

## The

## "LET YOUR HAIR DOWN"

\_\_\_\_\_ Column

Somebody sent us a copy of a letter written by an American oldtimer here who had been away, to friends in the United States, from which we select the following parts:

"Among the Filipinos I find a rather frightening optimism, self-satiafaction, and rampant nationalism that are more founded on the present situation than upon awareness of how much their newfound independence and prosperity are based on American help and protection (economic and military), and who have not the precaution to provide for their own future or even to think of the menacing conditions in China and other neighboring 'countries (over-populated and in the throes of violent revolutionary changes) which can so quickly annihilate the momentary improvements in the Philippines.

Infinite to momentary improvements in Thinpstees. The second second second second second and fanciful in their idealistic attitudes, and neglect taking the practical steps that would use the present prosperity for permanent improvement of their own most urgent necessities, agricultural 'know-how,' technical education, sanitation, and an economic and political integrity in their public services, which could help to withstand the pressure of another catastrophe they might have to face without any certinnty of American help and liberation, However, many individuals are doing fine work...

doing rine work... "The American professional and 'small business' people, who are the few who have not as yet been in yet way indemnified for bilippise Governmitter bar and prevear obligations "written off.' have now, as they had before the War. a disproportionately great part of the tax burden. Under these circumstances I have the fixed determination to get out from under a situation that shows no signs of giving me any personal advantage without further prolonged expenditures and efforts. I am in no way disposed to risk precarious healt and a minimum of financial security (from all-American assests) so hardly won...

"These are just impressions. It has been a crowded, interesting, and happy time for me here, in spite of the noise and expense that Manila living demands. Prices are fabolous and service unbelievably bad, but those are frontier conditions and rehabilitation necessities, everywhere the terrible effects of war devastation are being fet..."

This letter shows evidence of having been somewhat hastily written and might have been better rounded, but is interesting as a spontaneous expression of the state of mind of many of the oldtime Americans here, — we might say a very mixed state of mind compounded of a love of the country and its people, irritation, concern, and more thought than formerly in many cases, to their own personal interests, — now that they are getting old and the country is independent and they feel less responsible.

The editor had a letter from Major Mrs. H. G. Hornbostel during the month who, both, are still living at Carville, Louisiana. The Major, who for some years was the advertising manager of the editor's still suspended *Philippine* Magazine, referred to this column as follows:

"Both Gertrude [wife] and I enjoy reading the Journal, particularly the 'Let Your Hair Down' Column, which is more YOU than the rest of it." "There we go again," said the

editor when he read this line. "What's the matter with the rest of the Journal, or didn't he mean it that way? But it was a pleasant letter otherwise. I don't think he meant that this column is no good. He must have meant that the editorials, which, generally, it is both my duty and my pleasure to write, do not sound so much like me as he used to know You know, that hurts. me. Granted that one should develop and perhaps change, one is proud to maintain a certain integration of character, not to say one's integrity.

"Naturally, the Journal being an organ of the Chamber, the editorials express or try to express what may be taken as a sort of average of the opinions of the members on any subject, but I must insist that I share those opinions. I can say that during the whole of my writing career I have never written a single line that I did not believe to be true. I would not start lying for the Chamber, and I was never asked to or expected to.

"To those of my old friends who are thinking that I am developing a second personality, if not a dual one, I can say that the truth is really very simple. Most of them know me from the *Philippine Magazine* and that was a politicalliterary monthly, naturally devoted to all sorts of broad, cultural matters. That was my life and thought in those days, —you might say somewhat high-brow!

"Now I am engaged in a very different sort of journalism, although the Philippine Magazine never wholly neglected business and economics and the country's trade relations as a part of the general Philippine-American culture. The Journal, however, is devoted practically exclusively to business, so that naturally my present field is narrower. No difference has arisen in me. I am just looking more closely and more intently at once particular element of culture.

"And while I miss the broader and perhaps more flowery fields which are the pasture of a general monthly magazine. I am not sorry that I am now able to concentrate my interest on what I think is at present the most important sector.

"Literature, music, the other arts. — those were important in the happy, piping days before the War; there was money and leisure for them. Now, after all the destruction, material and moral, we have had to go back to the economic and political fundamentals. That is where now, as a voice if nothing else. I hope, at least, that I can be most useful.

"I insist that I am always me."

We had a letter from the editor Oils and Oilseeds Journal of Bombay, a new publication which we mentioned in this column some months ago. He wrote:

"We are in receipt of a copy of the December issue of your esteemed Jour-nal and are pleased to find on perusal a pointed reference has been prominently made to our letter in the 'Let Your Hair Down' column at page 468 in in-troducing this Journal to the vast number of your readers.

