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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Not His Talent But His Character

FOR THE LAST EIGHT AND FORTY YEARS, WE HAVE REMEMBERED Rizal, in June and December. On these occasions, we have extolled his many-sided talent and virtues. Every community had orators, poets, and songsters eager to pay tribute to "the Greatest Man the Malay Race ever produced." Thousands of beauties have been crowned to honour this exceptional genius, who was physician, oculist, linguist, philosopher, poet, novelist, playwright, painter and wood-carver, musician, fencer, scientific agriculturist, naturalist, mentor, crusader, nationalist, patriot and martyr. Periodicals from time to time managed to unearth an interesting anecdote or a piece of writing or thought by or about him to reveal his exceptional ability in this endeavour or that, and why he surpassed many men by nature and by training, and why because of his many-sided genius he is a worthy example to young and old alike. Which, without doubt, he is.

But somehow, so much attention has been directed towards his personal abilities and the admirable facility with which he cultivated new interests and branched out into almost any activity in which, with little effort, he invariably excelled. His private life and his secret loves were ventilated and wondered at. Who is the admiring young or the credulous old who has not marvelled at the fantastic versions of the manner in which he fell, his heart pierced by the alien dominator's bullets?

Perhaps through no fault of well-meaning hero-worshippers, Rizal's life has become a rarity regarded with unreasoning admiration and curiosity, its true meaning all but lost to the generations most called upon to translate into living reality the ideals he lived and died for. In his people's fuller realization of his consuming passion for national dignity and self-respect, engendered in the firm character and national solidarity of the Filipinos, is Rizal's greatness measured. True, we were not wanting in correlating some aspects of his moral and patriotic fervour to an occasional excitement or an attempt to stir up a lukewarm Filipinism;

but, since the shallow interests and exotic alien distractions of the past called for nothing more substantial than lip-service and even this was gradually lost in elaborate programmes of little civic value, we had to wait for a global war to bring us the blessings of his restoration to the level of his true worth and stature.

We missed Rizal's meaning, not so much by a dullness of wit or deliberate intent, as by our insistence to measure his greatness not in terms of human character but in terms of the natural gifts considered and appreciated as private assets necessary to individual success. Taken individually, and given the opportunity, the Filipino is the equal if not the better of other individuals elsewhere in the world.

And therein lies our strength and our weakness as a nation: that the individual Filipino can be superior but as a national unit weakened by the dearth of individual talents ready to bury personal glory and convenience to the necessary self-effacement that national unity demands. In our eagerness to demonstrate individual aptitudes and to glory in their cultivation, we think not in terms of the honour or the disgrace which we cast upon that sum-total of the combined human willition and character we call the Filipino nation, but rather of our narrow individual self. We quite miss the point that had we been born in some Polynesian atoll, we would not have been afforded the opportunities and the natural talent in which our nation and race have been favoured to excel, that we owe it all to the country that gave us birth and, of course, to a just God who has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to give us this land.

Thus is Rizal's true worth lost in the individualistic buy-and-sell man who believes that the country had been made for him to do as he pleased and that the fellow who are compelled by their principles to stay away from the fortunes of the black market are unfortunate, dullards. He has forgotten that Rizal could have been a very rich man had he chosen to utilise his abundant talent to satiate his capacity for personal wellbeing and the good life, that the fact that Rizal's character firmly attached the patriot to an uncompromising principle which led to his martyrdom, far from qualifying Rizal as an unfortunate dullard, confirmed his greatness and held up this nation to the just admiration and respect of the whole world. Rizal dies in those of us who are lost in our ego, who think more of what we can get in terms of personal wellbeing—abundant cash, loot, rice, privileges, bonuses, possessions and comforts procured in a manner which we hide even from ourselves, personal security, freedom from inconvenience, or the solicitude to live at any cost and under any circumstance.

Rizal is worlds apart from us in that Rizal had character, which alone makes a man; and he had principles by which a true man always abides with all the strength of his character, no matter to what personal misfortune his attachment to those principles may lead him. When his friends offered him a fake passport with the wherewithal and the opportunity to escape the injustice of an impending martyrdom, like Socrates of an earlier day, our hero chided his well-meaning friends for inducing him to run away like a guilty criminal, away from the only country and people he had learned to cherish and whom he must never abandon to their hapless fate. He accepted an unjust verdict and faced death with the joy of one who is assured in his heart that death would at last release him from the narrow prison cell of individual self and take him away to the infinite and eternal felicity of an ever-fulfilling deathlessness, and to crown with it his people and those of other climes and ages that might derive great rewards therefrom.

A Way of Life

By BENJAMIN SALVOSA

NATIONS ARE ONLY AS strong as the moral strength of their peoples. History is quite plain on this point. The leader who is to make his country rise above its vicissitudes must grasp this basic fact.

The new Civic Code now awaiting approval at Malacañan, is therefore of far-reaching importance. An embodiment of the best Filipino thought and philosophy, it is a document that should mould the character of the nation according to the ideals and traditions of the race.

The Code is probably the most enduring gift that the Republic can bestow upon the people this Christmas.

China achieved greatness and power when it founded a way of life based upon love, loyalty, marital fidelity, obedience and sincerity. These precepts, modified by Kung Fu-tze's definition of the superior man, probably reflect the highest fulfillment of the Chinese soul.

The greatness of Japan was hewn out of Bushido, the Way of the Warrior. Kudo, the Way of the Emperor, drives the Japanese to deeds of heroism and loyalty. With Buddhism and Shintoism, which temper these two, they explain why the Japanese are determined in battle and at the same time are inordinately fond of such gossamer things as painting and the tea ceremony.

Courage, loyalty, obedience and truthfulness—the Code of the Spartan—made possible the glory that was Greece, a glory that was torn by its roots when desire for comfort made

weaklings out of the Greeks and hastened their moral decay. The old virtues—piety, modesty, courage, fortitude, prudence, honesty and trustworthiness—were at the base of the grandeur that was Rome. The Roman of Caesar's time was a strong Roman; but the Roman that followed him was more concerned with material ease than with things of the spirit, and as a result he found his empire falling about his ears.

A nation's greatness results from the desire of its people to achieve greatness—results, in short, from a man's quest for perfection. Generations bequeath to those that succeed them the virtues that embody their highest moral development. If the heir proves worthy, it contributes to this moral growth and makes itself greater than its predecessor; if weak, it drives itself on the lonely road to oblivion.

Keeping morally strong is difficult. The validity of moral principles is to a great extent affected by economic and social conditions. Morality is in fact related to environment. A nation should therefore see that its moral strength is not reduced no matter what the circumstances, and that it is not undermined by newfangled philosophies and ideas.

Our public schools are committed to the task of bringing our youth to their fullest moral growth. That is only proper: the youth not only succeed to the moral principle of their elders but also to the work of shap-

ing the character of their sons. But classroom instruction on the virtues is not enough. There should be a Code—a Way of Life, if you please—dedicated to the task of giving a people their own peculiar identity. That code should represent the distilled thought of a nation and should reflect its traditions. It should be a Way of Life that those of the present would live and those of the future carry on.

II

The new Civic Code was formulated by a Committee* created for that purpose by Administrative Order No. 15 promulgated on February 12, 1944. It consists of four parts: the Precepts, the Quotations, the Anecdotal and Explanatory Materials, and the Appendix. The first consists of the precepts for each of the 29 virtues chosen; the second of selected extracts from the writing of 17 great Filipinos; the third of anecdotes that illustrate certain aspects of the character of these great men; and the fourth of Rizal's Don'ts from the constitution of the La Liga Filipina, the Duties of the Sons of the People by Bonifacio, the True Decalogue of Mabini, the aims of *Ang Bagong Katipunan*, and the Code of Ethics of the defunct Commonwealth.

The Committee explains in its letter of transmittal to the President that:

In doing its work the Committee was guided by certain definite principles, the better to comply with Your Excellency's instructions. These principles are:

1. That not only those who are popularly esteemed as national heroes, but those distinguished and illustrious Filipinos as well whose achievements and wisdom have made them worthy teachers of our people be included as sources of materials. This explains the inclusion of men like Francisco Baltazar, Modesto de Castro, T. H. Pardo de Tavera, Cayetano Arellano, Rafael

Palma, Teodoro M. Kalaw and others, in the list of those whose works the committee read and studied.

2. That although Administrative Order No. 15 sets forth the virtues on which quotations were to be sought, the Committee would not limit itself to these, but would add others whenever warranted by the quotations unearthed.

3. That, whenever possible, the quotations be in the language in which they were originally written, the better to permit faithful translations to be made subsequently into English and Tagalog. On the other hand, English would be used for the precepts, and English or Spanish for the anecdotal and explanatory materials.

4. That the Code emphasise the virtues which make for collective rather than individual perfection, on the principle that our people, strongly inclined as they already are to individualistic ways, should be inured more and more to the discipline necessary for collective or communal living.

5. That the Code, while strongly nationalistic in content, should also be sufficiently imbued with ideals and aspirations of an international order so as to fit our people to live in the world and with the world.

6. That the Code, while recognising and giving due consideration to the present situation and predicament of the nation, should at the same time adhere to norms of thought and conduct that have timeless and universal validity.

The precepts avoid the use of the biblical "thou" and are grouped under four heads; General, Social, Individual, and Women.

Those in the first group are:

1. Have faith in Divine Providence that guides the destinies of men and nations.

2. Love your country faithfully, for it is the home of your people, the inheritance from your ancestors, and

*Jaime C. de Vera. (Chairman), Salvador P. Lopez (Secretary), Mariano V. de los Santos, Encarnacion Alzona, Juan Coliza, Jose D. Ingles, Jose A. Luasang.

the legacy to your descendants. Serve it loyally in any capacity however humble, and consider its defense as your primary duty. Gladly sacrifice everything for it, even life itself, if necessary.

3. Love your fellowman as a brother and companion in life's journey. Brotherly love begets unity, strength, and happiness. Through loving-kindness life's hardships are easier borne, and its bounties more keenly enjoyed.

4. Honour your parents and serve them gratefully and dutifully. Respect your elders and hearken to their counsel.

5. Venerate the memory of the nation's heroes by making their ideals your own and your children's. Their lives exemplify the best qualities of the race and their deeds have made the proud events of Philippine history. Their achievements summarise the nation's highest efforts and constitute its everlasting inspiration.

The precepts in the second group (Social):

1. Be industrious and do your work well. Work is not a curse but a blessing; be not ashamed to engage in productive toil however lowly. It is your duty to improve your heritage from your predecessors and to transmit it to posterity in a better and more useful form.

2. Develop your faculties through study without departing from the path of virtue. Seek knowledge throughout the world that you may improve yourself and be better able to contribute to the progress of your country and of humanity.

3. Respect the law and the duly constituted authorities. The stability of the state rests on the respect of its citizens for law and authority. Without stability there can be no peace, morality or progress in any community.

4. Contribute to the common good as a matter of civic duty. You do

not live for yourself or your family alone; you have definite responsibilities to the society of which you are a part. Social discipline requires that you subordinate personal interest to the general welfare.

5. Strive always to be fair and just in your dealings with everybody. In the ideals of justice and righteousness lies the strength of nations, and a people that firmly believes in justice cannot be deceived easily or oppressed for long.

6. Be tolerant of the ways, beliefs and opinions of others. Try to understand the points of view of those who differ with you. Welcome criticism because it helps you to see yourself as others see you, and thus, improve yourself.

7. Be ever vigilant against oppression or injustice in any form. It is your duty to denounce the existence of evil and the commission of crime, particularly the corruption of public officials, and to see to it that all wrong-doers are brought to justice. To condone evil instead of combating it is to fail in your first duty as a citizen.

8. Imitate good customs and practices. Reject bad examples. Always endeavour to equal, if not to excel, the best models in any field of activity, irrespective of nationality, race or creed.

9. Observe the rules of sportsmanship. In any contest be considerate of the feelings of your opponents. In victory be modest; in defeat good-natured.

10. Treat everybody, high or low, with courtesy. Good breeding is manifested through clean speech, proper dress, dignified bearing, and an amiable behaviour which consists in readiness to help and unwillingness to offend others. Good manners may not make the man but they reveal him.

Those in the third group (Individual):

1. Value your honour as you value your life. Poverty with honour is preferable to wealth with dishonour.

2. Be truthful and sincere in word and action. Be tireless, open-minded and thorough in the pursuit of truth; and in the fight for truth be constant, uncompromising, and brave.

3. Bear suffering with fortitude. More than anything else adversity reveals the true worth of a man. A life of ease often weakens the will and undermines the character; hardship brings out the latent powers of body and soul.

4. Have confidence in yourself. Depend on your own efforts, never relying on the favour of friends or relatives, the charity of neighbours, and the paternalism of the government. Develop initiative and originality; do not be afraid to venture into new fields of enterprise.

5. Be humble. Acknowledge your own shortcomings; no human being is perfect. Self-improvement is impossible without humility. Learn from your past errors and avoid committing the same mistake twice.

6. Temper your will and curb your passions. A long, happy, and useful life is the reward of moderation and self-control. Only he who can master himself is worthy to lead others.

7. Live within your means and save for a rainy day. Avoid all forms of extravagance, pretense, and dissipation. Refrain from getting into debt, except it be for a wise or useful purpose. Thrift leads to economic independence.

8. Ever keep in mind an honourable purpose as the goal of your strivings, and then seek to realise it through positive action. Words, knowledge, and ideals are not enough to build a great nation; every man must endeavour through action to make himself a part of the edifice, instead of being like a useless stone in the field.

9. Persevere in every useful undertaking. Do not be disheartened by difficulties nor dashed by failure. Success goes to the strong and resolute in spirit.

10. Do your work on time. Leave nothing undone that you can do today. Be punctual in your engagements. Failure to be punctual is a breach of courtesy and a waste of time.

11. Keep your body clean, your clothes neat, and your home and surroundings orderly. Cleanliness is essential to individual health and community welfare.

12. Learn to appreciate beauty in nature, art, and literature. Love of the beautiful has an elevating influence and ennobles the human spirit.

The last group (Women):

1. Respect woman regardless of social rank. Regard her as a companion and partaker of your joys and sorrows, and as a partner in your aspirations and efforts to promote the public welfare. Respect for woman is a noble tradition of civilised peoples.

2. Filipino women: Bear in mind your grave responsibilities to the nation. Upon you depend in a large measure the wellbeing and happiness of your country. Cultivate your faculties so that you may become prudent, intelligent, and courageous mothers who can instill into the minds of your children the traditional virtues that enable a nation to survive and become great.

These precepts embody virtues that are typically Filipino. As a matter of fact, they mirror Filipino tradition. The lives of great Filipinos prove that they are closely woven in the fabric of our national life.

III

Faith in Divine Providence is an innate Filipino trait. Before the landing of the Spaniards, the Tiguilogs had a God whom they called

Bathala. The Visayans called Him *Laon*, the *Zambals Akasi*. Historians declare that the Filipinos owe his faith in Divine Power to his forebears in India and Sumatra.

"Above the popular will and the egoism of nations," said Cayetano Arellano, "the predominance of race, and the lust of conquest, there is in the mighty current of human affairs a superior force which impels toward progress, and produces from time to time great men who execute the Divine Will which regulates the universal harmony."

These words find recognition in the Constitution which requires key officials, from the President down, to take an oath of office wherein they invoke the aid of God. Churches, buildings and improvements used exclusively for religious purposes are, by mandate of the Constitution, exempt from taxation. The state encourages religion as a means to mould a citizenry that will lead the good and abundant life.

Love of country stands out in almost every page of our history. The roll of those who raised the banner of freedom begins with Lapu-Lapu who bested the conquistadors under Magellan in Mactan on April 27, 1521. The rest consists of glorious names. Rajah Soliman, Magat Salamat, Diego Silang, Gregorio del Pilar, Iloilo-Igona, Rizal—the list is long.

Rizal's return to the Philippines in 1892, fraught with danger, was impelled by a desire to "show those that deny us patriotism that we know how to die for duty and principle... Always I have loved our unhappy land, and... I am ready to sacrifice for it... I shall die blessing it and longing for the dawn of its redemption."

The declaration of independence in Kawit on June 12, 1898, voiced the resolve to "support... this declaration (with) our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred possession, which is our honour."

Love of fellowmen, as broad as it

is human, is an old Filipino trait; in fact it has been expressed by even the most nationalistic Filipinos. Emilio Jacinto, the Brain of the Revolution, put it thus:

"Out of love and helpfulness for our fellows originate sincerity and charity—beautiful flowers that bloom in the pure heart and balm for the unfortunate."

Bonifacio, fiery as he was, recognised its importance. "Share with the poor and unfortunate whatever is in your power to give."

The typical Filipino viewpoint is that if one desires to command the respect of his fellows, one must not be overbearing, because it is not that, but righteousness and kindness that develop the love and respect of men.

Respect for parents is summarised by old saying: "Three friends has man, God, his Father, and his Mother. He who honours his parents honours God." Yet, to the Filipino, that is not enough; he further modified it. He who loves his elders loves his neighbour, and he who loves his neighbour obeys God.

The Filipino virtue of filial love is rooted in ancestor worship, practiced widely in the Philippines at the coming of the Spaniards. Feodor Jagor observes that "the authority of the parents and of the eldest brother is supreme, and the younger sisters never venturing to oppose it, women and children are kindly treated."

Ramon Reyes Lala notes that there was "extreme family affection. They are very fond of their children, who, as a rule, are respectful and well-behaved. The noisy hoodlums of European and American cities are utterly unknown."

So strong are ties in the Filipino family that the freedom at present enjoyed by women has not in any way reduced them. Filipinos are natural home lovers; and the teachings of the Catholic Church, which put emphasis on filial love and obedience, have buttressed family solidarity.

The sons and daughters who are unmarried still live with the parents and give them their earnings. The mother remains the family treasurer; aged and needy relatives are well taken care of.

Reverence for heroes constitute a part of a nation's traditions. For a nation to be able to meet the challenge of the future, it must draw inspiration from its past.

Our great heroes—Rizal, Bonifacio, Del Pilar, Lopez-Jaena—gave us our national identity through sacrifice and blood. Balintawak, Tirad Pass, Zapote Bridge, Kawit—these are not merely events in our history; they are monuments to the intrinsic worth of our people.

Reverence for our heroes not only implies our appreciation for the part they played during the events of their time but also our willingness to meet the problems of our own generation with the same zeal and honour with which they did theirs.

Industry was the firm base upon which Jose Acosta built his fortune. "Work unceasingly," he told his children, "for if a man does not work, the soil will only produce weeds and thorns."

The counsel is not new; it is almost classical. But men are so often and so easily tempted to the ways of laziness that industry should be unceasingly stressed.

Interest in education makes for intellectual enlightenment and personal and national progress. Jose Burgos expresses the need for education pungently:

"Get educated. Use the schools of our country for as much as they can give. Learn from our elder men what they know... Be a Filipino always, but an educated Filipino."

Education is intimately connected with the development of a nation in all its phases. An enlightened people means an enlightened nation. An enlightened nation is nearly always a great nation.

According to Tavera, "Rizal desired to go to Europe in order to educate himself, to become useful to his people. He was not moved by the wish to have a good time and enjoy life."

