

curses. Then the dead were buried, and a few shivering townfolk were rounded up to dispose of the fallen pulahans, worthy of a better cause. However, the great majority of the inhabitants of Santa Maria had either taken to the hills or risked the wind-lashed sea in *barotos*. Later they would come back to town, for the Americans were a people who quickly forgot, and held no grudge towards those whom they thought of as misguided. But for the present Santa Maria was silent and deserted, with less than half a dozen of its usual inhabitants.

Company B was completely mystified at the disappearance of the kid. If he had been killed in the *melee*, the discovery of his body would have satisfied them, but the patrols found nothing tangible in the slush of tracks made by flying feet. Rumor and conjecture fanned by the grouchy members of the company crystallized into the story that the kid had deserted. In that he spoke the lingo, hobnobbed with all and sundry, and neither drank nor lost his pay over the gaming table, they reasoned that he had gone the way that few of Uncle Sam's men ever did go—that he had gone over to the enemy. The yarns of the cavalryman shot down in Luzon as a deserter, and of Fagan, the colored infantryman who deserted at Cabanatuan, were repeated, and the stories rankled in the hearts of the men who knew and liked the kid best. That these desertions had nothing to do with the country, but were mere protests against persons in authority, made no difference. Both officers and men resented the mystery they could not clear up, and Tommy Baker was carried on the company roster as missing.

The company departed Santa Maria a week later, towed in a flotilla of clumsy craft by a fussy launch whose cinders sprinkled the men with a grimy shower. Five months later, in Tacloban, when the regiment was united preparatory to going home, the common topic was the fate of Tommy, the kid. Awaiting the visit of the regimental paymaster, the men had little to spend; they grew grouchier with the passing of every day. Time heavy on their hands, Corporal Galway and two more of the kid's best friends asked and obtained permission for a fishing trip. The next day, provisioned, and armed with their Kraggs, they reached Santa Maria, now slumbering in the winter sun. Landing, they found that a dozen villagers had returned and reoccupied their tumble-down huts. But all their inquiries about the kid came to nothing, everyone supposed he had left the place with the company for Tacloban. Galway and his companions were about to turn away disappointed, when they were accosted by Francisco, a half-grown lad who had acted as water carrier to succeeding company cooks. His few words of English enabled him to let the men know that he wished to show them something. He kept repeating "You come see! You come see!" So they followed him with sundry and

profane warnings and their Kraggs ready for execution.

Francisco led them through the deserted town, across the wastes of jungle back of the church, and onto a flat overgrown with pandakaki bushes and rank grass—a lake of mud in the rainy season but seamed with deep cracks now, under the ardent sun of the dry season. Pushing aside the wild growth, Francisco pointed to half a dozen skeletons whose clothing identified them as those of pulahans. Their rusted weapons all pointed in the direction of a carabao wallow. In this depression, his rifle still bearing on the enemy, lay another remnant of humanity. It had been a battle of extermination. There was nothing to identify the solitary defender of the wallow. His clothing, such as the elements had left, distinguished him only as an American

soldier. But from beneath these rags shown the dull glint of the anting-anting. It was the kid!

The sun scorched down upon the group of searchers in the pandakaki bushes. The positions of the figures told a mute history, a story without words, the last act of that rainy August afternoon. The anting-anting given the kid by Galway just before the guerilla attack was proof evident and amply sufficient. A wild yell expressing indescribable emotion rose from the trio of soldiers, causing the timid Francisco to take to his heels for safety. This simultaneous outburst was at once an epitaph, a shout of triumph, and a requiem over the body of a comrade fallen on the field of honor. The kid, their friend, was vindicated. If Tommy Baker could have heard, he would have understood.

## Anecdotes of Governor Yeater Recalled by His Visit

By WALTER ROBB

With Mrs. Yeater, whom he married in his home town of Sedalia, Missouri, about four years ago, ex-Vice Governor Charles Emmet Yeater came to Manila February 15 and departed February 16 on the *ss Belgenland*, making a tour of the world. The Yeaters were royally entertained ashore by old friends and associates of the governor, who has become a globetrotter and is likely soon to visit the islands for a much longer stay. Since retiring from the Philippine service he has been three times in South America and twice in Europe, for leisurely travel, Australia and New Zealand being his next objectives. He admits he does no work, he looks much younger than he did in Manila seven years ago, and has sold his law library to avoid the temptation to work.

