

Philippine

A RAYMOND H

PHILIPPINE - AMERICAN

1945-1946

TEMPORARY

REPORT C

by Lt. (jg) J. Shestack, USNR
(Page 8)

WHAT OF LAUREL?

by M. N. Querol
(Page 28)

PORTRAIT OF A FILIPINO	by Renato Liboro	5
I HATED FILIPINOS!	by Lt. Pat Ledyard, WAC	15
JUST WAITING (Story)	by Ligaya Victorio-Reyes	17
JAPAN MUST PAY	by Chris Edwards	20
CITIES ARE FOR PEOPLE	by A. C. Kayanan	21
APOSTROPHE TO YAMASHITA (Poem)	by Godofredo Bunao	26
GUERRILLA SERENADE (Poem)	by Lydia Arguilla	31
A LETTER TO BILL (Story)	by Remy R. Bullo	32
REHABILITATION AND REFORM	by Leo Stine	36
DEADLIER THAN THE MALE	by Estrella Alfon-Rivera	39
PLIANT LIKE THE BAMBOO	by I. V. Mallari	43
PRISONERS FROM CORREGIDOR	by Meynardo Nieva	45
IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BAY ...	by Daisy Hontiveros-Avellana	49
OF HORSES AND MEN	by Renato Constantino	62

DEPARTMENTS

THE EAGLE'S EYRIE	55	NEWSMOUTH	69
by Salvador P. Lopez		by 'Toto'	

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

VOL. I
No. 2

MANILA, PHILIPPINES
(One Peso)

OCTOBER
1945

Let's all go to

EL CAIRO

Manila's newest and most elegant NIGHT CLUB

Where Manila's elite
meet every night

Featuring ARMANDO FEDERICO
and
His Famous TANGO-RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
Vocalist—SERAFIN GARCIA

- Pleasant Atmosphere
 - The coolest place in town
 - Bar & Restaurant opens at 10:30 a. m.

SANTA MESA BOULEVARD.
NEAR BROADWAY, NEW MANILA

FIRST PHILIPPINE IMPORT & EXPORT CO.

Importer, Exporter & Manufacturer's Representatives

General Merchandise, Groceries
Glassware, Printing Inks,
Textiles, Utensils, etc.

Main Office:
1956 Juan Luna

Branch Office:
1334 Rizal Avenue

GUTIERREZ

Pharmaceutical Laboratory

Manufacturer & Importer
Drugs, Chemicals, Food Colors
Essential Oils and
Perfume Oils

Main Office:
1956 Juan Luna

Branch Office:
1334 Rizal Avenue

GO SOC & SONS AND SY GUI HUAT, INC.

822 Rizal Ave., Manila, P. I.

Dealers on
Hardware, Plumbing, Paint, and Electrical.

Cable Address:
"GOSOC"
Manila

PHILIPPINE GLASS SERVICE

MIRROR MANUFACTURER AND GLASS SUPPLIER

WE ACCEPT ORDERS ON ALL KINDS OF GLASS WORK

MARCIANO YULO, *Mgr. & Prop.* 892 RIZAL AVENUE, MANILA, P.I.

CANEC INSULATION BOARDS - IVORY FINISH

HEAT and SOUND ABSORBER—TERMITE PROOF
for ACOUSTICS—CEILINGS—PARTITIONS

● PLAIN CHIPBOARDS, for boxes, etc.

Limited shipment arriving; for particulars inquire at

ORIENTAL TRADING CO.

718 QUEZON BOULEVARD, MANILA

The Philippine-American

Published monthly

by

RAYMOND HOUSE, Inc.

BENJAMIN SALVOSA
Publisher

ERIC RAYMOND
Editor

CHRIS EDWARDS
Managing Editor

BALDOMERO T. OLIVERA
Contributing Editor

CONRADO S. FELIX
Business Manager

E. D. SALVOSA
Secretary Treasurer

ROSENDO VICENTE
Advertising Director

ADRIANO GARCIA
Circulation Manager

Editorial and executive offices in the Philippines, 1050-52 Rizal Avenue, Manila; in America, 1728 Marlton Avenue, Philadelphia, 4 Pa., U.S.A. Printer in America, Majestic Press, 1210 Race Street, Philadelphia. Copyright, 1945 by Raymond House, Inc. All contributions must follow the pattern of our editorial objectives: the strengthening of Philippine-American relations, the speedy rehabilitation of agriculture and industry, the promotion and development of Philippine culture and literature. We entertain no correspondence on rejected manuscripts. Subscription P10 a year. Advertising rates on application.

PHILIPPINE FOREST PRODUCTS COOPERATIVE

605 Quiricada, Sta. Cruz
Manila

FLORENCIO TAMESIS
President

With OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A FEW days after the first number of THE PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN came out, two U.S. Army officers paid us a visit. One of them, holding a copy of the magazine in his hand, said that they had been impressed by the publishers' policy of promoting the greatest possible degree of friendship and understanding between Filipinos and Americans. They were especially struck, they said, by the candor and intelligence with which the causes of misunderstanding and friction between American troops and Filipino civilians were discussed in the "Letter to GI Joe" by Capt. Salvador P. Lopez. It appears that they were with G-1, Base X, U. S. Army, and requested the publisher of the magazine to proffer some advice on how the causes of such friction might be minimized and ultimately removed. Advice was duly given, as well as a pledge to bend our every effort to the fostering of Philippine-American understanding along the lines indicated by our editorial, "Give Way to the New".

Endorsement and praise of the Lopez letter came from Americans and Filipinos alike. In general, the Filipino attitude was that the letter had said a number of things that greatly needed saying: the author had concisely summed up certain thoughts that everybody had been thinking all along, but which were not said for fear of giving offense. Americans, on the other hand, appreciated the forthright tone of the letter; though it may have given some of them a jolt, they quite agreed that it was frank without being offensive.

THE PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN is quite prepared to uphold this reputation for intelligent candor. In this spirit, we offer "I Hated Filipinos!" by LT. PAT LEDYARD, WAC. The verb is, happily, in the past tense, and the article ex-

(Please turn to page 64)

THE ARMY STYLE

511 Juan Luna

See Our

Branch Store

at

101 Escolta

In front of Philippine National Bank

DEALERS ON

Insignias, Caps, and other Military Supplies

N. FELIX

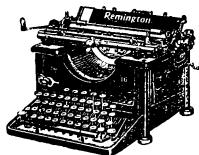
OFFICE EQUIPMENT SERVICE

"SPEED THE NATION'S BUSINESS!"

We Repair • Overhaul • Rebuild
Typewriters • Adding Machines
Calculating Machines
Checkwriters • Duplicators

319 LEGARDA

MANILA



The Satisfaction of Many:
OUR MONTHLY
MAINTENANCE SERVICE

FELIX BAR  **MAIN ENTRANCE** **BARBER SHOP**
874-876 - RIZAL AVE

LUMBER-100% Filipino Capital

Lumber of all kinds at reasonable prices

Individual builders' and contractors' needs are solicited. House-owners—see us for your repair needs.

RIZAL LUMBER SUPPLY & SAWMILL

(MEMBER, PHILIPPINE FOREST PRODUCTS COOPERATIVE)

ISIDORO B. LIAMZON, Proprietor & Manager

950 ESPAÑA corner CRAIG

MANILA

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS

Paco Building
Manila

OFFERS

SECRETARIAL-FASHION-ARTS

The only pioneer School south of the Pasig River
Founded in 1935

For Further Particulars:
Please see or write the Director or the Registrar

★ ★ ★ **ACE HI** ★ ★ ★

1013 Rizal Avenue.

MANILA'S LEADING AMERICAN BAR IMPECCABLE CUISINE & SERVICE

Dine, Drink and Dance to exquisite music in our beautifully decorated garden.
Personal direction.

P. T. Tolentino, Manager

The Philippine-American

A RAYMOND HOUSE PUBLICATION

● *This story of Don Sixto Lopez is the story of a pro-Filipino*

Portrait of a Filipino

by Renato Liboro

THE young officer sat at the bedside of the old patriot. His strong American accent, vibrant with youth, contrasted deeply with the quivering voice of the old Filipino. Two years ago it was, when the young aviator, in the secrecy of a silent night, had bidden a hasty goodbye to the man who had given him a second life, born of the faith of men, as he sweated out three months, hidden deep within the enemy lines. There was no need to bring back the past wherein the brutality and savagery of a ruthless enemy mingled with the passive anxiety and hopefulness of a nation awaiting liberation.

Bill Harris left that night to join once more the ranks of America's fighting men. Behind him, in the hearts of the people who had befriended him when he most needed friendship, he left a pledge—a pledge that someday he would return, not as a fugitive from the shadow of the Samurai, but as a friend come back to stay.

Yet the young American aviator left, knowing as little of his benefactor as Juan de la Cruz knew of Sixto Lopez. Don Sixto was born of well-to-do parents in the little town of Balayan, in the province of Batangas. It was a typical Filipino town, steeped in the tra-

ditions of a rich Spanish-Malayan culture. The green rice paddies of Cavite stretched to the north; the silent waves of Balayan Bay lapped softly on the beaches to the south; to the west lay the blue waters of the China Sea; and the towering mountains of the Sierra Madre rose sharply to the east. Nature indeed had showered beauty on this sleepy little town.

Don Sixto passed the days of his youth like all of us nowadays do—in laughter and in tears, in happiness and in sorrow. Life was not too sweet then. The shadow of the *garrote* and the rack hovered over the land. The tyrant whip of Spain lashed, biting deep into the freedom-loving spirit of the Filipinos. The outbreak of the Revolution found Don Sixto in the ranks of the passive group of patriots with Dr. Jose Rizal as their leader. And when the bullets cut short the life of the great Malayan on the Luneta, Don Sixto lost a comrade and a friend.

But tyranny could not long endure in a nation that demanded a place in the concert of the free. The Americans came—for the first time—and they came to stay. The disillusionment among those who had hoped to see in the coming of the "Americano" a release from

Spain and complete freedom for themselves, was great. Once more Filipino blood was shed in a vain but glorious fight for liberty. The Stars and Stripes was hoisted in victory and the Sun and Stars was hauled down.

But as the years went by the Filipino learned more of the white man from across the seas—why he came, what he stood for; the rights that he affirmed belonged inalienably to all men, the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But to Don Sixto and to a small group of Filipinos, freedom was a big thing, a precious thing—much too big and precious to be exchanged even for one moment for the wealth and the luxury of a new civilization. For them life would not be complete without freedom; life would be a meaningless farce. They were irked by the period of uncertain waiting. So he left the country, left everything he loved and cherished—home, family, and friends—to go into exile. He knew what the American flag stood for; but he also knew that he would never be true to all he had lived for if he stayed subservient under that flag. To him and to others like him, it was not a matter of flags or the words in the oath of allegiance. It was a question of honor and integrity and justice. And until the Sun and Stars would fly once again, alone and free, under the deep blue Philippine sky, Sixto Lopez had to remain in the strange, foreign lands that offered a haven for exiles.

As the years passed the small group of irreconcilables gradually dwindled in number. Some came back to a country slowly but surely maturing into nationhood. Some remained to die alone and friendless, away from all they had so dearly loved. Three times Don Sixto tried to re-enter the country without having to swear allegiance to the American flag. Three times he had to turn

back without setting foot on Philippine soil.

The lines of age were slowly creeping on his tired face. Time and a lonely heart unmistakably showed in the frail form of the old patriot. Still Don Sixto lived in exile. But the American nation understood too his side of the question. They knew what freedom meant; they too had fought and died for it. And they respected the men who loved and fought for liberty. So finally Don Sixto was allowed to return to his country, to its verdant fields of green, to his home, family, and friends—and he came back to stay.

The names of Quezon, Osmena, Roxas—patriots all—were on the lips of the masses. Independence was the cry, and towards that goal the leaders of the nation pushed on. Money and the things it bought brought on an era of unprecedented prosperity. But not always does one have everything. War clouds began to form on the horizon. In December 1941, Japan declared war on the United States of America. Pearl Harbor, Clarke Field, Guam, Midway, Wake, Nichols Field, Davao, Batasan, Corregidor — all testified to the treachery of the Japanese. Once again, another flag was hauled down in defeat; once again a foreign flag took the place of another. Arrogantly the Rising Sun waved in the Philippine sky. Once more liberty was proscribed. Once more the name of Fort Santiago became a word to inspire terror in the hearts of a stricken people.

For three long years the Samurai cast his long and fearful shadow upon the very hearts of the Filipinos. For three long years the people waited for the return of the Big Brother who had gone farther south. The Japanese "benevolently" gave the Filipinos "independence", and with the same generosity packed the dungeons of Fort Santiago with men whose only fault was that they dearly

loved freedom. Thousands of mothers kept lonely vigil for sons that would never come out of the cells of the living dead.

And all the while, in the little town of Balayan, Don Sixto, now old in body but still implacably young in spirit, waited—waited for his flag to go up and wave freely once more in the Philippine sky. But time is a respecter of nothing; the waiting was long, and perhaps it would have been too long had not the young American aviator dropped one day from the skies to leave behind him a pledge of liberation and ultimate freedom.

And so, in the town of Balayan, an old man awaits the realization of a life-long dream. His days are numbered. Age is etched deeply in the lines of his gentle face. But the loneliness is gone; only the expectancy of the future remains. Two years ago it was since the young "Americano" left; two years of waiting for liberation. And now that he has

come back, he brings with him his other promise.

The Filipino people are a nation of extremes, they say. Today, one has to be pro-American or he is branded a pro-Japanese. It does not seem to occur to them that there can be such a person as a pro-Filipino.

This story of Don Sixto Lopez is the story of a pro-Filipino. When he risked his life to shelter the young aviator from the long hand of the dreaded *Kempeitai*, it was not because he was pro-American, but because he valued the life of an American as a soldier of freedom, because deep inside him he knew what freedom meant and was ready to defend it even at the cost of his life.

And when he shall have gone to join the hall of the forever free, one thing of him shall always live on: he lived for freedom, he fought for freedom, and he died a free man, owing no allegiance to any flag save his own. In the meantime, Sixto Lopez waits . . . waits . . . and waits. . . .

You may have knitted your brows guessing the exact identity of Bill Harris in "Portrait of a Filipino", by Renato Liboro. We have been fortunate enough to receive a complete list of the officers and men referred to therein. Here they are: Capt. Ed. Whitcomb, Hayden, Indiana; Capt. William F. Harris, c/o Hq. USMC, Navy Dept.; Lt. Richard C. Chamberlain, P.O. Box 678, El Cajon, Cal.; Sgt. Teambler Armstrong, Brewton, Alabama; Major Robert Cramer, Florida, USA; Patrick Melody, New York City; Eugene Jorgensen; Harold Guetner. — EDITOR'S NOTE.

WE REPAIR	AT YOUR SERVICE !!	DEALERS IN
Typewriters		Rebuilt Typewriters
Adding Machines		Typewriter Spare Parts
Calculating Machines	VILLASIN SALES COMPANY	Adding Machines
Phonographs	SALES & SERVICE	Office Supplies
Locks & Safes,	2278 Acarraga, Manila	Checkwriters,
Etc.		Etc.

Our Service Is For Those Who Want The Best at a Price They Can Afford.

REPORT ON TOKYO

by Lt. (jg) J. Shestack, USNR

THE occupation of Japan is progressing smoothly. There are no "incidents."

And so it is decided to declare the cities of Tokyo and Yokohama in-bounds for Allied servicemen—that is, for a limited number each day, just five per cent.

Our aircraft carrier* is anchored in Tokyo Bay about eight miles off Yokohama. After a year of fighting from Leyte to Saigon to Luzon, from Formosa to Iwo, Okinawa, Kyushu, and Honshu, this is our first recreation liberty in foreign territory. So we lose no time. The five per cent are picked; K rations and water canteens are distributed; and American dollars are exchanged for fresh Japanese yen notes. After everyone makes the obvious cracks about "who has a 'yen' to go ashore" and "does anyone have a 'yen' for a geisha girl," etc., we decide to get ten dollars worth of Jap money. The rate of exchange is 15 to 1; with 150 yen in our pockets plus a few packs of cigarettes for trading purposes, we feel quite confident of the financial situation.

We transfer over to the LCI that is to take us ashore, and a half hour later we pull up to the oft-bombed Yokohama docks. A Marine guard is standing by the dock and we pump him for directions, points of interest, and so on. He tells us that most of the servicemen granted liberty have been sent to Yokohama, but that if we wanted to, it might be possible to get over to Tokyo. The railroad station is only a few blocks away, and although he hadn't tried it, he saw no reason why we couldn't take a train to Tokyo. After a hasty conference, five of us decide Yokohama can wait, and Tokyo it is!

It is very crowded in the station, and we are the only Americans there. We stand in a close circle, feeling a little leery about the whole project, and wondering what we would do if some Jap suddenly decided that the peace was a huge mistake. The writing over the ticket windows doesn't look at all inviting to our strictly American lingual prowess, and prospects of getting a ticket are all but encouraging. The Japs try not to stare at us, but they are very obviously not used to Americans in their railroad stations, and their glances do not hide the fact. We are getting nowhere fast when Bill Butler says: "Tickets be damned; let's go through the aisle everyone else seems to be picking, and hope for destination Tokyo." And through the aisle we go; the conductor looks at us, starts to say something, thinks better of it, and turns back to his fare-paying passengers.

Everyone in Yokohama seems to be trying to leave it; the platform is packed. A train rolls up very similar to our American subway car, hanging straps, sliding door and all. Our U. S. subway training stands us in good stead, and we dash for the last car which we correctly judge to have a few seats left. Charlie Ruprecht asks the Japanese next to him, "Tokyo?", pointing vigorously at the same time in the direction that the train is moving. The Jap looks at Charlie from over his spectacles, thinks it over, and says: "Yes, this goes to Tokyo, but it is a local. You can change to the express at the next station. That is a fine pair of shoes. What is the price?" Charlie tells him that the shoes are very definitely not for sale, and gets directions for changing.

* The U. S. S. Ticonderoga.

The express is more crowded and this time we stand. Ruprecht provides a constant source of wonder to the Japanese. They look at his six-foot-five frame, crowding the confines of the narrow car, and sort of half smile to themselves, as if they see it but don't believe it. The people are all shabbily dressed, mostly in some type of uniform. These uniforms are of a cheap grey or black cloth, of a military academy turtle neck type; even a great many of the children are in uniform. The main distinction between the better dressed and the poorly dressed, since all the clothes are worn and old, lies in the shoes. Most of the shoes are wooden or of a heavy sandal type *ersatz* leather, but a few of the seemingly better salaried passengers wear our own type shoes. Our shoes at this stage are still well polished, and bring forth many secretive and admiring glances.

Bill Butler is the shortest of our group—about five foot seven—and yet he stands half a head taller than any of the Japanese in the car. We stand there, towering over everyone else and wonder how these puny, mangy-looking characters, sitting impassively before us, could ever have been the ferocious, fanatical fighters that sought to rule the world. As Bill Knight said, "Can you imagine these dictating terms from the White House?" "Yes," says Faus, a Jap-hater from way back, "and can you imagine an American railroad if the Japs had won? I'll bet next month's pay that they never would have remained standing while we took the seats. The Nazis or Nips would probably have cleared out the whole darn car. I guess we Americans are just built different."

We notice that none of the riders throw any paper, trash, or whatnot on the floor—quite in contrast to our own railway riders. And though the crowds push and scurry much the same as ours, there is none of the noisy hum and

chatter that is part of the American traveler.

The scenes on either side of the tracks are a revelation in destruction. We ride for mile after mile, and all we see are piles of rubble, twisted masonry, burned-out buildings, gutted warehouses. Between Yokohama and Tokyo once stood a highly industrialized area, but now it reminds me of that huge junkpile in the Philadelphia Navy Yard where they discard rusty old metal parts—only this one is on a ten-mile scale. We ride and ride and still the ruins flash by. For awhile we gloat to ourselves about how effective we were, and then we begin to feel sorry for them. But then we also think of Pearl Harbor, and Kamikazes, and prisoner-of-war camps, and we get over that sorry feeling; but we don't gloat anymore either. The results of total war, even on enemy soil, do not produce a particularly exhilarating feeling.

As we enter the suburbs of Tokyo, the train makes frequent stops. Jack Faus calls off each one: "Looks like 110th Street... 72nd coming up next..." We finally come to a stop where most of the passengers get off, and which seems to be the equivalent of Times Square (Faus held out for Pennsylvania Station), so off we go. The Tokyo station was a huge red brick edifice that might at one time have compared favorably with some of our large Union Stations, but it was now a bomb-wracked, broken-down shambles. As we walk through, a wooden beam crashes some twenty feet away. As soon as he can stop stuttering Butler says: "I sure hope that all didn't happen on purpose."