Respect for law and authority—what does it amount to? Bonifacio's answer is: "He who obeys the power conferred by the people obeys the people and identifies himself with the will of all the citizens that compose the people, which identification of accord is necessary for the very life of the people."

Bonifacio saw that principle as primordial. It had a relation with the "life of the people," and the Great Plebian insisted that the "welfare of the people is the sole purpose of all the governments on earth. The people is all: blood and life, wealth and strength, all is the people."

Respect for law is vital to a nation because it makes for peace; and there can be no progress except when there is peace.

Sense of duty and responsibility is paramount in the lives of men and nations. "Go out into the world," said Villamor, "always faithful in the performance of your duties. There are a hundred men who prefer to be told their duties for every man who prefers to pose his duties upon himself. Yet the world is moved by those who impose their duties upon themselves."

Justice and righteousness, practiced widely by Filipinos everywhere, enable men to see other men according to their just lights. They are a characteristic of the heroes who made the proud events in Philippine history.

Tolerance is summed up by Tavera in this manner: "Criticism is the best teacher in the life of a man. It stimulates one to greater study and investigation."

Of tolerance, Rizal says: "We need criticism to keep us awake; it makes us see our mistakes so we can correct them." It was Rizal's opinion that "we should rely upon ourselves alone;

but should ask, listen to others, and then do what we think is proper."

Civic courage, according to Rizal, makes a nation acquire respect, "not by abetting and concealing abuses, but by rebuking and punishing them."

The great propagandist Marcelo H. del Pilar held the belief that all of one's children, be they barrio- or city-bred, educated or unschooled, should honour righteousness.

Judicious imitation is vital to a nation like ours, which has to draw heavily from the cultures of other peoples. According to Villamor, "Good or bad examples influence a man's life in a great degree, as much for the better as for the worse... Use all your efforts for your betterment and perfection; reject bad examples; you should imitate, even excel, good models, but in doing this, you should not lose sight of the good customs and good examples that you have inherited from your forefathers."

Rafael Palma believed that our instinct for imitation should distinguish between good and bad. The good and the false should not be emulated; neither the vices. One should look for and assimilate the best practices and customs of other peoples.

Sportsmanship is more than a mark of the educated man; it completely reveals him. One who is sportsman-like is a modest victor and a good loser.

Of sportsmanship, Modesto de Castro says: "If one should win, he should not show inordinate joy, but if a display of joy be inevitable it should be done in a manner that will not hurt the loser... If one should lose, one should be careful to conceal every hint of sadness or anger."

Good breeding is reflected in the courteous man. Courtesy, says Villamor, "gains all and costs nothing. This is a truth especially applicable to our country where everything can

be obtained through politeness; that is, where the manner counts far more than strength. Oftentimes good words spoken with kindness convince better than good arguments uttered with arrogant petulance."

A Tagalog proverb affirms this view: "It is easy to be a man; difficult to be a gentleman."

Honour is mentioned in the sixth precept of the Katipunan Primer: "To a man of honour, his word is his oath." This enlarges upon the words of the poet: "A good name is rather to be desired than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold."

Of this virtue, Emilio Jacinto writes: "The real man is he who, of tried and trusty valour, does good, keeps his word, and is worthy and self-respecting."

Plaridel put it another way: "The value of one's life can be measured only in terms of human service... Defend the right, happen what may, never fearing whether you win or lose, and your integrity will be upheld or maintained..."

Devotion to truth was a gleaming facet of Rizal's many-sided character. Tavera declares:

"If he has not been a fervent disciple of truth, he would never have had... beautiful moral qualities... Self-control, constancy, firmness of opinion, for example, cannot exist unless one has first worshipped at the shrine of truth."

Once destroyed, a reputation for truth cannot be reestablished. An Ilocano proverb says: "The word of a liar, though true, is never trusted." One should worship—not fear—the truth.

Fortitude, like a chemical, reveals the moral composition of a man.

"In persons of good disposition," said Villamor, "sufferings temper their character and give rise to profound and elevated thoughts... Some Filipinos, apparently useless and without resolution, when placed in some difficult and responsible posi-

should be a rule everywhere. "(It) is one of the first obligations of man," says Tavera, "not only when it is desired to observe the rules of politeness, but as one of the essential disciplines of civilised life."

"Better than the industrious," notes a Tagalog proverb, "is he who is early."

"Cleanliness," according to the biblical statement, "is next to godliness." This is explained by the fact that man's body is a temple of God, and it is man's duty to keep the temple clean.

The maxim, however, is more practical than one might suppose: Cleanliness—both moral and physical—prevents disease and conserves life.

Rizal recognised this truth. Sickly when a boy, he developed, in later life, a strong and supple build.

Appreciation of the beautiful—or, rather, the ability to enjoy the beautiful, distinguishes man from the lower creation. As Fernando Ma. Guerrero observes, "Life consists not only of ideas and knowledge. Life is also sensation, emotion, the vibration of the soul, the eternal thirst for beauty. Not only with bread is man nourished. More often, what matter-of-fact persons qualify with disparagement as visionary, romantic of utopian is the most feasible and effective means that stimulates transcendental achievements in history."

Respect for women has always been a mark of superior civilisations. Na-

tions that fail to give recognition to the importance to women in the scheme of living are generally stagnant and unprogressive.

"Do not look upon women," said Emilio Jacinto, "as a plaything, but as a friend and companion in life's hardship. Accord full respect to their weakness; remember your mother from whose womb you came and who nursed you as a babe."

Feminine virtues should be kept alive by a nation's womanhood. As Modesto de Castro says, "A young woman should remember that though she may be beautiful and rich and can properly groom herself, if she does not know how to keep house, she is valueless in the eyes of the wise; because woman is the keeper of the honour of the house, an honour that is destroyed by the untidy woman."

He continues: "A young woman should contemplate on the fact that her honour is like riches... that once destroyed can not be mended again, that once dropped can not again be picked up. Like shining and clear crystal that, once broken, cannot be made whole again."

The precepts—and the quotations behind them—of the new Civic Code embody the best Filipino thought, distilled and made pure. The virtues emphasised in the Code are characteristically native. They should help make the Filipinos a great people and be as a rock upon which to build their spiritual edifice.



No Pushover—

LT GEN. WALTER KRUEGER, Commander of the U. S. 6th Army in the Leyte Operations: The folks back home are wrong if they think the Japanese fighting the battle on Leyte island are a pushover.

"The Vision of a Great Example"

By BENJAMIN P. DIONISIO

IT IS A QUIET MORNING ON December 30, 1896. The sun, lazily dispelling the mists, spreads its slowly emerging rays over grass-carpeted Bagumbayan. The macabre stillness is pierced by a fusillade of rifle shots. A condemned patriot finds peace at last in death and goes the long way of his ancestors to meet somewhere in that dim eternity the supreme Judge of all. That man whose memory lingers on in the hearts of friend and foe alike is the Filipinos' national hero.

Time has marched swiftly since then. Forty-eight years in the reckoning. Events that transpired after that December morn were to justify the faith and hopes of the Great Malayan. The revolution of 1896 held at bay the haughty oppressors of the race. The Republic, memorable and yet short-lived, was proclaimed to the world by Gen. Aguinaldo. The Americans came to the Philippines and against them our war-worn and ill-equipped soldiery continued the uneven struggle. We lost in the fight and had been under the United States until the outbreak of the war when Japan expelled her from our country. And now, America once again seeks to reconquer our country in order to use her, not in self-defense or to uphold any high principle or ideal, but as the stepping stone to her imperialistic exploitation of East Asia.

After two years of war, our busy buy-and-sell *Rialto* offers us intimate

scenes of the laxity and retrogression that is slowly undermining the secure foundations of our society. Vendors selling their wares at exorbitant prices; idlers—young and old, schooled and unschooled—lolling about when the others have buckled down to constructive endeavour.

If Dr. Jose Rizal were alive today would he not voice the same indignation as he had during his time over the moral lassitude of our people? Would he not wish to offer his life once more at Bagumbayan in order to stir his people from the downtrodden ways of crass individualism and selfish patriotism? His was a life richly and nobly lived—the life of a great man, of a creative genius, of a sincere patriot. In it are mirrored abundant instances of his creative zeal and indomitable will—examples which should put the present generation to shame.

Even while he was engrossed in his studies abroad, he endeavoured to strengthen the fragile threads of Filipino nationalism. He despised individualism, believing that only understanding and common action among our people can save them from the evils of Spanish exploitation. Thus, on one occasion, he exploded: "So many intellects were lost in themselves for lack of union and because of excessive individualism. Each one went his own way, paying no attention to diversions or strikes. There were no two beings alike. In the midst of the bustle of the big city,

and in view of the gradually decaying state of the fatherland, we were like grains of sand in the whirlwind following a cab."

Besides writing his great novels, he organised several societies dedicated to further his country's progress. During the international exposition in Paris, he organised the *paisanos* who attended the event, and also laid the groundwork for the *Asociacion Internacional de Filipinistas* with prominent European scholars as active members. While in Hongkong, he conceived *La Liga Filipina*, which fostered compact unity, mutual defense, mutual protection, a progressive educational system, and benevolent reforms. Not only this. He laid out plans for a Filipino colony in Sandakan, a British territory southwest of Sulu, where he envisioned a haven for his oppressed countrymen.

Many times during his extensive travels abroad he was at the point of marriage but, at the last moment, he would falter and then forget. There was Gertrude Beckett in London, O-Sei-San in Japan, and Consuelo Ortiga y Rey in Madrid. Was he not human after all, ruled by the same passions, and dominated by the same pulsating heart? But to the great realist that he was, there was only one love—his oppressed and unfortunate *Filipinas*—for whom he was to make the supreme sacrifice. Love for the native soil meant everything—indeed more than life itself—and anything that stood in its way was to be brushed aside, every hardship to be suffered and endured, every difficulty to be hurdled that the goal may be attained and its fruits enjoyed.

It is well to remember his words, eloquent then and yet still alive with

truth and directness today: "A good citizen will aid with his head, his heart, and if need be, with his hands the progress of his country." This message finds resonance in the inaugural speech of President Jose P. Laurel: "There is need of awakening the moral consciousness of our people so that they may be able to face their new responsibilities with added vigour and enthusiasm. We should evolve a new type of citizen who would be ready and willing to subordinate himself to the larger and more vital interests of the State."

The challenge of constructive work stands out ever prominently. Rizal accepted it, undaunted by fearful odds and unperturbed by the distracting illusions of everyday life. The challenge of death came, too; and this he could have ignored had he no other consideration than his individual welfare. But he feared nothing because he was selfless, his whole being was his people, his country; and if he died, he knew that death would kill only the narrow, mortal individual, while the great passion for the native land would be enhanced by that transient accident of his martyrdom. True he fell without seeing the dawn of a new day, but truer still is the fact that his people, inspired by his creative patriotism, have marched onward to capture their place in the sun. We are free, as he had dreamed we should be; and we are at war, fighting to perpetuate that freedom. The "vision of a great example" should shame us out of our individualism, our selfishness, our indecision in this moment of grave crisis. Shall we let the challenge go unanswered?



tion, have shown strength of character, ability, courage and abnegation which were never before seen in them. And it is because their trying experiences bring forth their latent virtues and reveal their hidden qualities.

Francisco Baltazar writes of weaklings with disdain in his *Plorante at Laura*. A man used to a life of ease, he says, is sickly and weak of heart. He is not beaten by a problem, but by the mere contemplation of the difficulties of the problem.

Self-reliance shines in the life of Mabini. Success, as his life proves, is attainable if one develops self-reliance, though he be both poor and is handicapped by physical infirmity. Through an unconquerable will, Mabini rose above great odds to positions of command. He finished his law course with honours in spite of poverty; stricken with paralysis in his later years, he discharged his duty as prime and foreign minister of the Revolutionary Government with distinction.

Teodoro M. Kalaw pays this tribute to Mabini: "Agree with me in that a great part of his life was a life of poverty, of sufferings, of abnegations... Mabini triumphed over his century, not only as a patriot and statesman, but as a man as well. Fate prosecuted him from his birth, and he triumphed over Fate."

Humility, taught by all religions and all creeds, "tempers a man's virtues and makes him whole."

One must not, says Modesto de Castro, remember his worth, his knowledge, his beauty or goodness; one must never lose sight of his faults so that he can conquer his pride.

Self-control, from the points of view of Villamor, is essential because a "self-denying man is capable of performing the most noble deeds. Moderation and prudence in our acts are virtues which fit men to act commendably in all phases of life"

He continues: "Moderation in the

use of words is exceedingly important because . . . most of the disputes among men arise from the use of offensive language. The use of good or bad expressions is full of significance in life. Words and expressions contain the germs of good or evil that men transmit to their descendants even to the last generation. . . ."

Frugality was one of Mabini's strongest virtues. In spite of the means for luxurious living that his high position in the Revolutionary Government afforded him, he remained frugal and simple.

The famous jurist Cayetano S. Arellano, although he could well afford to be extravagant in his later years, remained simple and frugal to the end of his life.

Purposeful living is summarised by Jose P. Laurel thus: "Purpose and attitude are all important. Without the will to work, industry degenerates into the drudgery of the slave; but blessed by the driving inspiration of a willing heart and a duty-conscious mind, labour is the supreme means of self-fulfillment for the individual. It opens limitless fields wherein to give his talents full play; it justifies his existence in this world."

Perseverance had a supreme moment in Philippine history when Plaridel declared "Let us not hesitate even if we must meet barriers and thorns on the way. What are these little inconveniences compared to the great misfortune of our country?"

Of Rizal's perseverance, Villamor says: "His difficulties and sufferings stimulated (it), and the many obstacles which he encountered on his way stirred his energy and fortified his character. In this way he was able to complete his two literary books which gave him literary renown."

Mabini had a phrase for perseverance—"constant endeavour and honest effort."

Punctuality is a rule in offices—it

In Memory of Masao Matsuoka

By SUMIO MAKINO

ONE OF THE MOST SINCERE friends of the Filipino people was bland, patriarchal Masao Matsuoka, first president of the Manila *Sinbun-sya*. On October 28 of this year, Mr. Matsuoka breathed his last in his home in Tokyo. Thousands—men of various nationalities—mourned his death. Even when death was near, he talked and listened to news about his beloved Philippines.

The affable, understanding old man of the Manila *Sinbun-sya* was well-known not only among his journalistic colleagues but also among Philippine leaders. He was a close personal friend of His Excellency, President Jose P. Laurel. He was, in fact, a close friend of all—artists, writers, businessmen, social workers. Quiet, soft-spoken and self-sacrificingly modest, he helped a good many Filipinos—talents that he called his protégés—freely and anonymously.

That benign countenance of Mr. Matsuoka is gone forever. I was one of his protégés, but I certainly was not alone in feeling profound loss over his death. A truly cultured man, he knew how to deal with all kinds of people. He made friends everywhere. He was a diplomat of goodwill, lending his support to nationalistic causes, and going out of his way to give it freely.

He was an active proponent of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, a cause he believed in at a very early age. He was something of a pioneer whose firm conviction that the Co-Prosperity Sphere would

be established remained unshaken until his death.

I left my Manila assignment for Tokyo in June of this year. Mr. Matsuoka had left earlier, due to illness. On arriving in Tokyo, I went to see Mr. Matsuoka. He was in good spirits. He talked about the Philippines a lot. He lived without showing any indication that he was a sick man. His condition was better than I had expected. He listened with lively interest to matters pertaining to the Philippines. He discussed the international situation with unusual insight.

But Mr. Matsuoka was not a healthy man. He had had an attack of cerebral hemorrhage, and was waging a gallant battle against the illness. Then one day, on the morning of October 20, he had another attack. He sank into a coma from which he never recovered until he died. At 1:32 a. m. on October 28, he started on the long journey from which no traveller returns.

His last moments were quiet. In death, his face lost none of its benign cast, although it looked a trifle thinner for his illness. Death took him at a time when the Greater East Asia War was entering a decisive stage.

His friends kept vigil over his dead body. On this occasion, one of his old friends remarked reverently: "Mr. Matsuoka's interest in the Philippines dates back to his college days." I know, for I heard him say once: "As a child, I heard from my father that there was a Filipino general named

Aguinaldo. Despite the fact that the Americans had put a price on his head, this Filipino general bravely presented himself to the American authorities. I know then, and thought, that General Aguinaldo must be a very brave man." His interest in the Philippine affairs increased as a student at the University of Keio from which he was graduated.

Shortly after Mr. Matsuoka's graduation from this college, he became an official with the government general of Taiwan. When his government commissioned him to make a trip to the Philippines, he left immediately. In Manila, he made friends with Teodoro M. Kalaw, then Director of the National Library, and Dr. Mariano Ponce. His assignment took him farther to the southern regions, and then to North and South America and, finally, to Europe. His travels did not deflect his interest in the southern regions of Asia. He was particularly interested in the affairs and in the future of the Philippines.

In Tokyo, Mr. Matsuoka forged an early friendship with General Artemio Ricarte, and extended help to many Filipino refugees in the Japanese capital. He took part in frank, sympathetic discussions of the Philippines and of the role the Philippines would play in Greater East Asia.

The late Mr. Matsuoka's specialty was colonial policies. An authority on the subject, he gave lectures at the University of Keio, and the University of Commerce of Tokyo. Scholars and students know him for the authoritative books he wrote on his favourite subject of colonial policies.

When the Manila *Sinbun-sya* was organised early in 1942, Mr. Masao Matsuoka was chosen to serve as its first president. He was then sixty-three. He stayed in the Philippines for one year and three months. During that short period, he made lasting friendships with his colleagues,

government officials, statesmen, artists, writers, and the common folk. He had cordial relations with his great and good friend, President Jose P. Laurel. In the Manila *Sinbun-sya* he found stimulation and comradeship in the company of Don Pedro Aunario and Don Alejandro Roces. With these distinguished confreres, he exchanged opinions most frankly and without reserve on the present state of Nippon-Filipino relationship, and its future.

An idea of the late Mr. Matsuoka was that there could be no politics worth its salt unless it had love for its basis. This he demonstrated during his stay in the Philippines. He understood the social customs and traditions of Filipinos, and observed them accordingly. He was a student of Tagalog, and wanted to look like a Filipino by wearing a *barong Tagalog*.

President Matsuoka was intensely interested in promoting and raising the standards of Philippine music. He lent active support to artists, and actually initiated the holding of a musical concourse for the leading talents of the land. First prize-winner in this contest was the young pianist, Angelina Reyes. A significant story is related about President Matsuoka's seeing Miss Reyes in his sleep one afternoon at the Nippon Hospital. Mr. Matsuoka had just undergone an operation for nasal catarrh. In his sleep that afternoon, he saw the musical prodigy in a blue dress. In his dream, he looked more closely at his girl-visitor's wrist for the watch that had been given to her as a gift by a Japanese official. At that very moment, Angelina Reyes succumbed to a fatal attack in the midst of a gruelling rehearsal. Nippon Hospital doctors were on their way back from the Nippon Bunka Kaikan, where the accident occurred, while Mr. Matsuoka was telling his story of the dream in which he saw young Angelina.