Governor Yeater reads and travels, keeping up a keen interest in public affairs. He thinks Hoover will be the Republicans' candidate for the Whitehouse, Smith the Democrats'—"both men of tremendous intellectual power," he says—and that it will be a real contest. He is ready to campaign for Smith. But he is no narrow partisan now, anymore than he was when in the islands. His first and most anxious request was for President Coolidge's speech in Havana. "I wish to read that," he said. "That will be history. It must have been a restatement of the Monroe doctrine."

This shows how well Governor Yeater realizes the significance of current problems in South America and the Caribbean. If there had been time to question him further, the calibre of his statesmanship could have been measured on matters of international importance, and I think it would have been demonstrated that Governor Yeater himself possesses in his personal gifts and character, his education,

travel, and broad experience, all the attributes of a great president.

He knew what there was to do in Havana, and he has that magnanimous patriotism of soul that did not begrudge a Republican president the opportunity of doing it. What a stir it would make in the nation for him to address the country on Latin relations, on the international debts, on armaments; for none can be more up to date on these subjects, and none better guided by the philosophy of history.

We must dismiss this prospect, however, lying so far beyond us, and refer to a few incidents of his executive career in the Philippines that explain something of the universal admiration in which he is held. No man was ever more rationally esteemed than Governor Yeater. Let us show him from the Filipinos' viewpoint first.

He gave one official dinner while he was acting governor, and let it be known that it was official. As now recalled, it was in compliment to the British community; at any rate, the toasts were to the British and, in return, to the Americans.

Yeater's turn came. He arose and lifted his glass.

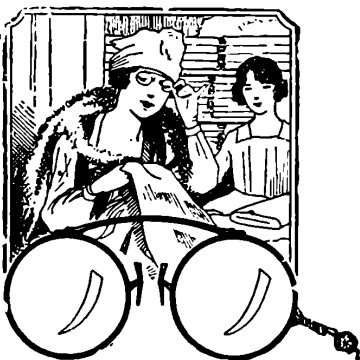
"I am not sure that it is in strict accordance with the etiquette of occasions of this kind, or with established custom," he said, or something to this effect, "and I don't care. But I propose a toast to the Filipino people. Gentlemen, the Filipino people!"

Not holding Britain one whit less than her most loyal son, not for a moment forgetting the worth and genius of his own people, he nevertheless did not choose to pass by, merely because they had not yet blazoned their name as yet on every horizon distant and near, a people he had found to be so abounding in virtues, so human in their vices, as the Filipino people undoubtedly are; but he chose rather to recognize them, and to make that recognition public even at the risk of the proprieties of a formal banquet under his official auspices.

Governor Yeater understands other peoples, making himself familiar with their history: his spontaneous tribute to Britain at the dedication of the new building of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation would be classic in fairness and accuracy if it had been recorded. In the Spanish community he had intimate friends, as he had in the other foreign colonies; he recognized in Father Villalonga, S. J., one of the world's great minds. In his farewell address at the banquet in his honor at the Hotel Mignon, he interpolated appreciations of the characters of the leading Filipinos.

Everyone remembers him for his utter approachability; whenever he was the islands' executive, as when he was pursuing his duties as vice governor and secretary of public instruction, it was always possible to see him without the least formality, when he was not actually and very busily occupied. But when he was thus engaged, he concentrated intensively and would not be disturbed.

He made occasion, without seeming to do so, for meeting and mingling with people in all




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ranks of life. The ball grounds, where he attended regularly, were a means to this end; and the times he would dine out and the places where he would dine, often in the homes of friends of quite humble position. He was often at Rotary, more often still at the chambers of commerce. He enjoyed going to the American chamber of commerce, and taking a place at the round table and thrusting his incisive word into the random discussions. He never wished to curb this discussion, for the veteran soldier-business-men here he had the highest regard and a downright affection; and it made not the slightest difference to him that some of their views might be radically opposed to his own or the policy of the government, since all that he demands of men is worth and honesty.