As souvenir-hungry Americans our first concern is the shopping store district. A passing MP gives us general directions and we head for the department stores some four or five blocks away.

There are as yet few Americans in Tokyo; in three blocks we pass only five or six soldiers carrying rifles. Surely if anyone had told us a month ago that in September we'd be walking unarmed around in Tokyo he would have walked away with tall story honors, and yet here we were. We got a terrific kick out of it and kept saying to each other again and again, "Who would have thought that one week we'd be fighting them and the next...."

From a distance downtown Tokyo seems to have survived the destruction, unless of course you are looking on it from the air. But it's not until you reach a building, any building, that you realize that what you have seen from afar is mere facade. Most of the large buildings are hollow shells of their former selves. Guttered by fire, dismembered, blackened, they present a more gruesome spectacle than even the leveled rubble. Few buildings have remained untouched.

This is downtown Tokyo, once proud of its modern architecture, its burned out concrete structures now a grim and scarred sepulchre of Japanese imperialism.

It is remarkable how undamaged the streets are. Most of the damage seems to be the result of fire bombs, and though the buildings suffered tremendously, the driveways are noticeably clean. We took pictures of some of the damage; in prewar days this would have thrown us in prison, but now passing Japanese only stare, giggle, and walk on.

We reach the first department store, which has fared fairly well. There are no display windows that characterize the American stores and we are unable to recognize it as a store until we pass close by.

There is a fair sprinkling of American soldiers inside and we make our tour of the store.

Takashuma department store is one of Tokyo's finest and compares in size

to Gimbels. But it is utterly devoid of suits, dresses, underwear, shoes, furniture and the numerous items that make up our own inventories. There is a complete shortage of clothing, foodstuff, and household items. Vases, chinaware, art prints, cheap utensils, and small drugstore items compose the majority of goods. Their stocks are low and we find little that is unique or that we would consider buying in the States, except perhaps a few dolls and engraved trays or tea pots. Prices are very high. Japan is well on the road to inflation. A tea set sells for perhaps 150 yen or \$10.00; its value by American standards is probably \$2.00. Some bargains are found in silks, incense burners, dolls and these go quickly. We come to a shelf and point to a teacup that we desire. The salesgirl giggles and backs away. We point again using more appropriate gestures that include flashing our yen notes.

This brings results, and the teacup is brought forth. We ask how much, but our English fails to register. We hold out our yen notes; the girl picks out a few, and giggles happily. Our purchase is wrapped in a little sandalwood box; the Japanese seem to put everything they sell in these sweet-smelling boxes, even when the box appears to be more valuable than the purchase. A number of salesgirls speak English, and are kept quite busy explaining the working qualities of the incense burner to curious soldier shoppers. Large as the store is in size, we find very little to buy, and move on to others.

Goods are scarce everywhere, and the Japanese buy much in the black market. Large as this black market is already, it will probably grow even larger in the coming weeks through purchases by our troops. American cigarettes are especially in demand, nor do we wonder why, after we have once glimpsed the foul-smelling weed that is the native product. Near the department store a Navy

lieutenant has seven or eight packs of cigarettes which he is trying to sell; we pause to watch. He approaches a well-dressed Japanese, holds out a pack of cigarettes in one hand, and thirty yen (\$2.00) in the other. Then he pockets the yen and waves the cigarettes around flashingly. The Jap stares blankly for a moment; then it dawns on him and he backs away, shaking his head vigorously. The lieutenant shrugs, turns away and walks a few steps. Immediately the Jap follows and taps him on the shoulder. The American turns, and the little Japanese hold up two fingers, signifying his willingness to pay twenty yen, and smiling broadly all the while. By this time a crowd of some twenty or thirty Japanese have quickly gathered around. But the lieutenant holds out; he waves the pack of cigarettes and holds up three fingers. This is a sign for much subdued laughter among the crowd, and a great deal of whispering and shaking of heads, though whether in rejection of the American's high price or admiration of his shrewd bargaining, is difficult to determine. Finally one of the Japanese sneaks out three ten yen notes, and surreptitiously holds it out for a pack of cigarettes. After him—the deluge; for, as if by signal, the whole crowd is holding up yen notes and begging to be recognized. The lieutenant's stock is depleted in a few moments, but still the crowd mills around, a few of the linguists waving their money and shouting, "Me, me, me".

Even after the American walks off, some follow after him. The sale of cigarettes in this manner is common practice, and in many instances a pack will fetch as high as fifty yen, or approximately 66 times what they cost. Though we are only furthering the black market with such sales, our philosophy seems to be that Jap prices are so high it all goes back anyway, and besides, the preservation of the Jap economy be damned. Restriction, however, will probably soon

be in effect, for tempting as this line of reasoning is, its unsoundness is all too obvious.

Jack Faus and I have separated from the others; for, in souvenir-hunting the fewer the better. Besides, by now we have gotten used to the idea of seeing so many Japs that we are no longer quite as concerned about sticking closely together.

We walk boldly down the streets, stopping wherever curiosity prompts us—buildings, banks, bookstores, small burned-out shops. The conqueror feeling is a gripping one. It asserts itself almost in spite of one's better nature. Somehow there is the inclination to talk louder, and to walk down the street with "lordly mien", stepping aside for no one, no matter what the age or sex. This feeling of being the conqueror, and thus entitled to the fruits of conquest, is hard to explain to someone who has not undergone the hard, bitter, and weary struggle of the bloody campaigns that paved the waterways to this very spot. But the ingrained training of American principles holds good in most cases, and the well-known Jap and Nazi habits of conquest are not adopted, now the tables are turned.

It is difficult to understand the Japanese attitude, or rather, we cannot understand it. They seem to show a complete indifference to us as an army of occupation. They till their meagre little gardens, crowd their movie houses, indulge in the national pastime of riding the railroads, all as if we weren't there. Very little resentment, few menacing glances, no angry mutters; we are accepted as naturally as the weather. We place ourselves in their boots, try to picture their psychology, but it is of no use. If the Japs had won, we know we would have bristled with hate, secluded ourselves as much as possible, created "incidents" aplenty. But not the Japanese. Gone is their die-hard spirit,

gone their fanatical fury, gone the cruel arrogance. Instead, we see almost an eagerness to cooperate and to please. Advance as many explanations and theories as you wish; to the American mind it is still unnatural.

In one store I see a huge yew bow that attracts my archer's fancy, especially at only 35 yen. The store is crowded, and fifteen minutes later we are still unable to snare a salesgirl. Our time is growing short, but my intentions are still set on the bow. Finally, Faus points to the bow, and says:

"Jerry, young fellow my lad, what is this thing?"

"Now what do you think it is?" I reply in a very unappreciative sort of way.

"Well," says Faus, with a gleam in his eye, "it looks like a weapon to me."

"A weapon?", says I, "why YES, a WEAPON!"

"And what," continues Jack, "do the regulations say?"

"Suh, I do firmly believe that they are against it."

"Correct, Mr. Bones, let me quote: 'THEY SHALL BE CONFISCATED.'"

"Gung Ho!"

"Gung Ho!"

Forthwith we confiscate. Faus slings the bow over his shoulder, and off we go.

We get to the entrance, and I start back.

"Where are you going now?" says Jack.

"Well, the least I can do is pay for the arrow..."

But my good intentions are of no avail—the counter is still mobbed—anyway we tried...

The Japanese seem to get a huge kick out of seeing me traipse along with a seven foot "weapon" slung over my shoulder, but we don't give a hoot. As far as we are concerned they can think the bow is what we beat them with.

The Imperial Palace is out of bounds. With more time on our hands, we might have given it a try even so; but as it is, we are content to walk on past the untouched and magnificently kept grounds. It is in the trees and gardens that Japan reminds us of home. Never a palm lover, the sight of the good old sycamore tree, which is so common here, brought on that homesick feeling again. But even in the sycamore tree, the Japanese version is only a scrawny, undergrown affair, compared to the tall, spreading button balls that took on American citizenship.

We stop at the Imperial Hotel, once the hangout of Tokyo's tourist elite. The hotel has definitely been hit, but has not suffered too badly. Its guests are now members of the Allied staffs, mostly of the gold-braid variety. Inside it seems little different from any first class hotel in the States, except perhaps that the coffee room shows a marked preference for the native tea. Service is reputed to be excellent, and business is good. We get directions from the Oxford-accented desk clerk who seems to be a pre-war figure glad to be back at his old job.

It is almost four o'clock now, and time to take a return train. "Ten sen buys us a local newspaper which we can't read (but whoever heard of a train ride without a newspaper), and we are set. The train is more crowded than ever and the odor that accompanies it makes me yearn heartily for an old-fashioned nose-clogging cold. There are two stops at Yokohama; we decide to get off at the second one which is closer to the docks. However, the conductor forgets to slow down at the second stop, and we have to ride on to Yokosuka.

The havoc between Yokohama and Yokosuka is not nearly as great. The landscape is green and hilly, reminiscent of the Pennsylvania Poconos. The villages are mostly small wooden shacks

built almost on top of each other. These are the squalid tinder-box variety that we had erroneously believed compose most of Tokyo. The Japanese are industrious farmers, and now at five o'clock we still see them busily working their tiny plots. This rural area has seen few occupation troops, and at each local stop children stare at us curiously through the window.

I had become separated from Jack at the crowded station, and we had taken different sections of the train. But at Yokosuka I ran into several of the ship's officers who had spent the day there; there was still almost an hour before our boat would be ready to take us back to the *Ticonderoga*, so we walked around the outskirts of the town.

Very few stores are open in Yokosuka, but judging from the accumulation of odds and ends, these fellows have picked up; trading has been most successful. The method consists of going through the residential district, stopping by an open door (they are all open), pointing to an article that attracts your fancy, and then using candy, gum, and cigarettes, to persuade the Japanese to give up the article in exchange. The Japanese are a hungry people, and a candy bar has an allure that is worth a China doll or even a silk kimono. In this manner several of the soldiers have picked up some excellent silk, engraved teak-wood boxes, and in some cases the much-desired *hara-kiri* daggers.

Fraternization does not seem to be an issue in Japan. We have been told not to abuse the Japanese, and Admiral Halsey had barred the use of invectives in referring to them, but at the same time we have been warned to refrain gestures of friendship and keep in mind that it was this same people that conceived Pearl Harbor. Nor does the warning seem particularly necessary. We are not very inclined to become friendly with the Japanese—at least not

just yet. Trade with them, ask them questions, talk to them, yes—it's part of American curiosity; but fraternization, no. These soldiers and sailors have been fighting the Japs too long, and the fighting is too fresh in their minds.

As far as the women go, that is another story. Geisha houses hold a fascination for Americans (a good many of them anyway) that is currently being explored. True the geisha district is out of bounds, but our military police as yet have little knowledge of where all the geisha houses are, and other duties are more important right now than standing by geisha houses, so... We pass one geisha house that has kept up with the times through a crudely printed sign "Welcome Americans". The sign further tells us that this particular house is reserved for petty officers, first and second class. Other houses cater to officers, seamen, etc., as the case may be. Business hours begin at five or six o'clock, and like any well-run establishment they are very punctual in opening up exactly on time. The geisha girl has a very special place in Japanese society and stands far higher on the social ladder than her American colleague. We can see kimono-clad girls looking at us from the windows, but the house is not yet open, and we do not feel justified in intruding merely for the purpose of satisfying our curiosity. Yokosuka has been open to Americans for several days, and one of the Marines tells us that geisha parties are quite intriguing—purely from a sociological perspective, I imagine.

We stopped by one Japanese hovel that had been erected amidst the ruins out of torn metal and scrap wood. The owner, his wife, and daughter are sitting cross-legged on a long mat serving as divan, table, and probably bed. The two-room dwelling is clean, but almost entirely devoid of furniture; what there

is, is bare and of cheap quality. Only the delicately painted tea pots and sake jugs have aught of beauty. I have practised a few Japanese phrases, so I nod to the staring occupants and say, "Konichiwa" (good day).

This produces only blank looks for a few moments, and then it dawns. The woman smiles brightly, and says, not "Konichiwa", but "Good day". As a matter of fact most of the Japanese know little English, but are not too eager to reveal their knowledge. The man says in a pidgin sort of way, "Chewing gum?" I point to a little sake cup, and hold up a pack of gum. He makes the trade, and I say, "Arigato" (thank you). He seems to get a huge kick out of this, and repeats in a sing-song tone, "Arigato, arigato", as if he was amazed at an American saying thank you. One of the others tries to buy a little carved tray, but cannot make out the price the Jap is asking. I try one of my remaining phrases and say: "Suije o kaite kudasai" (write out the number, please). This convinces them that I am a true linguist, and brings forth a stream of Japanese talk. Totally engulfed, I manage a feeble "Wakari masen" (I do

not understand). This, however, only seems to be added proof of my language ability, and the flow continues. The higher economics is finally abandoned, and a simple trade is effected by virtue of a candy bar. The girl goes over to a nearby pile of rubble, and digs out a few teacups for sale. They had evidently been secreted away, for fear that the Americans would pillage and loot. I imagine the Jap hid most of their valuables, and in a few days stores as well as individuals would have better articles to sell. My teacup drops and breaks. The Jap gives me another one and refuses to accept payment. They are very polite, and in all fairness we must admit that this politeness which we have mocked as hypocritical and treacherous, really seems to have some sincere qualities. Perhaps the basis will yet be found for this people to take their place among the brotherhood of nations. Perhaps....

It is sunset when we finally embark on the LCI that is to return us to the "T". In the distance white-capped Fuji has taken on a reddish hue; a few minutes later it is no longer discernible—the Japanese sun has set.

Come and Enjoy . . . Good Time
For Your DATE

AT

SAN MIGUEL HOTEL

Restaurant & Bar

21-29 Aviles Street, Manila

In front San Miguel Brewery
Near Malacañan Palace

Ventilated Rooms
Courteous Service

ESCARTE DENTAL LABORATORY SUPPLY

DR. CEFERINO ESCARTE
DR. P. ESCARTE-DE JOYA
DENTISTS

By Appointment only
Guison Bldg., Rooms 303 & 304,
3rd Floor

755 Rizal Avenue
Next to Central Hotel

Murillo Art Photo

Photographer-De-Luxe

1050 RIZAL AVENUE

MANILA

● *Proof of the old adage that knowledge is the mother of understanding*

I Hated Filipinos!

by Lt. Pat Ledyard, WAC

BACK in Port Moresby in the summer of 1944 we talked of Manila and of the day when "we would return". Weary of crowded barracks, we envisioning being back in a city where we could rent a little apartment—or, failing that, look forward to weekends in a hotel. We made endless dates for cocktails at the Army-Navy Club and dancing at the Manila Hotel. We dreamed of plays and concerts and department stores and soda fountains. Above all, we looked on our entry into Manila as a moment of high triumph.

And then the long months passed. Americans landed in Leyte, they landed in Lingayen. At last they took Manila and General MacArthur was able to tell the people of the Philippines and the world that he had made good his promise to return. We took Manila, but it was not so simple as all that. There were casualty lists and stories of Japanese atrocities and pictures of bomb lacerated buildings. Engineer officers flew to the shattered city to try to restore the plumbing system, signal officers worried about communications, the medics feared epidemics and the QM worked overtime sending supplies to the occupying troops.

All that we knew and were aware of—yet we did not believe it, for the old vision of Manila, the beautiful Pearl of the Orient, persisted. Reports of ruin—even pictures of the twisted rubble of war did not convince us. Perhaps, we would tell ourselves, some of it is like that, but there will still be a great deal of the city left. There will be places to go and things to do.

Then, in the spring of 1945, I came to Manila. Driving into the city from

Nichols Field I had my first real sight of the effects of war. We were going. I was told, through what had been Manila's finest residential section. Looking at it then it was only a mass of broken plaster and twisted iron. The wall that swayed dizzily against the sky had been the home of a wealthy sugarman. There in the distance was a mass of destruction—all that was left of the Army-Navy Club. The rest of the city looked much the same. Disillusion was fleeting. The more lasting reaction was one of despair and horror. The sudden realization that there is no strength in stone and steel, that bombs and artillery fire can destroy walls that must have seemed eternal to the thousands they once sheltered, gave me a cheerless sort of nostalgia that was compounded of fear. Nothing in the world seemed stable. My own city which seemed to me to belong to time could be shattered as Manila had been. I wanted to go home while it was still there. I wanted to know that it was all right.

My mind is not big enough to hold horror for long. Soon the despair I had felt at the sight of so much ruin and destruction gave way to the thousand irritations of GI life in Manila. The heat and noise of the city oppressed me and my mind seemed lost in the waves of dust that filled our eyes whenever we went outside. I was frustrated by laundry girls who never returned my shirts and Filipino drivers to whom the streets of Manila and the manipulation of a jeep were equally mysterious. Telephones with their tangled exchanges and endless assortment of wrong numbers reduced me to a state of frenzy. I hated all the standard things that GIs

hate—mess, clothes, quarters, superior officers—and over and above all I hated Manila and the Filipinos.

I cannot tell the moment at which I began to change. I only know that one day I awoke to the realization that I could no longer hold so much hate. I, who had always believed in toleration for all peoples, was being very unfair. One did not condemn a city because it had been bombed, nor a people because a maid was stupid. I decided I must make a definite attempt to change my attitude. Falling back on the old platitude that to know is to like, I decided to learn something about the Filipinos and their history and to see something of their country.

My next day off found my roommate and me hitch-hiking to Lake Taal. Leaving behind us the dust of the city, we came into the rice paddy country. The little dyked squares seemed a part of my childhood, for I remembered pictures of them in my school books, but the books had not shown the unbelievable bright green of young rice, nor had they caught the awkward humor of a carabao buried up to his neck in a muddy pool of water. Rising above the rice paddies into the hill country, we revelled in the cool fresh air. Lake Taal itself reminded me of home—not that it was precisely like any of our American lakes, for nature is too generous to repeat herself, but because it gave me the same feeling of peace and freedom that I've felt sitting by the shores of my own California lakes. The Filipinos who came up to sell bananas and papayas seemed friendly people and it was easy to respond to their pride in the lake and in their little town of Tagaytay that clung to the ridge above it.

Aside from seeing the country, I wanted to learn about it, so I enrolled in a course in Filipino history and customs at the Philippine Institute. Never did a more unwilling student push

himself to school. I was convinced I would hate the course, but I was determined to take it.

From the first moment Dr. Maria Lanzar-Carpio, the slight, handsome Filipino woman who is a professor of political science at the University of the Philippines, stood before the class, my dislike of Filipinos dissolved. Her low gentle voice charmed me and I found myself being secretly pleased at the rapidity with which she could turn her wit to steel against the occasional outbursts of GI intolerance.

There is no need to go into detail about the things I learned in the class. The important thing about it for me was not so much that it opened my eyes to the actual political and economic problems confronting the Commonwealth of the Philippines as that it opened my sympathies and understanding to the Filipino people.

Lake Taal was the first place I found to delight me in Luzon. That trip was followed by others—to Batangas, to Baguio, to the Marikina dam until, little by little, I built up in my mind pictures of many beautiful places to which my memory will return me at odd moments throughout all my life.

Dr. Carpio was the first Filipino whom I wished I could have for a friend. Since then I have met many other people who have made me cease to think as I first did of the Filipinos. These days I only hope that their reactions to me will be favorable enough so that they will be willing to think of me, and other Americans, as someone they would like to know.

Now, even the desolation of Manila has lost its old power to dismay me. The destruction was great, but not so great as the words of a Filipino businessman whose entire property was destroyed by the Japanese.

"It was bad," he said shrugging his shoulders, "but what of that? Now I will start again."

● *I know the way his heart is,
but it has been so long*

Just Waiting

by Ligaya Victorio-Reyes

CAPTAIN, I'll say, something new has been added. You have become a MAN. There are bars on your collar. And there is a certain look in your eyes... Nice eyes Brown, like mine. But I don't like your uniform. That's nothing to hold against it; I just stopped liking uniforms. Lost the taste for them as one loses the taste for green guavas and sour mangoes after adolescence.