This story can not be taken lightly. It is significant because it shows President Matsuoka's abiding concern for his Filipino friends. He was a great inspirer, an unselfish friend, a sympathetic patron of the arts.

He was one of the first persons to suggest the setting of an early date for the granting of independence to the Philippines by Japan. He sincerely believed in early Philippine participation in the Greater East Asia War. When the Philippines entered the war in September, he was so overjoyed he muttered from his sickbed: "Very good, very good!" according to members of his family. He maintained constant contact with Ambassador Vargas in Tokyo, and kept tab of everything that had a bearing on the progress of Philippine participation in the Greater East Asia War.

When he heard about Japan's

victory in Taiwan, and in the waters east of the Philippines, he tried to express his thoughts in writing. He raised his hand and asked for pencil and paper. But he was too weak to say or write anything. On October 31, funeral services were held in his honour. Hundreds of distinguished persons, both Japanese and Filipino, attended the service. Ambassador Vargas was present at the ceremonies. Telegrams and letters from distant places poured in, condoling with Mr. Matsuoka's bereaved family.

Posterity will remember that one last wish of President Masao Matsuoka was to have half of his ashes buried in Manila, and the other half in his own Fatherland. President Matsuoka is gone, but his ashes which lie in a tomb that stands nobly in Philippine earth will forever remain a symbol of a great friendship between one of Japan's truly great men and the Filipino people.



Pledge—

GENERAL YAMASITA, Highest Commander of the Imperial Japanese Army in the Philippines: I wish to assure you one and all that my mission of defending the sovereignty and territorial integrity of this country will be fulfilled even at the sacrifice of my own life.

I wish to pledge my word of honour—and the word of honour of a soldier of Japan is definitive and irrevocable—that my mission here is to assist this new-born Republic which has just celebrated its first anniversary to grow unmolested, by any force and from any source into a strong virile nationhood.

"Fair Hope" in Action

By RAFAEL ALDANESE

ABOUT FOUR CENTURIES AGO, the Kalawaan Region assumed ascendancy in Tagalan affairs and it held sway over almost the whole of Central Luzon with an orbit of influence extending from Pangasinan in the north to Borneo and Sarawak in the south.

The key to the secret of this ascendancy in power was the unity between two powerful rajahships, that of Raha Lakandula in Tundo and that of Raha Suliman in Maynila. These two so achieved the consolidation of their strength that their names became synonymous to power in their times, and they achieved through their efforts what may now be considered as the Confederation of Kalawaan.

These two titans of long ago, however, presented a striking contrast. Raha Lakandula was old in years and famed for his exploits as fleet admiral of Borneo and conqueror of Sarawak prior to his assumption of the rajahship of Tundo. He symbolised age with its wisdom and counsel. And therefore, the people revered him and called him Raha Matanda, the "elder rajah".

On the other hand, Raha Suliman was young and the blood of his ancestor-warriors coursed like fire through his veins. His was the glory of actual combats and conquests. His was the strength of youth with its vigour and adven-

turousness. His was a spirit of action and defiant pride of race. And the people revered him and called him Raha Mura, the "younger rajah".

Upon the advent of the *Adelantado* of conquering Spain and upon sight of the imposing array of Hispania's mighty *flotilla* on the horizon at Maynila Bay, Raha Suliman, the "younger rajah", burnt his proud city of Maynila in his plan to consolidate resistance on the shores of Tundo.

On the other hand, because of considerations priorly acquired and because of the display of might of Hispania's *flotilla*, Raha Lakandula counseled non-resistance, peace, and he led his chieftains in welcoming the Spaniards and concluded a blood pact of peace and friendship.

The proud young blood of Raha Suliman recalled the abuses one year before committed by Marshal de Goiti and his men, and forthwith he went to Bulakan and Kapangpangan to raise his Tagalan fleet.

On the 3rd of June, 1571, the younger rajah's Tagalan fleet swept down the north shore of Maynila Bay in battle array in all the pride of pennants and arms. It was a glorious sight, assertive of the greatness of the Tagalan race. Courageously, defiantly, the war-boats moved towards the channel of Bangkusay where the fleet of Marshal de

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Goiti was waiting with the mighty cannons of Spain, the best produced by Europe at the time.

In the unevenness of weapons where hastily wrought *lantakas* were pitted against well-tempered cannons, where the preparation of three months was pitted against the preparation of an entire year, the gallant Tagalog arms clashed with the arms of Spain, and in the thickness of the bloody struggle on Bangkusay, Raha Suliman, true soldier and true Tagalog, died in the midst of gallant men.

Raha Suliman died in that fray, but his spirit of resistance against the Occidental invader perdures unto this day. It found resurrection when the elder Lakandula himself hied to Nabutas to assert the rights of his land. It again found resurrection in the revolt of Kapangpangan and in the Conspiracy of Tundo. Again and still again that young, valiant spirit fought for Tagala in Kagayan and Ilu-ok in 1589, with Magalat in 1596, with the Igurots in 1601, with Gadang in 1621, with Bangkaw and with Tambulot in 1622, again in Kagayan in 1625, in Kara-ga in 1630, with Layda, with Sumoroy, with Manyago, with Malog with Tapad, with Daguhoj, and so on down the centuries to the mutiny in Kabite in 1872 and the Revolt in 1896. Raha Suliman died but the spirit of his struggle against Spanish dominance, the assertion of the greatness of Tagalan arms and the right to freedom of the Tagalan race will never, never die.

Almost four centuries after, Tagala is faced once more with a similar definition of stand. Once more the choice is presented to the Tagalog race, the choice between a wavering stand of a generation fast growing passé and the fiery decision of the young. Wither should our country go? Shall it be with the elders who, because of prior considerations even as in the case of Lakandula, refused the courageous

action of a definite step for the defense of the East against the attacks and onslaughts of the West? Shall it be with the young who, against counsel and prudence perhaps, desire a total union with the East in order to forge a new future of freedom for peoples long oppressed and exploited by adventurers from other regions of the world?

We, who form the "New Leaders Association", we are young and we have blood of fire and adventure and hope. Our choice is definitely for the "young" of this era, the young Republic of the Philippines as against the old artificial set up established by America.

We have categorically stated in our Articles of Association our aims and purposes:

"To collaborate with similar organizations in other East Asian countries, so that the people of Asia may actually participate in all-out efforts to win the present war and thereafter to establish the Co-Prosperity Sphere based upon the precepts enunciated in the Joint Declaration adopted by the representatives of all the East Asian nations."

These spirit and philosophy we again categorically stated in our Manifesto:

"We believe that Providence has so set our Country that we are inevitably linked in destiny with the other nations of the East, and therefore, it behooves us to work with the nations of the East for the peace and happiness of our people."

Towards this end we will work for the solidity and advancement of the Republic of the Philippines, never forgetting in view that first principle in our Octalogue embodied in our Manifesto, that:

"We believe in a free and independent Motherland, great in her history in the past, great in her struggle in the present and great in her destiny in the future."

With these two major principles, we are calling on the rest of the youth of our country to join hands with us in this march to the New Day for the East. We are calling on the youth to accept this challenge to their blood of fire. We address those whom Rizal so endearingly referred to as the "fair hope of my fatherland."

If we fail? It does not matter. The blood of Saliman was shed on Bangkusay and his proud Tagalan fleet failed in their mission to crush the *flotilla* of Spain but his spirit triumphed down the centuries unto this day, and his challenge handed down to the youth of our era is hereby accepted by the "New Leaders Association".

We are now asking the youth of our country to rally with us in our acceptance of this challenge.

To achieve our goal of "Freedom for our Country" and "Collaboration with the East", we are now mapping out plans whereby we could support more effectively the Republic of the Philippines.

We have set out objectives, the first one of which is the voluntary offer of services on our part to the Republic of the Philippines so that we may be able to help distribute foodstuffs to the people who are now, because of the heartlessness of corrupt officials and "*suwapangs*" of the road, because of the selfishness and indifference of the greater bulk of our people, because of the greed and egoism of a few heartless mercenaries, our people are now suffering from hunger and starvation.

That there is a lack of supply of foodstuffs, we do not deny, but that lack of supply does not warrant the

starving conditions and at most, only a state of war frugality which shall carry us through the vicissitudes of this emergency.

Because of heartless money-mad food distributors and retailers, the little supply that there is, fails to reach the smallest homes, and in order to be a bridge whereby these supplies may reach the smallest homes, the "New Leaders Association" hereby volunteer to give their services to the Republic of the Philippines, willing to distribute the foodstuffs to the people without interest or gain.

We are very happy in the encouragement given to us by the authorities of the government of the Republic of the Philippines as also by the Imperial Japanese Army. With their help, we look forward to fulfilling this ardent desire to serve, thus achieving Objective Number One of the "New Leaders Association," namely the distribution of foodstuffs to the people.

We of the "New Leaders Association" have faith in the arms of the great Japanese nation and we know fully well that Japan can take care of the enemies from without. We, the young, will cope with the battle within, against the enemies that prey on the peoples' needs, against the brothers who drink and spill the blood of their own brothers. With the help of our elders, our fathers in the government of the Republic of the Philippines and all brother East Asians who are with us in a common aspiration to be free from invaders and dominators from other spheres, we hope to be of service to our people for the greater glory of our country.



Some Achievements of Our Republic*

By JACINTO R. DE LEON

THE REPUBLIC OF THE Philippines may be likened to an infant born in parlous days and, probably, a little before its time. The birth of the Republic caused no small consternation in the household, as it were, what with the general confusion caused by the greatest war that has visited mankind.

On October 14, 1943, the Republic of the Philippines was established and inaugurated with simple ceremonies at the Legislative Building in the City of Manila. The granting of such independence was, of course, considered a boon and a historic event in the life of our race. But our Republic was ushered in the midst of tumult and dangers, and has had to face multifarious problems unusually difficult to solve. In his inaugural address, His Excellency, President Jose P. Laurel of the Republic of the Philippines did not hesitate to reveal to the Filipino people his plans in connexion with the program of his administration. This program is based on the patriotic concept of Andres Bonifacio that "the welfare of the people is the sole purpose of all governments on earth."

President Laurel mentioned, among other things, the importance of maintaining peace and order as our first duty; tilling our idle lands; improving and diversifying our crops; developing our fisheries; multiplying our livestock, dairy and poultry farms; producing the necessities of civilized life,—in other words, economic sufficiency; looking after the

wellbeing of the poorer elements constituting our masses; increasing the salaries and wages of employees and laborers; giving relief to the needy and suffering, particularly to war widows and orphans; evolving a new type of citizenry; reviving our old-time virtues as Orientals; instilling honesty and loyalty in the minds of our public officers and employees; preparing our youth early for useful citizenship, providing compulsory and free instruction for all children of school age, and training them for rigid discipline; forging and riveting the links of family solidarity; restoring womanhood to its proper sphere in the home; developing and disseminating the national language; preserving health and propagating intelligence; and abolishing political parties.

I. PEACE AND ORDER. The foremost problem of the government in any clime is the maintenance of peace and order. This is important, because should there be disorders and disturbances, the public mind is in a state of confusion. The people neglect to tackle the ordinary problems of life and the development of natural resources, such as the cultivation of lands; likewise, they neglect to promote commerce and industry; all of which would gradually but surely lead the country to untold sufferings and starvation. Undoubtedly, any disorder would be inimical to the healthy growth of the Republic. We

* The Tagalog original of this article won the P5,000 prize in the Republic Anniversary Contest sponsored by the Board of Information.

could imagine the difficulties which the government should encounter to suppress troubles arising from the current war. The reinforcement of the Bureau of Constabulary was, therefore, felt necessary in order to have sufficient force to face any emergency. As one of the initial steps, President Laurel issued Proclamation No. 2, dated October 14, 1943, granting general amnesty and pardon for crimes and offenses of political nature, like sedition, organising unlawful association, leading or joining the guerillas, etc. committed by Filipinos. Again, on January 17, 1944, Proclamation No. 11 was issued, designating the period from January 19 to 25, 1944 as "Amnesty Week", and at the same time, appealing to the public for cooperation in the attainment of the desired end of such movement. According to official report, a total of 89,459 *guerilleros* surrendered up to February 4; and 100,594 *guerilleros* surrendered in Mindanao up to February 8, 1944. In the meantime, the government accommodated or otherwise gave employment to the Filipino members of the USAFFE who had surrendered. On the other hand, in its desire to continue its program of maintaining peace and order, the administration issued Executive Order No. 40 on March 27, 1944, authorising the sale of bonds in the sum of ₱100,000,000 pursuant to the provisions of Act No. 18 which was approved on December 28, 1943. Aside from this, Executive Order No. 64 was issued under the provisions of Act No. 35 appropriating the sum of ₱3,000,000 for purposes of pacification, including the payment of rewards for the surrender of firearms, weapons and other military equipment.

The result of the peace campaign has, on the whole, been quite satisfactory. It may be said at this juncture that through the untiring efforts of the administration, peace and order—although not altogether com-

plete—have prevailed throughout the Philippines.

2. AGRICULTURE. It is of common knowledge that even during the seemingly prosperous years of the Commonwealth regime, the Philippines had to import large quantities of rice and other foodstuffs like meat, eggs, vegetables, canned foods, etc. During this time when the East and the West are engaged in a total war; it is not surprising that we should suffer a shortage in food supply. It was for this reason that from the very beginning, the government urged all citizens to redouble their efforts to till idle lands and plant not only palay but also corn, camote, cassava, vegetables and other foodstuffs. The war not having ceased until and after the inauguration of the Republic of the Philippines, so the food and other economic problems of the country became more and more acute and serious every day and continue to be so up to this time. Nor did the present administration neglect to do its duty. As early as October 29, 1943, the President appealed to the people to cultivate all available lands and issued Proclamation No. 3 designating November 19 of each year as "Farmers' Day". In line with the policy of the Republic, the Ministry of Agriculture and Natural Resources did its best to persuade the inhabitants in every nook and corner of the Philippines to increase production to forestall impending crisis in food. As a result, it was reported on June 10, 1944 that in Luzon 103,307 hectares of land were planted to corn, camote and cassava, while the Visayas and the provinces around and adjacent to Manila were making remarkable progress in food production. In connexion with this nation-wide campaign, Act No. 14 was passed, penalising any person for the injury of carabaos and cattle to render them unfit for labor. Act No. 46 provides the sum of ₱2,000,000 for irrigation system funds. Moreover, the President created the "Philippine Agricultural Commission

to Taiwan" to study ways and means by which to increase our rice production, etc.

3. ECONOMIC PROBLEMS. If it is hard to maintain peace and order during emergency, it is no less difficult if not much harder, to cope with the economic problems of our country nowadays. Firstly, because we were not self-sufficient even before the outbreak of the current war. Secondly, economic dislocation and disorders are but the natural concomitants of war, and daily events can neither be determined nor presaged. The present war developed monetary inflation; this in turn invaded the market. The "buy and sell" business came into being and prospered quickly; prices of commodities soared skyward. Eventually, planting was in some way neglected; food production suffered thereby. So foodstuffs became scarce and dear. Clothing materials and other prime commodities could not longer be had as usual. Consequently, when the National Assembly first met last year, a special committee otherwise known as the "Vamenta Committee" was created to probe the causes of the alarming increases of prices of foodstuffs and other necessities. The President recommended the enactment of a law which would remedy the shortage of food supply and disruption of transportation facilities. Administrative Order No. 9 was issued, urging the cultivation of public plazas, sidewalks, grounds, etc. On December 3, 1943, President Laurel appointed Jose G. Sanvictores as Food Administrator, after approving the bill creating the new Food Administration office to solve food problems of the country.

In the meantime, the Imperial Japanese Army in the Philippines made a loan of 20,000 sacks of rice to the Philippine government and then gave 25,000 sacks of rice as a gift to the Republic. The NARIC was dissolved on December 31, 1943, and in its stead, the Bigasang Bayan or BIBA

was created. The latter continued the distribution of rice, although the quantity was diminished little by little until such distribution stopped finally. The government has been taking all the necessary steps to avert possible starvation, especially in Manila. In this connexion, the President said at the gathering of City officials and NA presidents held at the City Hall on January 5, 1944 that his administration was determined to provide for the adequate and equitable distribution of foodstuffs throughout the country, particularly in Manila. On January 7, 1944, the government authorized the release of the sum of P2,400,000 for the purchase of palay through the municipal rice growers' associations. Free entry of rice to Manila was allowed in January, 1944. Executive Order No. 87 decreeing the recruitment of able-bodied persons for civilian emergency service in food production was issued on February 23, 1944.

In spite of all the measures taken by the administration, the price of rice continued to rise, and as a consequence, the prices of other prime commodities followed suit. The Food Administrator promulgated many orders. He was constrained to raise the price of rice to P200 a cavan. The authorities even confiscated 122,401 cavans of rice and palay during May and June, 1944. Such an official action, however, did not scare the rice hoarders and profiteers. Executive Orders Nos. 55 and 78 were issued with a view to extenuating the gravity of the situation. The Food Administration office was ordered to take possession of all stocks of rice and palay, except such quantities as might be needed for the consumption of families and their dependents. Eating places were required to close from 8 p.m. since August 10, 1944. Serving of different courses was tabooed. Night clubs and dance halls were closed. Fishponds were commandeered to stabilise the fish supply.

And after the abolition of the Food Administration office, Executive Order No. 85 was issued, giving special powers to the Ministry of Economic Affairs in shaping national economies. Executive Order No. 62 established the National Commodities Procurement and Distribution Corporation (NADISCO), while Ordinance No. 8 created the Consumers' Cooperative Associations in the City of Manila (MCCA).

On August 15, 1944, the first general defense drill was held in the city. Mayor Leon G. Guinto advised that Manila residents should store sufficient foods for the next coming drills. Suddenly, the prices of commodities skyrocketed. On September 21 and 22, 1944, certain parts of the City were bombed. During the air-raids and the days following, prices soared higher and higher with the sky as the limit. The price of rice rose to ₱4,000 a cavan; a ganta of corn cost ₱120; and a coconut, ₱10.

On the night of September 29, 1944, representatives of the Bureau of Investigation, accompanied by Japanese soldiers, confiscated hoarded rice in the City. Subsequently, President Laurel issued Proclamation No. 31 ordering that five days from October 2, 1944, all rice in excess of one-half sack for every Manila resident should be surrendered to the BIBA and that after the period so fixed, a house-to-house search might be done again to confiscate excess hoarded rice and penalize the holders thereof according to law.

As a result of such drastic action and use of the "iron hand" by the government, the price of rice immediately dropped to ₱2,000 a cavan. The prices of corn and other foodstuffs also dropped.

The foregoing facts merely go to prove that all the appeals, concessions and solicitude of the government for the welfare of the people were nothing to, and had no effect whatsoever on the heartless hoarders of rice and

other foodstuffs, and on the unscrupulous profiteers whose only god is Mammon. The norm of conduct of these human sharks seems to be wholly based on selfishness and cupidity so that they do not mind if the majority of their countrymen perish, provided they can survive and live in comfort even at the expense of the latter. The hoarders and profiteers are the veritable enemies of public peace and order; their pernicious acts are but the manifestations of their disloyalty to their own people and to the Republic which protects their very lives and those of their children.