Once Governor Yeater, returning to Manila by motor from Baguio, reached the Chico river near Gapan, Nueva Ecija, just as the ferry had started across with another vehicle, so that there was an unavoidable delay of some 20 minutes. While the governor and those who were with him waited in the boiling sun, a cart-load of hogs was standing by, evidently the property of a peasant woman who presently perceived that the waiting automobile was the governor's.

The hour was late, the market in Gapan would soon close. Urged by this circumstance the woman politely approached Governor Yeater, explained her predicament and asked that her cart might cross first. If the market closed, she said, there would be no buyers for her hogs and she would either have to wait until the next day or take a sharper's price. Without the least hesitation Governor Yeater told her by all means to go ahead, and he would wait. He did wait too, another full half-hour, thinking nothing of it. His moral stamina, touched by a situation, struck back fire.

Then there is the futile protest he made to Washington—but no less sound and vigorous because it turned out to be futile—against the transfer of the gold reserve fund from American banks to Manila. He dared superior displeasure on this occasion, though without effect; and yet,

if he had been heeded, how many millions of pesos the islands would have been saved. The error, a gross one, is often attributed solely to Harrison, when the records would probably show that Washington shared in it quite as much, while they will also show that Washington overruled Yeater's remonstrance.

Then followed the inevitable difficulties of the Philippine National Bank, with its own funds and the gold reserve involved in long credits and the management following, in certain instances, a waiting game in the market in disposing of products in which it had a creditor interest. When Governor Yeater learned of the true situation of the bank, this situation was not publicly known and the markets for all Philippine products were still active on a high level of prices. Ascertaining and listing the obligations to the bank, Yeater instructed the bank to collect—"collect as fast as you can."

The bank was collecting, and rapidly recovering a stable position, when the return to Manila of the governor general abrogated Yeater's order. When rehabilitation was necessary, Yeater authorized the first bonds for this purpose. This was after the arrival in the islands of the Wood-Forbes commission. He carried on splendidly during all that period, receiving, as he deserved to receive, the commission's and General Wood's sincere commendations.

Filipino cabinet members recall Governor Yeater's favorite question when propositions were laid before him: "What is the law in this matter? What is the law on that point?"

He had a brilliant command of the law himself, which guided him in drafting his memorandum in his pardon issued in the notorious "Burns" case—an act which he afterward deeply regretted and made amends for, since he soon came to feel that the memorandum might better have been left unwritten. Realizing he had inflicted injury, he was quick to acknowledge the fault.

One more recollection must suffice. Governor Yeater never shown in better light than he did on the day hundreds of tenants from the San Juan de Dios encomienda in Bulacan followed Senator Sandiko to Malacañang to present their

grievances and petition for redress through executive intervention. They asked permission to present their petition, and their humility, since they were citizens, struck Governor Yeater most forcibly. He stepped to the window of his office and looked down at them, grouped in the palace yard, anxious to hear his words. Extemporaneously he delivered such a lecture on democracy, having it carefully interpreted, as has seldom been heard in these islands.

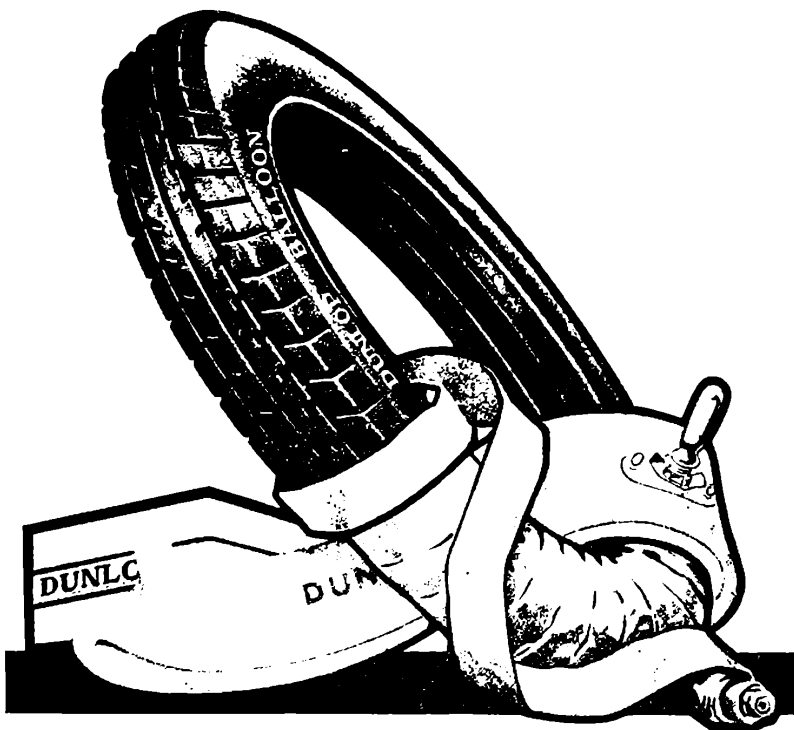
"You are not exercising a privilege!" he impressed upon that band of farmers again and again. "You are exercising a right! You have a perfect right, a right inherent in you as citizens, to address your governor upon any grievance whatever which you may feel you have, and your governor has the obligation to consider what you may choose to say, and to do all in his power to right whatever may be wrong."

