

National Heroes' Day Number

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In Memory of National Heroes

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OUR COVER: *Object of homage by many a widow and orphan today, National Heroes' Day, will be the lone cross in Fort Santiago which was erected by the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association to mark the common grave of hundreds of victims of Japanese brutality during the occupation.*

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Editorials

NATIONAL HEROES' DAY

Today's National Heroes' Day celebration will center in Fort Santiago where the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association is holding its traditional memorial rites.

The setting of today's observance brings nearer to us the sacrifices which our national heroes suffered that our nation may be what it is today. It matters not whether we have in mind the hero who challenged the first foreign invader who set foot on our sacred shores, or the hero who tried vainly to smuggle an important message from Manila to guerrilla headquarters in the mountains during the Japanese occupation. Their motives were the same and that is love for their country.

We need more than ever the spirit of self-sacrifice which our national heroes showed in their days. We need to re-educate ourselves to the principles for which they died.

Our national heroes taught us that love of country is not mere lip worship. They taught us that it is something else than idly memorizing patriotic poems and singing national anthems. They demonstrated patriotism as positive, concrete and decisive action.

When every Filipino shall have realized this meaning of love of country defined by our national heroes, we shall then have no fear about the destiny of our nation. It is well therefore for us to ponder deeply into the lessons that our national heroes taught us that we may emulate them and make them a part of our daily existence.

—o—

TAXES AND THE BELL REPORT

THE Bell Mission in its report to President Truman has recommended among other things, greater production, a more diversified economy, and a higher family income for industrial and agricultural laborers "all of which will greatly contribute to the enhancement of free institutions in the Philippines".

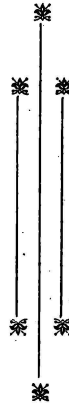
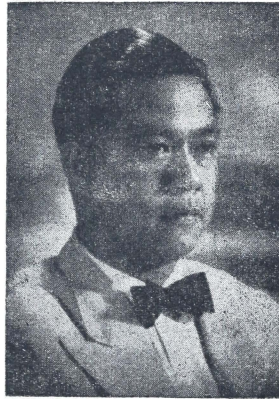
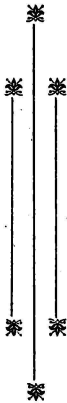
The report further stresses the fact that one of the main causes of the present difficult economic situation in the country is the failure to improve the efficiency of our production. A plan has been advanced to remedy this situation and this is increase actual capital investment. However, it is to be realized that an increase in capital investment partakes of the nature of long-range planning and therefore no appreciative beneficial result would follow but within a span of a few years. The need is immediate and one way to realize this is to increase efficiency. But how can we increase efficiency under the present set-up?

Again it must be realized that the main spur on efficiency in production is profit and it follows therefore that the industrialist would try to attain the highest efficiency to make a profit if he can.

There are however some causes which will stand in the way and these are the non-productive elements which he has to overcome in one way or another.

This brings us to the question of taxes, also taken up in the Bell report. If we have to pay such taxes as those that constitute a deterrent to profits, production will undoubtedly be slowed down. In revising our tax structure, it is very important therefore that we should avoid those taxes that might impair the cost of production as otherwise no matter how much productive efficiency we may attain, these will hamper our goal to higher production. This possi-

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GIL J. PUYAT

MESSAGE

Once again the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association joins the nation in observing National Heroes' Day. The country has seen fit to dedicate this day to honor our heroes, sung and unsung; patriots who made the supreme sacrifice so that liberty, democracy, dignity and decency might perdure.

As the Association pays its traditional homage in this hallowed resting place of these heroes in fitting ceremonies, we the members, have focused our thoughts today on these countless brave men and women who would be with us today had they chosen to bow to the will of the enemy in exchange for their liberty. But they chose to die rather than help the cause of the invader. It matters not whether the help they had refused the Japanese might have been harmless information or something of fundamental importance to the enemy's cause. The reason was the same—to preserve freedom and decency.

We, the living, honor well these unsung heroes by remembering the loved ones they have left behind. Many a war widow or orphan today is living in abject misery because man's memory is short. Many have forgotten that the supreme sacrifice our kins had paid was for the interest of all who truly love democracy and what it stands for.

One of the avowed objectives of the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association is to help in every possible way deserving war widows and orphans. To this end everybody could help, thus honoring, not by mere lip worship, the memory of our heroes who died that we may live.

November 30, 1950

(Sgd.) GIL J. PUYAT
President

Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association

Honoring The National Heroes

By Myron M. Cowen

The American people unite with all other freedom-loving peoples of the world today in paying high tribute to the countless men and women of the Philippines, who have sacrificed their lives in the supremely important cause of creating and defending liberty, freedom and the democratic way of life.

Rizal, Mabini, Bonifacio, Abad Santos, Quezon — these immortal leaders of the Filipino people and others who were associated with them or who followed in their footsteps — stand out today as landmarks in the onward and upward march of this sovereign democratic Republic. Because these great men lived, labored and died as they did, this nation today stands on the threshold of greatness. They are, in the truest sense of the word "national heroes," from whose example your nation and the whole world may well draw inspiration and courage with which to meet the challenging problems of the future.

In recent times the significance of this day has been broadened and deepened to include the sacrifices made by the Filipino people as a whole during those four tragic years of World War II — sacrifices which today constitute as great a monument to idealism, patriotism and self-sacrifice as has ever been erected in all history.

As I say this I am not thinking of individual deeds by specific people but, rather, of the heroism of the whole nation which stood fast in the face of the weapons of death and destruction, both physical and ideological, which were used against it by the enemy. Your people suffered brutal indignities, starved from lack of food, saw their friends and relatives die before their eyes, and yet struggled on for an ideal and a principle. No words of ours can add to the glory they have achieved. The world in general and the Philippines in particular do well today to pay honor to these thousands of men and women who by their heroic fortitude established a standard by which all human courage and sacrifice can be measured in the future.