There was a time when I adored uniforms. Remember? I felt so proud when I went around with a man in uniform. I was happy when I married a man in uniform. But now I know why they put a man in uniform. In uniform, a man ceases to be a peaceful individual and becomes part of an ideology. He becomes a destructive and a constructive force, an active cog of war. For him, no longer the neutral colors of ordinary living, the dull and the bright spots of peace. He takes on the protective coloring of insects and other forms of animal life which must combat nature. For war is nature in its most violent form, more violent than a sea in tempest or the earth in a quake because it conforms to no set natural laws and cannot be kept within bounds. In uniform, his not to reason why, his but to do and die.

Not that dying is confined to uniforms. It is easy to die in civilian clothes, too. You were not in Manila, but I was, and I know. At one moment a woman was sweating over a cook stove, concerned with the more elemental demands of existence. The next moment, she was blown to kingdom come. Then there were those who engaged in the bitter day to day fighting to exist, hiding in sewers, pre-

tending death. When suddenly death was no pretense.

But why think of death while waiting for you. There is all eternity to ponder upon it. Think, rather, of life. Life that began for us in 1941. I was in uniform then, but a uniform symbolic of something entirely different. It was joy to feel the bright wings of sleeves hedging me in, the exquisite swish of satin against my limbs. And the flowers. An offering to life that must blossom and fruit if it is to be fulfilled. But the bombs came, and this life was interrupted. No longer the new home in Camp Murphy, the parties for the bride, the perfection of a new routine. The gifts, still unwrapped, which crashed to smithereens, were in fragments not any more broken or scattered than this life of happiness and peace that we had planned to live forever and ever.

But that was yesterday. Today you are coming. You will come through that door, a stranger bearing the semblance of the man I have loved through all these years. What will you say? *Remember me? I'm the man you married. And the small talk, What have you been doing?..*

I've been waiting, I'll say brightly. I like waiting. It brings out the martyr in a woman. It sends her walking miles in a three-room flat, counting the ticks of a clock. It makes her talk to herself because she likes the sound of the dreams she never stops dreaming. It squeezes the heart out of her and nicks it in the vital places, so it will break more easily—just in case.

I'm used to waiting, I'll say still more brightly. Remember the time I waited fifteen days for you? And you stayed ten minutes. Just time enough for one

hurried, tear-stained kiss, and a confusion of words that made no sense. And all I wanted to say was *Take me with you*. I knew it was foolish, so I said instead, *Take care of yourself*. Yes, mother, you said tenderly and jokingly, your face pale with the effort not to feel good-bye. And I was in your arms one short eternity, hoarding the moments of closeness, trying to engrave in memory the feel of your heart against mine. There were so many things I wanted to tell you, so much more I longed to say, for I knew that there must be silence between us for ages to come. But all I could say over and over again was, *Take care of yourself and come back to me*.

The centuries of waiting before your letter came! Sleepless nights straining for the sound of a courier's steps. Days of agony ferreting out dribbles of news about you. And those Bataan days. The peaks of hope, and the long, dull stretches of just plain waiting. Afterwards I haunted the gates of the Capas prison. I would stand near the gates watching the boxes coming out, measuring the length of them with my memory of your tallness. It was stupid and soul-tearing, but there was nothing else to do. I had not heard of you. There was no one who knew about you. There was no way of knowing if you were left on the fields of Bataan or languishing within the prison camp.

How could I guess that you had escaped to Australia? Your letter came so very late. But it came, and that was enough for a time.

I can hear you saying, *Let's have no more of that. Tell me about the life you led*.

It was a most interesting life, I'll say, again conversationally. One never knew what was coming next. First, rice was ten pesos. Then it was thirty, fifty, a hundred pesos. In what seemed a mere twinkling, it had soared into the thou-

sands. And I was just like any bewildered civilian, trying to hold on to the slippery grains. The silver combs that I wore in my hair when we were married went for ten gantas of rice. And the sapphires that were my godfather's gift went for half a sack of rice and half a sack of corn. I put up a small store for my kid sister. Bananas and mangoes to begin with, then soap, dried fish, beans. Not very romantic, is it? But one had to live.

And I worked. First for a politician. Then as manager of a fashion school. I don't like men. They cannot understand why a woman must be faithful. They'll ask, half curiously, half insinuatingly, *And how do you spend your evenings?* And one invents all sorts of silly answers because they cannot understand the most important answer of all—that one was waiting. Men cannot understand why waiting should be an occupation. *But that is not living!* they'll exclaim when one speaks of quiet evenings spent at home. *You are so young. There is no law against having a good time once in a while. There is no sense in living the dull life of a spinster day after day.* No. Men cannot understand why women must be faithful—the women who did not belong to them.

So I changed jobs. And I sat home nights, dreaming over sheets of figures, sketching future clothes. I'd dream of the time when you at last must come and life can resume. We'd see things together, do things together. How did we live before? Movies two times a week, a night club once a month. Picnics, bathing parties, just driving. And quiet evenings at home, sprawled on wicker chairs, talking, being comfortable. We would turn on the radio and listen to the music. Then perhaps, if the music was slow and sweet, we'd get up and dance. I'd relax in your arms while my steps followed yours, obediently, rememberingly. There was sweet delight.

in moving to music, snug in the circle of your embrace. Time stood still, and there we were together, a picture complete. I'd look up at you and you'd look down on me, and there was the feel and the touch of the words we did not have to say. There was exquisite pain and joy in the thought that though this moment must pass, it would come again.

These I'd dream about while I figured ways and means of making the school pay. Sometimes I'd get up and peer into my wardrobe to see if the blue dress and the red were untroubled by bugs—they must be intact for your coming. For years of hanging in an aparador must take their toll on the sturdiest fabric, and the blue and the red were never very sturdy. If no one was around, I'd try them on, to find out just how thin I had got. If they hang wearily upon me, it was an indication that I could do with more avocadoes—they can build up weight so quickly. And I'd pass my hand carefully over my arms, testing their smoothness, and gaze at my face in the mirror to see if it had altered. For you were coming home to a memory which the harshness of living must not touch.

I must stop thinking all these. Only,

it is not easy to stop talking to you in my mind—I've had so much practice. Soon, very soon, I must talk to you in fact. *And I do not know what to say!* How shall I begin? *Captain . . .* But it is not easy after a silence of years. This waiting has bred a quietness in my mind which you might find very much like dullness. I have forgotten how to be bright. What does one say to a husband who is also a stranger? How does one begin renewing acquaintanceship then? How does one renew love?

I must sit very still and rehearse. Think of some bright sallies, the small talk that one indulges in when one is embarrassed. But why must I be embarrassed? This is the man I have loved, in substance and in shadow, and for whom I have waited these many centuries. I have never really stopped being with him. I know the way his mind works, I know the way his heart is—he is all that I understand. But it's been so long . . . *Captain, something . . .*

Those are his steps now. Heavens, what shall I do? *Cap . . .* I must open the door. Wait a minute, wait just one minute. Here, I shall open the door. Oh, please, what can I say?

"Darling, oh darling!"

Do You Have "PHOTO-GLAMOUR" ★?

Do your beauty-highlights — your ideal make-up & hair-do, your inspired styling, your figure perfection — achieve everything glamorous for a fascinating photograph? Then, if you are one of the many discriminating romantic young women, who would like to win thrilling compliments thru realistic and beautiful photographs, see BOB'S today. We employ the latest Hollywood process and our photographers are scientifically trained.

**20 of the Model Girls who appeared at the Manila Hotel Fashion Show Forecast were made-up by BOB. Our BEAUTY SALOON'S latest creations of coiffeurs and make-up are designed for your precious romantic moments.

GLORIFY THAT GLAMOUR

*WEDDINGS *CHILDREN (in action) *MODELLING
ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF OUR
BEAUTY SALOON!

With the most competent staff of beauty experts
*COIFFEURS *MANICURE *PEDICURE
*MAKE-UP (Social & Spotlight)

*SCALP & BODY MASSAGE
*PERMANENTS

*FACIAL

BOB RAZON
Gen. Manager

881-B Rizal Ave.



● *The stern justice of crime and punishment clearly demands that—*

Japan Must Pay

by Chris Edwards

THE world breathed a sigh of relief as the 11th Airborne stowed away battle gear that had not been needed and the occupation of Japan proceeded without disturbance. The enemy had been vanquished; there was no fight left in him.

In the Philippines and in other sections of the East, that sigh of relief was accompanied by anxiety. The coming of peace was joyously hailed, but no immediate solution appeared to the numerous and pressing problems that presented themselves.

In the twisted streets, charred wooden beams, and jagged fragments of glass that were once boulevards, homes, and office sites, we can see the shattered remains of Philippine economy. Renowned as the most beautiful, healthiest, and cleanest capital in the Far East, Manila was declared an open city in December 1941 to save it from destruction by the invading Japanese. In February 1945, when U.S. liberation forces entered Manila, the retreating Japanese demolished and set afire many buildings that had no military value whatever. Those whose industry and foresight in prewar days should now enable them to enjoy peace and security have been cast into instability and penury.

Economic disorganization during the Japanese occupation was characterized by an almost total absence of foreign commerce, a chaotic domestic trade, the hoarding of foodstuffs, and sky-rocketing inflation. Millions of pesos worth of Mickey Mouse notes brought on a disastrous economic situation. But the body blow came when the Japanese de-

parted, destroying everything he could lay his hands on, indiscriminately. Only the grim reminders of war's cyclonic ferocity remain, but they are enough. They speak of his wanton cruelty, of his violent attempt to dominate all of Eastern Asia. They forcibly impress upon us the power of his determination to obliterate free Philippine culture from the face of the earth. They are tangible evidence of a sinister attempt to destroy the mind and heart of a people who, through three long years, clung tenaciously to their ideals of democracy and freedom. Even when he knew that his lust for conquest had proved disastrous, he was unrelenting. Departing in ignominy he sought to burn, dynamite, and kill, in an attempt to assuage the bitterness of his failure to impose his doctrines upon a free people.

There is only one way to secure justice: the Japanese must pay for the willful destruction he has caused. Exaction of reparations is perhaps the only way this payment can be secured.

The clamor for reparations is not aroused by purely vindictive considerations. It is based upon justice, the stern justice of the ancient law of crime and punishment, of reward and retribution. The enemy cannot call back to life those whom he brutally murdered, but he can help restore the homes, schools, factories, wharves, public buildings, etc., which he destroyed.

The Filipinos have been left utterly destitute because of the wanton aggression of the Japanese. Clearly, it is not vindictiveness but simple justice to demand that the perpetrators of this be compelled to pay. The Commonwealth

government is without the resources to finance reconstruction projects on the large scale required. Individuals are without the means to carry on their normal business activities.

From what source, then, must aid come? From the United States? Yes, perhaps. But we are not willing to cry forever on the shoulders of another nation. It is Japan that should rightfully pay for the bricks and mortar of reconstruction. And when independence comes, as it is bound to come soon, it will be advisable for the Philippines to assume a sovereign status as free from the burden of foreign debt as possible. Supported wholly in our rehabilitation program by U.S. funds, we shall be crippled from our birth as an independent nation by a load that, but for the destruction wrought by Japan, we would not have to bear. And while aid in the form of foreign investments is helpful from one standpoint, it is also true that its principal profits are usually not shared by the Filipino masses.

Into the international policies of World War II was injected the idea that the responsible individuals and groups within the aggressor nations should be made to answer for their crimes. No doubt exists as to the correctness of this policy. Yet, little attention has been directed towards the equally correct contention that Japan, as an aggressor nation, should help finance the rehabilitation program of the Philippines.

There are two possible reasons why public attention has been diverted from reparations. They are: first, the unexpected surrender of Japan which caught the United Nations without a definite plan of diplomatic action; and second, the absence of unity among the Filipinos themselves which has prevented them from undertaking concerted action in the interest of their country.

It is now well known that the United Nations had not hoped for such an early surrender. They were caught with no definite plan of action beyond the Potsdam Declaration, and this dealt only with surrender, not with the more intricate details of a long-range peace policy which must needs follow, if we are to be spared another war. Sandwiched between German capitulation and occupation, the explosive nature of the Balkan question, partial demobilization, and the Japanese surrender, it is no wonder that little attention was given to the claims and needs of the Philippines.

The Commonwealth government, by a determined effort to establish the validity of its claim for reparations, might have accomplished much. Instead, petty name-calling and internal friction prevailed. In contrast, the Chinese Government has already given this problem serious consideration as is evidenced by the statement of Wang Shih-chieh, China's foreign minister, that China would seek reparations by confiscation of Japanese industrial plants in China and Manchuria.

The Philippines do not now possess an effective club with which to enforce their demands. Only the scattered debris and ashes of a stricken nation remain to support the logic and justice of their claim. Having exhibited such fortitude and courage during the Japanese occupation, the Filipinos cannot fail to grasp the enormity of the task before them, and the need for continued unity.

Perhaps another reason for the delay is furnished by a glance at the last World War. Defining an economically logical reparations policy and proceeding judiciously with such a plan seemed all but impossible. Rarely has a nation obtained the satisfaction from the reparations to which it was entitled. Since it is such a difficult subject, it becomes

even more necessary that it be studied and pressed by a united people.

The following should be embodied in any such plan of reparations for the Philippines: first, shipment of industrial machinery; second, transfer of ships from the Japanese merchant fleet to ours; third, immediate shipment of consumer commodities that are critically needed; and fourth, establishment of a definite time limit for the fulfillment of these obligations.

A time limit is a prerequisite for the success of this program. As the years pass and a new generation takes its place in Japan and the Philippines, memory of war will tend to fade. The new Japanese generation will resent having to pay for damage inflicted by a past generation. They will feel no guilt, no obligation to comply. Nor will the rising Philippine generation, not having directly suffered physically and spiritually, be anxious to press the matter. Even though convinced of Japan's guilt as an aggressor, they would be apt to grant merciful release from terms spread out over many years. Continued reparations would seem anomalous in the more amicable relations of the future. However, we must not overlook the fact that our life will be influenced economically even then by the extent of the burden which the government now bears.

It should be added that Japan has so disguised her surrender with skillfully worded phrases that the people do not seem even now to acknowledge their national guilt. Japan's leaders have used weasel words to imply that Japan was not beaten at all, that she "came to an understanding" with the victors "to set the Emperor's mind at ease." They insist that the Army's honor remains unblemished, argue that the Allies thwarted Japan's "noble" designs to free Asia from the western yoke, and openly challenge Allied Occupation Forces by subversive editorial interpretation of policy

calculated to instigate hate and contempt.

A campaign to present to the Japanese people the evil of the militarist policies of their discredited rulers and their responsibility in precipitating war should be accompanied by effective means of exacting admission. Reparations is one way. Forced to pay reparations, they must question *why* they are paying them. There is only one explanation—and they will see it—and that is, that the responsibility for the war is wholly theirs.

The Philippine government must take the lead in bringing this issue to the United Nations. We have a valuable friend in General MacArthur. Long a friend of the Filipinos and a resident of the Philippines for many years before the war, he has witnessed the tragic change and must realize the need for immediate steps to rebuild this stricken nation. His appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Occupation Forces is eloquent recognition of his exceptional talents both as a diplomat and as a military strategist. Never has he been given such an opportunity for statesmanship. Satisfaction of the claims of the Philippines will be but a small part of his enormous job; but this country and its people have a warm place in his heart, and he will not forget.

The Japanese are unable to wage war because of the overwhelming might which surrounds them. They will be able to win the respect of their neighbors only if they change their ideas and their ways. Acknowledgment of their share of responsibility in creating the ruin of World War II and willingness to make amends by complying with the terms of a just reparations program should contribute much towards winning the friendship of the Filipinos and of the rest of the world.

This time "so sorry" is not enough.

● *A city of magnificent boulevards
or a healthful, organic city?*

Cities Are for People

by A. C. Kayanan

MANILA is more than just a city; it is a living organism. Especially does it so strike the beholder now as it tries to get up from the ruins, as it bravely makes an effort to lick its ugly wounds.

Yes, it wants to stand on its feet again, and you and the rest of us must lend a hand. We shall rebuild this our city from the shambles and the ashes. And we shall do it right by planning together and working together—you and the rest of us.

But have you ever asked yourself what you want Manila to be? What do you want to have in place of the ruins, instead of the Manila that is?

Let us be realistic. Let us not take things for granted.

What really is our goal? A beautiful city with magnificent boulevards and ornamental parks? A showplace of the Pacific—a Mecca for tourists? A rich—perhaps the richest—trade center of the Far East with ships at the harbor bringing in treasures from foreign lands in exchange for the produce of our fields and factories?

Each is a goal, but are they what we want? Shouldn't we be concerned rather with the thing that really matters?

Cities are not just for eyes to see. Cities are not just for the pleasure of tourists and the curious. Neither are cities just for the making of money and then more money, nor just for the development of machines and factories and what is often mistaken for progress.

Cities are for people.

So when we plan for the rebuilding of Manila, we plan for the people. And

plan with them, too. We want it to be a better place in which to live and to make a living. We want it to be a city where we may live fully and in peace, where we may work in comfort and without fear of want or fear of fear, where we may raise our children in decent surroundings so that they can study and play in safety and grow up to be healthy and responsible citizens of tomorrow. We want a city of which all of us may be proud—a city where everybody belongs and is happy about it.

In planning Manila, therefore, we will do more than plan for the things that will please the senses—the plazas and boulevards, the stores and factories and public buildings, important though these may be. In planning Manila we certainly will do more than draw and color these things on paper, as some think we do or should do. The physical features of a city are merely the outward manifestations of the urban substance, which is the people.

It is the people that really matter. Let us be concerned less with doing things merely for their own sake and more with serving people. With this in mind, we shall plan Manila so that its land may be used in the right way and at the right time for the people that live in it. The amenities will come natural, and stay.

How shall we go about, then, in attaining our goal? Some well-meaning people have told us how. They would streamline the Escolta so it will run somewhere, spout a fifty-foot memorial jet that would drip with the liquid patriotism of those who died for the living, copy foreign structures that

will cater to the whims of so-called cosmopolites!

We have known helpful friends prescribe palliative ointment for a neighbor's sores. Only an academic doctor would take the trouble of asking silly questions about diets and habits so that he may be able to eliminate the cause of the sores. Besides, it takes a long time.

History tell us that wide, imposing avenues were constructed over the densest slums of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. The avenues were for cavalcades and processions. Monumental arches were built on these avenues for display and in memory of those who fought and died for glory. And thousands of the living whom those avenues displaced were crowded yet more densely into the dingy back streets of the city. The slums spread further, for the problems of the people were not tackled, and it was enough that the avenues and arches were planned for show though not for living.

A woman cannot keep a good complexion merely by using powder and the other expensive items commonly referred to as cosmetics. First impressions may deceive, but the truth will out eventually. A good complexion requires a healthy body. So it is in the case of a city like Manila. To be concerned alone with the arrangement and design of streets, with the ornamentation of parks, with the style of buildings and reflecting pools in the planning of a city, and to forget all about its inhabitants and their basic human, social, and economic needs is just as wise as to be concerned only with the external make-up but not with the physiology of the body.

The face of Manila can be prettified with powder and rouge and yet its body would be rotting. For we need not take tourists to the slums of Tondo and San Nicolas and Paco; or if we do we merely try to point to them how quaint the slums

are. We need not bother to improve the lot of the four-fifths of our people who belong to the "lower third". We need not remedy the situation that three-fourths of Greater Manila live in one-tenth of its area. We need not provide our children with playgrounds for we have large and expensive penal institutions to take care of them should they go wrong.

Or need we? Of course, we need to.

This is what we mean when we said that the people should be considered in planning a city. This is what we mean by planning for these people. We should know them and the homes in which they live and the land on which their homes stand.

Let us examine Manila. The developed urban area is almost three times as large as that of the city proper. In 1940 the population of this area which follows the main roads like the tentacles of an octopus was over 900,000. There were about 166,000 families, and the average size of the family was well above five. About 70 per cent of the population were in the city proper. More than 80 per cent of those in gainful occupations earned less than P60 a month and about 15 per cent between P60 and P200. There was, therefore, a large mass of poor people and a small middle class. Those earning more than P200 per month were just a mere two per cent of the whole, but they owned a relatively larger portion of the wealth of the city than all the others combined!

And we have to plan for all these people.

In planning for them, we have as a goal an Organic City—a living city that is made up of well-knit, self-contained neighborhood units that are functionally integrated with each other. A neighborhood unit is a group of homes bound by common interest. It is a complete cell in the social and physical structure of the city. Its area and population are

of such size as to make possible the smooth and efficient working of its own elementary school which, by the way, may be considered with the adjacent playground as the nucleus of the cell. This neighborhood nucleus or center can be reached without crossing major streets, thus insuring the safety of children as they walk to and from their schools and playgrounds. At the center may be the local dispensary, a branch library, and other neighborhood facilities. Local stores are conveniently located within walking distance from the homes.