"This column has a fascination of its own and always makes a very interest-ing and lively reading. Please accept our warmest thanks for having introduced our Journal through the medium of this lively column. "With best regards,

## Yours faithfully, "R. C. Sheth."

We don't always receive such a courteous acknowledgement of anything, - and the praise (we hope it is not just flattery) is overwhelming. Could it be that this column is not so bad after all? Look at those words again: "interesting", "lively" (twice), a "fascination all its own"

Now what can we put in this month to live up to such praise?

Some of the most lively matters that came to our attention, as well as the more funereal, have already been dealt with in the editorial column. Of course, there are always the editor's grandchildren, but he grimly swore some months ago he never wanted to see them mentioned here again. The trouble is so little except hard work goes on in this office. People rarely come in with a joke. Usually they just come in to make some protest and demand we have a row with the Government over this thing or the other. Or they ask for information that is often impossible to obtain.

Well, we've moved to our new quarters in El Hogar Filipino Building, fourth floor, two large communicating rooms, - one our offices and the other a rest and reading room where one may also obtain coffee, sandwiches, etc. There was some question for a while whether Meralco could supply the power for the elevator in the newly reconstructed building, but it is running, thank goodness. The house-warming, to which a good many people have been invited, will be held a few days after this issue of the Journal will have come off the press.

Since the Liberation, the Chamber has moved no less than six times. - showing how difficult the housing situation in Manila has been. On February 21, 1945, just a few weeks after the Santo Tomas internees were freed, and long before the fighting in Manila was over, a number of the directors of the Chamber who had been interned, including the late S. F. Gaches, the then President, opened temporary offices in a private house on España Street, just across from the University of Santo Tomas where a good many of the liberated internees were still living in nipa shacks. Some three months later, the Chamber moved to the People's Bank Building on Dasmariñas Street (now Heacock's), sharing the ground floor, one large room, with five or six other business entities while the streets were still being cleared of the debris of war and the building was just beginning to be repaired. This work forced a move to the Gibbs Building, nextdoor, and from there, in May, 1946, the Chamber moved to the eight floor of the Trade and Commerce Building on Juan Luna Street, shortly after that building had been vacated by the U.S. Army. In July, 1947, the Chamber moved to a larger room on the



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fifth floor of tne Insular LII Building, two blocks away, and now, from there, we have moved to our new and still more commodious quarters.

El Hogar Filipino Building (literally, the Filipino Home Building, from a building and loan association of that name), also on Juan Luna Street, stands on the right-hand bank of the Pasig River, across the street from the Ayala Building which houses the National City Bank of New York and the offices of numerous other firms. Between the two buildings runs the ramp of the temporary Juan Luna Bridge. A hundred yards upstream, the Puyat Company is cleaning up the wreckage of the Jones Bridge, blown up and destroyed by the Japanese, preparatory to building a new one in the same place. Power-drills are making a terrific racket and several times a day all the buildings in the area are shaken by the dynamite explosions.

Across the river lies what is left standing of the old Walled City of Manila (Intramuros), and right opposite stands the reconstructed building of the Philippine Chamber of Commerce. Most conspicuous from our windows overlooking the river are the Manila Postoffice Building to the left, which looks allright from the outside now, and to the right the Intendencia Building, soon to be the home of the new Central Bank also being reconstructed. The large City Hall, with its tower, rises in the center distance. The Metropolitan Theater is still largely unreconstructed. The largest ruins in sight are those of the old Santo Tomas Convent and the Santo Domingo Church and the greater part of the famous San Augustin Church and Convent, the oldest buildings in Manila. Farther off on the horizon are the Army and Navy Club and the Elks and University Club Buildings, the Manila Hotel, of which only the upper parts can be seen, and still farther, the American Embassy. We can not see much of the Bay, but we can see the broken arch at the entrance of the old Pier Seven now Pier 13, and the superstructures of a number of large oceangoing ships.

Though, from this view, Manila is still largely a city of ruins, the sight is no longer dreary. There is too much movement and too much noise for that. Automobiles and trucks and buses rush across the field of vision in unending streams. In the acoustical scale far below the occasional dynamite explosions and the intermittent racket of the drills, but all-pervading, is the deeper rumble of the traffic in the streets and over the temporary bridge with its sharp horn-blowing, and in counterpoint one hears the chugging and putputting of the tugs and launches in the river. From nearer by, in arpeggios, comes the sound of stone-chissels, saws, and hammers, and everywhere one hears the voices of men.

It is all in very great contrast with the days of the enemy occupation, especially during the months toward the end, when the whole great city was as silent as a country town, when the grass grew in the dirty streets, and only an occasional push-cart was to be seen and the ragged, famishedlooking people slinked along and never raised their voices.



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