More specifically, we are met here this morning to pay tribute to the scores of men and women who suffered torture and death at the hands of the Japanese in the cells and dark dungeons of this historic old Fort.

Fort Santiago which has stood here on the banks of the Pasig River for more than 400 years, and under the flags of five nations, has witnessed the relentless march of history. It was here that Jose Rizal was imprisoned prior to his execution by the Spanish. It was here in these dark cells and torture chambers that Filipinos and Americans alike shared an ordeal by fire in World War II.

I am honored indeed to be able to join with you today in paying humble but grateful tribute to this legion of heroic

men and women, Filipinos and Americans alike and others who met a similar fate on the death march, at Camp O'Donnell, at Cabanatuan, at Palawan and at the Davao prisoners camp.

Today, as we depart from our daily routine to commemorate the deeds of these honored dead, it seems a fitting time to rededicate ourselves to the principles for which they died. Both our peoples, who have fought and died for freedom, must keep ever in mind that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." If, in what we do or what we fail to do, as individuals or as organizations, we are false to the basic concept of government which Filipinos and Americans share — that it is a servant of the people, not their master — to the same extent are we destroying this way of life which we value above all others.

We have come to speak of the personal liberty and the dignity of the individual, which are the basis of democracy, as the rights of man. They are his rights in a free land. In fact, we and our forbears have come to feel that they are his inalienable rights, an endowment from his Creator. We know all too well, however, that there are millions of people in the world today who enjoy no such rights. Totalitarianism recognizes no right but that of might. In that large portion of the world where a totalitarian form of government exists, the individual does not dare to express his own opinion. In such countries, where men's minds are rigidly controlled, the individual is subjected to a slavery more abject than any the world has ever known.

Your people and mine, as freedom-loving peoples, must not stand idly by. Nor should our tactics in this struggle of ideas be merely those of passive resistance. If democracy — if a government of the people, by the people, and for the people — is as precious a heritage as our founders considered it and as we, today, are convinced that it is, it behooves us to make it a real and living thing. It is imperative that the democracies demonstrate to the rest of the world more effectively in the future than they have in the past the innumerable benefits which mankind enjoys under self-government. It is only by making our governments democratic in every sense of the word, by assuring all men equal political, social, economic and legal rights and privileges that we can prove to our own people and to the world at large the benefits and blessings of our chosen way of life.

Let us today re-dedicate ourselves to these high principles, and by so doing, fittingly memorialize those heroes who have died to preserve them. No better offering could be made in grateful acknowledgement of our debt to them than to strive more diligently for the achievement of the ideals for which they sacrificed their lives.

A PLAN FOR FORT SANTIAGO

By F. Ben Brillantes

WHEN I was in the United States last year in the interest of the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association, I made it a point to visit as many monuments and memorials as my crowded days allowed. By so doing, I would not only satisfy a cherished desire but at the same time get ideas which might be useful in future plans of the Association for honoring the numberless unknown heroes who died resisting the enemy during the occupation.

One of the memorials that struck me not only for its beauty but also for its efficient administration was Mount Vernon, former home of George Washington. The place, a sprawling 475-acre estate in Virginia, has been restored and is maintained by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, an organization founded by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, of South Carolina, and chartered by the state of Virginia. The members of the Association serve without remuneration. Funds were raised by individual subscription and the estate was acquired in 1858.

For the maintenance of the estate, the Association derives its income from admission fees. This income has made possible the maintenance of the property and the introduction of all proper means of protection. During the early years, when income was small, progressive restoration was made possible by contributions from members of the Association and other interested individuals or patriotic groups.

After visiting Mount Vernon, I began thinking of Fort Santiago and how it could be restored to its original grandeur and splendor and as a fitting memorial to the hundreds of martyrs who died in the hands of the Japanese during the occupation. I asked myself, "Why not a similar plan for Fort Santiago?"

No doubt the government in its long-range program of reconstruction has in mind the ultimate restoration of this historic landmark. But while its immediate attention is focused on the more pressing public works jobs like roads, bridges, hydro-electric plants, waterways, irrigation dams, school buildings, public edifices and other projects, it could leave projects like Fort Santiago reconstruction which has a universal appeal to freedom-loving peoples of the world, in the hands of private organizations like for example the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association.

I had talked this matter over with individual members of the Association including its substantial supporters and they have enthusiastically endorsed a plan whereby Fort Santiago could be reconstructed and administered under the auspices of the Association, following the lines set by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association in connection with George Washington's memorial.

The PEPPA makes no pretenses that it could do better than any other organization with similar aims in this regard. But to the members of the PEPPA, Fort Santiago is very dear. It is their symbol of sacrifice for the cause of universal free-

dom, a shrine in which has been preserved all that is dear to lovers of Democracy. Beneath its surface are buried hundreds of political prisoners whose only crime was that they loved the democratic way of life much more than the life the Japanese conquerors promised them for their collaboration.

That Fort Santiago should be preserved for its historic background no one would contradict. For more than 400 years and under the flags of five nations, it has occupied a prominent place in the history of Manila. In fact it is still one of the most interesting spots in the city regardless of what it stood for during the Japanese occupation. In world history it has been to the Philippines what the Bastille was to France, the Tower to England and the Morro Castle to Cuba. Like all such famous fortresses, it has been the subject of many weird and often terrifying tales of brutality and hatred.

In May, 1945, the fort was occupied by the United States Army Transportation Corps and was designated as the T.C. General Depot. This organization was responsible for clearing away the debris and giving the bodies of hundreds of Filipinos and foreign elements who were killed there by the Japanese decent burial.

The American forces returned the fort to the Philippine Republic in 1949, and since then, administration of the place has been placed under the Department of Public Works and Communications.

Fort Santiago acquired fame as early as 1480 when a strongly palisaded earthwork was built by the grandfather of Rajah Soliman, who appreciated the strategic value of the position of the mouth of the Pasig river which commanded and still commands traffic on Manila Bay.