So, in his extemporaneous speech over the radio on the evening of October 4, 1944, President Laurel made a stirring appeal to the people, touched their hearts with his eloquence, so to speak, especially those of the profiteers, and reminded them that all the Filipinos are brothers and for this reason, we should love and help each other and should "survive together or perish together in the present crisis". After all, what is the moral value of money and wealth?

So long as the man at the helm of the Republic of the Philippines is one who shares in the privations of his people; so long as our President is one who feels what we feel and suffers what we suffer, we should not lose hope. We must always bear in mind that our economic problems are but temporary in nature; they can be solved satisfactorily in due time, but not immediately under the present circumstances.

Let us therefore make sacrifices willingly in the meantime. We have every reason to hope for a rosy future. Let us hope and wait.

4. ERADICATION OF BRIBERY, ETC. In his inaugural address, President Laurel said that "government employment is neither a sinecure nor an instrument for self-enrichment, but a noble calling of service to the peo-

ple. Dishonesty, bribery and corruption have no place in the government and they shall be eradicated without quarter". In accordance with this policy, the National Assembly passed Act No. 65 which was approved on March 3, 1944. This Act imposes heavier penalties for crimes involving robbery, bribery, falsification, illegal exactions and transactions, malversation of public funds and infidelity, and violations of food control laws, when committed by private individuals or entities, including hoarding and profiteering.

To carry out the purposes contained in Ordinance No. 7 and Act No. 65, President Laurel appointed two judges and two special prosecutors of the new Courts of Special Criminal Jurisdiction. At their induction into office, the President said that "the service they can render to the Republic of the Philippines is to prosecute those persons who, though rich, want to grow richer at the expense of the masses of the people." Six violators of the foodstuffs control law were sentenced to 10 years imprisonment and P10,000 fine each. Then the Bureau of Investigation was created by Executive Order No. 59 to purge all government offices. As a result of the activities of this new office, 42 officers and employees of the Food Administration office, 4 officers and 71 enlisted men of the Philippine Constabulary were dismissed during June, 1944. It is expected that the government can gradually get rid of the undesirable elements in the service and that only the honest and loyal ones will eventually remain therein.

5. HEALTH AND SANITATION. The fact that the people cannot be happy unless they enjoy good health, has not been overlooked by the newly-born Republic even during this time of stress and crisis. The government is ever vigilant and takes all the necessary steps to control diseases and to preserve health by educating the public on the needs of hygiene and

sanitation.

The Bureau of Health is entrusted with that work. Due to the strict enforcement of food inspection, and extensive campaign for the immunisation as well as for sanitary toilets in Manila and provinces the outbreak of epidemics has been averted. It may be mentioned that from October 15, 1943 to August 18, 1944, the Bureau of Health had given 4,000,000 injections against cholera, dysentery and typhoid, and 400,000 small pox vaccines. In different government hospitals, 300,000 persons were treated for various maladies, while 70,000 were treated for malaria.

The sanitary conditions of factories were looked into and improved.

6. PUBLIC WELFARE AND RELIEF. As in other countries, we have here a social class that should get the constant attention and help of the government. We refer to the orphaned and destitute children, delinquent minors, beggars, the aged and the invalids without anybody to take care of them. The Bureau of Public Welfare is in charge of the rehabilitation of these people. In addition, this office has established more than 120 puericulture centers in different places which look after the health of indigent mothers and children. It rounds up from time to time the poor and sick people roaming in the streets of the City and places them under the care of the government. On October 18, 1943, it gave relief to the poor. On October 21, same year, it distributed foodstuffs, clothes and medicine costing P2,000,000 to war widows and indigent folk. Executive Order No. 81 created the Veterans' Bureau, and the sum of P416,700 was set aside to be given as gifts to the veterans' war widows and orphans on the first anniversary of the Republic of the Philippines.

The Bureau of Public Welfare supervises more than 60 community kitchens which distribute food to approximately 90,000 old people and children. Likewise, it supervises the

so called "timbulans". The said office extended help to about 660,000 people from October, 1943 to July, 1944.

The City Hall distributed cash gifts on July 6, 1944 to 1,200 war prisoners, war widows and orphans.

7. SCIENCE AND RESEARCH. This is an important phase in the program of the Republic. The Institute of Science and Technology has found cures and prevention of horse and chicken diseases. Scientific researches have so far produced good results, namely: calcium lactate out of coconut; absorbent cotton dewaxed from cotton refuse in cotton mills; vitamin A from the liver of fish; substitute for tikitiki; preservative of perishable food; reconditioning of worn-out batteries and foiled electric bulbs; anti-diphtheric serum; coconut milk for purgative; decoction of guava leaves for wounds and skin irritation; coconut oil mixed with mustard rub for cold and slight fever; dita bark for antifebrile drugs. The *Tribune* also published on October 6, 1944 the following achievements made by the National Research Center: making of hypochloride disinfectant, and of an effective germicide extracted from the berberine plant for the treatment of tropical ulcers and athlete's foot, and also the cottonisation of abaca fibers through biological method.

8. COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY. Awakening from long lethargy, many Filipinos have been forced by circumstances to engage in retail trade and have by this time controlled the *sari-sari* business, while others are now big-scale merchants. Last year (1943), 1,613 industrial establishments were registered in the Bureau of Commerce and Industries, with a total capital of P16,440,000 and monthly output of P2,072,000; they hired 10,491 laborers. The said office has also under its supervision 14 buri- and sack-making projects.

9. EDUCATION. Even amidst troubles and anxiety, the government has

not neglected the development of the minds of the youth. The Appropriation Law for 1944 provides the sum of P10,021,230 for educational purposes. Attendance at least in the primary grades, according to the President, must be made compulsory for all children of school age in order to turn out not only good but also useful and capable citizens. The *Tribune* published on July 22, 1944 that approximately 800,000 children were expected to enroll and that 145 public and private schools would open in the City of Manila.

The Institute for Tagalog Teachers and the Institute for Nippongo were opened on January 4, 1944 in the Gregorio del Pilar and San Andres Elementary School buildings, respectively.

Executive Order No. 5 created the National Education Board to make a study and recommend the necessary reforms in existing educational systems. Upon recommendation of this Board, Executive Order No. 10 was issued, requiring a license before a teacher can teach, and providing that only Filipinos can teach the national language, Philippine history and character education.

The President established on May 1, 1944 through Ordinance No. 18 a national youth brotherhood known as "Kabataan Pangarap ni Rizal" (KAPARIZ). Its principal purposes are to disseminate the teachings and examples of Dr. Jose Rizal and to develop in the Filipino youth "belief in God, love of country, honour and respect to parents, and such cardinal virtues as honesty, courtesy, truthfulness, charity, frugality, simplicity, and neighbourliness.

10. NATIONAL LANGUAGE. Executive Order No. 10 also provides for compulsory teaching of Tagalog in all schools. Proclamation No. 7 issued on December 24 to 30 of each year as "National Language Week." Through the efforts of the Director of the Institute of National Language, the Institute for Tagalog Instructors for

bureaus and offices of the National Government was opened on April 13, 1944. Another school known as the Institute of Government Employees was also opened on June 19, 1944 under the supervision of the Institute of National Language. The prescribed subjects were Tagalog Official Correspondence, Grammar and Composition.

Because of these training schools, the representatives of government bureaus and offices in Manila who have graduated therefrom may prepare now official correspondence in the national language as desired by the President.

11. EMPLOYEES AND LABORERS. The interest of the President in the welfare of government employees and laborers cannot be discounted. Due to the high cost of living, Act No. 23 was passed, providing bonuses for employees in the government service effective January 1, 1944. Executive Order No. 77 dated August 5, 1944 fixes the amount of P100 as the minimum monthly compensation in the employment of the government. Next is the living bonus of P20 a month for each minor child of an employee, effective June 1, 1944; then the 3-month bonuses for all employees. Lastly, Executive Order No. 69 provides payment to the heirs of slain constabulary men in line of duty.

Executive Order No. 76 fixes the wages of laborers in government projects at P5 and P10 a day.

Government officers and employees in the city some time ago received gifts of clothes from the President.

12. TRANSPORTATION. This is also a difficult problem during emergency. On August 11, 1944, the Board of Information announced that under Act No. 50, the President organized the Land and Maritime Transportation Company known as LAMATRA, to manage land-water transportation and to bring foodstuffs to Manila from the provinces. During normal

times, it would mobilise commerce and industries throughout the Philippines.

13. OTHER ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE REPUBLIC. President Laurel's administration program is extensive and important. But as he intimated in his inaugural address, "during the infancy of the Republic, we should not expect the immediate accomplishment in a single stroke of the vast and vital projects that I have outlined to guide my administration". Moreover, we are still in the field of battle. We cannot escape hardships and sacrifices arising from the war.

The National Assembly, pursuant to the provisions of section 13, Article III of the Constitution of the Republic of the Philippines granted emergency powers to the President. The President created the Council of State, the National Planning Board, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Flood Control Board, the Relief Committee, the Medicinal Plants Committee, the Central Bank of the Philippines, the Committee on Filipino Civic Code, the Civilian Protection Service, the Philippine Sugar Association, the Board of Information and the Economic Planning Board.

Upon promulgation of Ordinance No. 27 authorizing the sale of lots comprised within the Buenavista Estate in Bulacan to bonafide occupants and tenant's heirs, the President fulfilled the long-cherished dream of the people who were born and have grown up there since childhood, to own their respective holdings. Inasmuch as the root-cause of troubles in that estate, centered on the disputes as to ownership, the decision of the government to sell the same solved wisely the problem of social unrest in Buenavista, thereby making Buenavista people contented and happy folk.

Finally, the evacuation of the Manila residents to the provinces, following the warning and advice of the administration is helping relieve to

a certain extent the precarious situation in the City, especially with respect to the food problem.

14. THE MAIN PURPOSE OF THE REPUBLIC. The achievements of the Republic during the first year of its existence clearly reflect the basic philosophy of our Constitution, to wit: that "the welfare of the people is its main purpose". From the be-

ginning up to the present, such has been the guiding principle of the administration in all its plans and projects. We must thank Providence that during this period of crisis, we have as our President Dr. Jose P. Laurel a man whose dream it has always been to translate Bonifacio's concept of sound government into reality and action.



Composite War Results —

Below is a tabulation of the composite war results achieved by the Imperial Japanese Army and Navy units from October 12 to December 4. The total includes the exploits in the Air Battle off Taiwan, the Naval Battle off the Philippines, the enemy losses in Leyte Gulf, and enemy craft blasted by units of the Special Attack Squadrons. Only figures announced by the communiques of the Imperial General Headquarters, Tokyo, are included in this tabulation.

		Off Taiwan	Off P.I.	Total	Grand Total
Carriers	Sunk	10	17	27	
Aircraft	Damaged	5	26	31	58
Battleships	Sunk	2	4	6	
	Damaged	2	12	14	21
	Aground	0	1	1	
Cruisers	Sunk	3	19	22	
	Damaged	4	10	14	36
Battleships or Cruisers	Sunk	0	1	1	
	Damaged	0	3	3	4
Cruisers or Destroyers	Sunk	1	2	2	
	Damaged	0	7	7	10
Unidentified Warships	Sunk	0	0	0	
	Damaged	13	11	24	24
Destroyers	Sunk	0	12	12	
	Damaged	0	4	4	16
Transports	Sunk	0	33	33	
	Damaged	0	89	89	126
	Aground	0	4	4	
Tankers	Sunk	0	0	0	
	Damaged	0	1	1	1
Landing Ships and Barges	Sunk	0	19	19	
	Damaged	0	2	2	
	Sunk or Damaged	0	115	115	136
Motor Torpedo Boats	Sunk	0	7	7	
	Damaged	0	4	4	11
Grand Total		40	407	447	447

The Dream She Forgot

By MERCEDES GRAU-SANTAMARIA

SHE STOOD AT A BLACKENED arch of what had once been a framework of a beautiful doorway and gazed with saddened eyes at the pile of ruins that lay before her. More than a year had passed since, embittered and rebellious at the fate that with a single blow had deprived her of husband and home, she had abandoned the old homesite and sought peace and forgetfulness among friends, who, like the good Samaritans of old, had extended to her the gracious hand of friendship and welcome. Strange, but she found it hard to believe now that those same ruins represented what she had once proudly called home—that the blackened stones that met her gaze had once supported an ultra-modern edifice which had offered to the world an indubitable testimonial of her good taste and wealth.

"Villa Aurora" her husband had called it, naming after her, but her friends had immediately dubbed it "Aurora borealis" upon beholding the splendor of its interior, and the name had stuck. For it was a veritable paradise of lights with all the lighting effects that modern ingenuity and electricity could devise, enhanced greatly by the expensive multi-coloured glass windows that she had lavishly ordered to be used everywhere. So that even in broad daylight, one got the effect of night,

especially since air-conditioning had also been utilised. Here in this palace of lights she had reigned supreme and many were the gatherings she had held in it; for her husband was proud of her beauty, and desired above all things to exhibit it in the precious setting he had provided for it. Children there were none, for neither had desired them, and each had been free to seek pleasure at all times anywhere.

Time passes quickly when one has no worries and cares, so that, before she quite realised it, five hectic years had passed. And, suddenly, war, swift and unexpected, had descended upon them. She could never, for the rest of her life, forget waking up that fateful morning of the eighth, still half dreaming of a wild party she had attended the previous night and receiving with a jolt the terrible news of war. There had really been no time to prepare or at least develop an attitude towards this frightening thing called war. She had most of her life planned her activities and carried them out in her own sweet time; but this war—she had not even reckoned the possibility of such a calamity affecting her directly. Even in the face of hurried evacuations and frenzied shopping for prime commodities among her friends, she had remained calm—not because she felt calm but because she could not

quite accept the idea of war and her mind mercifully refused to assume the burden of worry.

Besides, there was her husband, calm as the Pacific Ocean when Balboa must have first beheld it, and she reacted according to his attitude. Until Pasay was raided and she found herself suddenly without home and husband, so that she could no longer ignore the horror of war and she had taken flight as an easy means of escaping from it.

A year! Much can happen in a single day. How much more in one whole year! She had lived among friends—not those who had shared parties with her but friends who belonged to an earlier era. Friends who had remained true to oldtime customs and traditions and had unconsciously given her an entirely new outlook. She had lived their simple life and shared their common everyday experiences, so that she had come to forget the horror of war and had furthermore attained a new sense of values. And she had come home to see what she could build out of the ruins of the former life and start life anew with the strength and courage that her stay with her friends had invested her.

And now she was back—back in the old homesite where she had known a different happiness and, for a swift moment, sorrow, bitter as gall, enveloped her soul. So that she felt too weak to stand alone and she leaned against the blackened framework and closed her eyes while she lived through the agony once more—the agony that had been hers after the tragedy that had occurred which had destroyed her husband and her home.

Then a soft breeze was mercifully wafted to her, bringing the sweetish scent of mango blossoms; and, keeping her eyes still closed, she let the welcome breeze play over her features. Then as though touched by

a magic key, the gates of her memory slowly opened while from the innermost recesses of her mind emerged little scenes she had long ago forgotten and which had formed together one sweet, beautiful dream.

A tiny stream running through the quiet town of San Rafael, Bulacan, and a tiny nipa hut beside it, with a trim "gumamela" hedge perennially bearing its red flowers and a huge mango tree old as the ages perfuming the air with its sweet blossoms in early summer time and gladdening the eye with its luscious yellow fruit in May. A rustic swing hung from its wide-spreading branches. Many were the times she had sought refuge under its welcome shelter and whiled the lazy hours away, setting the swing in motion with one foot the while she wove day-dreams that fitted through the tiny spaces of the lacy pattern formed by the over-hanging leaves and lost themselves in the fleecy clouds that lazily drifted by to join at leisure those that had gone before to form one long interminable voluminous chain.

Strange how Victor had always figured in those dreams. Victor it was who had been her constant playmate and later companion until Marcial came and swept her off her feet with the ardour of his wooing. Victor it had always been when in picnics and dances she had picked out her favourite partner so that everybody in San Rafael took it for granted that they two would marry some day and settle down in the old hometown, and perhaps raise a child or two by the placid stream where they themselves had played many a prank on each other. She herself had more than accepted the idea, and long before Victor could summon sufficient courage to broach the subject, she had hugged close to her bosom the picture of someday being his wife. Sweet, sweet

dream! Doubly sweet when she remembered that she had asked for nothing then but to be his wife so that she might cuddle him and spoil him, and wait on him hand and foot, forgetting all thought of self in the desire to serve him and minister to his wants. All she asked and desired then was his love, his complete, overwhelming love. But Marcial had come before Victor had spoken. And he had tempted her with his offer of riches and an exciting life she had not known, so that she had closed her heart to the pleading that was in Victor's hurt eyes and—she had married Marcial.

Marcial had given her little cause to regret her choice. He had been easy to live with, and proved to be a generous provider. And if the war had not come, they might have drifted along together and remained friends to the end of their lives. But now that he was gone, she realised that something had been lacking in their relationship, that she had been relying too much on his generosity, and had taken too many things for granted without giving much in return herself. And having failed to give, she had little of memory to fall back on; and now she felt so useless, so useless and unneeded.

Until she remembered that brief encounter at the plaza with the Victor of her dreams and the surprised look he had given her in response to her brief nod of recognition. They had had no chance to speak but she liked to think now that he had been glad to see her. She had not seen him since her shameless desertion; and she had had no news of him save the fact that he had chosen to remain unmarried and was making good in his profession as an engineer. Perhaps he was holding the torch for her, hoping she would turn back to him someday. Or—dared she herself hope?

Strange mood she was in to be

thinking and dreaming of Victor again. She had pushed his memory away from her when she chose Marcial but now the breeze, and the mango blossoms, and that pleasurable encounter had brought all the past back. Useless to try to recall her life with Marcial. It was Victor, Victor who intruded into her thoughts and refused to be ejected for the second time. She felt him so near her that she smelled the faint aroma that she always associated with him—the mingled scent of fresh Reuter soap and mellowed tobacco—so that she closed her eyes more tightly that the dream might persist and she might feel the all-enveloping comfort of his presence more strongly.

She was conscious of a new courage born in her—a courage to take up the broken threads of her life and start all over again. No longer did she feel despair in her heart nor bitterness in her soul. With a sureness that the memory of Victor's past devotion and tender solicitations gave her, she knew that he was still hers and that her dreams were something still possible of realisation. She would build the house she had dreamed of having right here in the very spot where Villa Aurora had stood. Only it would be no "villa" but a modest nipa hut with a trim "gumamela" hedge and a big mango tree beside it, and perhaps rows and rows of banana plants behind it, while hundreds of tiny, odorous flowers would scent the air with their varied perfumes at night.

And in that humble hut there would be children, sober, sensible children who shall grow up in an atmosphere of affection, moderate pleasures, obedience and respect,—nothing of the gay and empty festivities meant to feed human vanity and to cover up the hollows of an empty, pointless existence. Christ-

mas, of course, would be observed; but even this, in a modest way, so as not to lose its essence. From now on there would be a future—not right away while the nation is at war which seeks to give meaning and depth to a superficial life,—a future of peace and of fruitful effort in this nipa hut, in this beautiful sunny land which God hath given them...

