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THIRTY-THREE YEARS

You may be as hardboiled as a five-minute egg, or as a bluff barracks-bred manner makes you appear to be, but when the anniversary of the day Old Glory went to the masthead over Fort Santiago, and Captain H. L. Heath, under higher orders, stationed a color guard there from the 2nd Oregon Volunteers and kept them there all night, you doff some of your dourness and you think of gallant days when you were up in the front trenches of life with down on your lip and a gun on your shoulder—days of youth and derringdo. You feel yourself jostled in with your regiment of young bravos and punted about on rotten transports; you itch with the unbearable discomfort of your woolen uniform; you slosh through the muddy encampments, trudge along the gullied breastworks, deploy against the bullet-spitting blockhouses, stand outpost duty, and bayonet shadows that may materialize into the bolo-wielding enemy. You *sigue Dagupan, espera Caloocan*: you fire the engine, or control its throttle, or keep the cars coupled on the military trains supplying the army marching northward. You brawl, you take blows and give them quickly. You draw your pay and go *down the line* . . . you shoot craps, guzzle big draughts of beer, barge into the variety shows and toss dollars at the feet of the Sydney girls. You bait Taft—what the h—kind of pioneer was he, anyway?—but you realize that after all he was not a bad one.

You man Taft's civil-service, an altruist in spite of yourself. You live *the earlies*, the days of the empire, over again and would give a miser's treasure to have them back again. Yet you have adjusted yourself to the current order, in absolute contrast with the golden period of your life: you old veterans are admirable burghers now; even more—obeying laws you do not make, acquiescing in a queer and motley régime you can not influence, yet do not approve. An astonishing number of you are successful, not a few outstandingly so, whether you still live in the Philippines or have made your career in the homeland. Others are less successful, materially at least. There is a song of the oldtime camp-meeting and revival days (which decisively influenced your callow years, admit it or not), *When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder*. But it would be inspiring to call the roll down here, of the miners, the maestros, the homesteaders, the teamsters, the road and bridge builders, the contractors and subcontractors, the postmasters, the linemen—the roll of all the pioneers together—and see them assemble into the regiments of volunteers and regular troops

making up the rank and file of the forces of the occupation and the Philippine campaign: for a more capable generation of men was never bred. Only memory, however, is the bugler; and many are sleeping deeply and can not hear the call.

But when the roll is called up yonder, especially if it is a call to some vain aid of heaven, they and all the rest of you will be there.

JACK IN THE BOX

Though there is depression enough in the Philippines the Davis administration manages to keep some *jack* in the strongbox, and while it proposes a budget within the expected income of ₱70,000,000 or thereabouts it pays off ₱12,000,000 of bonds and keeps the peso well protected at par. This is somewhat offset by the declining circulation, shrinking a million or two every week of late, but on the whole it makes the fundamentals of doing business about as favorable as could be expected. But the newspapers are bidding Governor Davis goodbye, they believe he is soon to be succeeded by Theodore Roosevelt, who has been governing Porto Rico—a harder post because economically Porto Rico is much worse off than the Philippines. Roosevelt should remain in Porto Rico, where his industrial and land reforms are but well under way; Davis should remain in the Philippines, where his financial policy and his Mindanao program have just been well begun.

Because both men should remain in their present positions, perhaps both will be sent to new ones—both the Philippines and Porto Rico will lose competent governors, and the Philippines will gain another green one. It is also a bad precedent to make the Porto Rican post a stepping-stone to Manila. The body that can put a stop to this rotten politics played at the expense of the territories involved, is the United States senate. If Davis leaves Manila, the senate should give President Hoover but one choice for his successor. That choice is, promotion of the vice-governor general.

At the time the vice-governor is promoted to the governorship, a new vice-governor should be chosen.

The new vice-governor should be a Democrat, since the governor, if he be the vice-governor promoted, will be a Republican. Thus the senate can put the governorship entirely out of politics, as it ought to be—as it was up to 1913; and it would again be full of dignity, personal responsibility, power. The government would again be in balance. The senate might even fix a term, say four years, for governors to serve, with a vacation at the end of two years. This term should have no relation to changing administrations at Washington. Until the senate does something similar to the plan here proposed, and to the purpose of it, the senate will share the ignominy, deep and accursed, of the emasculation of the governorship of the Philippines. Politics has maimed the office foully: its aims are now worth no attention, for they are puerile, evanescent futilities.

—W. R.