Twelve bronze cannons were installed in the fort and these enabled Soliman to rule and consolidate the fierce tribes until 1570 when an expedition from the Spanish settlement on the southern island of Cebu under the command of Martin de Goiti and Juan de Salcedo, captured the fort and sacked the city. On May 19, 1571, Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, first governor of the Philippines founded the city of Manila and work was begun to strengthen the walls of the fort.

In 1584, Santiago de Vera, sixth governor general, cleared the ground of all the original palisades and laid the first stones of the fort that was later to be named after him.

In 1762, 16 British warships with a force of nearly 7,000 sailed into Manila Bay and laid siege on the fort. The Archbishop of Manila, as acting governor, after a token defense, surrendered the city to the British admiral in October of that year. The British forces pillaged the city and partially dismantled the fort during their year and a half of occupation. When peace was restored, reconstruction of the fort started. That was in 1778.

(Continued on page 33)

THE BATTLE FOR THE MINDS OF MEN

By Renato Constantino

THE history of the human race is a history of wars. Men have fought and found the fighting costly and painful. But they have fought again and again.

The history of the human race is a search for peace. Even in the days of old when men lived for war, there were those who hated it and sought to end all bloody conflicts.

History therefore may be viewed, in one sense, as the struggle between two impulses—the will to war and the will to peace. These impulses are the manifestations of man's opposing instincts of pugnacity and gregariousness.

Man's gregariousness makes him desire the company and friendship of other men, in fact makes him long for the approval of society as a whole.

Man's pugnacity makes him love the chase, the contest, the struggle and finally, the conquest.

Although the instinct to be close to other human beings is often adequately and even magnificently fulfilled in the beautiful comradeship of men in arms, it must be admitted that the desire for close relationship with other human beings is more readily and more generally fulfilled under conditions of peace.

The struggle between the will to war and the will to peace began with the human race and has not ended. In the past, the will to war was dominant but as war became more costly and more painful, as the gains for the victor became insignificant compared to the losses of life and property involved, the will to peace grew stronger in men's hearts, and now it is a mighty chorus.

Today men have changed their position concerning war and peace. They have changed because the conduct of a future war, the conditions of such a war, and its results, will be different in many respects from anything mankind has so far experienced. What are the differences between a third world war and all other past contests?

During the infancy of human history, tribe fought tribe. Later, Athens battled Sparta, one city-state against another. In the Middle Ages, noble fought against noble until the strongest ones became kings and ruled nations. Then France fought England, England fought Spain, one country against another. The areas involved became larger and larger; the losses in men and materials became greater and greater.

Within the span of a half-century, we have seen two world wars—a bloc of nations fighting another bloc with losses in life that staggered the imagination and left the world bleeding and maimed.

A third global war would embrace an even greater area of the world than its predecessors. Battlefields will be far-flung and numerous. Mankind will once more have a lesson in geography as unknown places become historical signposts fashioned out of blood and heroism. Truly, it will be a world war worthy of the name. The last two great conflicts will be so much window-dressing compared to the real thing.

The area of conflict is one difference, the degree of involvement of each one of us is another. In the comparatively halcyon days of the past, wars were fought for years and years. But a little behind the lines life went on as usual. We read in history of a Thirty Years' War and a Hundred Years' War, but we do not shudder. They stopped fighting on Sundays and had time for love. They had rules of war then, rigidly enforced and religiously adhered to, sacred by tradition and not easily flouted.

Where are our rules of war today? Where is the field of battle beyond whose boundaries there shall be no fighting? Who shall say in a future contest: There are the combatants, these are the women and children, the aged and the sick, they are not in this fight? With the Hydrogen Bomb now a reality there can be no haven, no refuge, no neutral territory. All of us, yes, all of us, will be participants in the carnage, whether we will it or not.

The next war, if all our efforts to prevent it are in vain, will be different in still another respect. There will be no definite frontiers. The enemy will be in front and behind you. In almost every country the enemy will strike from without and from within. In too many countries, the conflict will partake of the nature of a civil war.

Why will the world contest be repeated in miniature within many countries in that most painful, most deadly, and yet most long drawn out and indecisive of conflicts—a civil war? I have not said who in my opinion will be the principal combatants. But you know. The fact that you know is unhappy evidence of the great cleavage we are face to face with in the world today. And that is the clue to the fourth difference between a future war and all past struggles.

In the past and even up to the Second World War, alliances were formed and broken, depending on the expediency of the moment. In the past, rulers played the power game and wars were fought frankly for loot as in tribal times, or for empires as in the wars between Spain and England, or for national vindication and glory as in the Ethiopian adventure of Mussolini, or for markets, as in the First World War.

Wars were fought and peace treaties signed and then wars were fought again. Each time the allies were different and the enemies of yesterday became the friends of today. But now, battle lines have hardened, have become fixed and clear. The cleavage is ideological—it is Communism versus Democracy. The cleavage is wide and deep—an unbridgeable chasm. It has cut the world in two. Because the point at issue is ideological, a future world war based on this issue will transcend national boundaries. That is why I spoke of civil war. Men will not fight such a war as Americans or Russians or Italians or Chinese. They will fight as Communists or Democrats. This as I see it, will be the difference between the future war and all past military conflicts where the appeal to nationalism was always made.

(Continued on page 28)

I Remember Winnie

By Ernesto Rodriguez, Jr.

A SUGGESTION was made that because I had been known as Wenceslao Q. Vinzons's No. 1 rival in the youth movement what I would say here might prove interesting. Vinzons was a man among men. There was no need for this excuse really. Vinzons would have been just as great if he had no enemies. It is true he died in the hands of enemies and his martyrdom has become one of the most important highlights in the glorious epic of our resistance and in the labor pains of our eventual redemption. The death of Wenceslao Q. Vinzons was in keeping with the promise: it was the death of a rebel and a hero. Indeed with the passing of the years his greatness will be more pronounced and his selfless sacrifice for our country and our people will be better appreciated.