"Do not feel," he insisted, "that it is by privilege that you come here. You come by right."

The problem presented in this huge estate, comprising three or more municipalities, remains, I believe, unsolved. Without a doubt it has two sides, but however it may be finally solved, no one of the peasants who heard Governor Yeater that memorable morning—not very long before he finally relinquished office—can forget the principles he laid down respecting the rights of citizens, even in the humblest walks of life.

But that he could act with startling acerbity against the man who chose violence for his method, was shown in the Manila street-car strike after the fatal explosion of a bomb in the name of the strikers on Plaza Goiti. In Baguio, he telegraphed orders for the Constabulary to guard all cars with armed men and take every precaution for the preservation of order, and he himself motored to Manila in record time, to assume personal responsibility. With that one act of violence, all disorder was over. The man who made no move himself without the guidance of the law would not tolerate for an instant unlawfulness in others.

They once asked him to save the scalp of



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some proved rascal of great political influence in Cavite. He gave the men who came to him that quizzical look over his glasses which was a characteristic and challenging pose, and then said: "You gentlemen have taken the same oath of office that I have. If you can show me, without violating that oath, how I can do what you ask me to do without violating mine, I'll do it!"

That, of course, was the end of that. On another occasion it was Governor Yeater who wanted a favor from his cabinet—more salary for some one at Malacañang, or something of the sort. The cabinet was disposed to act, but a regulation seemed to bar the way. How-

ever, one man at the table gave the regulation a special interpretation, saying if it were taken in that way the action could be approved.

Very anxious for the approval, Yeater said, "Let me see that regulation." It was passed up to him. "Now, what is your suggestion?" The suggestion was repeated while the governor read for himself. Then he laid down the paper and shook his head. "No," he said, "you can't interpret that *that* way. It can't be done." Against him or against the other fellow, he was for the law.

Is it any wonder that he is remembered, and well nigh universally loved in these islands? Not at all.

office, and is now practically all in place. The work was done entirely by local labor, under the direction of George A. Kerr, the general manager, and E. A. Robertson, who will be the factory superintendent. Mr. Kerr has nothing but words of praise for the Filipino as an intelligent and efficient worker. He has erected cutch factories in all parts of Latin America, handled all kinds of labor, and is in a position to judge.

The writer recently visited the factory with Mr. Kerr and spent a most interesting forenoon. The manufacturing of tannin extract from the bark of tidewater swamp woods seems on its face a simple process, but it not only requires a heavy investment in complicated apparatus which is mostly constructed of bronze and copper because of the corrosive qualities of tannic acid—one copper installation alone weighing over 65 tons—but it is an intricate scientific process of great delicacy and has to be conducted under the constant control of expert chemists.

The bark, after careful sorting to eliminate the unfit, is crushed to a pulp in a specially designed machine. It is carried from the grinder by mechanical conveyors to a battery of 12 vats, locally constructed of *calantas* wood, each having a capacity of 25 tons of liquid. In these vats the tannin is extracted with water chemically treated. This is a delicate process as a variation of only a few degrees of temperature will ruin a whole day's output.

The liquid resulting from this extraction is then refined and carried to a triple effect vacuum evaporator where it is reduced to a heavy syrup. This apparatus evaporates 120,000 gallons in 24 hours. After this reduction a final refining is applied and the liquid extract then carried through a complicated rotary-coil finishing apparatus where the water content is reduced sufficiently to render it solid when it becomes cool.