Let us examine the neighborhood more closely. We see that the houses are just like those which we used to see, only these ones are cleaner, in better condition, well spaced, and harmoniously arranged with respect to one another and to the land on which they stand. Here each building is not just a house by itself. It is one of many which make up a neighborhood. Each resident takes an active interest, not only in his home, but also in the neighborhood in which it belongs. In other words, the residents live beyond the limit of their walls—they live as neighbors among neighbors.

This is what was wrong with old Manila. During a period which others associate with progress, it grew willy-nilly into a large city, into something outrunning the human scale. It used to be that neighbors knew each other. Now a home is just a house with a lot, if any.

Yet everybody knows that a home is more than simply a house and a lot—specially if you have children. Your children need many facilities to enable them to live in a pleasant family atmosphere—facilities like schools, playgrounds, churches, and social centers. There are, during complex times, certain highly desirable ends which people can achieve only by sharing these facilities with each other, and these could be had in a neighborhood. People will get more out of life by living interdependently with each other rather than independently of one another. We have learned this lesson in this war. In a neighborhood unit every family will have privacy within the home and opportunity for group work outside it.

Here is planning that is down to earth. Here is planning for the people that make up the city, and therefore it is the sort of planning that really matters.

At the beginning and at the end of every transaction is a person. Manila and every town and city in the Philippines are first men and women before they are affairs of bamboo and nipa and lumber and concrete and stone. These men and women should be considered first; the city's organic soundness should be our primary goal if the city is to acquire a healthy urban complexion. Unless this is done, we might as well deal exclusively in cosmetics and such other devices as are intended to conceal the blemishes of the human race.

IT'S UP TO YOU!!!

Always a good time at the

PACIFIC BAR

(The Biggest Little Bar In the World)

—Where you can enjoy yourself to your heart's desire—

249 Zurbaran cor. Rizal Ave.

Manila

Apostrophe to Yamasbita

by Godofredo Bunao

*Once—just once—you stood triumphant
where your footfalls echoed inland
from the surging seas.*

*On every surf upon those seas
and on the sand upon their shores
and in the winds that blew
through the leafless trees all dry and dead,
you left the stench
of corpses
and cadaver
and blood.*

*Such was your sinister pleasure
through the days that made the months—
through the months that formed the years
of stolen joy.*

*Such was your sordid ambition—
to glory in the anguish
of others less favored
by Fate,
to scatter famine upon your left
and death upon your right
because within your heart
was perfidy
and pride
and lust.*

*...and when you hoisted the flag of your empire
and brandished the sword of your ancestors
over the devastation of my land—
the burning pile of ripening grain
and the mouldering heap of gold—
the light of peace was quenched
and the peace of our homes was trampled upon
and darkness descended on Truth,
for threats endeavoured to muffle the voice
that was born and nurtured in freedom—
the voice that was loud
and clear
and defiant.*

*You lived in high-souled dreams of conquest
but your dreams were vain,
for we, the sons of freedom,
nourished on the tenets of liberty
and thus unused to servitude,
bowed—but never in reverence,*

obeyed—but never with respect,
and we seemed obsequious—
but never
in our hearts.

And thus the days rolled on and on
within the borders of my land
where every sunset added life
to inarticulate resentment
clandestine
but fierce.

And thus the months rolled on and on
as torment was on torment piled,
as hatred was with hatred intertwined
until that same resentment, rising
from roots of its ferocity,
gave up its soul to bold defiance
daring
and frank
and firm.

...until your dreams of earthly conquest
were entombed in shadows of defeat
and you were chased by waves
that you had stirred into turbulence.
And you tried to flee from Justice
and in your precipitate flight
you left once more the stench
of corpses
and cadaver
and blood
all strewn upon the debris and the dust
of city and town laid waste.

But the fleet hounds of Justice
overtook you and you fell—
fell destitute of power and of strength,
fell prostrate without your pride.

What you had sown you had to reap,
for like the sun that must perforce
give up the zenith for the west at noon
and like rebellious waves whose fury
must subside into the calm at ebb
the fierce must be outfought
as the haughty must be humbled—
as all must end that trace their vain existence
to hate
and the lust for power
and pride.

● *Laurel, patriot or traitor? is now the question uppermost in people's minds*

WHAT OF LAUREL?

by M. N. Querol

AT the Japanese resort city of Nara, in mid-September, Jose Paciano Laurel woke up to a dreadful fact: his old friend Douglas MacArthur considers him as a war criminal.

From his headquarters in Tokyo, the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers had thrown a dragnet over the beaten Empire to apprehend the war-makers, and the President of the puppet Republic was caught at the commodious Hotel Nara, where he and his entourage were lodged. Laurel was flown to the industrial city of Yokohama, a few miles southeast of the Japanese capital.

The arrest was no surprise to Laurel. He knew it was coming. He had seen the fable of Japanese military invincibility shattered in the field, and had quickly dissolved his Republic when the Japanese Emperor, deciding that enough was enough, accepted the terms set forth at Potsdam. When Japan formally bent the knee aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay, Laurel hid himself to the seclusion of Nara's gardens and sought the consolation of his God.

Laurel, more than ever before, needs his God now. In the eyes of many Filipinos, he has committed the unspeakable crime of compromising with the hated enemy. In the eyes of their American allies, he is, absolutely and unpardonably, a traitor. No less than divine guidance can enable him to explain the tangled story of Filipino-Japanese collaboration that had its beginnings in December 1941.

The Mikado's armies were, at that time, sweeping like a forest fire over

most of East Asia. One by one the Allied citadels fell: Guam, Hongkong, Singapore. As the new year dawned upon the country, Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma's Imperial troops were at the gates of Manila.

Before the lightning advance of Japanese infantry and armor, MacArthur had coolly withdrawn his ill-equipped USAFFE divisions to the natural bastion of Bataan whose rear and flanks were protected by the guns of Corregidor. President Manuel L. Quezon had transferred the seat of his government to the field, leaving Jorge B. Vargas and Laurel to deal with the invader.

That was the beginning of collaboration—of the farce that began with a shining blueprint for the rapprochement and "co-prosperity" of all Asiatic peoples and ended with slaughter and ruin in a hundred towns and cities.

Vargas, Mayor of Greater Manila, was ordered by Homma to establish an Executive Commission for the government of the people. Laws that were inconsistent with the "New Order" were abolished. On October 14, 1943, with Laurel as President, the puppet Republic was inaugurated.

Then event piled upon mighty event with astonishing rapidity. Laurel, affirming his belief in the reality of his Republic, concluded a Pact of Alliance with Japan. He made it plain that acts of sabotage upon the transportation and communication systems of the Imperial Army would draw heavy penalties; he exhorted the people to supply materials to the Japanese procurement offices, and granted amnesty to guerrillas who voluntarily laid down their arms. Collab-

oration reached its highwater mark on September 22, 1944, when he proclaimed the Philippines in a state of war against America and Britain.

Laurel's Tokyo-manufactured "hinde-pendence" found little support among the people. His Republic became a huge joke. "Philippine Republic, did you say? But where is it?" The Sun and Stars flew alone from flagstaves all over the land, but it had ceased to be a symbol of Filipino aspiration; it had come to represent the smart of the Japanese palm on the Filipino cheek, the mass arrests engineered by the dreaded Kempei at midnight, the tearing of raw flesh from shattered bone in Japanese torture chambers.

Laurel knew all this—and quite probably much more—yet never for once did he fail to reaffirm his faith in his Republic. The situation was ludicrous: a man of undoubted intelligence prating about an independent Philippines when the heavy hand of the Japanese oppressor was felt everywhere.

There were those who saw reason in that madness, who thought they understood what Laurel was doing when the pattern was at last pieced together. They saw the implications and considered them plain: Laurel wanted the people to believe that his Republic was real so that its President could be a "rallying center"—a symbol from which to draw strength in a day of common suffering.

The Japanese conqueror did his looting systematically—did it in the guise of legitimate business—and thereby unleashed mighty economic forces that drove the country to the rocks of immorality and hunger. His worthless greenbacks, flooding the markets at a terrific rate, raised prices to fantastic levels. He controlled all factories and all means of transport; through his power to outbid native buyers, he owned all the crops.

The result was natural. The Filipino, hungry and depressed in spirit, momentarily lost his sense of values. He saw his own kind begin to rob and kill, his womenfolk to sell their honor for the cost of a dinner, and found himself unmoved. The profiteer displayed his fat earnings, or the opportunist his gaudy finery in streets where beggars died by the hundreds, but he regarded it all with calloused indifference. He had become a primitive in search of food. Food to eat today so that he may be alive tomorrow.

Against this horrible backdrop, Laurel moved as the chief protagonist in a gigantic farce. The Japanese conqueror, mouthing beautiful platitudes on brotherly love, distributed largesse with his left hand and murdered with his right. Even as he parroted the mighty conqueror, Laurel promised the advent of a shining dawn after a night of common trial.

He coined a slogan: "Live and help live." He sought to give the people renewed courage and hope. He pleaded for a return to the simple life, "under the principle of each a brother to all, and all brothers together."

By precept and by example Laurel tried to inspire. He showed the people that he was suffering with them. He prescribed a one-course menu for Malacañan; his rice was mixed with corn. "In these times," he said, "one should not have a full stomach. To eat a little is enough."

Then he proposed to restore equilibrium to a hopelessly unbalanced economy. He devoted his government to the production of more food and more farm implements, to the execution of control measures designed to pull prices down. He encouraged scientific research on food substitutes. He established "community kitchens" for the starving poor.

*"Hinde" is a Tagalog word meaning no. rel's Republic.

"Hindependence" was a barb leveled at Lau-

As Laurel played upon that stage, the bewildered nation saw another Quixote hacking away at a bigger and stronger windmill. But it also caught the picture of a man who refused to be crushed by the odds against him. When he spoke at the Luneta during a celebration of the Fall of Corregidor, and pointed a bold forefinger at the conqueror and told his hearers that he was not afraid of *him*, many people thought they saw a brave man moving in a troubled time.

His Republic died on the day that MacArthur's armor rolled into Manila; but even as the people rejoiced at Osmeña's coming, Laurel was remembered.

Now their thoughts are turned on him, a prisoner at Yokohama, even as their hearts were turned on Quezon when the shadow of the Japanese bayonet fell on every street corner.

What of Laurel? What is going to happen to him?

Could it be that he is really a traitor?

Laurel declares that he is not. International law, he says, contain a humanitarian concept: the conquered owes "temporary obedience" to the conqueror. They may not fight actively on the side of the enemy, but they may to a certain extent collaborate for their own protection. On the very day his Republic proclaimed the existence of a state of war, he announced that Filipinos would not be conscripted into the Japanese forces.

This, he maintains, was what his Republic had done. He claims that when Quezon left him in Manila in December 1941, instead of taking him to Washington as first planned, he was given blanket authority to do all in his power to protect the people, save that of taking the oath of allegiance. He believes that Quezon's final instructions had MacArthur's approval.

He swears that he never took the oath, that he was faithful to Quezon's orders. He asserts that he endeavored to protect

the people, that he made their interest his main concern.

Laurel is a topflight lawyer, and this defense sounds coldly legalistic. It ignores the larger hopes and ideals of the Resistance which today enable the Filipinos to hold up their heads in pride and dignity among the nations of the world. And yet on Leyte, last November, was President Osmeña thinking of Laurel when he reaffirmed his belief in the principles of government by law?

"Our nation is justly proud of the guerrillas," said Sergio Osmeña. "But in our praise of the guerrillas, we should not be forgetful of the loyal civilian population that was left behind to face the ire of the invader and support the guerrillas. This has given rise to different attitudes and actions in relation to the Japanese rule, causing some misunderstanding among our people . . . [But] we cannot close our eyes to the realities of the Japanese occupation. They were cruel and harsh. An arbitrary government had been imposed on the Filipino people by the sword, and the initial misfortune of American and Filipino arms left the majority of eighteen million Filipinos no other recourse than to submit to a despotic regime if they were to survive. Some had to remain at their posts to maintain a semblance of government, to protect the population from the oppressor to the extent possible by human ingenuity, and to comfort them in their misery. Had their service not been available, the Japanese would either have themselves governed directly or utilized unscrupulous Filipino followers capable of any treason to their people."

Osmeña, a man of imagination, anticipated division among the people as a consequence of Japanese rule. Events have proved him right: they could not agree about Laurel. Those who are inclined to probe into the motives that impelled Laurel to collaborate with the Japanese look upon him as a patriot. Others

believe that he is a traitor and should suffer the fate of traitors.

In characteristic fashion, Laurel has expressed his readiness to face trial. At Nara he said: "Mine should be the test case. I should be tried first and solely. The leaders who served under me should be set free, as they merely followed the policies, opportunities, and limitations of my government. And if our people should decide that I am guilty of disloyalty and treason, I am ready to be shot . . ."

Laurel sees himself as a victim of circumstances. He swears that he did not want to be the President of his Republic; the position was thrust upon him. He did not want to go to Japan when MacArthur's forces landed; he told the Japanese commander, General Tomoyuki Yamashita, that he preferred to stay. But what had to happen happened inexorably, and he was there. Now he says that he wants peace: "We don't ask for anything but justice and peace. Our people know what we have done." They do, and shall judge accordingly.

Guerrilla Serenade

(Tune of "In My Merry Oldsmobile")

by Lydia Arguilla

*Hours are slipping fast and soon,
Sun will rise when sets the moon
Shy dalaga, come, oh haste!
Love or time there's none to waste,
For at dawn again we roll
Over bank and bush and knoll,
While you may, come, give me your heart,
My love, for we part at break of day.*

*Brown dalaga, fare you well,
On I roll and who can tell
When we'll meet again or where,
Whether here again, or there
Keep my love within your heart
Gentle dove, though we're apart,
Ever I'll be true, lovely maid, to you
Near or far, 'neath cloud or blue.*

● *The war is over, but who will end
the war between those of different skin?*

A Letter to Bill

by Remy R. Bullo

I DREAMED last night a terrible dream.

I was in darkness, a darkness that was enveloping, that was maddening. I groped around in the solidness of that darkness, trying to push it from me. In my helplessness I cried for help, but my voice floated away, and from the deep deep dark there was no answer. Terror bade me run, and on frenzied feet I fled, hoping with flight to escape the abysmal gloom. But, as the darkness would not free me, into worlds of space I ran, into depths of increasing terror. And then, I stumbled on a rock.

The rock was slimy, cold, and on its surface were sharp projections as though razor shells clung to it. The solidness of that rock, after the first terror had worn away, seemed a comfort, seemed something to cling to. And so I clung to it, thankful because it was something tangible in the intangible dark.

Then I heard the soft murmur of deep waters lapping at some far-away shore. I raised my head to listen. It was there, it was not just madness beginning to purr in my brain. Gentle as a whisper, soothing as a lullaby. That soft slap-slap of water now advancing, now receding on some peaceful shore. The terror tore its clutching arms reluctantly off my mind; before the tender insistence of those waters my fear slipped away. I stood up from my cowering on the rock, for now there was, in the skies to which I raised my eyes, the hope of a moon.

But even as I laved my soul in the peace of that sound, even as I welcomed the coming of a moon in the sky above me, the water rose. The murmur became

a roar. The moonlight brightened for one brief moment into a harsh unmerciful glare that emphasized the loneliness of my solitude, the absolute horror of being alone in the wicked night.

This then was what I had thought would comfort me. This treacherous sea that at every pulsing second rose higher and higher, that in its relentless surge thundered into my ears the din of worlds and worlds of water rushing toward me, to engulf me, to drown me, to sweep me away. O crash and roar and shatter! O terror and helplessness and despair!

I screamed. I wept. The sound of my voice but added to the thunder, was tossed upon the foam of the madly flowing waters, was echoed upon the crests of the dark waves noisily rushing upon each other, and then was thrown back to me in echo a thousand times magnified, to show me how near to madness I was getting, to flaunt me with the emptiness of the world I was in, to mock me with the loneliness of my futile screaming.

I woke up sobbing. I woke up sobbing to find the world bright, the glare of the morning sun contrasting with the dim moonlight of my dreams.

Dark waters—it was you who once told me of dark waters, Bill. That they were like a premonition, a reflection of life, an indication of moods and passions.

You will be waiting tonight at the same place where we used to meet, there by the sea, with the sound of the surf beating implacably against the rocks, beating like words against the minds of men, against the walls of reason, against the defences of time. I won't be there, Bill. Never again will I meet you at night, never again will I see your face light up at sight of me.

I will be here. Here in my room with the walls around me, to reason with myself. I will be here, and in my mind I shall picture you running your hand impatiently through your dark curly hair, your right eyebrow raised in that jesting manner you have, that manner that you know is a beautiful trick, you knowing rascal. Your eyes are green, Bill, and they turn yellow in anger, and it makes you look like a wicked tiger.

In memory I will go back to the first time I met you. Remember? You picked us up, another girl and I, as we stood on a curb, in the rain. It went on after that. Our conversations that at first were so polite, so banal, changed to the subject of you and me. I fell in love with you quite shamelessly. It sounds strange, Bill, but nothing was ever sensible between us. For you are a soldier, with a soldier's lust for excitement and the hectic life. You treat the world as though it were your private backyard. And I am just a girl whose heart holds a woman's normal desires. Back in my girlhood, Bill, there were timid fears, there were secret frustrations. There were also secret hopes. And you became, for me, shield against fear, protection against frustration. You became fulfillment of hope. For me at last, the world had direction, life a purpose, dreams an end.

We had fun, remember? How we loved to argue—about everything, about nothing. And it seemed to us that our love passed all arguments.

We watched the sunsets, remember? Say it will hurt you too to remember. Say it will wrench your heart too to recall that golden sun sinking down, leaving behind it a trail of glory, throwing the magic of golden light and crimson across a slowly darkening sky. Will you weep as I weep, to recall mist on

mountains in the distance, the billowy clouds scudding low across the sky, like a procession of endless thoughts?

And the waters, Bill. So dark. So calm. Until the winds come, rising like a fury from some vengeful distance, fanning the waters until they churn, leaping in wicked anger.

The rains, Bill. The rains we loved. The rides we had during the nights wild with rain, running through the needles swiftly dropping down, piercing through the curtain gently obscuring all the world around us. Racing with the wind howling in the ears, whipping the rain around so that it wets us, so that it curls the hair on your head and makes you look like a happy little boy. Oh I love your hair. And I love the rain. The harsh storm, and the gentle drizzle afterwards. Bill, I love the rain.

If I say that I keep a faded corsage you once gave me; if I tell you that I finger it often with loving touch, and in its essence, faint now, there is held a thousand memories of my happiness with you, will you call me mushy, Bill? If I say the rain is like tears, am I sentimental? And if I say you are to me the future, that for you and me there should be no past, do I dream? If I wish that I could go back to childhood, and my world with me, and you with that world, am I being a coward?

There was one night I remember. We were riding in the jeep and rushing through the night. I had on a dress you like very much. Somehow I had angered you, and we rode mostly in silence. And I was sulking because you were angry. When we parked near the bay, you turned to me and called me a spoiled brat. You told me that I was a child who refused to grow up. You said a lot of things that night, Bill. Then, afterwards, you turned me over on your knee and gave me a spanking that you said somebody should have given me long ago. I cried. I was

outraged, and I was insulted. And yet I could feel no resentment.

That was the night you taught me how to live.

About that night I will remember these: that the *dama-de-noche* was pungent in the evening mist, sweeter than the sweetest smelling roses. There was a wind, soft and cool, smelling and tasting of the sea. And there was the voice of the waves, like song softly sung, like incantation insidiously murmured. My senses were drugged by wind and scent and sound, and overwhelmed into thinking there was in this world no room for saneness, for reasoning. My heart cried out to beg me to accept you as answer to all the lonely past.

You loved me. Your eyes when you looked at me like candles burning at a shrine in my heart. Your lips with the gentleness of the wind blowing on my hair. I shared your mind, I plumbed your soul, and word never had need to be uttered between us. You suffered as much as I suffered, the times we quarreled. The memories ached so, the hours were like days, the days like years.

And yet how often have I looked at you, your beautiful lips curling as though in pain at some secret thought. And how many times have I, with as much pain as the pain you must have felt, torn myself out of your arms? And my thoughts that knew you as the man I loved, those thoughts nevertheless were anguished by the certainty that I could never really call you my own. Bill, those nights that were without reason and without number, do they sear as deeply into your soul as they do into mine?

