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and more, however, could be covered into the 1938 budget on the basis of Marabut's expectations. The windfall taxes from the United States, P110,000,000 at least by October's end, could be heavily drawn upon for the dearest objectives of the presidential heart.

High among these objectives ranked bold adventures in public works, such large and numerous projects as no previous Philippine executive ever conceived. And here was their creator, with money in hand to carry them out. Right at home, too, Malacañan was acquiring its riverside gardens. October's harvest moon was beautiful as it shimmered over the bordering trellisses.

Now the Philippines were getting somewhere. Money is power. The power of the abundant public money preened the presidential soul. Independence might indeed be got from the United States on December 30, 1938, to honor Rizal, or of the Independence of the United States in 1939, to honor democracy. It had been asked,

the MacMurray committee was drafting a report, the boon might come despite all opposing circumstances. In such an effulgent season, even this challenge could be accepted; yes, and even sought. Too long the presidential shoulders had borne the burden of delay, the censure of envy, the whispered insinuations and overt assertions of rivals for the people's homage.



This burden would now be doffed. It was now but a matter of reporting to the legislature the request of last March at Washington: this was what was asked, because it was believed it should be had, and gentlemen, take it or leave it. What a feat this! Oh, in bonny October the presidential genius could gambol in the field of politics as lambs in clover. What could the Popular Front charge now, or any man or party of men? The president stood ready, he had not budged an inch from the ground he had taken at Washington. A mandate, a mandate! Let the legislature voice a mandate! Either a resolution for 1946, or acquiescence in 1938 or 1939 by default.

Silence would be consent, action would leave the executive without further responsibility. Who now would be stumbling blocks? Already the town and provincial elections had been called, for December 14, and already the president had divested himself of party headship. Under the resurgent banner of *Social Justice* he had become the chief executive of all the people, independent of parties, and the custodian of their common woes. He could crack the whip over every candidate, either they would fall in line with social justice or there would be a brand new party and its name would be *Social Justice*.

He had powers, great mandatory constitutional powers. His treasury was overflowing. The weather was holding good. In the United States he was getting a great press. Though endowed with chance, how benevolent was fate after all. There are tides in the affairs of men that sagacity takes at the flood.

During all October President Quezon's mood was one of exuberance. Thinking aloud in his weekly press conferences, he speculated on a thousand possibilities. He would take the conversation off the record and go on for hours; and in general he talked to the point, a

GOOD WEATHER AND GOOD TIMES

A summarization of the new Quezon

October was delightful Indian summer. It invited reverie. It welcomed rumination. There was physical satisfaction, even, a sheer sense of well-being, in the abundant sunlight, sometimes glowing through the rain. Well sheltered in Manila, you felt how well the crops must be coming on in the provinces. If the rain should be enough, not too much, the golden sunny days and cool nights would be just the stimulant young rice and sugar cane respond to best. Business too had been good all year, and tax collections correspondingly high. The public coffers were running over with revenue far above budget estimates.

Before October closed, President Quezon was to learn from Budget Commissioner Serafin Marabut that 1937 collections might exceed the budget forecasts by P30,000,000. At least there would be a reassuring treasury surplus. What less, in such fine weather? Commissioner Marabut himself was to learn that he was recommended to the legislature for full cabinet rank.

Though the 1938 budget was up P10,000,000 over 1937's, Marabut estimated that collections within the Islands would more than set off the difference. Buying, buying, buying, and training 40,000 men instead of 20,000, the Philippine army had a whopping deficit. This



fact that emphasizes his press conferences as far and away superior, from the news viewpoint and that of ingratiating hospitality, to any that Malacañan formerly knew. The conferences are crowded, no one even from the morning papers misses these scintillating hours. The presidential monologues, often opened by the lightest inquiry, are the acme of drama. They titillate all the foreign-news correspondents, as well as the reporters, because their confidences are momentarily broken with blunt releases.

"Here! You can use this, by G.—! I don't care who knows it! I want the whole world to know it! Because I mean it!"

That is a typical Quezon release, starting every pencil in the room to scratching furiously, and all the correspondents to their message blanks. But what has gone before and what will immediately follow may not be used and serves only as reliable background.

As October's harvest moon waned, and drought affected northern Nueva Ecija where the marginal lands may be short of a good rice crop, the lighter presidential reflections and all but casual ruminations turned more philosophical. A season was passing, a mood was maturing even as the ears of rice and the sap of tall cane. The president was least happy in his discussions of higher education, to which a paper is given in this issue of the *Journal*. Someone said afterward he thought President Quezon would have done better if his vocabulary had been adequate to what he wished to say. This correspondent denies that President Quezon lacks words in English for any use whatever; the man's phrase-coining is remarkable, whenever he is certain of his ground; no man can proffer him words more pat than his own; he fumbled higher education simply because every man must fumble that subject, that admits least of all of dogmatization. The question is moot, can be nothing less. That is why, and not for want of words to hand, President Quezon groped about with it.

Because President Quezon in putting discussion on the record puts it on squarely and gives reporters all but *carte blanche* to quote him directly, news sometimes gives as ripe convictions what are hardly more than reflections. The president is taken as having arrived at decisions while yet on his way through preliminary paths approaching these decisions. His feeling is often reported as conviction. The result is a semblance of more ambition in his program than is really there. What he sometimes idealizes as desirable is put down as imminent in his policy, when in fact it is to be effected later and is a detail in a broader scope of executive policy.

A consequence is an adumbration of policy, news runs considerably ahead of the day's actual work.

But discount as you will, he is altogether a new President Quezon who so recently returned to the Islands and found such inspiration in October's gracious weather. His long trip abroad during six months seems to have been the most arresting he ever made. The man, in our opinion, ripened by a close and analytical scrutiny during twenty years, has somehow been reborn. We have checked carefully with other observers, hard-boiled skeptics too, and they confirm us. Social justice is no pose, the man means it all, to the innermost fiber of his being.

He is not peripatetic, but poised. And he is practical, even to the point of breaking with his class—he has but to point to them to bring them down in defeat.

Never to be forgotten is the intangible power of the man's magnetism, and his very tangible constitutional

powers. It will therefore come to pass that he reign in the Philippines as long as he lives, and that the Islands' destiny is shaped by his pragmatic hand. So it is hardly necessary to cite his stand on sumptuary laws and the judges, or on national defense, or on wider networks of highways, or on abolition of the cedula tax which is a poll tax, or on Mindanao and the Moham-medans vs. Christians, or on the justices of the peace and their civic responsibility.

President Quezon has summed it all up himself, in half a dozen words. "Before I leave Malacañan, there will be no *tao* and no *sacup* in the Philippines. I am going to liberate these fellows." And he concludes, "I can do it, I know how to do it." That's Vitamin D in capitals, that's Philippine sunlight at high noon.


—W. R.

Just Little Things

(Continued from page 5)

In the Philippines, when Luzon supports forty million inhabitants, the soil is so fertile and responsive that getting the means of living will be easier for those forty million than it now is for fewer than seven million; but it will be more challenging.

● President Quezon of the Philippines Commonwealth is one of the most experienced of statesmen, time shows. Powerful since 1907, since 1916 his word in public affairs has been final. That is twenty-one years. Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt in the White House parallel the period, and at No. 10 Downing Street, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Baldwin (three times), MacDonald, and Neville Chamberlain. Often the most obvious facts in the Philippines are not appreciated, it would lend dignity to everyone's position here if they were.



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