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LEGRAND CAMERON'S PHILIPPINE PAINTINGS

Wednesday, September 21, an American lady began wending her way back to the homeland with the treasure trove of her brush in the Philippines, where she has busily plied it during



three years while her husband, Major George H. Paine, U. S. A., has been on duty here. The artist is Mrs. LeGrand Cameron Faine, a daughter of Raleigh, N. C., and a proud line of Scotch and French ancestors, her father having been General Francis Hawks Cameron, directly descended from the Camerons of Lochiel. LeGrand Cameron Faine is a creature of momentary impulses, deep as the depths of her understanding soul—while they last. It is in such possessing moods that she paints, and her work is virile, dashing and superbly interpretative. It is often as far from accurate physical delineation as genius is from mediocrity; and if it does not actually achieve genius—which the critics who will soon see it in Europe and America are likely to say it does—it certainly approaches genius.

Early in January, LeGrand Cameron will be in Paris, where she will exhibit her Philippine pieces, and later in the year she will be in America. By arrangement with her, the *Journal* had the privilege of photographing a few of the

studies, some of which are here reproduced as the first copies of her Philippine work to be seen in the islands. She began painting some ten years ago, during the war, and Washington honored itself with an exhibition of her heroic figures of Joffre, Foch, Pershing, Haig, and other commanders of the period at the Meridian Studios; but prior to that, Paul Thurnysen had recognized the budding talent in this lovely southern belle and had closed the season at the Thurnysen Galleries, 569 Fifth Avenue, New York, with an exhibit of her canvases. Notice appeared of her work in the *International Art News*, with a reproduction of her first piece, *La Fille de la Crinoline*.

"Mrs. Faine," said the editor, "has painted with conviction. These portrayals of heroic figures are most happily executed and render admirably the individuality of each one of the four great military leaders. They are brushed with bold, firm strokes in strong tones, and are most appealing as life-like representations by one who has known personally her subjects." *La Fille de la Crinoline* is as piquant and finespun as the war leaders are revealed in stern and invincible characters. It is the impression, incisive and honest, that LeGrand Cameron puts into colors; and having done that, she leaves off, so that it is only to the true artist and the person of intuitive understanding that her pictures will appear finished, though none



will fail to feel their superiority. The LeGrand Cameron may be described as an American Velasquez, such is the bold power of her brush.

But if it will not run fast enough, she supplements it with daubs from her fingers or whatever device is needed to get the thing "taken," as it were, while her soul is open to receive it like



the shutter of a camera lens.

And now, in the maturity of her career, she has been painting the Philippines: painting the old conventos, the monasteries, the monks, the children's choirs and processions, all the poetry and old romance of the friar missions and the ancient Spanish period. The writer has seen this attempted before, by native and foreign artists. He knows the work of Luna,

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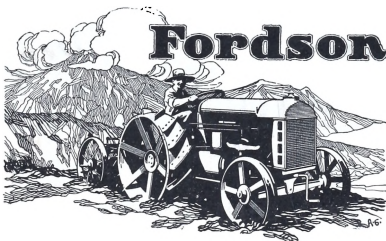
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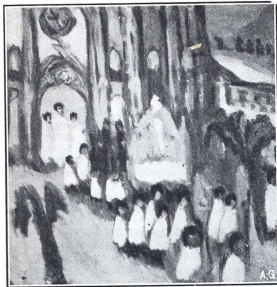
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Hidalgo and the rest. He recognizes in Tolentino, the young Filipino sculptor who was the protégé of Baruch in New York and Washington, a workman capable of modeling the spirit of the Philippines. But he believes no



one who has sought subjects for the canvas in the Philippines approaches, even in a single canvas, what LeGrand Cameron has placed upon many—literally dozens—just as Velasquez, among a host of aspirants, stands alone in his interpretation of Spain.

The Cameron picture of General Wood was done about three years ago. One of many, perhaps seven or eight, that followed, it received the cordial endorsement of the subject, as well it might. Wood the man sitting for his passport likeness is not there, not at all; but Wood the man, he who could quell the Chicago strike, he who could formulate Cuban government, he who could marshal the forces of the Christian and pagan world alike for the eradication of leprosy,

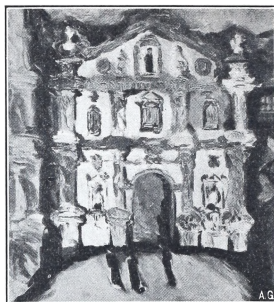
he who could stick at Malacañang in Manila until he merely staggered home to die—that is the man LeGrand Cameron has painted.

Turn next to the Recollect friar, sketched from a wood sculpture of one of the 16th century martyrs. Comment upon such a work would be altogether superfluous. The peasant soul has indeed been lifted to the heights, the man knows that when the savages have sent him west he shall see His Maker face to face.

A great deal of LeGrand Cameron's work is devoted to these Recollect friars. Generally recruited from the lower ranks in Spain, they were the fundamentalists of their period; the faith they brought to the Far East was simple



and devout. It remains so among them today. See the façade and tower of their monastery church, worshipers passing into the vaulted transept through a portal that has swung thus open daily for 300 years. Unchanging creed, tranquility of faith, satisfaction in belief—the



truth about the Recollects in Manila shows in the picture of the brooding church and plaza.

The portrait of the Chinese mestiza might be captioned, "Is your laundry ready, Señor?" It is the very spirit of the work-a-day Philippines, and surely will appear as such even to eyes that have never seen Manila, never wandered along its sequestered by-streets or jostled its friendly but uninquisitive crowds. If the laundress finds your wash isn't ready for her to take away, she supposes there is a reason and, without further inquiry, comes for it again.

The artist, in fact, encountered this woman on the muelle by the river, and was struck so forcibly by her face that she asked to be allowed to paint it. When the woman understood, she said, "Sí, señora." She submitted herself for half an hour to the will of the brush. All over, she was told so. Again, "Sí, señora!" and without the least show of emotion the woman went on her way. This Malay psychology is something precious in the world, and LeGrand Cameron depicts it admirably. The picture of the two girls shows other mestiza types. The Malay eye, verily a wonder of nature, is seen in all the women.

Midway Island: Cable Station and Bird Paradise

By WALTER ROBB

The gallant world fliers, Brock and Schlee, compelled by universal opinion and wifely appeals to abandon their aerial circumnavigation of the globe at Japan, could hardly have found the Midway Islands, their projected refueling station in the mid-Pacific, even had they gone on to try it. For, according to the navy department, neither was a navigator; and many a good navigator safely ensconced on a steamship has miscalculated about Midway and sailed past it. Midway is but a dot on the mid-Pacific map. Yet I am inclined to believe that had the supplies of gasoline and oil re-

quisitioned by Brock and Schlee been sent to Midway, they would have essayed the flight from Japan. What if they had made it! What if they had safely landed! The blood does not yet run so sluggish through one's sclerotic veins but that it warms to the very thought of this foolhardy heroism. Oh, they could not have found Midway, of course * * * and yet * * * "How can man die better than facing fearful odds For the memory of his fathers and the temples of his gods?"

The memory of our fathers is the memory of pioneers who did many impossible things.

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