It was Sunday when you told me that you were leaving for the States. What words that you could ever use could have softened that blow? The blow that I had long anticipated, and yet which caught me defenseless with the

shock of it when it did come. I sat stiff. The tears I could feel inside me I tried to withhold. But I looked at you and saw that in your eyes, too, there was the glistening of tears trying not to fall. That broke the dam. There are women who can make tears supremely becoming to them. I know I must have looked a sorry sight, the tears blotching my face, rimming my eyes red and swollen. You could still crack about my freckles playing hide and seek on my face.

I do not love the sea. The smell of it, the tang of it, the sound of it will remind me of you. For always, for always. But its voice really is the voice of pain. Its voice is the voice of passion. Its voice is the voice of treachery. That calm murmur which it utters when it is smooth is not the murmur of peace, it is the soft sob of mourning. It is the sullen whimper of ebb tides gathering to mass their fury. And when it thunders in waves breaking on the shore, its sound is the screaming of grief that cannot be pent, its din is the agony of sorrow that must give loud vent to anguish too great to be borne. That surf forever beating, that sea forever many-tongued—it does not soothe one's emotions, it but underlines one's hidden griefs.

You have said that I cry too easily. Should I have checked my tears? Could I have checked my tears? Then why did you not stop your own grief from mirroring in your eyes? You have your own unhappiness, Bill. You told me all about it.

My memories of you will have the fragrance of scents long remembered, associated with all the moments tender with our love. They will have the color of various sunsets, and changing skies; they will have the sound of surf beating relentlessly, unendingly on passive beaches; the sigh of the rain driving against the windows, the whis-

per of wet wind rushing to catch up with us as we sped through the night. And to console me, I will also remember that there were tears glistening in your eyes, that night when you told me you had to go.

You will be going home in maybe less than a week. I can steel myself against the future that seems so bleak because it will be without you. But what is to protect me from the torture of the vision that my imagination conjures before me:

Your wife, standing at the door, all the ache of the years of separation in her eyes; all the pain of the years of denial in her outstretched arms. Your feet crunching deeply into the soft cool snow, and your steps are long and eager. And you are leaping at last the short distance into her waiting arms—

For you are white, Bill, and I am brown. If we were the same color, would things have been different? You said once that color is not a barrier. If it is not the pigments in our skins, then what is it?

I am small, and dark. My eyes are aloe eyes. My hair is black, my skin almost bronze. Would there not be contrast if I stood beside a golden blonde? If by chance, one improbable day, I should walk up your main street and you should see me, would you say, Hello? *Not Hello, friend, but Hello, love.*

And your friends will see the shining in your eyes, they will notice the remembering curve of your arms that have possessed me, and they will not hear your voice, but it will throb as you speak to me. *Hello, love.* And then whom will they hurt more, you or I? When they will smile knowingly, when they will nudge each other familiarly,

and their lips will frame words that they will not utter, but will nevertheless sound in our ears like a concerted shout?

If it is not color, Bill, what is it? It is no barrier to loving, then what is the barrier that interposes itself unspoken, insidious, implacable? That makes you go, and leaves me cry? Convention? Civilization? I will ask you, and my questions will sound in my ears like little futile blows against unfeeling walls. The slightest hesitation in your voice, the slightest evasiveness about your eyes, and I will bury my face in my hands, and know the battle lost that I should not even have dared begin. The respect of friends, the home ties that bind one to a way of life, no matter how wrong—before the threat of the loss of these, what can my love for you offer, what the courage that I must have had to have dared to love you at all?

Remember that last time I kissed you? Boldly, not caring if I let you see into the hunger and the need that I would have to deny myself the rest of my life. And when you said good-night, the last time we were together, there were tears in your eyes; they were not shed for goodbye, but for laughter remembered, for happiness shared.

The war has ended, Bill, and so goodbye. And so thanks for all the memories. But who will end the war that must go on forever between those of different skin, between East and West, between all who will meet at night but may not go together by day? Between those who will dream of a future built on happiness, but unshared for lack of courage?

Not you, and not I. For us, Bill, the final, craven goodbye.

At least one man—a chemistry professor at Harvard—kept his promise to “eat” his shirt when he was proved to be wrong. He dissolved the shirt in acid, neutralized the acid with a base, filtered out the precipitated material, spread it on a slice of bread and ate it—Freling Foster, *Collier's*.

● *The need for social reform must dictate the pattern of our economic rehabilitation*

Rehabilitation and Reform

by Leo Sstine

TODAY the Philippines stands on the threshold of a long cherished dream of independence. But war has left its mark. Doubts and fears of the future have marred what otherwise would be unmixed jubilation and optimism. Two divergent and difficult problems—economic rehabilitation and social reform—stand out among many which have arisen to plague the efforts of those who are launching forth the new Republic to take its place among the free nations of the world.

The nation is devastated and nearly bankrupt. Industries have been razed, farm animals slaughtered, mines destroyed, rice paddies laid waste, homes burned. So complete has been the destruction that one Filipino leader has declared the Islands are in a more pitiful commercial condition after liberation from Japan than they were forty-five years ago after liberation from Spain.

Neither the problem of reform nor of rehabilitation is unique in the Islands. They exist wherever war has ravaged a nation and the poor have caught the indestructible vision of new opportunities. Russia has found it to her advantage in Europe to support the demands of the peasant class for land confiscation. Estates of the mighty feudal barons have been either redistributed among the tenants or made public property. The success of the policy cannot be gauged as yet, and whether it would work here is a separate subject.

A more conservative program will probably be undertaken by the Commonwealth government. The United

States is not likely to sanction revolutionary action.

Conditions among Filipino peasants and workers have grown steadily worse under inflated prices and wrecked sources of income. This has added immeasurably to their suffering and driven them to make increasingly aggressive demands for social reform. The spirit of liberation generated by the war has added fuel to the fire which has long burned in their hearts and minds: the consuming desire for land reform. It has brought them together in a united program, evidence of which came recently in the march of 15,000 peasants and workers on Malacañan to present their demands to the Osmena government against established property holders.

The Commonwealth, moreover, differs from European countries in another vital respect, for it contains vast untapped natural resources. Gold production in 1940 exceeded ₱76 million. Iron ore reserves total over half a billion tons of relatively high-grade deposits. One of the greatest chrome ore deposits, estimated from 10 to 15 million tons, exists almost unexplored. Important reserves of copper, manganese, and lead are available in this storehouse of minerals. Under Philippine law, all natural wealth is property of the State.

Development of these deposits would lead to the growth of manufacturing in the Islands. Commonwealth industry would supply an extensive home market plus the almost inexhaustible market of other Far Eastern countries which are just now awakening to the

potentialities of raising the living standards of the masses. Diversified agriculture; dairying; the manufacture of glass products, furniture and building materials; the assembly of radio and electrical appliances; the smelting of ore; and the machine tool requirements for this industrial advancement would lure great pools of idle American capital.

This capital can be obtained only if investors are certain that their interests will be protected by a stable, intelligent government. Revolutionary tactics by some Latin American governments have taught U.S. investors a bitter lesson. Foreign investments will be difficult to attract if the Philippine government patterns its reforms too closely on the Balkan examples. Land and social reforms must follow a more orderly procedure and should parallel industrial development.

The most pressing problem the Commonwealth government must solve is how to raise an income sufficient to meet operating expenses. The estimated total government income this year will not exceed nine per cent of the pre-war level of P100 million. That income did not meet operational costs of the government, which were estimated in 1942 to exceed P113 million. The proposed budget for that year allocated 34 per cent for education, excluding the University of the Philippines. This large share was insufficient to afford schools even for the children anxious to attend them. Unable to supply the demand for public education facilities, the Commonwealth never passed a compulsory education law. Salaries of school teachers and public employees

were frequently below the minimum required for bare subsistence.

Such a budget, obviously, has small resources with which to buy landed estates for redistribution among the peasants. Roads must be built, public and private buildings replaced, schools constructed, housing projects started—all largely at the expense of the Commonwealth.

A government in such straits cannot expect to borrow large sums from private sources. Its hope for immediate relief is that U. S. loans will keep it solvent until the national economy is rebuilt. The government would then have a tax base which could supply the necessary income.

An American grant would permit Filipinos to strengthen and stabilize their government sufficiently to attract foreign capital. These investments would underwrite the industrial expansion that alone can forge Philippine economy into the potent one its resources warrant.

Industrial development, in turn, will make possible the orderly conduct of reforms for which the peasants are clamoring. The rise of an industrial economy has always been accompanied by the growth of a large, politically active middle class, whose aspirations are not easily ignored. Labor unions gain strength under such conditions. National improvements are possible because of augmented taxable income.

An industrial economy is the rock foundation not only for land reform but for schools, roads, communications, housing, public health activities, and all enterprises which elevate the standard of living of the people.

MANILA BAR

• Excellent Liquors • Soft Drinks • Courteous Service •
79 Escolta Manila

★ NICE TO BEHOLD-NICER TO TRY



METRO

SODA
FOUNTAIN

Try our
BANANA SPLIT
&
ICE CREAM SODA

880-882-Avenida Rizal

● *Thousands of ordinary, unglamorous Filipino women contributed to our national survival*

Deadlier Than the Male

by Estrella Alfon-Rivera

THERE is one thing about the war the women are glad about. The men will deny it, but it is the truth: they learned to respect the women a little more during the three years that the Japanese were here. The men learned to curb a little their supercilious attitude towards women in business, and recognized that they too could with competence earn the family's daily bread, and sometimes even outdo him in ingeniousness in the matter of keeping the wolf away from the door. There will be men who will be facetious and say that it was easy for the women—and collaboration, and a pretty face, and giving comfort to the enemy will be what they mean, but that is not what I mean at all. For every one of those women who did cooperate, who sold out their country and their countrymen to realize personal ambitions of power and wealth, there were a thousand ordinary, unglamorous, unambitious other women who, if they worked, and if they labored, did so only in order to keep their families alive.

Children now sell Mickey Mouse money in the streets, as souvenirs, to GIs who are probably amused to think that so much of it cannot even buy a little drink. And yet only less than a year ago that money meant life. Being without it meant hunger, having too little of it meant misery that seems unbelievable now that the Americans are here. Living, just plain ordinary living, cost money that in these times seems hard to realize. The men earned too little; the few who earned much had to sell war materials to the enemy, and the majority balked at that. So the problem of

existence rested largely with the women and they met the challenge with real courage and wit.

Women sold jewels. The jewels they owned, that they had kept to hand down to their children. Regretfully but without any sentimental qualms, they unfastened them from their ears, their necks, their fingers, and took them to the Federation of Filipino Retailers where women clustered and traded. Who bought the jewels? I think most of them finally went to the wives or mistresses of the Japanese, for only they could have afforded the steep prices that the women slapped on their baubles.

Second-hand clothes. All the unnecessary garments that lie around houses attracting silver fish that most housewives never get up the gumption to throw away or give away because they are always telling themselves they may yet be able to use them someday. There never was a spring-cleaning as thorough as that which descended on each household when it was learned that there were people in the provinces who would willingly barter rice for old clothes. Wardrobes were pared down to the barest essentials of a dress and a change. There was the ever present fear that if we indulged in the business too extensively, there would come a time when there would not even be a stitch on our backs, but there was always the optimism of the Filipino, the general attitude that when things were almost at zero, that is when "they" would arrive.

Things to read were at such a premium there was lucrative inducement to sell books, any kind of books at all. It is pathetic to recall how only a year

ago the mind was starved for things to read, for up-to-date news that wasn't distorted. Housewives bundled up papers that were lying around, the books that were no longer used, and sold them. Books never fetched prices as attractive as they did then, and although it was Mickey Mouse money, the soup and the beans the money bought warmed the stomach, maintained the bone.

These were the things men held in contempt, too petty to attend to, and indeed, the women wanted their men to have no part in it; for sure as the money was and lucrative the trade, there was heartache behind the blitheness of such transactions. For it is one thing to give old clothes away to people you know; for then somehow you are bestowing charity. It is quite another thing to sell clothes to strangers who turn the garments inside out and criticize them with a view to getting a good bargain (nothing personal in it, you know) till you seem somehow to be a tree from which the leaves are being stripped. And although no offense is meant, it hurts having clothes you have worn next to your skin and to which you have imparted a "personality" slighted by impersonal, business-like criticism. In transactions like this, a sensitive soul can often feel as though she were selling her own body.

As with clothes, so it was with the books and the jewels. So it was also with the furniture that housewives sold away. The pianos, the tables, the chairs into whose polish many a family member had contributed the sweat of his toil, on whose surface had been imprinted many a souvenir of the family's doings.

These were things, then, the women could very well apply themselves to. There was, for instance, the making of toys out of scraps, to gladden the hearts of children. We will stop making them again, and I don't see why we

should. For they were cute. Toys, cuddly little dolls with funny eyes, and little animals with saucy tails. They were home-made, woman-made, practical, and they fetched good prices. Just as the handbags that came out during the Japanese times were also home-made, expensive looking, and woman-practical because also woman-made. One wonders why the handbags now being sold in the stores are so cheap looking when the women made such snazzy stuff during the period of the unappreciative Japanese.

But these were activities aimed at keeping the family alive and the home fires burning. What about the women in the underground? I use the phrase though I am sure they never gave themselves so romantic an appellation. They were just women, working to protect their men. In these days too much distinction is being drawn between actual guerrillas and those women who just worked for a cause which they understood but did not bother to define. Glory is showered on one, and too little thanks given to the other. I say that not all were heroines, if heroism meant going into the hills, and actually engaging the enemy in combat. But if it meant an undying flame in the heart, a certain knowledge that the life of freedom was best, then I say that most of the women were heroines. They knew that almost all the men were engaged in some underground activity or other, either intensely active or passively resistant. The women knew that discovery or mere suspicion of such activity brought immediate reprisal, and it was a brave woman who did not shudder at such a thought; it was a rare woman, then, who did not in some way, help foster the belief in the foolish Japanese that we were all loyal to the rule of the Sun, when we were in truth anxiously waiting for the return of America—, and freedom.

In the province of Cebu there was a man connected very intimately with the guerrilla movement who was a very unreasonable man. He was Provost Marshall in the hills, and in such capacity acted also as executioner of all those whom the guerrilla "kangaroo" courts condemned to death. That man hated the Japanese so, he would have quickly done to death any Filipino who had in any way helped the Japanese. And that man's definition of helping the Japanese just about embraced everything, from giving a Japanese a drink of water to giving him a live coal to light his cigarette with. You could not give him any such excuse as being forced to do a thing. If a Japanese entered your house and asked you for a drink of water, you would have had to lead him to your water jar and ask him to pour the drink out himself. Or if for a coal, you would have had to lead the Japanese to your stove and make him get the coal himself. Only then could you say that you never helped the Japanese at all.

That man, I say, was unreasonable. Here, for example, where short-wave sets were banned, where the penalty for being caught hearing Allied broadcasts was death, it would have been pure foolhardiness to have asked the Japanese to go to your kitchen and poke around there. For near the fire was often the safest place for your set, so that in case of danger of detection you could quickly throw the set into the fire and get a merry blaze.

As for that water jar, I know many a water jar that has housed a cache of coins, genuine silver coins of the realm, guarded against the day when "they" would come back. So, you see how foolish it would have been not to give a Japanese a match, or a drink, and answer his "arigato" with a smiling curse?

Many a housewife has carried, in her turn, one of those sheets of onion skin

on which were closely typewritten the latest war news, hiding it in her bosom, passing it to another. War news, news different from the lies the Tribune told, telling the men that help was coming near, keeping hopes and dreams, by such little ways, unfalteringly bright.

In guerrilla country I have seen a housewife "cook" a revolver. The Japanese came up her house and searched it for arms. She smiled at them, and told one of her sons to accompany them and suggest places in her house where they might find the objects of their search. And they probably never even wondered why the fire took so long to build under the big black pot in which she had put a .38 caliber automatic pistol and many rounds of ammunition.

But all that is past. It seems now like a dream, a bad dream that one wishes to forget. And yet it could not have been a dream—the hordes of beggars roaming the streets, lying about in the churchyards, their feet festering with sores, smelling of that penetrating smell of decay in the sun. The children in the city markets, waiting to be given a spoonful of soup or to gather the leftover crumbs from a plate. The children in the churches wailing loudly to be heard over the din of prayers, prodding at you with sharp fingers, looking at you with the accusation of hunger in their eyes, daring you to look at the loose bones of their bodies, daring you to look at the swelling of their legs, daring you to look and turn away.

Where are those children now? Those children at the sight of whom many a housewife's heart, daunted at last by the seemingly unending struggle for daily sustenance, has taken courage again, to keep such a fate away from her own.

So the city lies ravaged and desolated. Proof of the end of the rule of a beast. Proof of the return of democracy. Proof of the end of a nightmare. But are the housewife's troubles over?

Now at least there is no longer the thrill and the threat of disaster ever imminent. Now at least there is no longer the looking into the skies and wondering, "How long, Lord, how long?" Because "they" are here. The beloved, the long-awaited. And now the housewife's problems seem to concentrate on how to disguise salmon so that it will still be salmon and yet not smell like it. Or how to make up sardines so that they will still be sardines and yet not taste like it. But is there any way to disguise chili con carne at all?

Inflation is still with us. If you compare the value of money to what it was the days immediately preceding liberation, you'll find that things cost now more than they ever did. With this difference: that whereas during the occupation, we earned by the hundred thousands and spent by the thousand, now we earn by the centavos and spend by the pesos. Call back the Japanese? God forbid such a foreign answer to a domestic question.

Elsewhere in the world the women are marching, elsewhere in every part of the world the women are taking a hand in vital affairs. Here, as elsewhere, the Filipino housewife will soon realize that things cannot return to normal until she really takes a hand. She will realize that there are things men can propose, but that will take women to dispose. The cost of living, the education of her children, the need for adequate housing, the maintenance of adequate wages, the keeping of the peace—these are things that the women must realize are in great part up to them.

For men will say that women nag, yet women never nagged more uselessly than the men rant. Now, in politics, while the men quarrel and vie with each other for power, the Filipino woman is, I hope, listening and looking with a view to benefiting from the lessons that men discover but will not profit by. That must be soon too.

How soon? That, again, is up to the women.

DR. FAUSTO G. TAPIADOR
DENTAL SURGEON

707 España cor. Trabajo Manila

DR. FRANCISCO G. ORTEGA
MÉDICO-CIRUJANO

407 Sancho Panza, Sampaloc,
Manila

TRUCK FOR SALE OR FOR HIRE

Chevrolet Truck, 4 tons gross, with license and gasoline ration.
New tires.

Inquire at 1050 Rizal avenue, Manila

● *How the Filipino has survived alien domination and oppression by being—*

Pliant Like the Bamboo

by I. V. Mallari

TH**ERE** is a story in Philippine folklore about a mango tree and a bamboo tree. Not being able to agree as to which was the stronger of the two, they called upon the wind to make the decision.

The wind blew its hardest. The mango tree stood fast. It would not yield. It knew it was strong and sturdy. It would not sway. It was too proud. It was too sure of itself. But finally its roots gave way, and it tumbled down.

The bamboo tree was wiser. It knew it was not so robust as the mango tree. And so every time the wind blew, it bent its head gracefully. It made loud protestations, but it let the wind have its way. When finally the wind got tired blowing, the bamboo tree still stood in all its beauty and grace.

The Filipino is like the bamboo tree. He knows that he is not strong enough to withstand the onslaughts of superior forces. And so he yields. He bends his head gracefully with many loud protestations.

And he has survived. The Spaniards came and dominated him for more than three hundred years. And, when the Spaniards left, the Filipinos still stood—only much richer in experience and culture.

The Americans took the place of the Spaniards. They used more subtle means of winning over the Filipinos to their mode of living and thinking. The Filipino embraced the American way of life more readily than the Spaniard's vague promise in the hereafter.

Then the Japanese came like a storm, like a plague of locusts, like a pestilence—rude, relentless, cruel. The Filipino

learned to bow his head low, to "cooperate" with the Japanese in their "holy mission of establishing the Co-Prosperity Sphere." The Filipino had only hate and contempt for the Japanese, but he learned to smile sweetly at them and to thank them graciously for their "benevolence and magnanimity."

And now that the Americans have come back and driven away the Japanese, those Filipinos who profited most from cooperating with the Japanese have been loudest in their protestations of innocence. Everything is as if the Japanese had never been in the Philippines.

For the Filipino would welcome any kind of life that the gods would offer him. That is why he is contented and happy and at peace. The sad plight of the other peoples of the world is not his. To him, as to that ancient Oriental poet, "the past is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision; but today, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope."