I first met Winnie, as I was later to call him fondly, in the morning of July 25, 1931. I remember the date distinctly because it was my birthday and it was the foundation day of the College Editors' Guild of the Philippines. I had called for that day a meeting of the editors of the University of the Philippines, the University of Santo Tomas, National University and the Ateneo de Manila. Winnie came with Salvador P. Lopez. He impressed me as a very modest and genial young man. I was younger than he was, but that did not seem to be a barrier to the facility and felicity with which he welcomed me to his circle of friends. I found in him an enthusiastic supporter of my many ideas on college journalism and the youth movement. It was in the CEG where he met Liwayway Gonzales, later to become his wife. Since that day in 1931 until late in 1941, when I met him for the last time, through the space of decade, Wenceslao Q. Vinzons and I seldom agreed on anything. For while he agreed with my ideas and sometimes my convictions, we never agreed on the proper execution of these ideas.

We fought consistently, but I do not remember of any single instance when personalities entered into our polemics. It was probably because I was naturally attracted to him and he was fond of me personally. It was not unusual therefore, that after very exchange of strong words on the platform, on the radio, or in the press, we would break bread together in some downtown restaurant or at his room at the YMCA. We would fight often and hard and passionately for what we thought was right and still remain friends, bosom friends.

He was obsessed, as I was, about organizing the youth as a militant group to fight for reforms in the government. During the first days, nay the first years, we dedicated our efforts to the unification of the students. When we elected our first set of officers in the College Editors' Guild, I, who as founder should have had the first crack at the presidency, withdrew and asked for the honor of nominating him to the presidency of the College Editors' Guild. He won naturally and he was grateful for my support. To this day I am keeping a letter he had sent me thanking me for my gesture of withdrawing in his favor. As editor of the *Philippine Collegian*, he fought always for the things he believed in and was resentful of any attempt to muzzle him or influence him one way or the

other.

When the country was torn in two in 1933-1934 over the issue of the Hare-Hawes-Cutting law, we found ourselves fighting each other. I think the whole thing started earlier. It seems that during that historic demonstration he organized to protest against the Festin rider in the House appropriations measure, I did not give him the full support that he had asked of me. It seems I had a different conception of how the protest could have been made more effective. As it was that demonstration put him in the limelight and from then on, Vinzons had become a young man's hero. Well, late in 1933, I organized the Real Youth Party and became its president. Wenceslao organized the Young Philippines and became its president. He supported the leadership of Osmena and Roxas; I supported the leadership of Quezon. It was really an unequal fight. Quezon won because he was Quezon. Wenceslao favored admitting old people of known liberal tendencies into the folds of his youth organization; I opposed the idea and maintained that a youth movement to be properly a youth movement must not have anything to do with old people. Not that I had any ax to grind against oldsters; I only believed that the old politicians were chiefly responsible for the nation's ills.

On this issue, Mr. Vinzons and I went to the people. On the HHC issue he was with the pros, and in the natural course of events I was linked with the antis. Wenceslao was ably supported by enthusiastic young men, among them Arturo Tolentino, Diosdado Macapagal, Mariano Laureola, Ben Brillantes, Donato Joaquin, Vicente Correa, Aurelio Alvero and the behind-the-scenes cooperation of Jose P. Laurel, Rafael Palma and Manuel Roxas. Our youth party, which later became the Filipino Youth, had among others the driving force of stalwarts like Teodoro Evangelista, Lorenzo Sulmulong, Felixberto Serrano, Emmanuel Pelaez, Macario Zamuco, Edzundo Cea, Sofronio Quimson and Fred Ruiz Castro.

In the 1935 elections for the presidency of the Commonwealth, Wenceslao supported General Aguinaldo and I supported Manuel Quezon. It was no fight again. But it must be said to the eternal credit of Vinzons, that he made Aguinaldo win in his home province, Camarines Norte. Here was a clear instance of the strength of Vinzons as a political leader.

Wenceslao Q. Vinzons had also been elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention; as a matter of fact he was the youngest delegate elected to draft the charter of our commonwealth and our republic. Much later he was elected provincial governor and then congressman from Camarines Norte. In all these elections he had wrecked the political machine of old guard politicians in his province, by his sheer eloquence and unusual gifts of leadership.

They say Wenceslao Q. Vinzons was a sucker for lost causes. In life he always supported causes that could not have won at the time he fought for them. Here was his most

THE BELL REPORT — AN ANALYSIS

By Jose B. Fernandez, Jr.

The Philippine Bank of Commerce

THE 24-man Bell Mission, after more than a month's stay in Manila, has made a searching analysis of the economic as well as the social problems confronting the young Republic and has recommended a 7-point program. The first six recommendations represent the Mission's idea of the self-help measures which the Philippines can and should at this time undertake. The seventh recommendation indicates an initial figure of \$250,000,000 which the Mission believes, should be America's material contribution to the overall program.

That the Mission explicitly conditions the aid on steps being taken to achieve internal reform and the necessary sacrifice involved in a program of self-help, is not particularly important. The implementation of worthwhile reforms should be carried out, the withholding of American aid regardless. The willingness to correct fundamental maladjustments must not be bartered for dollars and an artificial balancing of dollar aid against reform seems irrelevant. Where, however, certain recommendations would appear to either involve the transfer of sovereign rights or the grant of commercial privileges hitherto found unacceptable, then if we must be realistic, an appraisal of the aid initially recommended must be made and placed in the proper perspective.

