionally a turtle asleep on the surface is captured. Oranges help to keep the scurvy away. As a luxury there is the Arabian melted butter called **samn**, and always there is coffee.

If supplies run short (or even, one suspects, when there is still ample food in the locker), the dhow skipper does not hesitate about holding up a liner. Thousands of passengers bound for India or Australia must recall those little dramas of mid-ocean—the dhow becalmed and flying a distress signal, the liner sending casks of fresh water and sacks of provisions across to her in accordance with the unwritten law of the sea. Most captains, however, refuse pleas for tobacco. This is not a form of begging to encourage.

Sea routine on board the dhows is a lazy affair of tiller and lookout. There are no decks to scrub, there is no brasswork to polish. Each morning before dawn comes the call to prayer. "Allahu akbar!" In the evening, when the sun touches the sea-rim, the skipper becomes priest again. All on board face Mecca, dropping to the deck with their foreheads touching the wood, kneeling until the last words are chanted. "Peace and the mercy of Allah be on you!"

The Indian Ocean is sprinkled generously with groups of coral islets. Fishing stations have been established on dozen of atolls, copra is produced on the larger islands. These calm lagoons seldom see the keel of a steamer. The dhows are not too proud to visit tiny outposts in search of cargoes.

You can identify a pearling dhow by the smell of long-decayed oysters. Arabs and deep-chested, black-skinned Somalis go as divers. The only apparatus carried is a primitive form of "submarine eye"—a glass bowl or a funnel with a glass bottom pressed below the surface. Thus the precious beds of oyster-shell are found. If sharks keep away and no dreaded octopus appears, if a man is not trapped by a giant clam and if the oyster-shell is rich, the divers may sail back rejoicing to the pearl market of Zanzibar.

Malindi waterfront at Zanzibar and the tortuous, narrow streets and coffee houses of the bazar form a memorable scene during the northeast monsoon. Then the crews of dhows from distant coasts arrive to spend their pay recklessly, just as the sailor-men of other nations do at the end of a hard passage.

The dhow, as I have said, does not always survive the dangers of the Indian Ocean. One of the strangest disasters occurred only a few years ago, when a dhow left Zanzibar for the Gulf of Cutch with thirty-seven persons on board, mainly Arabs and Indians. They were sailing well in fair weather one night when a shock was felt below the water line. The dhow began to leak, and a hurried search revealed the long, serrated snout of a saw-fish protruding through the planking. Crew and passengers toiled all night to shore up the rotten timbers and plug the leak. It was useless. Towards morning the skipper ran for the Lamu Islands and left the dhow on a reef to avoid foundering. No lives were lost, but the dhow became a total wreck.

Yet the old dhow trade flourishes in spite of the known and unknown perils of the sea. These Arabs sail on as if turbines and marine motors had never been invented. I see them now, the monsoon droning in the bellying sail, brown sailors singing and beating their drums, an old man with a green turban and a thin beard crouched at the tiller. These are the Vikings of the East indeed, sailing boldly to adventure over the horizon.

—**Asia, Oct., 1937.**

MALACAÑAN PALACE
Manila

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINES

ADMINISTRATIVE ORDER No. 52

CREATING A COMMITTEE TO STUDY THE PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT OF A FOREIGN TRADE ZONE AT THE PORT OF MANILA

It appearing that Manila is favorably situated as a transshipping port for foreign trade and that the establishment of a Foreign Trade Zone at Manila would benefit the commerce of the Philippines, I, MANUEL L. QUEZON, President of the Philippines, by virtue of the powers in me vested by law, do hereby constitute and create a Committee to study the advisability and feasibility of establishing a Foreign Trade Zone at the Port of Manila. The Committee shall be composed of the following:

Mr. José Paez, President and General Manager, Manila Railroad Company, Chairman;
Mr. J. Bartlett Richards, U. S. Trade Commissioner, Member;
Mr. Jesus Obieta, Acting Collector of Customs, Member;
Mr. Anastacio de Castro, Acting Director of Commerce, Member;
Mr. A. T. Sylvester, Portworks Engineer, Bureau of Public Works, Member;
Mr. Walter Robb, Editor, American Chamber of Commerce Journal, Member; and
Mr. Richard C. Wilson of the United Press., Member.

Captain Boomer Fellers, U. S. Army, shall serve as Secretary and Executive Officer of the Committee.

This Committee shall submit a report covering its findings and recommendations as soon as practicable.

Done at the City of Manila, this 19th day of November, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-seven, and of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, the third.

(Sgd.) MANUEL L. QUEZON
President of the Philippines