This may give you the idea that the Filipino is a philosopher. Well, he is. He has not evolved a body of philosophical doctrines. Much less has he put them down into a book, like Kant, for example, or Santayana or Confucius. But he does have a philosophical outlook on life.

He has a saying that life is like a wheel. Sometimes it is up, sometimes it is down. The monsoon season comes, and he has to go under cover. But then the sun comes out again. The flowers bloom, and the birds sing in the trees. You cut off the branches of a tree, and, while the marks of the bolo are still upon it, it begins to shoot forth new branches—

branches that are the promise of new color, new fragrance, new life.

Everywhere about him is a lesson in patience and forbearance that he does not have to learn with difficulty. For the Filipino lives in a country on which the gods have lavished their gifts aplenty. He does not have to worry about the morrow. Tomorrow will be only another day—no winter of discontent. If he loses his possessions, there is the land and there is the sea, with all the riches that one can desire. There is plenty and to spare — for friends, for neighbors, and for everyone else.

No wonder that the Filipino can afford to laugh. For the Filipino is endowed with the saving grace of humor. This humor is earthy as befits one who has not indulged in deep contemplation. But it has enabled the Filipino to shrug his shoulders in times of adversity and say to himself, "*Bahala na.*"*

The Filipino has often been accused of being indolent and of lacking in initiative. And he has answered back that no one can help being indolent and lacking in initiative who lives under the torrid sun which saps the vitality.

This seeming lack of vitality is, however, only one of his means of survival. He does not allow the world to be too much with him. Like the bamboo tree, he lets the winds of chance and circumstance blow all about him; and he is unperturbed and serene.

The Filipino, in fact, has a way of escaping from the rigorous problems of life. Most of his literature and most of his art is escapist in nature. His forefathers wallowed in the *moro-*

moro,** the *awit* and the *corrido*. They loved to identify themselves with the gallant knights battling for the favors of fair ladies or for the possession of a halloved place. And now he himself loves to be lost in the throes of modern romance and adventure.

His gallantry towards women—especially comely women—is a manifestation of his romantic turn of mind. Consequently, in no other place in the Orient are women so respected, so adulated, and so pampered. For his women have enabled the Filipinos to look upon the vicissitudes of fortune as the bamboo tree regards the angry blasts of the blustering wind.

The Filipino is eminently suited to his romantic role. He is slender and wiry. He is nimble and graceful in his movements. His voice is soft, and he has the gift of language. In what other place in the world can you find a people who can carry on a fluent conversation in at least three languages?

This gift is another means by which the Filipino has managed to survive. There is no insurmountable barrier between him and any of the people who have come to live with him—Spanish, American, Japanese. The foreigners do not have to learn his language. He easily manages to master theirs.

Verily, the Filipino is like the bamboo tree. In its grace, in its ability to adjust itself to the peculiar and inexplicable whims of fate, the bamboo tree is expressive and symbolic of the Filipino national character. If we ever choose a national tree, it will have to be, not the *molave* nor yet the *narra****, but the bamboo.

* A Tagalog proverb meaning "Let the future take care of itself."

***Moro-moro*—a native play depicting historic incidents.

Awit, a romantic song.

Corrido, a ballad.

****Melava*, *Narra*—native hardwood trees noted for great strength and durability.

● *Two American POWs pay tribute to Filipino loyalty during the Occupation*

Prisoners From Corregidor

by Meynardo Nieva

THE waitress said, somewhat impatiently,

"What will it be, sir?"

"Yes, that's right," said the shorter of the two, smiling shyly. "What's it gonna be, Jim?"

"I guess," Jim said, grinning broadly at the waitress, "I guess if you'll bring us two coffees and maybe a couple of chicken sandwiches, everything will be just jake."

Nobody noticed them when they entered the restaurant, those two. They lacked the obvious self-assurance of the other GIs who this very minute were filling the room with exuberant talk and trying to flirt with the pretty waitresses. They seemed shy and unsure of themselves and they didn't do anything to provoke attention. They just sat beside an empty table and waited.

But you could see that they were glad to be alive. You could feel it from the way they glanced at the pictures on the walls and studied the menu. They spoke in low tones when they talked. Now and then they looked at the busy street outside with eyes filled with wonder.

Perhaps it was the distinguished unit badge on my right chest that caught their attention. Different badges mean different things; and this one indicates that I participated in the first Philippine campaign. Anyway I found the taller one looking full at me, his face shining with a wide grin.

"Hi, campaigner," he said.

"Hello," I said.

"The coffee here any good?"

"Sure!"

I couldn't think of anything more to say, so I turned my eyes away and kept on sipping my coffee. But they seemed so friendly and so eager to make conversation and I smiled on them again.

"What's your outfit, Joe?" I asked.

"We're with a replacement camp now," the shorter one said. "Pretty soon we'll be on our way to the States. And, please," he added, "don't call me Joe. My name is Bill Kaplan. My buddy here is Jim Clay."

"Both of you from New Guinea?"

"Hell, no," Jim said. "Corregidor—that's where we're from. We've both been prisoners of war."

So that's why they acted that way! I had two comrades-in-arms, not quite two yards from where I sat, and I didn't know it! I edged toward their table as the waitress appeared with the coffee.

"You were interned here all the time?"

"No," Bill said. "In Japan. We had a hell of a time."

"Two prisoners of war. Two exciting stories. Fellows," I said, "I'm all ears."

"Except for some unimportant details, my story is practically that of Jim here," Bill said. "And he can tell it better."

"Okay, Jim," I said. "Let's have it."

"I was captured in Fort Hughes (Jim said). That was on May 6, 1942. I was ill when they got me, so they shipped me to Corregidor. After about two weeks I was sent to Camp Three in Cabanatuan. They told me to stay there until camp was broken around November and was moved to Camp One, also in that town.

"Then the Japs started shuffling us as though we were a pack of cards. In December they sent me and my buddies to Lips, where we worked on an airfield. Then about September 1943, they made us work on runways at Nielson Field and at Zablan Field, in Camp Murphy. After that, we fixed up two more runways, one at Marikina Valley and another at Wack Wack. We were still working on the Wack Wack airfield in September 1944 when it happened.

"American planes came over for the first time and bombed the Manila area. Believe me, that was the most thrilling moment of my life.

"That afternoon the planes returned and bombed the barracks we were living in. We were moved quickly to Bilibid Prison and were kept there until October. Then I was thrown into the hold of a freighter with 1200 other men.

"The convoy was torpedoed at the Gulf of Lingayen, and two ships were sunk. Ours was not hit, though, and we made a first run for Hongkong. As it turned out, we arrived in Hongkong just in time to see it bombed. The Americans sank a tanker 50 yards from our ship.

"We were torpedoed once more, on our way to Formosa, but we finally arrived safely in the harbor of Takao. I was sent to a camp near a town called Toroku after having spent 39 days in the hold of a ship. But I wasn't to stay there for long.

"As a result of fierce American bombing in the vicinity of Toroku, we were loaded on another freighter and sent to Japan. We arrived at Moji after 23 days. I was sent to a camp in Kobe.

"Out there I was made to work in a steel mill. The work detail to which I was assigned was soon broken up, and I was transferred to a camp known as Kobe House. On June 5 American bombers raided Kobe and completely demolished our building with incendiary

bombs. Upwards of 600 men were in that building when it was hit, but no one got killed.

"That night we were sent to Kawaahiki, about six miles outside Kobe. I was there until June 19. Then I was transferred to a new camp at Nomachi, a small town near the harbor of Fushiki. There I worked as a stevedore until I was liberated by the Americans.

"It's funny, now, but when I was informed that I was no longer a prisoner of war, I didn't think of home right away. My thoughts went back to the days immediately after the surrender, to the hell I went through in the prison camps in Luzon, and to the Filipinos who risked their lives almost daily in their efforts to get food, money and clothing to us.

"At one spot at Nielson Field, there is a great big puddle. Whenever we got the chance, we would sneak out to the puddle and put notes into a bottle. Later on a Filipino, whom I know only as Eddy, would pick up these notes. He in turn would leave notes for us and, in many cases, money which he had secured from friends in Manila.

"At Camp Murphy, the same procedure was followed, only the notes were hidden in the bushes.

"A Filipino woman and her daughter were given permission to run a little store at Nielson Field. We were allowed to go to this store and buy food and other fruits. Although the Japs did not know it, this woman was also picking up notes and money and delivering them to us at this point. Sometimes the men did not have the money to pay for the food which they bought, and this woman gave them credit far in excess of what they were earning even though she knew she could not be paid. She is responsible for many men staying healthy and not coming down with beriberi or some other form of vitamin deficiency.

"At times we were made to work at the bodegas of the Tabacalera, a Spanish firm in Manila, and there many Filipino boys helped us in many ways.

"We loaded freight cars with cement at the Tabacalera, and when the cars were full we pushed them up the rail track. In doing this we would pass one bodega and the freight car would obscure the door of this bodega from the vision of the Japs. Quickly the Filipino boys would hand over notes, food and money to us.

"About three or four times a week, we worked at the railroad station in Tondo. The natives who worked here also helped us in a lot of ways. Newspapers were given us on the sly, enabling us to keep up with what was going on in the outside world. In most cases this kind of help came to us from girls we had known in Manila before the war.

"I never fully realized what sacrifice these girls were making until we worked in Pandacan. One of these girls wanted to send money to one of us. To make sure that he would get the money, she made contact with him by working as a laborer, pushing gasoline drums around.

"Some of the Filipino boys who picked up our messages to friends and delivered them for us were uncanny in their ability to find out where we were working. When we were moved from Nielson Field to Camp Murphy, it took less than one week for one of these boys to get a job there. No matter where we were, they stayed with us as best they could and continued daily to put their lives in jeopardy in order to help us.

"Bill here has a similar experience. While doing general clean-up and salvage work in Corregidor as a war prisoner, he developed the friendship of a Filipino named Rosario, who procured for him (and for the Americans he "buddied" up with) fresh fish and cigarettes from Manila and also meat,

bread and medicine. At this time he had no money, and when he mentioned this to Rosario, the Filipino stated that it did not make any difference whether Bill had money or not; the Americans were his comrades-in-arms before the surrender and he was willing to do anything to help them.

"Rosario did no small thing for Bill and his buddies; had he been caught bringing food and medicine to the POWs, the Japs would have shot him. The risks he took were not inspired by monetary gain but by a spirit of brotherhood. He always said that Filipino soldiers and American soldiers were brothers in arms.

"There were many Filipinos who were civilian employees of the Japs in Corregidor. The boats that ran to and from Manila were manned by Filipino crews. These people did much in carrying messages, smuggling food, medicine and money to the Americans in a spirit of comradeship. They undoubtedly saved many lives.

"Bill later developed cerebral malaria and was removed to the Bilibid Prison for treatment. In Bilibid, which was under the complete control of the Japs, he found that American POWs were supplied with illicit war news by the Filipinos who did such tasks as garbage removal, repairing and carpentering. Large amounts of money and foodstuffs were smuggled by Filipinos into this prison hospital. It is no exaggeration to say that every month, in cash alone, at least P100,000 was brought in.

"As a matter of fact, in Bilibid, the steady stream of communication with the outside world through Filipinos was almost unbelievable. Notes containing money and medicine were thrown over the walls. Packages were smuggled in working clothes and lunch boxes. It helped bolster our morale.

"At Cabanatuan, it was much the same story, except that it was on a very

much larger scale. There they had what was known as the carabao detail. Carabao carts were driven by Filipinos who brought various supplies to the camp. Large amounts of cash, in one month totaling P100,000 to my best knowledge and belief, and much medicine and various items of food were surreptitiously given to the prisoners. These acts were punishable by death.

"To summarize it all, I feel that those who survived are greatly indebted to the Filipinos who helped us. In many cases they owe their very lives to these people, because if they had not been secretly given food and the much-needed money with which to buy food, many of us would have died.

"There was a Filipino doctor who sent all the drugs he could secure to Cabanatuan, where we had practically no medicine at all. While we were at Nielson Field, we received medicine from

Filipinos in Manila who probably needed the medicine as badly as we did.

"Every American prisoner of war who was confined in the Philippines, whether in hospital, prison camp or detail, has, in my opinion, a debt he owes to the Filipino people which he can never repay. He can only hope that they, the Filipino people, realize how grateful each and everyone of the American prisoners really are."

ZERO-HOUR TRADING

Watch Store and Repairing
All Works Guaranteed

PHOTO SERVICE

Developing and Printing
407 Rizal Avenue

Enemy No.
of
ITCHES



FUNGIL

It's highly efficient cure
of all itches caused by
fungus—athlete's foot, ring-
worm (bunl), white spots,
excema, etc.

**LEXAL PURE DRUG
LABORATORIES**

1121-1123 Rizal Avenue

FILIPINO TRADE STORE

874 Rizal Avenue

SOUVENIRS OF HIGHEST
QUALITY

Assorted Articles
Skilled Workmanship

DR. ELENA P. SANTOS-ROQUE
LADY PHYSICIAN

Children & Women's Diseases

798 España

Manila

◆ *Story of an Englishman who led Chinese guerrillas in the Philippines against Japs*

In the Little Town of Bay

by Daisy Hontiveros-Avellana

HE wended his way swiftly and efficiently through the maze of small tables that dotted the crowded night-club, and finally reached us—Bert, my brother Lenny, and me—without so much as a single mishap. He stood there, faded uniform scrupulously clean, his hair neatly in place except for one rebellious blond lock that kept falling out of place.

"Greetings, comrade," he gravely saluted Lenny. "Greetings and salutations."

Lenny glanced up at the boyish, clean-shaven face, did a second take, and yelled, "Peter!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume," Bert murmured.

My brother said, "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I have come," answered his friend, "to bid you a fond adieu. I leave for England on the morrow."

"You're pie-eyed," came Lenny's rude retort.

"So I am, so I am," Peter replied amiably. "The truth is, I leave within three days, but the statement on the morrow is more fraught with drama than three days."

Introductions were effected, and Peter sat down with us. He smiled, easily, revealing a row of even teeth. "Have I ever," he asked Bert, "told you the story of my life?"

Lenny raised his eyes ceilingward. "Oh, good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I've heard nothing but that in the three months I've known you."

"My friend," Peter informed him with great dignity. "You do not have to lend an ear if you choose not to. I have audience enough," and with an airy wave

of his hand he indicated Bert and me, "for my tale."

Lenny shrugged his shoulders philosophically, focused attention on his drink.

"The first nineteen years of my life," began Peter, "I shall delete from my narrative. Suffice it to say that I, on the authority of my fond parents, was a precocious child."

"At nineteen," he said, "I ran away. To sea."

Peter went on. "I joined the British Merchant Marine at that tender age, and our ship set sail for lands unknown. We docked in this fair city of Manila in December, 1941.

"That date," Bert said, "sounds vaguely familiar."

"In January, 1942," said Peter, "I woke up to find my slightly bewildered gaze focused on a slant-eyed, grinning yellow face. What was I doing, thought I, in Tokyo?"

"I was duly informed that I was now considered a prisoner of war. The Japanese," he said wryly, "had no love lost for Englishmen in general, and myself in particular. Together with a few others—"

"Yeah," Lenny said. "Some few thousands."

"I languished away," Peter went on, "in forced seclusion at Los Baños. Then one fine day in October, 1944—"

"You sound like an almanac," grumbled Lenny.

"In October," said Peter, "I fled the premises. With a fellow prisoner, an American, I slipped over the enclosure and away, before the Sons of Heaven had noticed anything amiss."

"Luck certainly was with you," I told him.

"Luck?" Peter exclaimed. "Yes. Luck took me to the guerrilla headquarters on Mount Cristobal, Laguna, where I struck up my undying friendship with your brother." He and Lenny exchanged deep bows.

"And from those mountain fastnesses," declared Peter, "I sallied forth into battle, leading my own loyal little band of Chinese guerrillas."

"Your band of what?" Bert exclaimed.

"Chinese guerrillas," Peter explained patiently. "I am a major," he told us, with justifiable pride.

We looked towards Lenny for confirmation of this amazing statement. "That's the truth," said that worthy.

"Wonders will never cease," Bert declared. "An Englishman leading Chinese guerrillas in the Philippines, against the Japanese."

"Why don't you tell them," Lenny muttered resignedly, "about Bay."

Peter froze him with a look of superb hauteur. "I was coming to that." He leaned forward. "In the little town of Bay," he began, "was where I encountered the first attempt at sabotage."

"Sabotage?" I murmured, dazedly.

"No less," Peter answered. "Sabotage. And by our allies. By the Americans."

"But that couldn't be possible," Bert exclaimed.

"It could," said Peter. "Our guerrilla forces entered the town of Bay, and found no Japanese. The Americans, receiving erroneous information to the effect that Japanese troops were occupying the town, came a little later and let loose with their artillery. Unfortunately for the guerrilla forces, we were right in the path of the deadly missiles our American brothers were playing with, and by then it was far too late to tell the Yankees that. The situation called for quick thinking. We retreated."

"And how we retreated!" Lenny put in his two cents' worth. "There was nothing subtle about those 165's."

"Yes," agreed Peter sadly. "I am afraid American guns bear me an un-called-for dislike. Nobody loves me. Now the British authorities are urging me to go back to Merrie England. Within three days I depart. Ah, me."

"Parting," quoth Bert, "is such sweet sorrow."

"Okay, Shakespeare," Lenny said. "How about us going home?"

Before we left, however, Peter talked Bert and Lenny into meeting him the next evening at a bar about a stone's throw from the house where he was staying temporarily. This was to be a fond farewell.

I had a last glimpse of Peter seated at a table, surrounded by two highly intrigued Wacs and an amused lieutenant. As we passed by them, Peter was saying, "Now, in the little town of Bay—"

The following evening Lenny and Bert waited at the designated bar for Peter. When he did show up, it was to the accompaniment of a mild flurry of excitement, since he walked in sporting a particularly lurid pair of lavender pajamas topped by an ancient dressing gown, and wearing slippers.

"What's happened to your clothes?" Bert asked.

Lenny didn't look surprised. "Strip poker, probably," he said.

"No," said Peter. "My clothes are in the wash. And naturally I couldn't break my appointment with you."

"Naturally," agreed Lenny.

Peter downed his drinks in quick succession. "Promise me," he told Lenny several glasses later, "that you will get me on that boat for England, no matter how strenuously I may object."

"It's not leaving," Lenny said patiently, "till day after."

"I may still be slightly high," was the understatement, "the day after."

"Okay," Lenny promised. "I'll get you on board. Don't worry."

Peter then turned to Bert. "Have I ever told you," he asked, "the story of my life?"

"You have." Wet blanket.

"Oh." Peter looked disappointed. Then his gaze wandered over the next table. He brightened, then stood up, and approached the party of four. "Gentlemen," he said, "let me a tale unfold. In the little town of Bay—"

Bert and Lenny collected Peter between them and marched him to the house where he was staying. Somewhere along their route an MP, stationed at a street corner, shied away, startled, when Peter shakily wended his way up to him and demanded, "Arrest

me, arrest me! Go ahead! I dare you to arrest me!"

The MP shook his head. "Go on home, Mac," he said.

Despite the combined efforts of his two companions, Peter buttonholed the MP and clung precariously to him. "Aha!" he said, triumphantly. "You're afraid, and rightly. I'll tell you something," he confided.

With his free hand he gesticulated skywards. "There'll always be," he declaimed in ringing tones, "there'll always be an England!"

And added as an afterthought, "As long as there is a U.S.A."

Peter has just showed up here at home to say good-bye. It seems there's a boat leaving for England within three days.

A Step ahead in Style

DAMES

**TAILORING & DRY
CLEANING**

● Gentlemen's Shop ●
Free Collection & Delivery
ANGELES A. DAMES
● CUTTER-MANAGER ●
404 CARRIEDO MANILA

Dr. Arturo Alvarez
Doctor of Dental Medicine

760 ESPAÑA

MANILA

GOLDEN STATE

(Formerly Golden Gate)

Recently enlarged & improved to give our
customers the maximum entertainment

Assisted by two excellent Orchestras playing alternately

430-432 Rizal Avenue

Manila

● *Being a horse has its advantages
that poor homo sapiens might well envy*

Of Horses and Men

by Renato Constantino

THE horse is an animal—and so is man. But there is a great difference between these two animals aside from their obvious physical and sometimes not so obvious mental disparity.