While still hot the finished extract runs into burlap bags. It is then hung in racks to palm and solidify, after which it is repacked in palm-

## The Romance of the Lowly Mangle

Habitat of Crocodiles and Monkeys will now bring Prosperity to Hundreds of Moro Families

By JOHN A. HACKETT

The great natural resources of Mindanao and Sulu—the vast potential wealth of the soil, forest and sea—have been given wide publicity, and now that conditions favor the safe investment of capital, development is beginning and will rapidly increase in volume.

Rubber, hemp, sugar, coconuts, lumber and cattle are, and will continue to be, the great staple products of Mindanao, but it remained for a minor forest resource to give Zamboanga her second important industrial establishment. The first was the Philippine Desiccated Coconut Corporation.

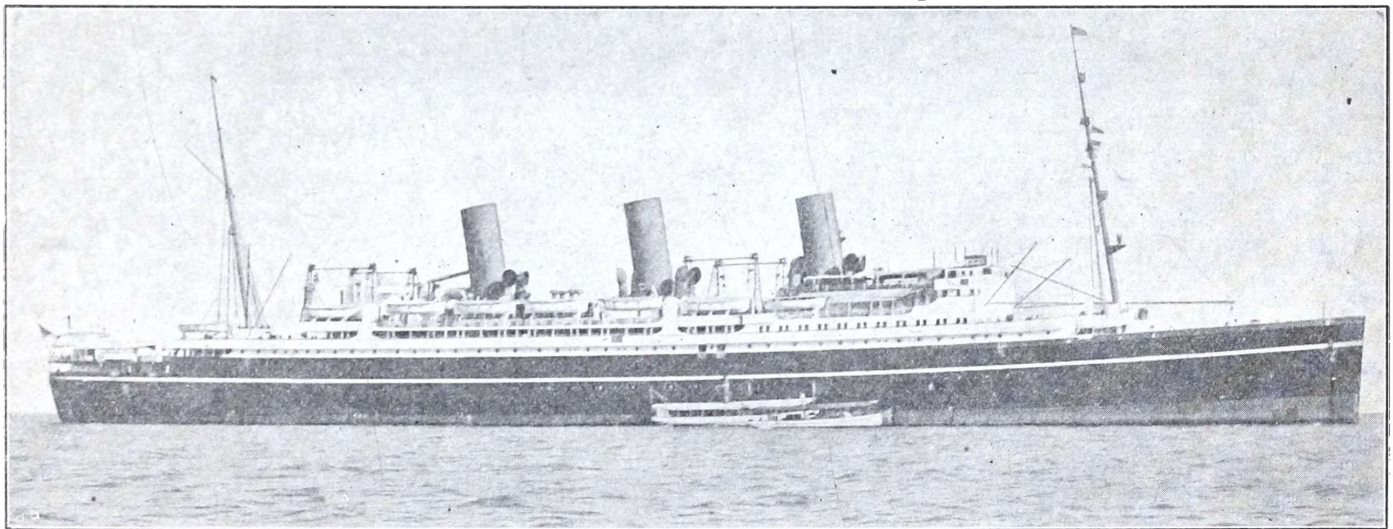
The mangrove (mangle) swamps, which border a large part of the coastline of these southern islands, have for ages been the habitat of crocodiles, monkeys and wild pigs, their only utility for man being the infinitesimal amount of firewood taken from

them for local consumption. Now these swamps will supply in abundance the raw material for the manufacture of that essential chemical of the leather industry—tannin.

The reducing plant of the Philippine Cutch Corporation, now being erected in Zamboanga, is rapidly nearing completion and before the first of April the first bag of refined cutch (tannin) ever produced in the Philippines will be ready for shipment.

Just two months ago the freighter "Atlantic City" discharged at the Zamboanga pier the equipment for the factory, consisting of 400 tons of heavy apparatus and castings, many of the castings of bronze and copper weighing from three to nine tons. All of this was moved out to the factory site in Baiuasan, a distance of three kilometers, with the assistance of the personnel and facilities of the district engineer's

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"Emp. Asia" . . . .	May 26	May 30	June 2	June 5	June 8	June 17
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