The proposed aid in loans and grants is \$250,000,000 over a five-year period, or in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000 per year. This represents approximately 8 percent of the total national dollar income in 1949 of \$621,000,000. It must be remembered however, that of this dollar income, approximately \$320,000,000 represents U.S. Governmental transfers and expenditures which would magnify the \$50,000,000 yearly aid into a larger percentage if only earned dollar income were

admirable character: that he could fight even if he knew all the odds were against him. I did not realize then the handicaps he had to surmount. After the occupation, I was to taste from the same bitter cup that he had drank during the pre-war years. I like to remember Wenceslao Q. Vinzons as the young man who always kept faith with the youth. He was one who would easily and enthusiastically pick up a fight, whenever he knew that there was something worth fighting for. He did not care what the rest of the world thought about his ideas. And a great many did idolize him. He probably thought that the only causes worth fighting for are lost causes. As an oppositionist, I know how it feels to fight. Wenceslao Q. Vinzons was the idol of the youth: he was courageous, because he was young; he was uncompromising because he was young; he was ambitious because he was young. He died young, because he was to remain always the model for the young. But he would have always remained young, because he was of the stuff that patriots and heroes are made of. It is a tragedy that we do not have a Vinzons now — in the face of the current situation. Sometimes I wonder if Vinzons had not died in vain.

made the base. In other words, on the basis of approximately \$300,000,000 earned last year on account of the exports of goods and services, the \$50,000,000 aid represents an annual increase in dollar availability of 16 percent to the economy.

Although the figure then does not appear as large as ECA aid has proportionately for certain European countries, it assumes much more significance when related to the amount of capital goods importations both in 1949 and in 1950. During this period, importation of capital goods had been proceeding at approximately a \$50,000,000 per year rate. Should the contemplated aid of \$50,000,000 per year be earmarked purely for capital goods importation, it will be seen that a doubling of imported capital goods investments can be expected. In terms of aggregate domestic investment however, the size of the proposed aid is much less significant. In the post-war period, this has been estimated roughly by the Bell Missioners at one billion pesos per year. It will be seen that the contemplated aid will represent a 10 percent increase in aggregate investment. It must be remembered of course, that as has been pointed out in the Report, much of the postwar investments found its way into real estate, increased inventories and other forms of trading capital, with only a minimum portion having been channeled into productive activity.

It is well to keep these magnitudes in mind to have a realistic attitude on what the aid per se can or cannot accomplish.

It is evident immediately that permanent solutions to some of the more fundamental age-old problems cited by the Report, namely, a more equitable distribution of land, higher productivity for agricultural workers, lack of skilled technicians, etc., will not be solved overnight, neither with \$50,000,000 aid per year, nor with \$150,000,000. The recommendations for the gradual solution of those problems were necessarily of a long range nature. A more direct approach was made, however, to the problems that were more or less of a postwar nature, namely, the balance of payments problems, the embarrassing financial position of the national government, and the deterioration of peace and order. The attack on the first two problems especially was direct. It was believed that much of the pressure on the balance of payments was due to the maintenance of money incomes through governmental deficit spending, so in no uncertain terms, the correction of the budget became the Mission's *sine qua non* for recovery. It is abundantly clear, however, that the Mission did not believe that the level of public spending was excessively high, for on the contrary, it recommends various increase to governmental spending indicated by its advocacy of increased agricultural services and health measures, as well as an increase in the salaries of those in government employ. The balancing of the budget was to be achieved by an increase in revenue and to this end, the lengthiest of the technical memoranda accompanying the re-

port was directed. Taxation then, appears to be the cornerstone of reform.

The very comprehensive tax program is designed for three purposes: (1) to raise additional revenues to balance the budget as soon as possible; (2) to shift the incidence of taxation from those less able to those in a better position to pay; and (3) to serve as a tool for directing investments away from the heretofore popular trade and real estate channels to pursuits of a more productive nature. At the same time, a definite effort is made to widen the tax base which statistics had proved to be distressingly small in relation to national income and population. On top of the long-range tax program, an immediate stop-gap measure is recommended. Realizing that revenue from proposed taxes will not be available immediately, a 25 percent tax on exchange is recommended, intended to raise approximately ₱60,000,000. This, together with the immediately realizable revenue from direct taxes envisioned in the tax program, is estimated to run into the ₱150,000,000 necessary to balance the proposed budget.

Many difficulties may be encountered with respect to the 25 percent tax on the sales of exchange for imports. It appears quite possible that such a tax may be interpreted as a 25 percent tariff on imports and if so interpreted, will be in contravention of the Bell Trade Act of 1946 which provides for free trade between the two nations. Aware of this difficulty, the Mission suggested one alternative, that of imposing a 25 percent tax on all sales of exchange. This of course, is equivalent to a temporary one way devaluation and it is quite possible that permission from the IMF will be required. The third alternative in the event that the first

two proposals are unacceptable, is a heavy domestic excise tax of 25 percent which would have approximately the same effect, that is, to increase the Peso landed cost of imports for the purpose of raising additional revenue for the government. As a method for collecting revenue surely and simply, the tax on sales of exchange is without question the most desirable. Assuming a level of imports at ₱600,000,000 this coming year, with one-half of the imports falling under the exempt list, this tax alone will still yield revenues amounting to ₱75,000,000 yearly.

Who shall bear this tax? Just as in many other forms of taxation, it is not at this time possible to pinpoint precisely who shall bear the burden. Undoubtedly, the Mission took into account the possibility that such a tax might be borne by the ultimate consumer which would, of course, lower standards of living that are already low, and directly conflict with their expressed desire to shift the incidence of taxation from the great mass of low income recipients, to a small minority of high-income, high-savings people at the top. The pressing financial needs of the government had to be weighed against any further tax inequities and it appears reasonable that their recommendation of this stop-gap measure was founded on two premises. The first of these is that in view of the already inflated margins available between landed costs and ultimate retail prices to consumers of many imported articles, and in view of increasing consumer resistance to high priced imported articles with a very apparent shift to domestic substitutes in many cases, much of the 25 percent exchange tax would in fact be borne by the importer. In other words, the na-

(Continued on page 13)



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A Friend In Deed

By Moises T. Guerrero

IN Washington where decisions affecting relations between the Philippines and the United States are made, practices a lawyer who has been waging a silent fight for some 35,000 Filipinos.

