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EDITORIAL OFFICES

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WE GOT THEM—MANY THANKS

The Chamber of Commerce acknowledges with thanks the receipt over the holidays of many greeting cards and calendars, seasonal remembrances thoroughly appreciated.

NOT SO BIZARRE NOW

When the opinion of the Chamber of Commerce was cabled to Washington a little more than a year ago, that Congress cannot legally alienate from territory over which it has been established the sovereignty of the people of the United States, it caused echoes of merriment down the corridors of one of the most presumptuous legislative bodies in the world—a legislature seemingly grown mad with the use and abuse of power. A good cartoonist drawing a comment on the scene would have had the lace-wristed hand of Louis XVI pointing from a rosebush in the gardens of Versailles a warning finger at the mirthful statesmen, their ribaldry despising the voice of the people.

The last laugh is best. The voice of the people may now be heard even above congressional guffaws. Judge D. R. Williams' brief sustaining our opinion is out in the *Virginia Law Review*, and in reprint form it has reached a wide distribution in congressional districts. Where men think, and think of the sometimes grave consequences of public acts, it has made a deep impression. The impression is exactly that of the Chamber of Commerce and well nigh universal. In a single batch of clippings from the United States were 31 editorials, 29 from country papers. Only two of these 31 editorials failed of taking the attitude of the Chamber of Commerce; and one of the two was lukewarm, that of the *Boston Herald*, against which may be safely pitted the *Herald-Tribune* of New York, with greater circulation and a wider vogue among editors. The 29 favorable editorials were from papers reaching a circulation estimated at nearly one million. They were from western, middle west and eastern papers. A million voters in congressional districts have read the news that they alone are the ones to say what may be done with sovereignty over territory. All these have a new sense of ownership of something well worth owning, the Philippines, this territory.

The last laugh is best.

AN EPIC IN PIONEERING—AMERICANS IN DAVAO

This issue of the *Journal* is devoted to the port and province of Davao, because a new law makes Davao the seventh ocean port of the Philippines, which hinges upon the epic in pioneering that is the achievement of a handful of Americans throughout the province who came to the islands as regular or volunteer soldiers, and, after taking their discharges when the campaigning was over, settled on the unsurveyed, raw United States public domain to do what seemed practical but had never been done before—to grow Manila hemp, coconuts and rubber.

Though they got the wrong kind of rubber, castilloa, they are exporting rubber today; they were more fortunate with hemp and coconuts, which have proved their real fortune and are adding millions gold to the wealth of the archipelago annually.

Brief stories of a number of those planters are published elsewhere in this *Journal*. They show what the men have done,

what other men may do—if they are the same kind of men. Present arrangements do not bring the same kind from the United States, while certain absurd arrangements of the past have sent thousands of them home that might today be factors in furnishing America from the Philippines a billion in trade a year. The civil service of the Philippine government was stripped clean of Americans as fast as it could be, but began with a goodly number who were well disposed toward the islands and inclined to make their future here. They would have invested in agriculture, but an executive order prohibited their doing so, save with the formal knowledge and consent of the government. Consent was charily given, and often upon slight pretext was early withdrawn; so the game, which men were willing to play fairly, was made impossible.

To such absurdities the Federal government in the Philippines has been addicted from the day it founded an administration here. Why, no one precisely knows. A more costly regulation would be hard to conceive—costly to the islands, primarily, for the men would have been good citizens and wealth producers; and costly to the men, who grew old as mere salary dependents; and costly to America, reducing to the extreme the blood loyal element and at the same time limiting her trade.

It is suspected the regulation may be in effect yet. But it makes no difference, now; the men are gone.

A few, however, would not conform. Their souls rebelled and they tweaked the government's inquisitive nose. To the personal dignity and courage of one of these men in particular is due the fact that this issue of the *Journal* is printed, and that Davao is an ocean port of the Philippines. He is now dead, Malita plantation is his monument.

He was O. V. Wood of California, who came to the islands as a school teacher, with the first group, those who came on the Army Transport *Thomas* in 1901—whose energies and young years were wrought into the studings and joistings and dimensions generally of the school system of these islands. Wood was one, as we say, assigned to station in Davao.

The natural resources of that province are fabulous; it would perhaps be no exaggeration to fix its normal population, if developed, at ten million or more, though now it is only 100,000. Wood saw these unutilized resources and proposed to use them. He took up land at Malita and began planting it. As we recall, he was bothered a lot by Manila, though never, we believe, by Dr. David P. Barrows, when he was director of education, for they remained warm friends. But in one way and another things were made hot for Wood, who finally left the service at a time when he still greatly needed the savings from his salary to develop his place and keep labor employed. However, he could get along without the government if the government could get along without him. So he ended his career as a teacher and began in earnest as a planter.

As with other planters, there was a time when he could not spend anything on personal comforts and little on necessities. He walked barefoot to his fields to supervise his workmen. Come what would he extended his plantings, learned the ways of the natives and gave them profitable employment. By 1914 he was well to do; he treated himself that year to a trip back to California and a visit to the Panama Exposition. Then he came back, to build Malita bigger and solve still pending problems. One was transportation. Interisland steamships kept the planters bled white by high rates. "By God!" swore Wood, "you fellows don't seem to realize the American flag is back on the Pacific. It is, and our market is the United States. We'll have a ship in here and load her at our own wharves. To hell with you and your dinky steamships and your high rates and rebates!"

This was of course years after the Exposition. It was after America had gone into the war and the emergency fleet had been built, and after the war was over, after Wood had married and brought his lovely young wife back from California. He and other planters meantime had put in wireless stations and could communicate with one another and with Manila. Wood was ill, flat on his back a great deal of the time with pernicious anemia, from which he finally died. But his fighting blood was up, he was making his last stand against oriental inertia. Leonard Wood was in Manila as governor general and could be reached