It is the general tendency among people seeing cocheros continually beating their horses to sigh with relief and thank God they are not in the poor animal's shoes. Little do they know that the equine family has a distinct edge in some respects over *homo sapiens*. For example, in a recent statistical survey it was found that an overwhelming majority of the horse population of Manila was gainfully employed, the remaining few being on short maternity leave but assured of return to employment after Nature has had her way. Man's unemployment problems are too flagrant to need more than mere passing mention.

And speaking of Nature, horse nature has remained in many ways more sensible and intelligent than human nature. Man has progressed remarkably, it is said, but in this process of development he has evolved side by side with his crowning achievements the most useless inhibitions and the most ridiculous customs. But look at the sensible horse. He will readily mate much below his class—all blood is just plain red to him and class distinctions do not exist. Thus a mare avoids the tragedy of having to jump into the Pasig because her rich future-in-laws want their son to marry a thoroughbred. Female horses, furthermore, possess none of the inhibitions that so often mar our coy females' lives. They do not have to wait for leap year which after all comes only once every four years. Any day, anytime they are

free to disport their charms before the object or objects of their affections, and this without incurring the envious wrath of the neighborhood gossips. Even granting that jealousy enters the picture, what does the female horse care? She has no sacred reputation to uphold. And when two horses decide they were meant for each other (for the time being at least) there are no banns to wait impatiently for, no wedding dress, no church fee, no wedding breakfast to deplete the bridegroom's pocketbook, and incidentally his happiness. After the "wedding" there are no family problems because there are no mothers-in-law.

Furthermore, nothing can mar this beautiful happiness, for the bridegroom does not have to worry about supporting his family. That is the cochero's job. He can have babies anytime because he does not have to worry about the price of *tiki-tiki* or Bear Brand milk. Neither does he have to pay hospital bills. And speaking of bills, he knows nothing of man's graveyard and burial fees, man's licenses, cedulas, income taxes, inheritance taxes, etc. True, he misses the pleasure of being bribed for his vote on election time, and of course he cannot run for office and then read about himself or see his pictures in the papers. And worst of all, he cannot enrich himself at the government's expense. But then what does the horse care? He is wise enough not to seek insincere adulation, and as for wealth—he has no use for this root of all man's ills.

With regard to the primary necessities of animals, horses have proved themselves more sensible than men. For them, clothing and cosmetics are super-

fluties; and consequently, they are not at the mercy of hoarders and profiteers. Their womenfolk do not have to teeter uncomfortably on French heels or gasp for breath inside whalebone corsets. They know that Nature adjusts herself to circumstances and so when the rainy season comes and raincoat and umbrella prices soar, the horses can watch man's chagrin with amused condescension and without fear of catching pneumonia or any of man's myriad ills. The shoe problem is no problem at all to them; shoe styles don't interest any horse because one iron shoe is just like another. And think of the worry that the lady horses do not have to share with our debutantes—that soul-racking question, do my shoes match with the rest of my accessories?

The cocheros are sure to provide their horses with shelter. They don't require much. Salas and bathrooms are superfluous, and mattresses even more so because horses sleep on their feet. There is no pretension or sham about them; therefore, they do not suffer from false pride when another horse finds out the stable they call home is in Tondo. They make no lame excuses such as men often make when they are living far from the fashionable quarters of the city. They do not have to say that they like homes to be small and cozy when the truth is that they cannot afford a mansion. And not needing more than standing space, they do not have to spend their last peso on a sumptuous living room set for their friends to admire, while the family sleeps on the floor in a bedroom permanently closed to visitors.

The matter of food does not bother them at all. Prices may rise to unheard of heights, and housewives may grow a few white hairs trying to make both ends meet, but Mr. Horse is oblivious to all these. After all, he is intelligent enough to know that whatever happens he will have food to eat. For

the cochero, though he may have to tighten his belt, cannot afford to let his horse go unfed. If the horse had a literary or musical bent, think what gems he might by now have produced while our talented men have to rot for years on end doing work distasteful to them, all because they have no cochero to feed them. That fact alone, of not having to worry over tomorrow's meals, would make the horse state one devoutly to be envied.

Even outside of mere physical existence horses still possess a few advantages over men. We are puffed up with foolish self-esteem and suffer terribly when reprimanded or abused in front of people. Horses do not suffer from hurt pride. When they are whipped in public they take it philosophically as part of the day's routine. Men pride themselves on their long and accurate memories but the horse's short memory has its points, too. The sorrows that gnaw at men's hearts, the bitter memories of past frustrations make his life more miserable than it should be. The horse cannot remember history dates but he is also saved from the harrowing memory of past sorrows. And having such a short memory it is useless for him to go to school. However, that is not so much of a setback as one might think—for consider all the trash he is mercifully saved from hearing.

If the common horse has all these advantages, surely the race-horse is the most fortunate of all animals. He eats the best food, has the best care, and works only once a week. What working man wouldn't jump at the chance of living such a life? Furthermore, he can rightfully be proud of the fact that on him depends the future, nay—the next meal of a lot of people—a beautiful thought for the egocentric human being, but one which very few of his species can truthfully indulge in.

There is only one serious drawback that we can see in the favored horse's existence, and that is the threat of competition offered by too many Fords. In the event he outlives his usefulness in the city, the poor horse will have to leave the bright lights and the exciting life of

the metropolis and content himself with a boring existence in the farm. Faced with this terrible alternative we sigh with relief—it is perhaps better to be a man after all, for chorus girls and hostesses and nightclubs don't thrive amid the rice fields.

TONY'S BAR

(A FIRST-CLASS BAR)

WHERE YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL ON DRINK... THE FINEST BRANDS AVAILABLE IN TOWN...

ALL THESE PLUS

TONY'S HOSPITALITY!

TONY ARNALDO

1656 Rizal Ave. Manager

AZUCENA VACIADOR

220 Legarda, Sampaloc
MANILA

Sharpens all kinds of keen-edged tools & instruments, such as, scissors, knives, razors, hair clippers, etc.

Quality Work Guaranteed

P. C. TEMPRA
Mgr. & Prop.

Your Tailor—

J. DELURIA'S

FASHION

For Elegance and Comfort.

1092 R. Hidalgo, Quiapo

THE EAGLE'S EYRIE

by S. P. Lopez

Picture in Focus

THE appointment of U. S. High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt and the sudden departure for the United States of President Osmeña underline the encouraging fact that, after the uncertainty and confusion that have prevailed since the liberation, the whole picture of Philippine-American relations is fast being brought to a sharp focus at last. Ironic though it may seem, in view of Mr. McNutt's frank advocacy of a re-examination of the Philippine question, it is now abundantly clear that those relations will hinge entirely on the grant of independence to the Philippines on July 4, 1946, or earlier as circumstances may warrant. The misgivings of the fainthearted among the Filipinos and of the mistakenly solicitous among the Americans may thus be set at rest. The two peoples are now free to work out the pattern of their future relations on the basis of this accepted fact.

It is only fair to say that Mr. McNutt's stand in favor of continued political relations between the Philippines and the United States has been inspired mainly by a sincere belief that the best interests of both countries would be safeguarded and promoted by such means. The decision to grant independence to the Philippines would suggest that Mr. McNutt may have been mistaken in his choice of means, but it would not disprove the wisdom of the end he seeks to achieve. Indeed, his appointment to the Philippine position constitutes an endorsement of the policy of maintaining the closest possible relations between the Philippines and the United States for their mutual benefit. It will be Mr. McNutt's

task to help work out the pattern of those beneficial relations within the frame work of independence.

The presence of President Osmeña in Washington provides a further encouraging note in that it places the question of American aid to this stricken country squarely in the middle of the stage. The war is over and President Truman can attend more closely to the problems of the Philippines; he has had time to study reports on conditions here prepared by responsible American and Filipino officials; and he can consider measures of relief and material assistance on the plane of civilian administration rather than military necessity. In his eyes and in the eyes of Congress and the American people the Philippines now assumes its true importance, no longer as a spacious staging area for the invasion of Japan or even as a strategic outpost for the maintenance of American power, but as a stricken ally vastly in need of help, a vital outpost of freedom and democracy in Asia.

By the time Mr. McNutt has arrived to assume his position, and President Osmeña has returned from his mission to Washington, the entire field of Philippine-American relations shall have cleared up sufficiently to permit the enormous task of reconstruction to proceed in earnest. The reconstruction program should be planned so well that it shall not suffer any interruption when the Philippines assumes its new status as an independent state.

★

They Want Freedom

SPEAKING of the role of the Philippines as an important outpost of free-

dom and democracy in East Asia, it is interesting to speculate on the probable effect which the American policy in the Philippines will have on the colonial policies of Great Britain, France, and The Netherlands. Already the setting up of the Indonesian Nationalist Government in Java and the violent Annamese outbreak in Indo-China have clearly indicated that powerful nationalist and pro-independence forces have been unleashed there which render any plans of restoring the old order in those colonies completely inadvisable.

America's example in the Philippines will only add fuel to the fire. When, with the blessings of the United States, the Philippines becomes independent at last, the still subject peoples of Asia will certainly wonder all the more why they should continue to be denied the right to govern themselves and to direct their national destinies. And it will be a fair question to ask—a question, moreover, which the United States shall be called upon to answer, in part if not in whole.

Britain, France, and The Netherlands may be expected to answer that the Malays, Burmese, Annamese, and Indonesians are not prepared to govern themselves. And they would be partly right, because fortunately for them though unfortunately for the subject peoples, it was never in the interest of their imperial tenure and profits to widen the opportunities for education, economic advancement, and political training of the natives.

All this has got to change. More truly perhaps than at any other time in the history of the world, the Old Order has passed, giving way to the New. And if the European powers should be unwilling—as in all likelihood they will prove unwilling—to initiate reforms in these colonies in order to prepare them for independence, then it will be up to the United States, with the certain support of the Soviet Union and China, to

insist upon such reforms in accordance with the provisions and the spirit of the Charter of the United Nations.

Some hope of voluntary reforms may lie in the fact that the Labor government of England and the Leftist De Gaulle government of France are, ideologically at least, hospitable to the principle of enlarging the scope of freedom throughout the world. But imperialism as a habit of mind is a hardy perennial likely to outlast transient fashion in political ideology. Mr. Attlee and General De Gaulle, however just and sound their intentions may be, are not likely to make a clean break with imperial tradition. They will need constant pushing and prodding all along the way.

One thing is clear: we cannot turn back the clock of history or hold it still. Liberty and the rumors of liberty have gotten around and all but the most backward peoples have heard something of them. The colonizing powers had better get used to the idea that someday soon they must relinquish the delightful luxuries of empire. For the subject peoples here and everywhere else are increasingly restive under dominion; they are tired of being hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are convinced that they are fit for and entitled to something better, and they know what it is. They want freedom.



The Emperor Must Go

THE more closely you examine the results of the first month of the Allied Occupation of Japan, the more inescapable becomes the conclusion that the entire imperial institution must be done away with if the democratization of Japan is to make any headway at all. The Emperor must go because he stands as a mountainous barrier to the re-ordering of the Japanese mind and to the reconstruction of the social, economic and political life of the Japanese people.

The abject subservience of the individual to the state, the samurai tradition which glorifies war as man's noblest profession and as the supreme instrument of national policy, the Shinto religion which centers on and is built up around the Emperor as God, the belief in Japan's God-given destiny to conquer the world—none of these can co-exist with democracy, and all of them are implicit in the imperial institution.

What Japan needs more than anything else is a Revolution, something quite as thorough as that of France under the Bourbons and that of Russia under the Czar. But this means disorder and bloodshed, and that is the reason why it seems undesirable now that the Allied troops are there. And yet only a few months ago, while Japan was still fighting hard, it was the fond hope and expectation of the Allies that the Japanese people would rise against their rulers and overthrow the political system that was bringing them to ruin.

Is it no longer practical to wish for such an internal revolution, or even passively to encourage the spirit of radical change among the Japanese people? We think not. If the Allies had hoped for it before the occupation, they should not hope for it now that their troops are on the spot to give direction to the movement and to curb its possible excesses.

Japanese history shows that the people can be quite cavalier in the treatment of their rulers. They only need to be undeceived about the omnipotence, the unerring righteousness, and the divinity of the Emperor; the rest will follow. Though something has already been done along this line, it has not been enough. The Japanese people are still under the illusion that their country surrendered only in obedience to the will of the Emperor, not to the will of the victorious Allies. To the Japanese, the Emperor is still incontestably right: not

he is to blame but they, for he is God, and he knows best. It is for them to do better by the Emperor—next time.

It is true, of course, that the democratization of Japan will require other measures. It will require the dismantling of the war industries, the breaking up of the vast landed estates for the benefit of the poverty-ridden peasants, the disestablishment of the business monopolies and holding companies (Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumimoto, etc.), the obliteration of the militarist clique, the introduction of a democratic system of education, and the setting up of a genuinely representative form of government. But the evils which such measures seek to correct are deeply involved in the imperial institution. The Emperor is not only the biggest landowner and stockholder in Japan; he is also, in much more than a spiritual sense, the hub of the social, religious cultural and political life of the Japanese people. You cannot reorder that life while the Emperor remains.

In the case of Japan, the choice is not between a soft or a hard peace, or between a just and a vindictive peace. The choice is rather between a transient and an enduring peace. We cannot expect Japan to live in enduring peace with the rest of the world while the fountainhead of that country's warrior instincts, behaviour, and philosophy remains undisturbed. That fountainhead happens to be the Emperor.



The "Crazy" Sergeant

IN a recent issue of the *Daily Pacifican*, the U. S. Army newspaper here, there appeared an interesting letter to the editor written by one Sgt. Paul F. Nyerges, APO 75. He related a hitchhiking incident as follows: "This guy (an army truck driver) stopped his 6 x 6 to pick up a group of five GIs, two of whom were Filipino GIs, and exclaimed that 'only American GIs would get on,'

saying 'orders from my company'. I refused to get on, just standing there, and he graciously said 'you could get on'. I sweetly thanked him and said, 'No, I'd rather walk than ride with any one too GI proud to pick up a Filipino.' He insisted that it was an order from his company. Well, I terminated our delightful conversation by walking away, mumbling to myself, 'that's what I like about the Army!'

And he concluded, "Maybe, I'm nuts to let that guy get under my skin, but I have a healthy respect for what some of these 'non-American' GIs have done for the war effort. That goes for the first phase of the war when I was not here, as well as for the second phase when we returned and I was here."

Yes, Sergeant, you're nuts, if your action were to be judged according to the behavior pattern of some of your fellow American GIs. But not if it is to be measured with the yardstick of true Americanism—the sort of Americanism that has come to mean in the minds of millions of oppressed people throughout the world: freedom, equality, fraternity, as well as plain everyday decency in human relations.

It is highly comforting to know that there are men like Paul Nyerges in the U. S. Army. Knowing men like him and hearing what they have to say about the un-American lapses of their companions somehow restores one's faith in the practicability of the great American ideals of universal brotherhood and mutual respect among all the races of mankind. One is inclined to overlook the petty irritations brought about by the misconduct of the ill-bred, and to hope fervently that Americans are not so soon forgetting for what wholesome democratic ideals and against what monstrous fascist principles they are supposed to have gone to war.

Dear Sgt. Nyerges, if you should ever see this, we give you our hand in warmest appreciation.

What About the Chinese?

THE hope, of course, goes two ways. It goes, too, for the equally thoughtless Filipinos who are trying their evil best to arouse anti-Chinese hysteria among the people here. For it is certainly ludicrous for the Filipinos to resent discrimination at the hands of Americans or Europeans while they are themselves guilty of discrimination against other races. It ill becomes the Filipino to tell the American, "I'm as good as you are, and I'm not going to let you condescend to me, patronize me, or discriminate against me socially or otherwise," and in the same breath tell the Chinese, "You're not as good as I am, and you better keep out of my way in trade and in business."

Or, the truth is perhaps that the Filipino really thinks of the Chinese in reverse and in his heart fears the latter as his superior in capacity for honest labor and in business acumen. In that case, he should really tell the Chinese, "You're too good for me, I can't compete with you, I'm sorry but I have to place you under every possible disadvantage in business in order to survive at all."

And for that, the Filipino should honestly feel ashamed of himself. He should feel ashamed of himself because he is content to stand upon the principle of equality while failing miserably to observe it in his relations with other peoples, in the everyday affair of living and making a living. He worships the principle of the equality and fraternity of all races but refuses to live by it. In a sense he is worse than the Nazi who brazenly disbelieves in race equality and as brazenly acts according to his belief. At least the Nazi is consistent; he is no hypocrite.

The Chinese in the Philippines are not entirely blameless, of course. They have their own black sheep, even as we have ours, and other nationalities as

well. By their ultra-exclusive tong-like tactics in business, as tight as that of any masonic brotherhood, they tend to arouse the antagonism of these Filipino elements that, believing themselves with their backs against the wall, seek to break up their powerful combinations by nationalistic campaigns or protectionist legislation of one sort or another.

But whatever the faults of individual Chinese may be, no Filipino is justified in stirring up hatred against the Chinese as a class or as a race. No more were those Americans justified who learned to look down upon all Filipinos on account of the misbehaviour of some Filipinos in California.

It would be tragic, indeed, if the Americans, Filipinos, and Chinese—allies all in the war against the mon-

strous race doctrines of fascism—should now fail, in their relations with one another, to live up to the faith that brought them together. They cannot afford to lose the peace so soon after winning the war.

—S. P. L.

Avenue Gift Shop

Novelties & Curios

1001 Rizal Ave. cor. Lope de Vega
Manila

For **DEPENDABLE SUPPLIES**—

Consult:

"MOPHARCO"

THE MODERN PHARMACAL PRODUCTS CO.

"A NAME THAT CAN BE TRUSTED IN DRUGS"

886-888-890 Rizal Ave., Manila

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALERS

of

- ★ DRUGS AND CHEMICALS
- ★ INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS AND REAGENTS
- ★ LABORATORY APPARATUS AND GLASSWARE
- ★ SURGICAL AND DENTAL INSTRUMENTS
- ★ HOSPITAL EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES

Our prescription Department will fill your physician's prescription promptly with accuracy and reliable drugs.

NEWSMONTH

by 'Toto'

THE FAR EAST

DOUGLAS MacArthur, supreme commander of the Allied forces for the occupation of Japan, hopped from island to island on the long Melbourne-Tokyo trail according to plan.

But when he entered the Japanese capital in triumph early last month, his troubles began.

Landing aboard his silvery C-54 airliner "Bataan II" with a handful of 11th Airborne men, General MacArthur bided his time, permitted the Japanese to move around more or less just as they pleased.

The press at home in the United States at once protested. The Japanese news broadcasts pictured how the Imperial Diet convened, heard Hirohito, announced plans for reconstruction as if they didn't get licked in the war.

"Kid-glove tactics," roared the State-side press. "Put the Japs where they belong."

Replied the five-star commander: "Hold your horses, folks; we are here, we can see things. We'll get around to it when we have the occupation forces we need."

In rapid succession, the commander then:

1. Issued a list of 47 suspected war criminals; promptly rounded them up.
2. Suspended Domei, Asahi, Nippon Times for violating his directives.
3. Announced by month's end that he'd need no more than 200,000 men against the previously-planned 1,500,000.
4. Sent the bulk of "Bull" Halsey's mighty Third Fleet home to fake part in Navy Day celebrations this month.

5. Announced Japan was washed out, was now a member of the Order of Minor Powers, Fourth Class.

In China, victory erased the Japanese menace but brought to a head the long-standing conflict between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists.

Armed to the teeth, Red troops at surrender time demanded equal footing with Chungking in accepting Japanese surrender, threatened for a while to split Old China wide open.

Mao Tze-tung, leader of the Yen-an Communists, opened verbal broadsides against Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek; accused the Chungking regime of muffling Chinese democracy, demanded official recognition of the Communist party as a bona fide political entity at par with Chungking's Kuomintang.

Then something happened. Out of the Kremlin came the announcement that China's roving Premier Dr. T. V. Soong and Foreign Commissar Viacheslav Molotov had concluded a Sino-Russian treaty of amity and friendship providing, among others for:

- (a) Russian recognition of China's sovereignty over Manchuria.
- (b) China's recognition of the independence of Outer Mongolia—apparently under Russian influence.
- (c) China's permission for the Red Fleet to have base facilities in Port Arthur.

In no time, Mao Tze-tung piped down, was whisked to Chungking by U.S. Ambassador Patrick Hurley for a "peace" confab with the now diplomatically-rejuvenated Chiang.