And on moonlit nights, she and Victor would stand side by side at the window and inhale the sweet fragrance they used to know together in Bulacan. He would not

need to speak, for now she knew that his was a love that needed no words with which to express itself.

The ecstasy of her dream at last became too great to be borne so that she opened her eyes to end the dream and face the reality. But the dream persisted, for she found herself looking into a pair of soft brown eyes moist with emotion and felt her hand held gently in a warm clasp she knew so well. And this time she made no attempt to end her dream, for those dear eyes looking into her own spoke a language her heart could at last understand.



A Way of Dignity, Peace and Liberty—

HON. JORGE B. VARGAS, Philippine Ambassador to Japan: If we had a war aim in 1941, it was the preservation of the opportunity for independence opened for us by the United States in the Tydings-McDuffie Law. Even in 1941, we were haunted by the spectres of social disorder and political isolation which would attend any independence that we might win through American victory. And looking beyond this dream of victory we sought, even as we sought in the years of peace before the war, for some natural and reasonable solution to our dilemma of freedom without security or without freedom. We groped in the darkness for a way out, a way of dignity, honour, peace and liberty. By some paradox of destiny, it was through our seeming defeat and disaster of 1942 that we found that way out. The magnanimous Empire of Japan, tolerant in war and generous in victory, invited our country and our people to cooperate in the establishment of a free union of East Asians, a Co-Prosperity Sphere where the nations of this region of the world which we inhabit might co-exist and collaborate for a common good on the basis of liberty, equality and reciprocity.

The Philippine Short Story in this War

By SALVADOR FAUSTINO

TWENTY-ONE ISSUES OF THE PHILIPPINE REVIEW have given us a total of around forty pieces of excellent fiction. Out of these Filipino short stories in English we have selected what may be grouped (perchance for the inspection of any enterprising book publisher, as well as for the lay reader who is interested in the art of the short story) under the title of "The Twenty Best Short Stories of 1943-1944."

There will be writers and readers of a few other publications (like the *Pillars* and the ertwhile literary section of *The Tribune Magazine*) who would claim incompleteness in the listing hereunder. We are aware of the excellence of one or two pieces that appeared in the parenthesised magazines (for example: "The Bamboos" by Francisco Arcellana, two or three stories by Juan Trinidad and Ruben Adriano, and a story by Narciso G. Reyes about a town-rambling painter—that appeared in the *Sunday Tribune Magazine*). Such stories we have regretfully omitted from the present listing because of the nature of our survey: which is a review of REVIEW stories, not a critical survey of the whole field of the Filipino short story.

The initial issue of the PHILIPPINE REVIEW augured well for the renaissance, or the continuance, of the art of the short story. The Filipino short story has been one of the best-

thriving literary art forms in the Philippines long before war came.

Volume One, Number One of the REVIEW carried two stories "A New Day for Filomena" by Juan C. Laya and "The Woman Who Felt Like Lazarus" by Nick Joaquin. It was—if we may say so—enough fictional art to boost up a newly cropping-up magazine; and the two stories are certainly in our list.

"Rendezvous At Banzai Bridge" by Manuel E. Arguilla is one of the cleverest (and in this sense, refreshing) short stories to come out in Philippine publications. Although it is not impeccable as "form", the nostalgic tang of its subjective expression is sufficient to rate it an asterisk. The piece it appears with,—in the April 1943 REVIEW—"Miguel Comes Home" by the veteran story writer Paz Latorena, takes the lead in the fictional section of Volume One, Number Two. The Latorena story is in the author's wellknown serene manner, and the story tells itself, being of the "straight narrative" kind.

When we come to the second REVIEW story of Nick Joaquin, "It Was Later Than We Thought", we almost succumb to the temptation to quote; there are so many excellent passages from the letters of his fictional "priests, publicans, and sinners". The piece itself as a whole is a successful "story-in-letters"—of the type which many local writers have tried

even before the war. It is not an easy feat; it is not just dashing off an assemblage of personal letters in chronological order that would form an authentic short story; there remains the problem of the art of deliberate irregularity that must be worked over, comparable to the irregularity of a brook that sings—purling and falling in irregular ruffles over pebbles now large, now small, and varidistant.

Before putting forth the list, we wish to make a hurried remark upon the changing spirit of the Filipino short story, its growing aliveness to the raw passions aroused by the war, the increasing maturity and mellowness of the Filipino short story writer who, like all his brothers in whatever field or capacity, has aged in the searing flames of war experience. In fine, we observe an increased vitality in the art, which is as it should be, considering the best of art cannot escape a reflexion of life, particularly a life like ours today, although we would say it does not just reproduce it. One has only to skim through "City of Grass" by Pedroche and Kerima Polotan's "Gallant Men—Gallant Ways" to realise what a dynamic artistic impetus war can be, whatever men may say of its destructive aspect.

We would like to indulge in further critical disquisitions on the merits of the stories in our list of twenty and in the Roll of Honour of seven, but already "the critical listing, without the critical word, reveals."

THE TWENTY BEST PHILIPPINE REVIEW STORIES

(From the initial issue March 1943 to that of November 1944.)

ARCELLANA, FRANCISCO

**How to Read—Sept. 1944

ARGUILLA, MANUEL E.

*Reunions At Banzai Bridge—Apr. 1943

CRUZ, EMILIO AGUILAR

*THE RIDERS—Feb. 1944

DE CASTRO, FIDEL

**Street Scene—May 1944

HIZON-CASTRO, NATIVIDAD

**Parting—May 1943

JOAQUIN, NICK

**The Woman Who Felt Like Lazarus—Mar. 1943

***It Was Later Than We Thought—July 1943

LATORENA, PAZ

**Miguel Comes Home—April 1943

LAYA, JUAN C.

*A New Day for Filomena—Mar. 1943

**River Story—Sept. 1943

MONTES, VERONICA L.

*Nocturne—Sept. 1943

PEDROCHE, CONRADO V.

**The Ladder Boy—April 1944

*City of Grass—Aug. 1944

**For the Brave and the Good—Oct. 1944

POLOTAN, KERIMA

***Gallant Men—Gallant Ways—Nov. 1944

RAMOS, MAXIMO

**The River—Oct. 1944

REYES, NARCISO G.

***The Long Wind—June 1944

TUBOL, SAKAE

**Song of the Chopping Board (L. by Kin-Iti Isikawa)—Jan. 1944

VICTORIO REYES, LIGAYA

**A Peace Like Death—Aug. 1943

*Christmas Visit—D. 1944

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

(Out of the 20 Best Short Stories selected in the above list, seven have been found worthy of inclusion in the exclusive Roll of Honour; these seven stories are comparable in excellence to the very best hundred or so stories published in the Philippines in the whole history—up to the present—of the local short story as an art form; they are of a "more

or less permanent literary interest"
—in short, excellent literature.)

ARCELLANA, FRANCISCO

** How to Read—September 1944

JOAQUIN, NICK

*** It Was Later Than We Thought
—July 1943

LATORENA, PAZ

** Miguel Comes Home—April 1943

PEDEOCHE, CONRADO V.

* City of Grace—August 1944

POLOTA, J. KERIMA

*** Gallant Men—Gallant Ways—
Nov. 1944

REYES, NARCISO G.

** The Long Wind—June 1944

VICTORIO REYES, LIGAYA

* Christmas Visit—December 1943



Patriot And The Traitor —

TRIBUNE Editorial: Acts considered as crimes against the safety and security of the Republic, as listed by the Minister are:

Spreading of false rumours; wilful obstruction of governmental activities; sabotage, such as destruction or damaging of facilities; arson; sheltering of enemy airmen or parachute troops; harbouring of enemy spies; aiding of elements hostile to the Republic; communicating with the foe; and listening to enemy broadcasts.

Those who commit any of these acts will be subjected to the severest penalties, needless to say. There could never be any hope for leniency in base crimes against the state. The authorities have given sufficient warning on the heavy punishment which the government will impose on the disquieting elements that plot to undermine the stability of the state. There is no room for a traitor in these crucial times of war when the whole Philippines is under martial law. There is no excuse which a traitor to one's country, could offer.

The treasonable acts listed by Minister Sison are definite and clear, and the criminal laws of the land will take care of the rumor-monger, the saboteur, and those who assist the enemy. But, there are others—the misguided and the weak-willed that still cling to their mental reservations. They are on the fringe of treason, on the margin of anti-state behaviour.

We would urge them to sit down alone and contemplate deeply their position as members of the Filipino race. A man who has forgotten his country's history and traditions, his racial consciousness and pride is an outcast, ignored by his own countrymen and slighted by his country's enemies—a stigma more dishonourable than a traitor's death.

After all, there could never be treasonable acts against the state in a nation of patriots. The question is whether we love our Republic of the Philippines less and our country's enemies more.

Christmas in Philippine Art

By I. V. MALLARI

CONSIDERING OUR VAUNT that the Philippines is the only Christian nation in the Orient, it is surprising that our painters have not produced any notable work on the subject of Christmas, which occupied Italian, Flemish, and Dutch masters from the Middle ages down to the Renaissance. The Philippine Museum of Art and History, the Vargas Collection, the Alvero Collection, and the Ongpin Collection—in not a single one of these can you find a *Nativity* or an *Adoration of the Magi*. Of course, our painters—even the skeptical Hernando Ocampo—have painted *Madonnas*; but these are not strictly Christmas paintings, for they do not celebrate the holy night when the Saviour was born.

This deplorable paucity of Christmas paintings done by Filipinos may be attributed to the very low regard that the Filipino people had come to hold for the Roman Catholic Church just at the time when the art of painting in this country reached its apogee with Juan Luna, Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo, and Rafael Enriquez. Caught in the eddies of liberal thought then pervading the whole of Europe, these men, especially Juan Luna, preoccupied themselves with social questions. Most of their paintings were jeremiads against "man's inhumanity to man". They had lost faith in the comforts of religion, for the interpreters of God in their own country had themselves led in oppres-

sing and exploiting the weak and the lowly.

In the forty-four years that followed the Philippine Revolution, religion occupied a minor niche in the scheme of Philippine life. The Filipinos, especially the Filipino women, still went to church assiduously, of course; but the fervour which had inspired the buildings and the embellishment of our houses of worship—this fervour had been killed by the greed and rapacity and the arrogance of the friars. For the religious orders in this country, forgetting their missions of love and mercy, and their vows of poverty and humility; sought to establish here an ecclesiastical empire co-extensive with that of Spain. And this, together, with their intense preoccupation with the affairs of the flesh rather than with the things of the spirit, had ended in alienating the affection and the respect of the people.

By the turn of the century, in short, religion—to use the language of the crowd—had lost its glamour; and Filipino men of culture, particularly those with the creative urge, began to turn their attention to the economic, the social, and the political aspects of the national scene. The business man and the politician began to gain ascendancy over the men of religion.

This change of venue, of course, could not help being mirrored in our art; and its first tangible manifestation was the challenge flung by the

schoolhouse at the church building as the outstanding architectural landmark in every Philippine community. The schoolhouse began to vie with the church, not only in size, prominence, and pretentiousness; but also and mostly in its mission as the cultural center of the surrounding region.

Filipino painters, on their part, began to record, not their interpretations of the ageless Biblical stories of the *Nativity* and the *Adoration of the Magi*, but their reactions to the purely social and sociological aspects of Christmas. Take, for example, that Amorsolo canvas in the Alvero Collection, depicting a familiar scene during the Christmas season—the patio of a church alive with the crowd of vendors and holiday-makers, with only a glimpse of the interior of the sacred edifice, in which the solemn ceremony of the mass is taking place. And the artist has managed to give the impression that the hectic activities in the patio have somehow intruded into the sacrosanct presence of divinity.

This is a typical Filipino Christmas picture. The emphasis is on the preoccupations of the people in the act of celebrating the most popular holiday in Christendom, not the sacred event that the holiday seeks to commemorate. Thus we have pictures of gay young swains escorting their sweethearts to and from the *misa de gallo*, housewives putting up Christmas lanterns or trimming the Christmas tree, men preparing the *lechon* for the midnight supper that always form the climax of every Christmas Eve celebration in this country. These are anecdotal and socially documentary, not allegorical and religious, pictures often prepared for popular magazines, in order to satisfy the common man's—and woman's—craving for the romantic and the sentimental and the nostalgic.

In the 1930's, however, when the Filipino artists and men of letters began to be socially conscious, when

political leaders began to discourse on social justice, and when the common man himself began to clamour for his rights as a citizen and to complain of his pitiful lot in society—in the 1930's, our local painters began to depict on canvas the great discrepancy between the way Christmas was celebrated by the “haves” and the way it was celebrated by the “have nots”. An example of this type of painting is the one in the National Museum of Art and History, showing Christ Himself as a poor man knocking in vain at the gates of a palatial residence in which a Christmas party is in progress.

This picture is so poor it is difficult to imagine how it ever managed to get onto the walls of the National Museum of Art and History, but it has the merit of embodying the general attitude of local artists towards the institution of Christmas. If this attitude is tinged with censure and discontent, with frustration and despair, perhaps it is only because artists, as a general rule, are one of the worst misunderstood and unappreciated groups in these Islands. Like all prophets since the dawn of time, they are—or, at least, the great majority of them—without honour in their own country.

It would be interesting to speculate on how our artist will interpret the spirit of Christmas after this terrible baptism of blood and fire that our people have been undergoing since the war began. Would they, embittered and hopeless, feel that “there is no Santa Claus”—that there is no God even—and depict the spirit of Christmas in mockery? Would they, in a desperate attempt to blot out from their sight and from their memory the dreadful holocaust into which their country has been plunged, seek the romantic refuge of an escapist and paint nostalgic pictures of the beauty and the gaiety and the glory of the Christmas celebrations that used to be? Or would they, purified

by suffering and destitution and the threat of death, regain the old fervour that inspired their forefathers to put up temples of worship and to embellish them with the anonymous paintings and sculptures which now form one of our richest cultural heritages from our glorious past?

In all likelihood, however, we can expect the revitalisation of our culture and of our art, as a result of this rude and sudden impact of reality upon our national life. For there is nothing that can mature and enoble peoples as well as individuals with greater certainty than suffer-

ing. The need for sacrifice and spiritual fortitude cannot but strengthen our moral fiber, broaden our vision of life, deepen our insight into the eternal verities, and bring us closer to the forces that activate the universe. Thus, "seeing life steadily and seeing it whole", our artists may interpret and record that life with a compelling persuasiveness that would enable even the least discerning among us to perceive and to appreciate the full significance of the spirit of Christmas as the essence of mankind's dream of the best of all possible world.



American Casualties --

DOMEL, in a dispatch from Lisbon: Revealing that casualties among the American ground force on western Europe up to November 1 have already exceeded the 200,000 mark, a Washington dispatch said the U.S. War Department has announced that casualties, not including that of the air force totalled 200,349 including 85,884 killed, 145,788 wounded and 18,677 missing.

More Than the Gift--

TRIBUNE, Editorial, December 20, 1944: It is, therefore, not so much the eight pieces of dried fish, the half a kilo of cassava flour, and the three yards of cloth that should form the basis of public appreciation of the President's gift to each of the needy families. Rather, it is the profound commiseration and genuine affection for his own people which have prompted the giving that should be borne in mind and lodged in the hearts of all.

There is, too, in the gift-giving the reflexion in what the government of the Republic is striving to do for the entire Filipino nation in its painful efforts to save the people from greater misery, to preserve the present for the future, and to secure the survival of this nation for the vast promises of the peace that this war is seeking to establish upon a more enduring basis.

Our Staff of Life

By ANTONIO PAULINO

THE ORGANISATION OF THE Rice and Corn Administration in mid-November to supplant the Bigasang Bayan as the Government's control agency in staples gives validity to the fact that war imposes upon governments the duty of supplying the basic needs of their people. Events of the past many months have in fact argued for governmental control of the staple crops. For precisely the reason that profiteering is a natural result of developments that dislocate normal channels of distribution, private enterprise cannot and should not be depended upon especially in the matter of prime goods.

Travelers from the north speak of lush fields in the Central Plain—hectares and hectares of yellow stalk freighted with a rich harvest. The RICOA's job is to see that this harvest sidetracks the profiteer's bodega and goes direct to the pot.

Two facts must be acknowledged. The first is that the profiteer and the crooked police agent are at the base of the whole business. The second is that the people are willing to go almost any length in helping eliminate these two, but that their co-operation ultimately would depend upon how uncompromisingly the Government would deal with them.

This season's rice crop, allowing for adverse factors such as attacks by pests and unfavourable weather that usually subtract from a normal

harvest, should aggregate at least 450,000 cavans of palay in the Central Plain alone. Grain which has been hoarded for various reasons ought to number 50,000 cavans more. All of this total—or as much of it as can be made available—should go to the people's larder beginning this Christmas.

If this is to be made more than a mere wish, the mailed fist should be used. The Government should establish moral restraints calculated to make profiteering—and in fact the least intention to abet the profiteering—really dangerous business. The maximum penalty would be given offenders under martial law.

Profiteering begins at the source of the goods. Any serious attempt to discourage profiteering should begin at the same point.

Hoarding of rice in the Central Plain results from two general causes: namely, the steady and swift climb of prices, which makes speculation attractive to producers, and the difficulty of transporting the grain from farmer to buying center due to risks on the road. Organised banditry and the natural desire to stock up against a day of need add to these factors. Faced with bodily harm if they sell their grain, farmers are cowed into keeping most of it. In the Central Plain the practise is widespread to hoard a considerable portion of the harvest as a reserve to

draw from in case the next crop should fail.

Rice producers should therefore be extended full assurance of security. Their entire output should be controlled by the RICOA; trade in the cereal other than by this one organisation should be outlawed.

Apart from the fact that it faces great temptations to profiteer, private enterprise is handicapped by the restrictions imposed by war. Consequently there is a one-sided disparity between production and consumption. As the Government—and the Government only—is in a position to hurdle these restrictions, it should take unto itself what normally is a function of private business.

As an operating company the Government can muster the country's farms, mines and forests to yield the raw materials it would require; consolidate factories and work them under its management or control; and construct *casones* and *baldes* that it would need to procure raw materials and distribute finished goods. With these facilities, it can turn out the basic articles needed by its customers: the people.

An office of production management, of which the RICOA should be a part, can coordinate the production, transportation, and distribution of prime goods. Already the RICOA has addressed itself to solving the key problem: rice.

The rice problem is at bottom one of human values. For this reason, the farmer should be taken for what he is: the foundation upon which rests the economic edifice of an agricultural country such as ours. He should be familiarised with his key position in this edifice. Rice is the staple food. It is scarce at this time. Producing it is a responsibility which he is duty-bound to discharge because it is vital to the national existence.

He must in fact be taught that it is his duty to plant his land with the people's crop. Only that part of his

harvest which is sufficient for his needs may he legally keep; the people should have the rest.

The grain should be husked only in authorised mills, transported only in government conveyances. A minimum price which would allow the farmer a reasonable margin of profit should be fixed—and the Government should stick to it.

A question becomes pertinent here. At this minimum price, how is the farmer to meet the rising living cost?

Profiteering runs in a vicious circle. A majority of profiteers are not innately bad; they profiteer so that they can pay the price of other profiteers. Most of those who profiteer in coconuts, for example, are forced to it by the desire to meet the terms of those who profiteer in rice.