His interest in this particular work started about a year ago when the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association sent a mission to the United States to work for the amendment of the War Claims Act of 1948 in which American civilian internees among others are entitled to benefits during their period of incarceration.

Harlan Wood, a veteran of World War I, who is quick to see justice where justice is due, accidentally met the mission and from that meeting emerged an assurance that he would help seek Congressional interest in a bill giving justice to former Filipino civilian internees. The result of this joint effort is the Cavalcante Bill, introduced by Rep. Anthony Cavalcante, of Pennsylvania, which seeks to amend the war claims act by giving equal benefits to former Filipino civilian internees as those accorded Americans under the act.

Since then Mr. Wood has been in the thick of the fight, attending committee hearings, getting in touch with the War Claims Commission which has been named by President Truman to carry out the provisions of the act and enlisting the

support of American leaders, both in the executive and legislative branches, in which he counts with many friends.

Only recently, he obtained an important ruling from the U.S. Immigration office to the effect that Filipinos, prior to July 4, 1946, were American nationals. With this ruling which is expected to be adopted by the State Department, less legislation may be required on behalf of Filipino claimants under the war claims act.

His interest however is not limited to the claim of former Filipino political prisoners. Sometime ago when a wave of anti-Philippine propaganda hit the American press, Mr. Wood wrote Gil Puyat, president of the PEPPA, stating that something should be done to counteract this propaganda. "Our

(Continued on page 34)



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Wreaths or Coronets, Which?

By T. D. Agcaoli

I

We shall not say so many words
We shall just sit quietly in the dark
touching lips to lips
fingertips to fingertips.

No moments to waste: Flowers bloom in the air
the field guns rumble then disappear:
death's undeniable call. wreaths or coronets, which?

For the moment we sit quietly
in the night silent and trembling
like the stars.
The dawn shall come unbidden
and we shall say, Goodbye
Goodbye.

II

This is the Unknown Soldier:
Joe's limbs, Marcos' toes,
Carlos' arm, Ben's slim fingers;
Mike's head, the brains spilled
and unretrieved in the foxhole where he fell;
Steve's guts,
Mary's biggest loss;

Fidel's torso; lonely and proud.
and this wet heap, It still wanders the hills
which is Antero's innards But His heart, His heart?

III

We who went marching rapid fires of decay.
held to the skies threw before us
bright banners of courage We who went fighting

Where we stood death also stood.
Above us eagles screamed.
Beneath us the earth shook.
Inside us life knew that death
was whispering close by.
We who went fighting
were loverless
except for death
and her quick embraces.

IV

The smell of death is laurel leaf:
decayed.
The smell of death is million roses;
decayed.
We who were brave
surrendered
to our beds of laurel leaf

(Continued on page 14)

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JUAN ELIZALDE
VIRGILIO LOBREGAT
Capt. M. PASTOR

*Greetings from Ex-Political
Prisoners*

MANOLO ELIZALDE
PEDRO E. TEODORO
FLORO POLICARPIO

The Bell Report . . .

(Continued from page 10)

tional government would merely share in the windfall profits that have accrued to importers as a result of controls. The second fundamental premise would appear to be that the increase in prices to consumers of some items regardless, the necessity of putting government finances in order outweighs this other consideration and it is hoped that the longer range tax program may be the instrument to ultimately solve any tax inequities already existing or liable to arise because of the 25 percent exchange tax.

On the other hand, the dangers to such a tax must be already presented. Apart from its possible shift to consumers in the case of certain articles, it must become readily apparent to anyone that the very virtue of simplicity and ease of collection which it involves, may lead to its adoption by the government as a permanent revenue-raising measure. Through its use, the government gets used to making profits on exchange, making successive devaluations politically desirable and an easy escape mechanism from budgetary difficulties. At the same time, it is not difficult to see that such a procedure may encourage governmental subsidy of exports since exports become so profitable to the national government. It can lead to the opening of marginal mines, of uneconomic industries and to permanently higher cost structures of economic establishments as government subsidies weaken the constant pressure for lower costs in a freely competitive situation. Finally of course, if prolonged indefinitely, it must lead to permanent devaluation. The third inherent danger

in such a tax is that it normally leads to the adoption of multiple rate and discriminatory exchange practices. It is a starting wedge in the direction. Certain importers will find themselves unable to operate profitably under such an imposition and will seek preferred rates and various planners will begin to devise various categories of essentiality, seeking varying rates for each, and in this conflict between using either profitability or essentiality as the standard for setting differing exchange taxes, it is not difficult to see another "wilderness of restrictions, discriminations and arbitrariness" that has been seen to result in other countries that started along this path with the best possible motives.

To prevent the tragedy of such an occurrence, it would seem that from the very start, the purpose, the emergency nature, and the time limit for the imposition of this tax be clearly understood. It must be clearly stated at the outset, that this tax is purely an emergency revenue-raising device, and that exchange authorities definitely intend to return to the normal rates after a very definite period. To prevent any upward pressure on living costs, a very careful study of items to be exempted from the tax should be made, the determining policy being to exclude wherever possible, items directly entering into the basic consumption needs of the low-income groups. It is only under such considerations that this proposed remedy may not bring in its wake greater and more difficult problems.