At press time, Mao was teased, toasted, wine regally in Chungking as Kuomintang and Communist leaders threshed out their differences in what

was regarded as the prelude to internal peace in China for the first time since the death of the Republic's founder, Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Further south in Indo-China, the weakened French, never popular with the native Annamese, had to be aided by the British to maintain order in the southern part of the colony; the northern end, under Allied agreement, was temporarily occupied by Chinese troops.

At month's end, the native nationalists were getting unruly. Colony-wise Britons at once proclaimed martial law.

Further west, the Thailanders, cheery after a generous Washington edict restoring them to Allied good graces, announced the outside world may again call their country by the age-old name Siam. The Siamese will still call their country Thai.

Mother India toward the end of last month came back to the headlines when Viceroy Lord Wavell announced at New Delhi that Labor government's new plan "to hasten the establishment of self-rule" in the colony.

The new India program, patterned with light modification after the plan proffered in 1942 by Sir Stafford Cripps calls for:

1. Election of a constitutional convention.
2. Option of any Indian province to stay out of the autonomous state if it so desires.
3. A quasi-commonwealth status for India with full responsibility, but in effect, to function within the framework of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Perky as a result of Britain's debts incurred during the death grip with the Nazis, London Indians reviewed the latest Wavell plan icily, declared: "Absolute complete independence or nothing."

At presstime, neither leaders of the All-India Congress nor the Moslem League had officially defined their views.

EUROPE

Beneath a superficial peace ran an undercurrent of power politics all over the rubble Old World last month. Between the No. 1 continental power, Soviet Russia, and the Western Allies the grab for spheres of influence unofficially but nevertheless markedly raged at a merry pace.

But where, as in the case of hapless Spain under the Axis-born Franco regime, the Allied-Russian policies jibed, the effect was swift and staggering.

Last month, the Big Four—U.S., Britain, France, Russia—told Franco to move out of Tangier, the Moorish city at the tip of North Africa across the straits guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean.

The victor powers said Tangier henceforth will revert to its prewar international status.

Harassed Franco said yes, kicked out his Axiphile Falangist ministers, abolished the Nazi salute.

At month's end, there were rumblings of the Republicans coming back to Madrid on a wave of Allied pressure. The Republicans exiled in Mexico quickly reorganized, proclaimed a "government" hoped for Allied recognition.

In Lausanne, meanwhile, up the Swiss Alps, Don Juan, pretender to the Spanish throne, set Europe agog with hints he has more than passing interest in the throne.

Dopesters said another bloodshed was in the offing in the sunny Iberian peninsula.

In London, top-level diplomats set to work on the blueprint of the world to come.

Within the historic confines of Lancaster House, the foreign ministers of the Big Five met for the first time since

the council was created at Potsdam the previous month.

No. 1 on the agenda was the treaty of peace with revamped Italy, but Molotov jumped the gun by claiming Russia's right to sole trusteeship over any Italian colony in the Mediterranean. Bargainer Molotov offered in exchange his withdrawal of Russian support for Yugoslavia's claim to the Italian-populated port city of Trieste.

The Balkans, meanwhile, seethed with intrigue, with the Allies scoring a clean beat when Bulgaria, under Soviet shadow, called off a scheduled election last month on Allied insistence that conditions did not warrant a free and unfettered vote.

Rumania, Greece and Hungary, likewise groaned under the cumulative effect of postwar domestic problems and international diplomatic jockeying.

Back in London, the preparatory commission for the United Nations opened its first session the middle of last month to lay the groundwork for the formal opening of the World Security Organization's Assembly, scheduled for the spring, when, it was hoped, all the Allied nations shall have ratified the Charter.

THE AMERICAS

Peace found the United States of America almost as off balance as when the Japanese sneaked in from nowhere for the Pearl Harbor stab which began the war.

Congress, originally scheduled to reconvene the first week of this month, hurriedly went into a huddle to take up the problems of peace which it found as baffling as the problems of war.

According to custom, President Truman sent a voluminous message up Capitol Hill outlining his "must" program for America at peace.

He urged, among others, (1) gradual withdrawal of his emergency powers; (2)

a \$25 weekly unemployment compensation to cushion the abrupt loss of jobs due to peacetime cutbacks; (3) indefinite continuation of the draft; (4) emphasis on further conversion of natural power along lines of the successful TVA under the late President Roosevelt.

In another directive, the president ordered immediate cessation of lend-lease to Allied powers. Thoroughly upset, London immediately dispatched an economic mission to Washington headed by the noted economist, Lord Keynes, to wangle a long-term credit arrangement to supplant lend-lease.

The country meanwhile staggered under the first full impact of mass unemployment, estimated the middle of September at approximately 10,000,000.

But as private industry, now retooling fullblast for mass production of civilian goods, absorbed the laid-off war workers piecemeal, Labor Unions, particularly those engaged in automobile manufacture around Detroit, opened what promised to be a long-drawn-out battle for higher wages.

At month's end, strikes stalked across the land, but general temper was brightened by the knowledge that strikes or no strikes, Christmas will see a goodly number of warring sons at home; that pre-war comforts, from stockings to limousines, will soon be available without ration coupons.

THE PHILIPPINES

When Douglas MacArthur returned to Leyte last year, he announced those who gave aid and comfort to the enemy would be placed under custody, and turned over at war's end to the Commonwealth for judgment. Last month, shortly after Japan's formal surrender, General MacArthur began transferring "collaboration" cases to the Philippine government.

President Osmeña issued a dictum in effect permitting those confined to bail themselves out. By presstime Solicitor General Lorenzo M. Tañada was work-

ing overtime reviewing cases, making price bail tags, denying bail to others.

Congress meanwhile passed the People's Court Bill after a lengthy skirmish with Malacañan, often colored—according to impartial press comments—by political bickerings.

In the midst of the squabble, Interior Secretary Harold Ickes dropped a bombshell from Washington, warned in a message to President Osmeña that unless "collaborators" were firmly dealt with, relief aid from the United States might be withheld, suggested clarification of this issue before general elections are held.

The Philippine Congress, thoroughly taken aback, moved to postpone the projected elections, awaited crystallization of U.S. policy through the newly appointed High Commissioner, Paul V. McNutt, who said the President soon would clarify Washington's views on the Philippines before he emplanes for Manila this month.

At presstime, Congress was in its third special session with specific requests from Malacañan to act on the pending appropriations bill, the public works bill, and the proposal to increase the number of judges of the court of first instance.

Relief ships crammed with consumer goods meanwhile arrived last month and prices for the first time since liberation took a decided dive. At presstime, the black market appeared to have been broken.

F. Dizon Andres

Abogado y Notario Público

308 ESPAÑA

MANILA

Business As Usual - - -

Manila Auto Supply

Motorists' Headquarters Since 1926

1054-56 Rizal Avenue
Manila

(Continued from page 4)

plains how and why. Lt. Ledyard has been one year and a half overseas and expects to return home soon. It is a relief to think that she is going home with such kind thoughts (fortunately revised!) of this country and its people.

Our leading article, "Portrait of a Filipino" by RENATO LIBORO, is a subtly spoken piece which provides welcome relief amid the angry claims and denials of being pro-American or pro-Japanese. The author takes a leaf out of the biography of a respected Filipino citizen of the old generation to prove that it is quite possible to be a sincere patriot by remaining strictly pro-Filipino. Mr. Liboro, who is nineteen years old, studied in the Ateneo de Manila. He works part time for the OWI and goes to law school at the University of Santo Tomas.

The question now uppermost in the minds of many people is dispassionately discussed in "What of Laurel?" by M. N. QUEROL. With the treason trials about to begin, the article points up the crucial question: At what precise point does cooperation with an occupying army shade off into treason? Mr. Querol, until recently an artillery officer in the Philippine Army, saw action in Mindanao during the Japanese invasion.

LT. (jg) J. SHESTACK, USNR, who writes the interesting on-the-spot account of Tokyo under occupation, "Report on Tokyo," graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He is Junior Damage Control Officer on board the USS *Ticonderoga*, far-famed aircraft carrier that survived two Kamikaze attacks. Lt. Shestack himself survived both, the last one because he doesn't eat salmon. Salmon was served that day and he was not on the chow line when the Jap plane struck. All those who were on the line were killed.

When they speak of the economic rehabilitation of the Philippines, a great many people ignore the fact that the

job is much more than one of restoring shattered industries, of bringing back the pre-war world we knew so well and so often criticized. In "Rehabilitation and Reform" by LEO STINE, we are reminded that the crying need for social reforms that will improve not only the national finances but the living conditions of the Filipino masses must dictate the pattern of our economic reconstruction. The author, who is deeply interested in Philippine and Far Eastern affairs, studied political science and political economy in the University of Illinois.

A. C. KAYANAN studied civil engineering in the University of the Philippines, stinted for a while in the Bureau of Public Works, and then, a year or so before the war, was sent as a government pensionado to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he specialized in City and Regional Planning. Before returning to the Philippines last February, he had the distinction of serving on the City Planning Board of Cleveland, Ohio. His deeply humanistic views on the building of a city are explained in broad yet positive outlines in his article, "Cities Are for People". He is on the City Planning Board in charge of the reconstruction of the devastated capital city of the Commonwealth.

Whatever did our women do during the Japanese occupation? What credit shall we give them for the survival of the nation? What were their contributions to the resistance movement? A forthright answer to the second question and an oblique one to the third is given in "Deadlier Than the Male" by ESTRELLA ALFON RIVERA, short-story writer and editor of *The People's Magazine*.

In "Pliant Like the Bamboo," I. V. MALLARI explains, more obliquely, the secret of Filipino survival. Mr. Mallari, who studied in the University of Wisconsin and later became professor of

library science in the University of the Philippines, is now with the Department of Public Instruction.

Our fiction this month is an exclusively women's affair and distinguished, too. "Just Waiting" comes from the pen of LIGAYA VICTORIO REYES, unquestionably one of the most accomplished to be on the staff of the Graphic the Philippine Weekly, is now with the Manila Times.

As companion-piece to the work of an accomplished literary artist like Mrs. Reyes, we are pleased to present "A Letter to Bill" by REMY R. BULLO, a newcomer bearing every rich promise of future achievement. Miss Bullo studied in the University of the Philippines and, before the war, taught American history in the Far Eastern University, in the same room where she now works for the U.S. Army.

DAISY HONTIVEROS AVELLANA returns this month with a delightful little episode, "In the Little Town of Bay", to show that even the war, with all its grim tragedy and horror, had its light, laughter-provoking side.

And war or no war, life definitely has its sardonic aspects, one of which RENATO CONSTANTINO exploits in "Of Horses and

Men". Mr. Constantino, who once edited the Philippine Collegian, campus paper of the University of the Philippines, saw service in Bataan, is now with Malacañan.

Our poetry this month is provided by GODOFREDO BUNAO in "Apostrophe to Yamashita," the Japanese ex-commander-in-chief in the Philippines who is now on trial for his life before an American military commission in Manila; and by LYDIA ARGUILLA, well-known essayist and short-story writer who, in "Guerrilla Serenade", who acquires new distinction as guerrilla fighter and laureate.

Two regular features appear for the first time in this issue: "Newsmouth," a concise review of the significant news developments here and abroad during the preceding month; and "The Eagle's Eyrie" by S. P. L. New departments will appear as we get to know just what our readers want.

* * *

Why don't you write us with suggestions for improving the magazine? This, after all, is your magazine, and you are our fellow editors. What will please you, we shall be most pleased to give—provided it is within our means and our power to do so.—THE EDITORS.

The most famous catacombs in existence are those under Rome and its suburbs. There are more than 500 miles of these underground passageways — one upon another and sometimes seven levels deep—containing a total of about 6,000,000 tombs.

Nose rubbing is more widely used by mankind as a greeting than are handshaking and kissing combined—Freling Foster, *Collier's*.

PROVINCIAL DISTRIBUTORS

Magazine distributors of The PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN may call on this Office on or before the 20th of each month to get their quota at any time during office hours.

ADRIANO GARCIA
Circulation Manager
1050 Rizal Avenue

**COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE**

Manila

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES OF RAYMOND HOUSE, INC.
Incorporated under the laws of the Philippines and with principal offices at Manila, Philippines.
CAPITAL STOCK

Authorized capital stock	P100,000.00
Subscribed capital stock	20,000.00
ASSETS	
Cash on hand	P 625.00
Office equipment	800.00
Furniture & fixtures	430.00
Deferred charges:	
Publication expenses	3,145.00
Total Assets	<u>P 5,000.00</u>

LIABILITIES

Capital stock	
Authorized	P100,000.00
Unsubscribed	80,000.00
Subscribed	P 20,000.00
Subscription receivable	15,000.00
Paid up capital	<u>P 5,000.00</u>

I hereby certify that the foregoing statement of assets and liabilities of the RAYMOND HOUSE, INC., is true and correct.

(Sgd.) JOSE S. FELIX
Certified Public Accountant

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of September, 1945, affiant exhibiting to me his residence tax certificate No. A-1560698, issued at Imus, Cavite; May 5, 1945.

(Sgd.) JOSE E. ELEGIR
Notary Public

Until December 31, 1946.

Doc. No. 95; Page No. 21; Book No. I; Series of 1945.

Commonwealth of the Philippines
Department of Public Works and Communications
BUREAU OF POSTS
Manila

SWORN STATEMENT

The undersigned, Eric Raymond, editor of THE PHILIPPINE-AMERICAN, published monthly in English at 1050 Rizal Avenue, Manila, after having been duly sworn in accordance with law, hereby submits the following statement of ownership, management, circulation, etc., which is required by Act No. 2530, as amended by Commonwealth Act No. 201:

Name	Post Office Address
Editor: ERIC RAYMOND	1050 Rizal Avenue, Manila
Managing Editor: ERIC RAYMOND	— do —
Business Manager: FRED SCHUTZ	— do —
Owner: RAYMOND HOUSE, INC.	— do —
Publisher: RAYMOND HOUSE, INC.	— do —
Printer: Manila Daily News, Inc., 46 Santa Mesa, Manila	
Office of Publication: 1050 Rizal Avenue, Manila	

If publication is owned by a corporation, stockholders owning one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks:

Benjamin Salvoea, Salvador P. Lopez, Eric Raymond, M. N. Querol, Fred Schutz, Baldomero T. Olivera, Evangelina Domingo.

Bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders owing one per cent or more of total amount of security: NONE

In case of publication other than daily, total number of copies printed and circulated:

Sent to paid subscribers	1,000
Sent to persons other than subscribers	1,000

Total

ERIC RAYMOND

Editor

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28 day of September, 1945, affiant without residence tax certificate by virtue of his exemption.

(Sgd.) JOSE E. ELEGIR
Notary Public

Until December 31, 1946.

Doc. No. 114; Page No. 25; Book No. I; Series of 1945.

(NOTE:—This form is exempt from the payment of documentary stamp tax.)

STUDEBAKER DELIVERS THE GOODS



ANOTHER STUDEBAKER DELIVERY IS MADE

Mr. Enrique Monserrat, President of Monserrat Enterprises, Co. Ltd., Pasay Transportation Co., and Yellow Taxi Cab. Co., is congratulated by Mr. Colin McCulloch, President of Bataan Motor Corporation, as he takes delivery of the first ten of his Studebaker trucks.

Bataan Motor Corporation announces that Studebaker trucks are arriving in Manila daily. We are doing everything possible to expedite assembly of these units so that our customers will receive delivery of their trucks as soon as possible.

BATAAN MOTOR CORPORATION

Studebaker Distributors

Sales Division
802 Wilson Bldg.
Tel. 2-63-17

Parts
& Service Division
13th & Atlanta Sts.
Port Area

For the Service of the People

Philippine Air Lines, Inc.

FOR PASSENGERS, MAIL AND FREIGHT (Chartered trips on application)

Making Air Travel convenient for YOU all over the Philippines, comes naturally to P A L.

In 1941, when Philippine Air Lines started operations, "FLY WITH PAL FOR A FRIENDLY SERVICE" became a regular slogan for the traveling public. Today, taking advantage of all the improvements in Aviation, P A L is still devoting its major effort to the development of better air service, for YOU.



 **A. SORIANO y Cia.**
GENERAL MANAGERS

Cargo Dept.	Soriano Bldg.	MAKATI
Taft Ave. Ext.	Tel. 2-79-41	Formosa Bldg.
Tel. 5-15-10	" 2-79-62	Tel. 2-11-73
		Ed. 477

* The policy of the P. A. L. will be the one of strict adherence to the rules and regulations of the Philippine Bureau of Aeronautics as well as those of the Civil Aeronautics Administration of the U. S. A.



Distinctive Printing

LABELS, POSTERS, OFFICE FORMS
and LETTERHEADS designed and printed
by Craftsmen experienced in typography and
creative printed merchandising

Art trebles the effectiveness of printing. Our Staff of
Designers, under ROS. M. CHANCO, is at your service,
should you need help.

LEADERS
SINCE 1887
CARMELO
& **BAUERMANN, INC.**
OFFSET LITHOGRAPHERS • PRINTERS
2057 Azcarraga • Manila



Raymond House, Inc.

PUBLISHERS-BOOK DEALERS-MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTORS
1050 RIZAL AVENUE
MANILA, P. I.

The Philippine-American

There will be no change in price or subscription. As cost of printing and paper goes down, the number of pages will be increased. Our first issue consists of 52 pages; this issue consists of 72. Increase in the number of pages and improvement in editorial content, at the same price, is our goal.

Philippine Jurisprudence

1938-1945

A digest of decisions of the Philippine Supreme Court and Court of Appeals.

Printed in America; approximately 1,600 pages; pre-publication price — P70.00.

Send No Money

Please reserve..... copies of Philippine Jurisprudence.

.....
Name

.....
Address

The Philippine-American

Writers' Library

Our library is available for use of all contributors. No books or magazine, however, may be taken out.

The Philippine-American

Amateur Tennis Tournament

To strengthen Philippine-American relations, we are sponsoring an amateur tennis tournament and a series of exhibitions by four of our ranking tennis players: Ampon, Sanchez, Carmone, and Diy.

P200 A MONTH JOBS!

Come and get it if your qualifications will satisfy our requirements.

Law & Business Forms approximately 600 pages to be printed in America.

Pre-publication price P40.00

On Jewels

THE desire for personal adornment is the foundation upon which one of the most important crafts of civilization has been built.

In modern jewelry, delicacy and gracefulness have become important. Every kind of stone is used and every type of ornamentation for metals employed.

Through all ages, all peoples have attached peculiar significance to the wearing of stones. The garnet is supposed to endow its wearer with constancy; the amethyst indicates sincerity; the emerald, happiness; the diamond, innocence; the bloodstone or aquamarine, courage; the opal, hope; the sardonyx, felicity; the turquoise or lapis lazuli, prosperity; the ruby, contentment of mind; the sapphire, wisdom.

Precious stones are used as birthstones, as follows: For January, the stone is garnet; February, amethyst, March, bloodstone, sanguinaria; April, diamond, zircon; May, emerald, tourmaline; June, agate, pearl; July, ruby, sunstone; August, sardonyx, moonstone; September, sapphire; October, opal, alexandrite; November, topaz; December, turquoise, aquamarine.

If you are in the market for Ceylon precious stones, Darley is the jeweler to see. Before the war, at least ninety per cent of the clientele of Darley consisted of American Army and Navy officers and enlisted men and civilians.

Darley has become an institution in a world of precious stones and jewelry. Darley has been in the business since 1919 and has made a name for thirty-three years of honest, dependable and reliable advice and service to his customers.

Darley cannot make a claim for continuous service. When the Japanese occupied Manila, he closed his doors and during the entire period of enemy occupation, refused to open for business. It was only when the American forces of liberation drove the invaders from Manila that Darley resumed a business he has steadily builded for more than three decades of faithful service.

Darley's Jewelry Store

Exporter & Importer
110 Plaza Gaiti

READY-MADE DRESSES at:

CAROLINA'S
DRESS SHOP

1025 Rizal Ave.

Manila

Dr. Ricardo A. Francisco
DENTIST

Clinic: 1909 J. Luna, Tondo

near North Bay Blvd.

Attention

For the first time in our history can business Americanize Philippine industry by reconvertng your office from an old dilapidated to a modern artistic one in 48-hour job by ordering of our ready-built offices known as:

SUPERFORTS PREFABRICATED OFFICES

Made exclusively and specially for tropical countries thru our VICTORY BOARD—
the only Plaster Board of Asbestos Material

For particulars:

DAVID & CO., INC.

The Home of the Victory Board
678 Tanduay,
near San Sebastian Church.