The Government should enable rice producers to have little traffic with profiteers. As much as it possibly could, it should satisfy their basic wants: food, clothing and shelter. Weekly or bi-weekly rations of prime goods would increase their morale and indirectly the price fixed for their crop.

Rice travels a long way from field to pot; in between, the police agent holds destiny in the palm of his hand. His privileges should, for that reason, be no less.

A private in the Constabulary gets free clothing, quarters and board, and a basic pay of P60 a month. The cheapest kind of cigar, at current prices, cost one peso apiece. No matter how good his arithmetic, it is hard to see how he can keep his budget balanced.

The government should recognise the fact that honour is a very fine thing but that no amount of black magic will enable an empty sack to stand upright. Constabulary officers and men should be given rations of those prime goods they need most—as many rations per week as would be sufficient to eliminate every ex-

cuse for bribery in the force.

If in spite of these privileges they should persist in alining themselves with profiteers, they should immediately be arraigned before summary courts-martial. If found guilty, they should be disgraced in front of their companies and shot at dawn.

The Government has, in times past, handled the profiteer and the crooked policemen with silk gloves. The Filipino people, it has been stressed by those who expertise on such things, have a peculiar psychology; they are more amenable to policies of attraction than of force. It has in fact become common to read of high public officials asking the cooperation of rice producers with tears in their eyes.

Clearly, the Government has been patient enough; it has tried that policy and it has found that it does not work. The corrupt peace officer is still with us; the profiteer still lingers on. Better results will perhaps be achieved if we take these people for what they are—souless scoundrels who should join the devil in hell—and line them up against the wall.

That would seem un-Christian and would shock many of the devout this Christmas. But at a time of zooming prices and precious little money, it would probably mean the difference between a bitter rejection of God and a calm assurance that He's still in His heaven and all's right with the world.



Giving Up Chungking—

HANSON BALDWIN, Military Commentator of the New York Times: Japanese forces are surging toward their military objectives. As a result, Chungking has been thrown into confusion which seems to be beyond relief. It is advisable for us to reconsider the role of Chungking in this war.

When we deal a decisive blow on Japanese forces, it will be possible for the Americans to attack the heart of Japan from the air and from the seas with the use of troops to be detailed from insular bases which are already in our possession. We, therefore, have no need of continuing prolonged hostilities on the China continent.

Taiwan Shows the Way

By JOSE G. SANVICTORES

TAIWAN'S OVERSEAS TRADE in 1939 totaled Y1,001,588,032. For the same year her total agricultural production was valued at Y536,890,000.

If we compare these figures with our overseas trade for 1940 of P581,311,589 and a total agricultural production for the same year of P427,634,299 the conclusion is inescapable that Taiwan's agriculture and industry are much more highly developed than ours. Nor is this a fair comparison for Taiwan's territory is only about 1/8 of ours while her population is but slightly more than 1/3 of ours. If we are to take the proportion therefore, based on population as the factor of production, we must multiply Taiwan's total agricultural production of Y536,890,000 by three to get an idea of what should be our total agricultural production. This would reach the enormous figure of P1,610,670,000 which the Philippines must produce yearly to be on a par with Taiwan.

OBJECT OF MISSION

The Philippine Agricultural Survey Commission was sent to Taiwan to find out (1) how Taiwan was able to attain such a high level of development and (2) how her enormous wealth is distributed. Is it reflected in the standard of living of the masses of her population?

The answer to the first question is the application of the results of scientific research and experimentation to Taiwan's agricultural practices. Science literally stalks the farms in Taiwan.

For instance, forty years ago the Taiwanese farmers were using over 1,000 varieties of rice. In three years this number had been reduced to 375 and the farmers were given the choice of any. Later the creation of the so-called "Hlorai" varieties and their general adoption by 1924 for seed increased the tuit and total yield of Taiwan rice enormously. The same scientific procedure was adopted in developing other crops.

Taiwan agriculture is dependent on irrigation on which the government, the irrigation associations and sugar companies have spent the considerable sum of Y130,000,000. The irrigation system of Taiwan are among the best in the world. To make up for lack of commercial fertilizers the government turned its eyes to farm compost and the universal practice of applying large quantities of compost has made it possible for Taiwan to maintain her high production.

The improved methods of cultivation generally practiced is another important factor of high production. Rice is planted in straight rows and is properly spaced while the soil is well prepared and weeds are thus kept down. Other crops like camote and peanuts are as carefully cultivated.

SMALL LANDHOLDINGS

Finally improved agricultural practices are quickly introduced and adopted through farmers' associations. The smallest unit is called "buraku" and roughly corresponds to our *sitio*, being a smaller unit than the *barrio*.

The answer to the second question is the small landholdings in Taiwan. Only 1/7 of 1% of the total number of farm families have holding of 50 to over 100 hectares, the average big landholdings being 202 hectares. While the percentage of tenancy and part ownership is high due to the scarcity of land compared to the large farming population, yet there prevails general contentment among tenant farmers for their total income is high.

They derive their income from various crops; rice, sugar cane, sweet potato, beans, peanuts, bananas, vegetables and farm animals, of which the pig is the most important. In fact pig raising is considered such an indispensable complement of farming that the farmers feel farming cannot exist without the pig.

Land utilisation is high, that is, land is made to grow various crops in continuous succession and by the practice of companion or overlap cropping (known in Taiwan as the Koa system) two or even three different crops may be seen growing on the same soil at the same time.

A fact worth noting is the absence of big Japanese landholders. The total Japanese population engaged in farming is given as 8,500. Many of these are engaged in the cultivation of specialised crops like tobacco. They are found in settlements located on reclaimed river beds the soil of which for the most part is so sandy that it literally has to be built up. This is done by running the muddy water of rivers to the area being reclaimed. It is certainly remarkable that the Japanese have not taken the best when they could have done so.

"WITH OPEN ARMS"

The policies of the Government of Taiwan are liberal and benevolent. In

this connexion we must not fail to mention the two officials of the early Japanese administration responsible for the initiation of a policy of fair treatment for the native population. Their spirit still lives and the policies of all the succeeding administration are a continuation of those liberal policies.

I refer to Viscount Kodama who was appointed Governor General in 1898 as the fourth Governor General and his great collaborator Dr. Goto.

As a result of such enlightened policies of government, there are not to be seen great mansions whether in the cities or rural communities, while the homes of the poorest class are provided with the necessary comforts of life and the people's standard of living is high. There are no high peaks of wealth nor deep vales of poverty. The curve of prosperity is well graduated and follows a high level.

The Philippine Agricultural Survey Commission to Taiwan had an opportunity to visit cities, villages and the smallest political subdivisions called "buraku" and make close personal observations of the life of the people.

The Commission's conclusion therefore are based on a study made of representative cross sections of the urban and rural life in Taiwan. And no information was withheld from us. The widest possible opportunity was given us to learn what Taiwan has done and what it is doing.

The officials of the Government General as well as the provincial, city, town and village official alike, received us with open arms as the representative of a friendly or sister nation. To these officials goes our heartfelt gratitude.



In Memoriam

By APOLINARIO A. ACUÑA

1.

*Fallen heroes
are leaves
fallen from the tree of summer,
scattered o'er fields:
faces once flushed
with sunshine,
vibrant with air
now sombre.
with shadows,
silent,
still.*

2.

*With dust and prayer
Honour buried each one:
a leaf to a plot;
a plot for a leaf—
so many leaves
so many plots.*

3.

*And tilled by Love,
watered with tears of Grief,
they grow
row upon row
of stones or crosses.*

4.

*Sleeping rows
that when touched by the magic wind
of Memory
stirs and rises up.*

5.

*And from out of each bed of stone
or cross
blossoms forth a flower,
a radiant flower—
GLORY-of-the-land!
(How rare you flowers are!
How sweet their smell!
How prized by all!)*

6.

*Now pleated into garlands,
Men wear them
over their hearts.*

Two Men

By JOSE LA MADRID ANGELES

*He loved his country. Yes in words
Alone but failed to act,
He did not know his sweat and hand
Were what his big words lacked*

*He claimed he loved his land Then what?
The flowers and trees and soil?*

*He loved not knowing who? . . . who?
And did no fruitful toil*

*(Another in great silence toiled
unknown by them he loved. .)*

Princess Urduja to the Arab

By PACIFICO M. CANLAS

*I would still wish those boundless joys were lost to me;
 Those slaves of yours black and powerful
 Bearing gold upon their shoulders
 Your jewels sparkling on your shimmering robes
 Fleet camels trekking miles of golden sands
 Dusky footmen wielding sharp Damascan blades
 I shall not learn to love these.*

*I still refuse your desert air
 Perfumed by flowers fragrant on your palms
 Your silvered music flutes playing atop mosaic domes
 Shall never win my virgin heart.*

*Could I leave these, these lovely isles
 Which like my soul are virgin still?
 These mountains blue and silent shall be mine
 My bamboos whispering above my purling brooks
 The break of day upon my forest hills, the vagrant
 call of woods
 My stalwart trees noisy with homing mayas
 I shall not leave these for Arabian sands.*

*Your perfumes?
 I have my "kämpupit" blooms, my dimpling "sampaguitas"
 Drooping "ilang-ilangs" magic to the morning air
 Singing rivers fragrant with fallen leaves in June
 I shall thirst for dew glistening—upon banana leaves.*

*Black slaves? Your sleek Damascan swords?
 I have my lordly Maharlikas, more powerful than blacks

 Men fierce at war, spears sharper than Damascan blades
 Men, singing sad kundimans to the crescent moon
 Men gathering white rice and camote roots
 From my brown earth's bosom.*

*Could I crave more for Arab chieftain braves
 Drifted to my shores by Fortunes fickle waves?
 Upon these isles a virgin I was born
 Till living out my years, a virgin I must die.*

Home for Christmas.

By MAXIMO RAMOS

A LONG ABOUT THE MIDDLE of 1943 Gat mailed a letter to Maul, the capital of the province. Addressed jointly to Aquino, Valdez, and Villanea, three men who owned the homesteads adjacent to his own, the letter urged them to come and join him in Lala. For effect Gat pointed to the hunger and misery which his friends and their families were putting up with in Maul, contrasting this with the quiet abundance and the cool contentment to be had in the homestead.

The answer to this letter came in September. Gat's friends replied that they knew how necessary it was for them to leave Maul, but the lack of transportation and the perils attendant to travel over the road to Lala made it impossible for them to join him. They sounded light-hearted about it, but Gat felt that a little more prodding would make them pack up. Moreover, Christmas was nearing and he counted on a happy reunion in the homestead with his comrades in arms.

Promptly Gat went to mail a rush order with the wheelwright at Maul for an extra-large wagon, the need for which he had long felt in marketing his ever-increasing farm yield. Another letter he sent to Aquino, inclosing a money order. He asked Aquino to buy him a strong Indian bull. "Hitch the bull to the wagon," he continued, "and dump your family, the Villaneas, and the Valdezes into

it. Then hightail it to Lala, and be here for Christmas. Come to Lala and be done with the dog's life."

That letter got them. That, at any rate, added to the effect produced by the cart-load of grain, poultry, game, and other foodstuffs from the homestead which Gat had sent them earlier in the year. Now Aquino went into a huddle with the other two men. They paid the wheelwright an additional amount to finish the wagon as quickly as he could and to make it roomy enough to hold their three families and the belongings which they had to take to the jungle with them.

Aquino went to purchase the finest bull in the Pantar ranch on the following day. Their houses were rented out and their unessential gear disposed of; their wives busied themselves with buying mosquito nets, household medicines, soap, matches, thread, and such things which they felt would be hard to get in the jungle. The men also bought themselves ploughs and other tools in opening up the land.

"This is a lot of Christmas presents for the highway robbers," remarked Borja, a cynical neighbour.

"We hope part of it will go through," they replied cheerfully.

In a few weeks they were ready to leave for the homestead. The men rigged up a specially tall covering for the wagon and then loaded the vehicle with their families and their wares.

"On this day," observed Aquino's

wife as the wagon crossed the steel bridge which was going to start them on the long, uncertain road to Lala, "big things began for this part of the world."

"I hadn't realised that," replied Mrs. Valdez. "December 8—the start of the Greater East Asia War, and now—our setting out for new worlds to conquer."

"So many things have happened since," said Aquino.

"Things like eternally rising prices and eternally falling avoirdupois," said Villanea, exhibiting his loose waistband.

"What are temporary difficulties like those to freedom and dignity and honour?" said Mrs. Valdez.

The late-risen moon was a silver ship spilling cool silver over the dawn world. The silver wagon followed the silver road which wound in and out of the silver hills. The mountain wind flowed like a thin, cool liquid, and on silver wings a nightbird flitted over silver fields of fern and broomgrass.

As day broke they passed Pantaf. The Indian bull loved cavernously to its haunts that it was leaving forever. From a high-topped Moro house among the banana trees a rooster sent out spurt after spurt of belligerency. The morning breeze swept over the river, breathing health and trailing the scent of unmowed grass.

The wagon stopped at a spring by the road, and soon a fire was roaring under a large kettle. Breakfast consisted of rice gruel—the kind of preparation which had been their breakfast, lunch, and supper in Maul for months and months. Valdez and Aquino disappeared in a clearing by the road, and shortly returned with a handful of string beans and some egg-plants; hurriedly boiled with salt, these formed a welcome addition to the meal. Breakfast was over in a little while, and soon the bull was trotting down the pebbled road again.

Lunch consisted of the unailing

rice gruel, plus some paddy snails which the menfolk had picked up in the rice-fields. Travel was resumed promptly after the noon meal, so that by nightfall the group pulled up in the barrio of Momungan. They parked by a house which was Aquino's favourite stopping-place before the war. They found it locked up, but learned from the neighbours that the owner had evacuated months before to his homestead in Dalipuga; so they moved on to an empty nipa shack.

Momungan, a mere eighteen kilometers from Maul, was not overabundant with cereals. But already here, rice cost one-third less than what it did in the capital. They procured six gantas of rice and six more of corn, and they bought chickens and pork, which the women dressed and salted to keep against hard days ahead.

After they had been, in Momungan two days the women and children had sufficiently recovered from the sore muscles and aching joints which the jolting in the wagon had given them. Early at dawn on the following day the group took to the road again.

The going was easier now, though the road went deeper and deeper into tiger-grass and cogon. The travelers made Buro-on before dusk on the same day. Buro-on was but thirty-eight kilometers below Maul; yet what a difference that made! Here they could have fine fresh sea-fish for the ridiculously low price of ₱10 a kilo, as against ₱200 in Maul. One never realised till then what a little matter of transportation could mean.

They purchased a goodly store of fish, which they dried at the beach and stored away. They spent the whole of three days in this delightful fishing village, feasting on boiled barracuda and bonito, roasted pampano and mullet, oysters, and crabs with meat as firm as copra. The men climbed the coconut palms that stood on the shore drooping with unpicked

fruit; before they resumed their journey, they loaded the wagon with a hundred young nuts which they felt would be needed farther down the way where safe drinking water would be hard to get.

From Buro-on the road went parallel to the shore, undulating southwestward in the direction of Pangil Bay and Zamboanga. To their right was the blue-sweep of the inland sea; on the left the shaggy mountains were like gigantic cattle coming down to water. A hot day's travel brought the party to Kausuagan, now a village of charred ruins where the once cultivated land had been taken over by weeds. Gallinules and watercocks, coots and moorhens now nested in the marshy paddies where rice and corn used to be grown; miserable shacks were scattered about.

"When we wake up tomorrow," said Villanea, "I'm afraid we shall be minus some of our things."

"I don't like the looks of the place, myself, but it's more risky to keep to the road at night," said Aquino.

"And my poor old bones must have rest from the endless rattling in the wagon," said Villanea's wife.

Valdez went to hide the bull and the wagon behind a thick screen of bushes and piled fresh fodder before the animal. Then he took out a trusty chain which he had brought along for the purpose. Passing one end of the chain around the neck of the bull, he secured it with a stout padlock. The other end he fastened to the axle of the wagon with another lock. "If that can't save our transport," he said, "only God or a battleship can."

After sunset the men made a strategic dispersal of their gear and provisions, hiding these under bushes and camouflaging them with mallows, capers, and ferns. A filling dinner of boiled rice from Momungan and boiled crabs from Buro-on was then had by all, and after that they promptly retired into a small deserted hut.

"Now," Aquino held an erect finger

before the children, "the robbers must not know there are desert folk here. The boy or girl who makes a noise tonight will walk tomorrow with his Pa, instead of riding in the wagon."

"And during the rest of the journey he will drink canal water instead of refreshing coconut water," added Mrs. Valdez.

Not a single sound came from the hut that night. But when day broke and the men went to retrieve the things they had hidden, they found that every single item had been spirited away. Seeing the smoke of culinary activity in the evening, the thieves must have sneaked down and observed the proceedings from well concealed vantage points, then made off with their loot during the night. However, the wagon, the bull, and the cooking utensils were safe. Without wasting tears over their loss, they picked camote leaves growing wild in the deserted patches, boiled it and called this breakfast, then resumed their journey in haste.

They made Kolambugan, twenty-five kilometers farther on, before five in the afternoon. This once-prosperous town which had grown around a British lumber yard had been burned down in the early days of the war, and it, too, was now a ghost town. At this point the group paused to do some figuring. They had gone seventy kilometers in nine days, stopovers included. It was a hundred and ten kilometers from Maul to Lala. Take seventy kilometers from one hundred and ten, and it left them only forty more.

"At the rate we've been going, we should be in Lala in five or six days," said Valdez.

"Today is December—say, what's today?" asked Mrs. Aquino.

No one knew, and a recapitulation of the journey had to be made. After summing up the days during which they had traveled from one point to another, and adding to that the days they had spent at each stopping-place,

they figured that today was December 16.

"December 16. Six days from today will be December 22," concluded Mrs. Aquino with a bright glint in her eye.

"Hurrah!" shouted all five children together. "Christmas in the home-stead!"

"If God permits," cautioned Villanea and his wife.

"If God doesn't permit, we'll still have an allowance of three days," came the defiant answer from Romeo, Valdez' son.

"Junior!" warned the boy's mother.

An inquiry at Kolambugan revealed that Mr. Echiverri, ex-supervising teacher of Kolambugan, had retired to his farm a kilometer behind the town. Thither they were led, and before long they were knocking at the gate of a comfortable farmhouse. Mr. Echiverri was some sort of a village grandee hereabouts. He was well respected even by the lawless elements and lived in this seclusion without molestation from anyone. He now met the weary travelers with a cordial welcome.

"Rest at least two days with us," said he. "You deserve a month's rest after traveling so hard."

"Plenty of time to get to Lala for Christmas," said his wife.

When the two days with the Echiverri were over, travel was resumed. Not, however, before their host had restocked the wagon with enough provisions to last them till the end of the year. There was rice, corn, cassava, taro, and squash, besides sugar, salt, venison, and dried fish. But perhaps even more important than these, Mr. Echiverri gave them a note, meant for the bad eggs on the road, requesting that the bearers be spared from annoyance on their way to Lala. The note was written in the Moro and Visayan tongues, and both in Arabic and Roman characters.