Together with the adoption of the fiscal measures above mentioned aimed at diminishing inflationary pressures which in turn are responsible for balance of payments difficulties the Report leans towards a conservative investment policy as in-

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dispensable to the attack against inflation. It lays aside for the time being over-ambitious and too rapid development. It would gear such development directly to the rate of domestic savings and to whatever aid in the form of loans and grants the country can obtain from abroad. The rate of investment of course is to be increased as savings is stimulated and many concrete recommendations for the stimulation of savings are made. Specifically, the nature and types of governmental securities suitable for investment at different levels are recommended and explicit encouragement towards the formation of lending institutions that may absorb otherwise idle savings in rural communities and channel such into productive loans is given. It must be remembered, however, that the fiscal policy embodied in the tax program will undoubtedly result in diminished savings among the present high-income group, and it must be assumed that an equivalent amount of saving in the great masses whose present income is so low as to permit them no savings at all, must be achieved if gross aggregate savings are not to decline. This assumption is speculative at most, as there is no quantitative evidence of the actual percentage of savings in various income groups. Insofar as the direction of investment is concerned, the Report also uses fiscal measures to deter the continued absorption of capital into real estate and trading activity by imposing heavier taxes on such forms of capital.

It is obvious that the Mission believes that the control of inflation is paramount at this time and that increases in national productivity will be best achieved under a situation where price levels and the value of the currency domestically, as well as internationally, are stable. In this regard, it may be well to note that the theoretically sound concept that credit creation for development purposes is not fundamentally inflationary but only temporarily so, is felt by the Mission to be "specious reasoning" where no regard is made for the conditions already existing, since even the temporary pressure it exerts at a time of great stress may result in harm of a permanent nature.

Wreaths or Coronets, Which?

(Continued from page 12)

V.

We flew to the sun,
bright red in the dawnlight.
We dropped blossoms
of roses, violets and marigold
and black flowers beneath us.

We flew to the sun
spilling the fresh roses of our blood
upon the fields of cloud.
We crashed into the sun,
the winds howling through
the battered fuselage of our bodies.

VI

This is the dream's ending:
wreaths, not coronets,
laid on the newly turned
scorched earth.

(We who went marching
stayed up in the night,
too tired to sleep,
too tired to sleep.)

SO LITTLE THAT MEANS SO MUCH

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FOR FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY*

By Salvador P. Lopez

THE OTHER DAY I came up for investigation before one of the Loyalty Status Boards of the Philippine Army. In the course of the testimony and examination of Lyd Arguilla, her husband Manuel, who was arrested by the Japs in February 1944 and is still missing, was mentioned.

Lyd was testifying about my part in the activities of the Porch which she and Manuel organized way back in the middle of 1942 as affiliate of Marking's Guerrillas. Manuel, she said, was the commanding officer of the unit while she was the adjutant, and they received their instructions direct from Marking and Yay who had placed the group directly under headquarters.

Though I and not he was on trial, the board naturally wanted to know a few facts about Manuel. The board was told he had been a well-known writer, employed before the war in the Bureau of Public Welfare where he continued to work after the Executive Commission was organized in late January, 1942. After the fall of Bataan he went around the provinces with a unit of the Japanese Propaganda Corps. Later he left the Bureau of Public Welfare to accept a job in the Department of Information, Japanese Army, as censor for stage shows. He wrote a few stories and articles in the Jap-controlled newspapers and magazines. On February 20, 1944, he was arrested by the Kempetai, thrown into Fort Santiago,

and later transferred to Old Bilibid where, in the latter part of August 1944, he was taken out, along with about thirty others, never to be seen again.

So much was known from a confidential report on Manuel which an Army operative had prepared and from the few facts which Lyd was permitted to mention in the course of her testimony before the board.

Thus baldly stated, the facts do create a picture of Manuel that is not wholly prepossessing. The Japs took him and perhaps killed him, some people will say, but they may have done so for one reason as well as for another. He went around with the Japs, consorted with them, worked for them; and though he may later have died at their hands, that of itself does not make him a hero.

The story of Manuel is the story of a hero. It is a story of heroism as simple as the peasant Ilocano stock from which he sprang, as rugged as the mountains back of the little barrio in La Union that as the scene of his childhood and the setting of many of his childhood and the setting of many of his finest stories. And I am going to tell it because it is such a story as he himself would have liked to tell, though it is also a story which none could tell half as well as he.

A few days after the entry of Japanese troops into Manila, Manuel told his wife: "Life is not worth living without

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freedom." There was nothing declamatory the way he said that; it was more like an aphorism whose truth he had discovered anew and was now restating in bitter though not hopeless realization.

I like to think of Manuel saying that, because the words provide the key to all that he did later on, all that happened to him, until that awful moment in Bilibid when he told the Japs to their faces that he was fighting for freedom and democracy—

But I am going ahead of the story.

The point is that from that time on his plans were set. He had seen the face of the invader and loathed it; he had heard the tramp of his booted feet in the streets and he knew that this was his enemy.

He was not a soldier. He intended to go to Bataan, but in the confusion that followed the rapid collapse of Filamerican resistance in Luzon, it had not been possible for him to leave.

Manuel decided that this was his place, that here he too could fight the enemy, at close quarters, with his own weapons.

He went around the provinces with the Japanese Propaganda Corps. It was curiosity, more than anything else, which first led him to undertake such an equivocal and suspicious activity—the insatiable curiosity of a writer who wanted to see with his own eyes and to hear with his own ears the reactions of Filipinos to the shattering impact of the Japanese invasion. Wherever he went he found that the people were sound and steadfastly loyal at heart and the knowledge pleased him because it made him feel all the more certain that redemption would come.

In the Bureau of Public Welfare he gathered a number of trusted employees around him and with their help turned out anti-Japanese propaganda in the office mimeographing machine. This was typical of the daring he showed throughout, the courage that enabled him to accomplish so much under such grave risks, the boldness that was later to prove his own undoing.

Yay, who had escaped to the mountains, needed funds to organize Marking's Guerrillas on a more extensive scale. She sent Manuel bundles of guerrilla receipts to be given in exchange for contributions from loyal and well-to-do Filipinos. Manuel went to work with more enthusiasm than discretion; he would visit members of the Executive Commission who hardly knew him and say:

"I'm going to ask you a favor. I've come to you because I think you are a loyal Filipino. If you are not willing to help, we'll both forget about it. Here's a receipt signed by Yay. She needs money for her guerrilla force. You can write down the amount you wish to give."

