

## AN ORCHID OR TWO TO LIVE BY

Forester Doroteo Soriano, Chief, Division of Forest Engineering, has two photostat copies of the handwritten statements made by the late Governor-General Frank Murphy and of the then Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce, Eulogio Rodriguez, on the occasion of their inspection of the Bureau of Forestry on September 27, 1934—18 years or so ago—in line with the program of instituting efficiency and orderliness in all government offices. The photostat copies which Forester Soriano discovered in his private file were forwarded to the Director for purposes of permanent official record. Speaking favorably of the Bureau, the statements are quoted hereunder:

“Department of Agriculture and  
Commerce  
Bureau of Forestry  
Manila, P.I.

“It is pleasing to note care and orderliness in preserving records and documents in this Bureau; and it is pleasing to see also a marked degree of good morale in a bureau upon whose efficiency and enterprise so much of our future rests.

(Sgd.) FRANK MURPHY  
Governor-General”

“Department of Agriculture and  
Commerce  
Bureau of Forestry  
Manila, P.I.

“The cleanliness and orderliness that I have noted in the Bureau of Forestry indicate progressive and systematic administration. Its division of work, the excellent arrangement of the different offices and its preservation of records are remarkable and show a high order of efficiency.  
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## • POETRY •

### TIMBER PATCH

*I've chopped away at trees enough  
To know that some are soft inside  
And some, like ironwood, are tough  
In bone and gristle, heart and hide.*

*Shagbark hickory spills its blood  
Easy as a bright vein flowing;  
Black gum tree and willow wood  
Heal the cut and keep on growing.*

*If a knife edge girdles beech,  
One short summer sucks it dry;  
But sycamore and sumac each  
Scar the wound and scorn to die.*

*I'd give my ax away to know  
What spirit breathes the magic breath  
That forces one hurt tree to grow  
And lets another bleed to death.*

By Herbert Merrill

### MUTE LOVE

By TEODORICO M. MONTOJO

*How shall I say it, how design a phrase  
Of fitting beauty with a mouth gone dumb?  
Or lead my throat down labyrinthine ways  
Of song exalted? Less than meager crumb—  
From Love's rich loaf, let fall and brushed  
aside,*

*Is an utterance and caressing word:  
Less forgotten suitor to a bride  
Or last year's stolen berries to a bird—  
My love needs no medium of clumsy tongue  
To voice its song of ecstasy or grief,  
Its surety of Eden starred and young . . .  
Even as greenness melts into a leaf  
Even as sky bends down to kiss the ground—*

*So heart communes with heart without a  
sound.*