"That should give you safe conduct as far as Tubod, at least," he said.

The letter worked like magic. Along the stretch of wild, rarely travelled road beyond Kolambugan, armed ruffians fell upon the travelers no less than half-a-dozen times, only to spare them after reading Mr. Echiverri's note. The trip to Tubod took them the better part of three days, however; the rains in the preceding monsoon season had wrought havoc on the newly constructed dirt road, making travel over it extremely difficult. Many a time the human cargo had to alight to allow the men to lift the wagon over obstructions. It was December 21 when they finally got to Tubod. They had four days in which to make Lala, eighteen kilometers farther on, over the most uncertain part of the way, and where Echiverri's magic note had no more potency.

At ten in the morning, before they had gone two kilometers beyond Tubod, a score of heavily-armed toughs with long, ragged beards and evil looks stopped the wagon. For all the men's unkempt appearance, their tight coats were of rayon fabrics of expensive weave, though badly in want of soap. They had diamond rings on their fingers, and their woolen trousers tapered down to an anticlimax of bare feet and spread toes. Their chieftain was a small mean-looking man with agile movements. He was heavily convoyed by *buyo*-chewing men with rifles on their shoulders and revolvers and *kampilans* on their waists. With a rasping voice he ordered the men, women, and children out of the wagon. The three citified men had no chance. - They each had a dull bolo, to be sure, but it would have been stupid to make these against the armory of the seasoned highway pirates seven times their own number.

On being shown Echiverri's letter, the bandit leader tore it up. There was no choice but to leave everything and proceed to Lala on foot. Valdez, however, would not let go of the bull and the wagon. "These do not belong to us," he said in broken Moro. "Take

everything that is ours, but please leave us the wagon and the bull."

Without a word the chieftain hit him across the face. Cut to the quick, Valdez would have retaliated with a vicious hay-maker at the pint-sized rascal, but Aquino and Villanea had the quickness of getting hold of him before he could further complicate matters.

"Eighteen kilometers to walk to Lala, without provisions and with these five kids on our hands!" said Mrs. Villanea dolefully.

"And it's December 19, a mere six days before Christmas," added Mrs. Valdez.

"That's a lot of time," said Romeo. "Eighteen over six are three. Even if we go only three kilometers a day we shall be in the homestead on time for Christmas."

"If God permits," snapped Mrs. Villanea.

But it was eighteen kilometers of miserable roads walled in on both sides by thick jungle. It was just as well that the bull was spared the agony of pulling the loaded wagon over that path. And when they began to look for food, food for nine hungry mouths in this desolate wilderness, and when they found any edibles, to prepare it for their meals—then even Romeo became disheartened.

They spent most of each day looking for bamboo shoots, tops of edible fern, wild beans, plantains, and snails. When they had secured enough grub, they cooked it in pots improvised from green bamboo joints, over fire which they kindled by rubbing two sticks together. They had also to boil water to drink, carrying it along with them in jars made of bamboo tubes. On the day they were despoiled of their means of transportation and their remaining belongings, they made less than two kilometers. The second day they did three kilometers, thanks to a cloudy sky and to their good luck in obtaining food easily. But on the third

day the women and children were too exhausted to walk, and they were unable to gain a meter of ground. The men, however, made use of the enforced delay by gathering enough bamboo shoots and plantains to last the party three days.

"Almost fourteen kilometers more to Lala, the land of boiled corn and fragrant rice and roast duck," said Aquino that night.

"Tomorrow is December 22," added his wife "We've averaged but a kilometer a day."

"A kilometer a day keeps the duck sure away," quipped Valdez.

But the others were too sleepy to laugh, and soon they were snoring at each other under the tree which served as their roof.

By four o'clock the following morning breakfast was over. They began walking at a brisk pace, determined to make up for lost time. The men helped the youngsters by occasionally carrying them on their shoulders. By lunchtime they had passed four kilometer posts. A short rest followed their noon meal, then they walked on again. Before the party encamped for the night, three kilometers more had been done.

"Not a bad day's work," said Aquino. "Seven kilometers today. It leaves us less than that many more to do in two days."

"Fat chance we have to make it. I'm run-ragged," said Mrs. Villanea.

"And look at my blisters and bruises!" Mrs. Valdez broke down.

"And the thorns in my soles!" joined Rose, her ten-year-old daughter.

"That Gat! I'd like to claw him for luring us into this miserable trap of a trail," said Mrs. Aquino.

"Keep a stiff upper lip now," said her husband. "Gat doesn't know the road is this bad. He has not seen it for at least a year, for he markets his products at the post-office town northwest of Lala, from where mail is sent by boat through Iligan to Maul."

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The next day was December 23. It

rained almost all morning, and they could not start till after lunch. They walked in the mud for two kilometers, then retired to a deserted grass hovel by the road, rain-soaked and travel-worn.

"We can still get there by tomorrow evening, can't we, Pa?" inquired Romeo appealingly. "If God permits?"

"And if Rose thinks about the thorns less and shakes her legs more," replied the lad's father.

But the weather took a turn for the worse on the morning before Christmas. The wind tore off the branches of the trees, lightning zigzagged over the jungle, while the roaring thunder shook the world. But on they walked in the raging storm. It was the final lap of a very trying journey, and even Mrs. Villanea was determined to get the trip done that day. Lunchtime found them passing Kilometer Post 106. They paused to eat their remaining stock of bamboo shoots boiled with camote leaves, then off they went again.

Finally came what the three men had agreed to keep as a pleasant surprise for the women and kids. At Kilometer Post 108 they walked onto a first-class asphalt road, wide and even and glossy-black in the rain.

"Don't tell me we're about to reach Manila," said Mrs. Valdez.

"It's only the road from Gat's door to Baroy," said her husband.

"Baroy?"

"The market town where Gat and

Tuazon sell their farm produce. This road goes past the homestead.

Before twilight the children were excitedly making guesses whether the next clearing would not be the homestead at last.

"I hear Moro gongs!" Rose soon announced. "I bet that's a folk dance in some Christmas celebration."

"I can smell roast duck and venison already," seconded Romeo.

"And the fragrance of boiled young corn," said little Nita, her imagination getting the better of her.

"Ah," sighed Villanea at last. "It has been a difficult journey, this!"

"We've been on the road seventeen long days since December 8," put in his wife. "What difficulties we have met!"

"Don't let's be a kill-joy now. We have arrived," said Aquino.

"There go children's voices singing 'Silent Night,'" said Rose.

"Say, men," said Valdez, "I propose that we enter the scene singing *We three kings of Orient are*. I alone present unto Gat and his wife three gifts; namely—" and here he pointed to his shivering, mud-splattered daughter Rose and to Romeo—"cold, and dirt, and Frankenstein."

But neither of his two children heard his kidding. Both had joined the others in a full-throated chorus, singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" Their voices had lost all trace of weariness and carried clear through the storm and the jungle shadows to the cheerful warmth of the hearth in the homestead.



The Fence Sitter's Hour of Decision

By SIMON MAKALINAW

THIS IS WRITTEN DURING A lull after three of the most exciting weeks we have experienced in our neighbourhood since the outbreak of the present war. The excitement in question is none other than the brilliant victory achieved by the Imperial Japanese Forces over the American marauders who attacked Japan's inner defenses on the pretext of liberating the Philippines. Almost 200 American warcraft of all categories were put out of commission, more than 60 of them sunk; not to mention the hundreds of aircraft and almost 20,000 Americans listed among the casualties. The American losses may double by the time we go to press.

But we are not allowing the recent Japanese victories to turn our heads. We are in no holiday mood. On the contrary we are in a bellicose frame of mind. We are apt to be rough with some people. Even if we step on their toes, we will not be stopping to apologise.

We are far from believing that the recent military engagements off Taiwan and the Philippines were an indication that the end of the war is in sight. We think they were but preludes suggestive of the magnitude of the battles yet to come. In other words, although history may pass better judgement, from where we are today, we do not think that, in spite of the grand scale of the air

and naval engagements that took place near our shores, they can be considered as having been the decisive battles of the present war. That is why we feel we cannot afford to be in a festive mood.

Nevertheless, we do think that, for many Filipinos, the great victory won by the Imperial Japanese Forces in the last few weeks should bear a special significance. It gives many of us a very good opportunity in which to take stock of ourselves and to make up our minds, once and for all, as to exactly where we stand as individuals, and as Filipinos, and as Asians.

We would like to help them make up their minds, and in doing so we bring before them two very important factors. One is the military angle. We believe it is about time for them to properly evaluate the ability of the Japanese military leaders to conduct successful campaigns, whether on land, on sea, or in the air, against an opposition and whatever the odds. It is time also to properly evaluate the constantly repeated words of the Japanese people that they are prepared to carry on the war, no matter how prolonged, until victory is finally theirs. The leaders at the helm of the Japanese Empire knew what they were doing when they decided to take up the challenge of the An-

glo-Americans for a showdown. Such a matter as the immense productive power of the enemy countries was never a military secret, as far as the Japanese were concerned. All that had been figured in their close calculation. If the trouble is taken to study the long history of the Japanese people it will be found that they are no amateurs in the art of warfare. We should give serious thought to this point and thereby renew our faith in the strong chances Japan has, of coming out on top when the smoke of the Greater East Asia War eventually clears.

The second factor we would like to mention is perhaps more important than the first in so far as it applies to the Filipino people because they are supposed to be aspiring for independence. We mean the cardinal necessity of any people desiring to command respect, to possess something solid in the way of character. They must have confidence in themselves as well as the will to fight for their convictions. And the recent Japanese victory should have served to hammer some character into them.

Nothing of any consequence is achieved or won by merely wishing for it or talking about it. It is not enough to be able to anticipate all the questions and to know all the answers. One does not acquire dignity by simply appearing worldly wise. An individual is respected by either what he really is or what he can really do, besides talk. The same thing applies to a nation of people. The outward appearance of anything is not necessarily a criterion of its intrinsic worth. *There is little dignity for a people in forever existing as colonial subjects, no matter how intelligent they may be.* The recent Japanese victories should fire the enthusiasm of the Filipino people to strengthen the courage of their conviction that they shall never allow themselves to be dominated by alien

powers.

An inefutable saying goes, that time and tide waits for no man. But, the trouble is, the perennial fence-sitters, those who are neither fish nor fowl, evidently do not realize the truth of the saying. In their fancied imagination they picture to themselves the easy independence is not worth preserving. In their fancied imagination they picture to themselves the easy independence they think they might have had if the Greater East Asia War did not come until 1946. But that is like King Canute trying to hold back the waves. Or to speak in colloquial terms, it is like in a baseball game to ask for a fourth strike because the championship happens to be at stake. Such infantile thinkers presumably expect the whole world to suspend its activities until the Philippines got its American independence, which is a dubious enough supposition considering the fact that the United States had hemmed and lawed and kept putting it off for forty years with the alibi that the Filipino people were incapable of self-government. It is our opinion that the recent military operations that transpired in and near the Philippines should serve to make such idle dreamers snap out of their dream of a make-believe world and catapult them into the world of bold reality.

We would like to speak plainly to that recalcitrant group still sitting smugly on the fence, and we speak in behalf of those comprising the opposite group who have shown themselves as true Filipinos and endeavored to maintain a steadfast belief in the justice of our cause and have really contributed their mite in one way or another. We feel that we can no longer tolerate the continued vacillating attitude of the pseudo-Filipinos who have done nothing but contribute eloquent lip service and cleverly pretended to go through the

motions. We feel that we should waste no more of our time or sympathy. They have been coddled long enough. We feel that it would be better for all concerned if they were bundled up and tagged and shipped to Leyte now, to share the same destiny that is awaiting the Americans who have landed there. That would be disposing of the proverbial two birds with one stone. It would eliminate them from distracting those who are seriously trying to do honest work, and at the same time provide the discontented with their long awaited opportunity to join their American comrades who have just arrived.

The pseudo-Filipinos should realize that their hour of decision has

also arrived. Three years have passed since the outbreak of the war; three years in which to grow up and to mature. And three years in an age such as we are living corresponds to thirty years of any other age. So to the fence-sitters we say it is high time for serious thinking. But if they cannot make up their minds or cannot reconcile themselves into an active, constructive participation in the history making event that is the Greater East Asia War, we will leave them to their thoughts with a parting reminder. In the words of Oswald Spengler, that great German philosopher, if they cannot make their own decision, history is certain to decide their fate for them.



Foe Supply Line Menaced—

The Japanese air force is daily pounding the rear supply bases of the enemy in the Pacific.

The main supply bases for the American units engaged in heavy hostilities with the Japanese on Leyte are Sydney and Melbourne, Australia respectively about 3,500 and 4,000 miles distant from the island in straight lines. Actually, transports carrying war supplies are assumed to pass the Admiralty islands and also Hollandia, New Guinea or Saipan in the Marianas group on the way to Leyte Gulf.

It is understood that each American troop needs 16 tons of ammunition, arms and provisions a month. The Americans on the Leyte front will thus use roughly 1,500,000 tons of war supplies a month, as it is estimated that the seven divisions in Leyte each comprise around 15,000 men.

American large-sized transports at present entering ports in the regions of Tacloban and Dulag range from 4,000 to 6,000 tonners in gross weight.

Even if the enemy employs large-sized vessels only, he will have to allot more than 300 craft for the purpose. A daily average of at least 30 ships carrying war materials should enter the ports of Leyte which are under his command to maintain a constant supply.

These ships will generally take from 18 to 20 days to reach Leyte from Sydney, a voyage that in peacetime required from 12 to 13 days.

The Face

By N. V. M GONZALEZ

EARLY IN THE MORNING, Paulino Abad got out of bed, dressed up without so much as washing his face, and bade his wife good-bye

"I'll be back in the afternoon," he told her. For he knew it would take him only two hours by train to get to San Ildefonso and he could, to be sure, return to the city that same day.

But that he could never make the trip seemed foreordained. About three o'clock a.m., he had been awakened by a dream and afterwards he had stayed awake for some time. A cricket had begun chirping somewhere. "A premonition of some sort?" The thought crossed his mind. In the end, of course, he dismissed the cricket, and forthwith slept a little more.

Now, in the chill morning air, he hurried to the street car stop, which was about a kilometer away from the apartment where he lived. His program for the day was set: he would go to the railroad station and try to get a ticket for San Ildefonso, where his brother-in-law lived. Free entry of the cereal had been allowed by the authorities, and he could well bring in a sack, Abad thought.

He was thirty and a Ph. D. He had earned it on the basis of a thesis entitled "The Monetary System in

the Philippines Prior to the Spanish Regime." And there was something of the poet in him, too. His journey, therefore, was bound to mean a great deal. His scholarly mind might not have approved of it at all, but his heart anticipated the experience about to unfold. In any case, he could feel his spirit agitating as it were, and eagerly looking forward to the prospect of seeing the countryside. It seemed as though the native heath, like a powerful magnet, was drawing him with a certain inviolate spell. Now the sack of rice he hoped to procure from an accommodating brother-in-law in San Ildefonso might well have been a mere pretext.

Although it was only five in the morning, the North bound street car was already full. And the conductor, a good-natured young chap, was making jokes at the expense of the women passengers:

"Ah, I see, you're a homeward bound! High time you are! 'Tis high time, lady-folks!"

And through the street car windows the chilly air of December flooded in, making people turn up their shirt collars.

At length the street car stopped and Abad alighted, as did the majority of his fellow passengers, for this was the North Station at last:

The driveway towards the station building proper was scarcely lighted and already a multitude had gathered at this early hour. All were waiting for the station gates to open.

"So it's true!" Abad said to himself. "It's true—what they use to say in the office! Some people actually sleep here at the station in order to be able to buy tickets for the train journey in the morning!"

And his naive, ivory-towerish mind was excited over the scene. The crowd not only waited for the station gates to open but also minded for other things. To begin with, trading of some sort was going on hereabouts. While the long lines extending from the station gates to the street had been formed, hundreds sat on the grass under the acacia trees, hugging their goods.

A babel emanated from the assemblage. The station grounds had acquired the living atmosphere of a market place, with the difference that the smell of fish and chicken dung was nowhere in the air. One could swear, on the contrary, that there hung about a curious mixture, if there be such, compounded of human bodies and the crisp December breeze.

All these affected Paulino Abad in no incurious way. A tall, though slouchy fellow, with a tendency to stand like a question mark, he could well see over the heads of the multitude; and he felt a strong, puzzling affinity with the crowd. It seemed he had missed this scene for so long. He now put down the collar of his jacket the better to feel the invigorating breeze brushing against his cheek and titillating the nape of his neck. Warmth pervaded his entire being: his cheeks flushed with a curious joy. He unbuttoned his shirt, so that the wind would cool his

breast with its soothing, blissful touch.

"Come on," some one was saying, obviously addressing a companion. And Abad turned, just about in time to be confronted by a man. The latter then asked him:

"Can you tell me, please, whether the Cabanatuan train has left?"

"I can't say. I'm taking that train myself," Abad replied.

"Since yesterday the traffic has been exceedingly heavy. There's been an unholy rush for tickets," the man said. "There! Look!"

Like floats of a fishing net being dropped upon a choppy sea, heads bobbed up and down. The crowd rolled in a wave, this way and that, at first uncertainly, and then with the decided intention to push forward as close as possible to one of the station entrances. The men had seen an opening made and several people had slipped in, causing no little envy on the part of the others. To the annoyance, however, of the peace officer posted at the entrance, the crowd drove forward harder than ever. The officer, thoroughly flabbergasted by now, blew his whistle and motioned the people to stop. He tried to bar their approach with his outspread arms.

Meanwhile, Paulino Abad had joined the crowd. Prudence would have dictated sternly against it, but all the same he had stepped down as it were from the pedestal his old self had occupied. He had become one with the common *lao*, and he liked the feeling. It thrilled him. Only one thought predominated in his mind: and that was to keep from falling upon the next fellow's back lest he should pick a quarrel. Three peace officers, instead of one as before, now stood there endeavouring to keep order.

"Sit down, all of you!" one of them commanded.

The group, slightly puzzled, vacillated.

"Sit down, I say! Sit down!" And the peace officer got out a stick and swang it in the air.

The men stooped, bent their knees, and finally sat down. That is, they assumed a half-squatting position, which was under the circumstances the most convenient thing to do. They were careful to reform the lines they had made willynilly, extending from the center of the station grounds as far as the cement pavement about two meters from the entrance.

"What sort of men are you?" the officer shouted. "Here you wait all night for the station to sell your tickets, and how well you behave!"

There was silence. The men sat and dropped their heads. Then, suddenly, voices of women were heard. It was only then that Paulino Abad became aware that women were around. Towards his left the women had gathered. They were exchanging catcalls and profuse and colourful banter.

"Silence!" one of the peace officers said, blowing his whistle.

"She's been crushed!" some one shouted, hearing a woman's scream.

"Silence! Let's have some order here!"

Whistle and cries now mingled in the air. And, just then, in order to take advantage of the confusion, the men from the right drove forward to gain the entrance door. They pushed forward this time with greater determination than before. There was a scramble as they approached the cement pavement.

"Order! Order!" cried one of the peace officers. "And here's something for you if you don't watch out!"

He forthwith struck right and left with the metal chain that had held his whistle to his shirt. He flayed at the crowd, even chasing away those that appeared to fight back.

There was no telling whom he hit, for he struck blindly, partly to gratify his access of madness and partly to impress upon the crowd the discipline it sorely needed. Nevertheless, the men pushed forward in a fierce, mad rush.

Daylight had not yet come. In the half dark of the station grounds, the commotion increased. The maddened peace officer rushed forth from time to time to castigate his tormentors. As though a giant scythe were being swung over their heads, the men cowered and pushed, and shrieks rent the air.

Paulino Abad had long since lost hope of getting into the station and buying his ticket. He had become one of the mob, and a sense of pride warmed his heart. He felt that the blood that coursed in his veins was no humbler than that in those of the others. He felt curiously vain and pleased.

But he had been hurt. He had got his taste of that metal whistle chain converted into a whip. He could feel the welt which the blow had laid upon his cheek. He touched the welt once more. Yes, it was there. It smarted under the touch of his forefinger. Were it light enough, he would have raised his finger to his eyes to ascertain whether the cut bled or no. He wished that it would bleed. Strangely enough, he felt that this would be the affirmation he needed somehow to make the-ex-

perience a piece of truth which nothing could ever falsify.

Things had happened as they should, he felt. And yet, all of a sudden, anger and hate seethed within him. And for want of something to identify as the cause of the emotion, he thought of the metal whistle chain, then of the man who had used it.

"I must remember that man! I must remember his face as long as I live!" he vowed to himself.

Up to this moment he had not left the mob. All the better then. The peace officer with the metal whistle chain stood there near the entrance door. Abad had the opportunity he wanted. He looked long at the face and did not lift his stare until he was sure that each and every feature of the man's face had been imprinted in his mind.

It was scarcely seven o'clock. And it occurred to Abad that he was, of all things, exceedingly hungry. It was only then that he remembered he had intended to breakfast at his brother-in-law's house in San Ildefonso. He laughed at how things had turned. Now reminded once more of his breakfast, he was fascinated by the idea of forgoing with the thing altogether. But no, he had still time to spare. A deceit breakfast at a downtown restaurant, following which he'd report to office for work... No sense losing a day's work... And no sooner thought than done. Some fifteen minutes later, he alighted from his street car at the Rizal Avenue and Carriedo corner. From here he walked down

as far as R. Hidalgo. For some reason, the place had a peculiar attraction for him. Now, since he had become one of the people, he should breakfast where his brothers did. And so thinking, he stepped into an eating shop.

In the shop were three people besides the owner and waiter, both of whom were Chinamen. Paulino Abad ordered a cup of coffee and, by way of celebrating himself, added a piece of bread with a bit of muscovado jelly to his belated meal. The coffee soon warmed his stomach, and he dunked his bread into his cup. He ate leisurely, as though all was well with him and the world.

Then, as he was about to leave the café, he became aware of the presence of another person in the place. He could see the face in the mirror near the counter, for most Chinese eating places are profusely decorated with mirrors, as though to give testimony on how a meal had improved one's well-being. And Paulino Abad suddenly recognised the face he saw.

He looked at it intently. It was the very same face: the low-bridged nose, the thick lips, the high cheek bones and the eyebrows quite set far apart, thick and unshapely—the features were all there. He took a second look, and was certain that this was the face he had cursed in his heart, the face he would hate all the years of his life.

And except for one detail—the cut which the metal whistle chain had made—he could have sworn it was not his face. The realisation came to him in a flash. He ran away from the shop, like one possessed.



If I Had a Million

By BERNARDINO RONQUILLO

THERE IS A PLACE IN Manila to which we can repair conveniently whenever we are famished, physically as well as spiritually. It is not a place of worship, mind you, with a canteen somewhere for communicants. It is a café—a café filled invariably with a milling crowd, tobacco smoke, and the stimulating smell of coffee. The coffee is good, with or without cream; and the girls are pretty. Beggars tug at your sleeves and ask for the crumbs and the dregs in your cup. Once you take your first sip, however, you begin reflecting on contemporary life, especially that phase of it that has something to do with the survival of people like you and me. There is something in the pride of the humble bill of fare and the no-tipping service that sets the mind of homespun thinkers like us to dreaming.

At the FFRM canteen there is a record crowd daily waiting to be served their coffee and coco pudding or casava cookies. Many of these people subsist on just this diet. They take their breakfast and lunch, with a thankful look in their eyes. The daily crowd is more than three times the full seating capacity of the canteen. But everybody, if he has enough patience, can be served because all customers simply stand around the tables. This is a new innovation in restaurant operation, a brilliant idea which dawned on Federation officials after more than two years of public service; it was adopted by the FFRM canteen with the purpose of accommodating more customers and at the same time eliminating the "standby"

or what are professionally known in today's business circles as "buy-and-sell" people dealing in anything from jewelry or refrigerators to somebody else's furniture or pair of pants. There are still quite a number trying to sell other people's watches or houses, or some automobile or truck they have not yet seen; but now they have to talk business hurriedly while sipping their cup of coffee as slowly as possible.

On one of those occasions when the coffee was particularly good my companion reflected aloud:

"If I had a million...well, if I had about 120,000,000 now, I could bring prices and living costs down." This in an inspired tone that waxed eloquent with each sip from the steaming cup.

"Aw, heck," I observed, "If you had a million you won't be standing with me here in this joint. Imagine, you and me would have to wait for coffee for half an hour."

"Only a quarter of an hour," he corrected. "Oh, well, you have got to be patient. Look at the crowd. Anyway...where were we?"

"If you had a million...20 million."

"Yes, 20 million. And don't interrupt until I outline to you my whole idea in a nutshell." I smiled skeptically, but sympathetically. After all, he practically paid me to listen to him. He continued:

If I had 20 million I could do something decisive enough to bring down prices and minimize the unwieldy burden of rising living costs. I could help mitigate the hardships caused by the seemingly visible short-

ages in foodstuffs and the consequent jacking up of prices that play havoc with the pocketbook of the highest-paid mental, intellectual or manual worker. By the way, do you notice that there is actually no food shortage to speak of? Well, anyway, not if we have in mind such countries in Europe, China or other places ravaged by war for some time now. Look at our sidewalks—they are cluttered up with food vendors selling anything from peanut to hot dogs (they are "genuine" dogs, too). The only question which is really very serious is the price tagged by man to man's prime requirement—too excessive, indeed, and rather out of proportion to actual status of available supply.

In going into this venture I might not be able to live comfortably enough as some people with 20 million or more could, because of my idea is to practically throw away this money—but very slowly and sensibly, to my own way of thinking. In other words, I'd like to be a philanthropist in a unique way. I have an idea which may sound stupid, but it has some business points and sense quite different from the ideas that most financiers and businessmen have. That's why you would probably call me a fool.

Well, the general idea is I'd be willing to lose this 20 million in business, if by so doing I could help decisively in bringing down general living costs to the level of the purchasing capacity of the masses. I'd invest this 20 million in prime commodities and foodstuffs and make these prime articles available to the people at least at cost, or at a loss if need be.

Let's go down to figures, broadly and roundly. There are about 200,000 families in Manila representing some 1,000,000 people. If I sold prime commodities to these families at cost or at a slight loss, I would be in a position to feed the city of Manila with my 20 million, basing an average family's food budget at P100 a

day. A family in actual practice would need about P200 daily to do some marketing now, but if a big corporation like mine, which could afford to break even or operate at a loss, would do the marketing for them, the daily budget of that family could be cut down to half.

I would invest 10 million in the restaurant business. I'd run a chain of restaurants or have canteens like that of the FFRM all over Manila. If each restaurant or canteen would require only about P100,000 daily as operating capital, I could have around 100 of these eating places in Manila, enough to cater to at least half of the city's population a day, or enough to drive other operators out of business unless they come down close to the rates I charge. At the rates I would charge, I would probably just break even or lose a little; the other operators at present could actually make some 40 per cent or more profit. If they just cut down their profits by half, they might still remain in business and I would have won my point and gone far enough where all control measures to date have not.

Perhaps you could appreciate the point better if I told you that the FFRM, the rates of whose canteen and store are lower than anywhere outside, continues to make money. The Federation, I heard, declared another dividend for the past quarter and reported some profit last month. You go to a Chinese or Filipino restaurant outside and for a cup of coffee and cake you will have to spend some P30 or more; for coffee and two cookies or pudding here you pay no more than P15. You get hot waffles here for P10; outside, they charge you P12 and up. And yet the FFRM is still raking in reasonable profits.

Can you imagine how far I could go if I refused to make a profit or actually lost money with my 100 canteens all over Manila?

You'd probably say the FFRM gets its supplies cheaper than the other

restaurants. Generally, there is not much difference here; the FFRM also buys from the black market part of its requirements. On the other hand, some of the Chinese restaurant operators probably do their blackmarketing at a better bargain. They have been in the business for some time and have better connexions and wider facilities in the procurement of their requirements in foodstuffs and other prime commodities.

Now, the other 10 million I would put in the chain store business, selling prime commodities to the public—something like the FFRM store. If I had 100 of these stores, I could even probably run the FFRM itself and its member retailers out of business, for I heard they, too, have been making good profits. I'll make it unprofitable for market retailers and sidewalk vendors to do business.

Should there be an air-raid, and all other dealers raised their prices by 100 per cent or more, I'd cut down mine instead and make my competitors look ridiculous. My competitors would probably accuse me of cut-throat tactics for all I care. I would rather be with the masses than have the goodwill of a few profiteers.

With my capital I could practically corner the market in a perfectly legal way. I'd see to it that no one should run me out of business. I'd do the retailing myself through the chain stores and sales should be on a ration basis. There should be enough to take care of the 200,000 families if each family had to be given ₱50 worth of prime commodities daily to start with.

What about the many retailers and store owners whom I'd drive out of business. They could probably shift their energy to more productive efforts, to the creative instead of the speculative. They could undoubtedly do more good by producing and creating rather than by wasting the nation's wealth and the nation's energy and very life through destructive speculation.

Now, you'd say I'm crazy by investing my 20 million wastefully. I know it somebody else had that 20 million he would want to double it, or hold on to it and do nothing for himself and his starving fellow men. But I won't exactly waste my 20 million. I would be losing it sensibly and usefully by bringing down living costs of the heavily burdened consuming public. In other words, I'd be succeeding where the government with all its expensive control machinery has failed so far because the government itself has not been willing to do, what I would do if I had the 20 million. Instead of giving away 20 million in pointless philanthropy or more than that in relief from time to time, I would be losing it gradually in business—unprofitable in terms of monetary returns but very profitable in terms of sufferings saved and goodwill gained.

Thus my 20 millions are invested in our nation's welfare, in our nation's destiny. My 20 million monetary loss would be nothing compared to what is actually being lost in terms of the people's energy and well-being, and the nation's health and very life which is now at stake due to the vicious and destructive speculation and profiteering.

If I lost only ₱10,000 a day, it would take about 6 years for me to go broke. If I lost ₱100,000 a day, I would not be penniless until after 6 months. By then I would have served my purpose and succeeded where all others have failed.

"Sounds like big talk," I commented when I saw that he had about finished, smiling whimsically but thoughtfully. There may not have been enough food in my system, but there certainly was plenty of food for thought in what he said, I reflected.

If my friend had 20 million? A hypothetical and very improbable matter, you would say. Nonetheless, it contains a challenging suggestion that our numerous *nouveaux riches* may pick up and help realised.



Christmas Message

from

The Archbishop of Manila

In the history of the world no man has been so universally known and so ardently loved by those who know Him as the Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. It is well for us to keep in mind that He was not only God but assumed a perfect nature so as to dignify our nature, to teach us, to console us and to show us the road of bravery and, if needs be, of suffering.

He was born of the Virgin Mary, His Immaculate Mother, and we observe His Nativity, on the 25th of December. With the passage of another year, we, my dear brethren, wish to celebrate the birthday of Christ, who has given us the means of possessing peace, if we are only faithful to His teachings. For the object of God's incarnation, after His atonement for sin to the Divinity, was to give us peace, contentment and joy in this world, and afterwards an eternity of bliss in Paradise.

Hence He is called the Prince of Peace, and when the angels came from Heaven on the first Christmas morning to do homage to the newly born King, their canticle was: "Glory to God in the highest: and on earth, peace to men of good will."

So our plain duty is to give glory to God, by obeying His will and commandments, and if we do so, we shall have peace, in our own souls even though we have to suffer, for according to St. Paul, "the sufferings of this world are not to be compared to the glory that is to come," for those who obey God's law and are faithful to the end.

News Highlights

Local

TO A GOOD MANY CITIZENS of the Philippine Republic, the most significant piece of news in November was the creation of a new control organisation to take charge of the procurement and distribution of rice. The new control body was named the Rice and Corn Administration, or RICOA. The RICOA supersedes the old *Bigasang Bayan*. It differs from the BIBA in probably one important aspect: the Japanese are aiding the RICOA administration. The BIBA replaced the NARC which was jointly administered by Filipinos and Japanese officials. The NARC was dissolved shortly after Philippine independence was proclaimed. The BIBA was then organised, managed by Filipino personnel. Well-informed quarters claim that the old wartime NARC was successful as a control organisation because it had the backing of the Japanese Military Administration. Withdrawal of that backing, plus such factors as irregular trading practice, weakened the enforcement activities of that control body.

Complete and absolute control of the procurement and distribution of rice and corn and their by-products was in mid-November given by President Laurel to the RICOA. The RICOA is headed by Minister of Economic Affairs Pedro Sabido.

The Ordinance which created the RICOA states that it will have control and supervision over procure-

ment and distribution, price-fixing, apportionment of the share of the farmers, proprietors and mill operators, control of rice mills, and authority to search for hoarded staple products.

The RICOA is expected to solve the people's most serious problem by stabilising the price of the main cereal and bucking up its policies with sufficient force. Harvest got under way in the rice-producing areas of the Philippines late in October, and was in full swing in mid-November.

The RICOA is expected to procure the bulk of the purchasable rice supply in the Philippines, mill, store and distribute it to the people before the end of this year. As of the last week of November, old rice was quoted at P330 and new rice at P250 per ganta in Manila's black market. The price of the cereal in the rice-producing provinces is, on an average, 40% less.

In his capacity as Chief Delegate of the President and Inspector-General of the Martial Law, Minister Teofilo Sison, late in November, informed military governors that among the acts regarded as crimes against the Republic are the following: (1) spreading of false information about the Republic of the Philippines, (2) wilful obstruction of government activities, (3) sabotage, (4) harboring of enemy spies, (5) sheltering and protection of enemy troops, (6) giving of any form of aid, material

or otherwise, to the enemy, (7) communication with the enemy by any means, (8) listening to enemy broadcast.

American planes that raided Manila on November 13, resorted to what the *Tribune* indignantly termed "enemy terror bombing tactics." Residential sections of Manila were bombed and strafed. Hardest hit were

the districts of San Nicolas, Intramuros, Paco, Pandacan, Ermita and Sampaloc. Low-flying planes almost touched rooftops, scaring non-combatant Manilans. The Archbishop's palace received a direct hit. Irreplaceable documents housed in the archives of the palace were damaged. Upwards of 100 persons were believed killed and many civilians injured.

War in the Pacific

WAR DEVELOPMENTS in November proved Japan's clear-cut victories in China, in Pacific waters, and on Leyte. In China, Japanese forces finally closed in on the elaborate air fortress of Kweilin, the main base of the 14th U. S. Air Force in China. The fall of Kweilin had been expected for weeks. Major-General Chennault and his men had in fact blown up three first-class airfields that millions of coolies and millions of American dollars built in before evacuating it some weeks before it actually fell into Japanese hands. The Japanese knifed their way from three directions and got the walled city of Kweilin and the 31st army of Chungking that tried futilely to hold it. The fall of Kweilin means that Japan has finally added one important link to the chain that connects Japanese-occupied areas from Manchoukuo through North China, down to Indo China and Sycuan. It also means that the 14th U. S. Airforce has been considerably weakened and will have to conduct its raids on Japan and Japanese shipping and supply lines from air bases located farther in China's southwest. Tall mountain ranges separate the Japanese armies from beleaguered Chungking, seat of Chiang Kai-shek's government. Last November, there was talk of moving the threatened capital to some other place. Chiang Kai-shek's government late in No-

vember suffered a shake-up brought about by American pressure. The Minister of War, Ho Ying Chin, was replaced by General Chen Cheng; while H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance, was replaced by his assistant, O. K. Yui.

On Leyte, the U. S. 24th Division was last month reported encircled, so that part of the 32nd division had to be sent from Carigara to Culasian point to reinforce the badly battered enemy troops in the sector west of Carigara. Intensified Japanese bombardment dealt death-blows on the Americans, on both the reinforcements and the trapped Americans, whose supply lines have practically been cut off. The Japanese have been conducting daring attacks right within enemy lines, causing considerable damage to the Americans. The enemy was able to land a few reinforcements in Abuyog, which moved west to Baybay. The progress of the fighting on Leyte indicates that the Americans are slowing down their so-called offensive owing to stiff resistance. The Americans landed on October 20 counting on an initial strength of 3 divisions which, up to late last month, was increased to 7.

Japanese air attacks on the supply line of the Americans has limited the landing of reinforcements on Leyte. American troops are thus confronted with the old problem of

maintaining a lengthening supply line rendered precarious by incomplete control of sea lanes and islands dotting these lanes. Arms and supplies for the Americans are reported being transported to Leyte by transport planes, indicating the difficulty of sending supplies by sea-craft. Needless to say, war materiel transferred in this manner from bases thousands of miles away amounts to only a trickle.

The American task force east of the Philippines suffered a heavy blow November 18 when the Japanese airforce sank two cruisers, and heavily damaged one aircraft carrier, one battleship, and four transports. Four American transports in Leyte Gulf were heavily damaged

and set ablaze by intrepid Japanese airmen that body-crashed on their objectives.

Intrepid day and night attacks of Japanese air and ground forces on American positions on Morotai have resulted in the crippling of four out of six airbases taken over by the Americans when they landed on the island in September 15. From November 1 to 29, the Japanese set ablaze 130 and damaged 114 American planes. The strategic location of Morotai has been utilised by the Americans in their Leyte landing operations. Relentless Nippon attacks have considerably weakened American positions on the island. Meanwhile, the Japanese are pouring in reinforcements to drive out the one division of American troops holding the island.



War in Europe

ON THE WESTERN front in Europe, the British 2nd and the American 1st and 9th armies tried to break through near Aachen but were repulsed. A few sectors changed hands several times, indicating the severity of the fighting. Three allied armies were able to advance five miles northeast of Aachen in a drive on the plains of Cologne, despite heavy German resistance. Dossendorf, however, fell again in German hands after it was captured by General Patton's American 3rd Army. Part of Metz has been taken by an

allied army, while de Gaulle's French troops reached the Rhine after breaking through the Burgundy Gap. Four of the six main passes through Vosges to the Rhine were taken by French units and the American 7th Army.

On the eastern front, the Soviets are reported to have advanced toward Luchene, communications center on the Hungarian-Slovak frontier, while farther to the south in Hungary, other Soviet forces captured Gyongyos, 40 miles northeast of Budapest.



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