Most of the time they took him at his word and gave him what he wanted. On one or two occasions, however, he happened to approach certain officials who thought he was a spy whom the Japs had set on their trail; they therefore notified the Military Police as a measure of protection. In this way, the Arguilla home on Calle M. H. del Pilar was visited by the Kempetai in late December 1943; they turned the place inside out, looking for guerrilla receipts. They found none.

(Continued on page 21)

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POWER IN THE SONG OF "WEAKNESS"

By RAUL S. MANGLAPUS

WE were out in the yard, on one of those rare occasions when "through the magnanimity and benevolence of the Imperial Japanese Army" we were removed from the stench and filth of the cells and allowed to bask a bit in the sun.

The day was a very special occasion and the air was filled with song. This was the Japanese Military Prison at Old Bilibid, where advanced Fort Santiago inmates were brought one step nearer to release, or to Muntinglupa, or to a nameless grave at the North Cemetery.

Today the Japanese Military Police was turning the prison over to regular Military Prison Guards.

I remember the date very well—March 9, 1943. That day Raymunda Guidote was trooped out of her lonely cell and made to sing before kempeis, Jap and Filipino and American prisoners. The kempeis thought they'd have a little celebration, so they called alternately on Japs and Filipinos and Americans to do their act.

But now the time was up and the kempeis thought they'd end up in style by making the Filipinos and American prisoners sing in chorus followed by the Jap prisoners. I don't know how it happened but I found myself the choirmaster, at a loss at what song to evoke from those emaciated bodies worn down with "kangkong" and torture.

It was a motley group I had before me but it struck me immediately that the great majority of us were Catholics. We couldn't sing our national anthem, because that was taboo, but we could sing something just as national as Julian Felipe's music—the hymn to the Sacred Heart: "No Mas Amor Que El Tuyo."

Not everyone knew the lyrics, but those who didn't followed up magnificently, humming the tune. We performed a rendition that brought tears to our own eyes and a look at surprise on the faces of the Japs.

"Very good," the kempei lieutenant said "but now listen to the Japanese sing. We do not sing like women. We do not sing of weakness like you "Kuristangs." We sing like men, of strength and power. The song you will now hear is about our Empire and its 2600 years of glorious history. Listen."

The Jap prisoners were called to attention. Hands on hips those looters, deserters, murderers began to sing "Kono hi kono sora, Kono hikari," the Niponese march of destiny that was then being broadcast throughout "Greater East Asia." They would certainly have drowned us out in a singing duel. For they were all rosetate, healthy with the daily sun and good soya-sauced food. The rice and "kangkong" were not

(Continued on page 20)

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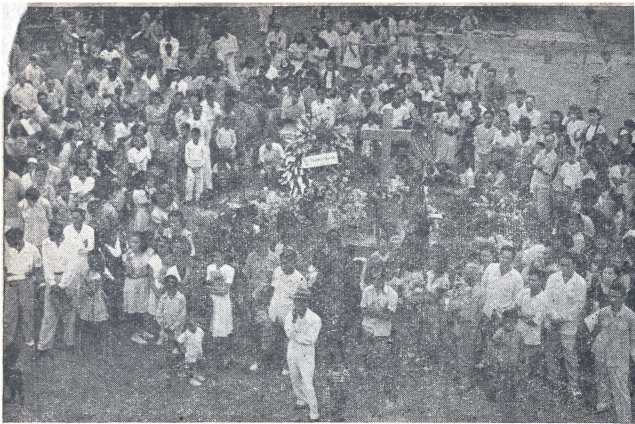
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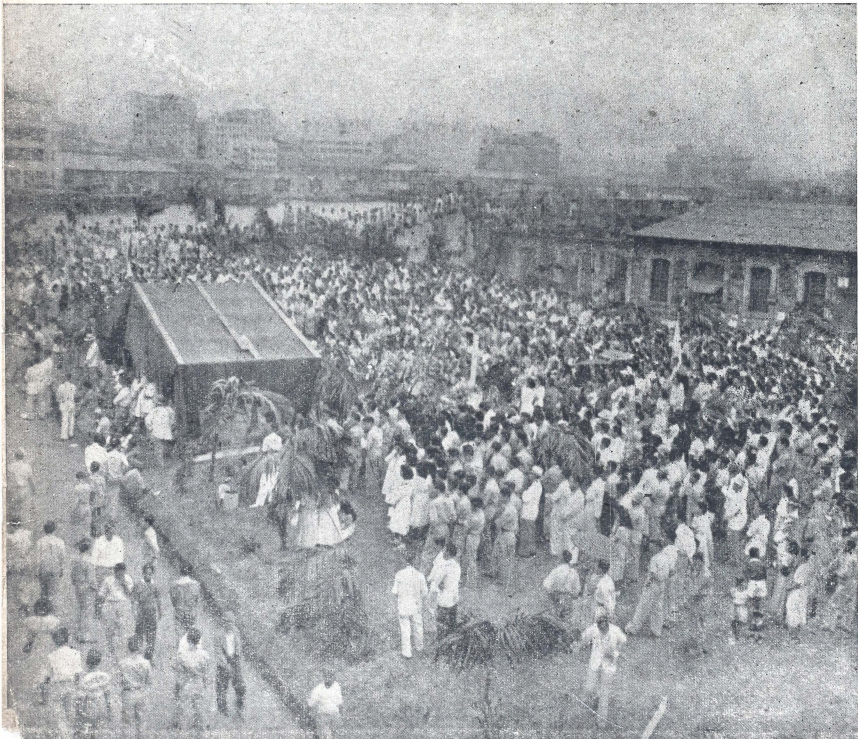
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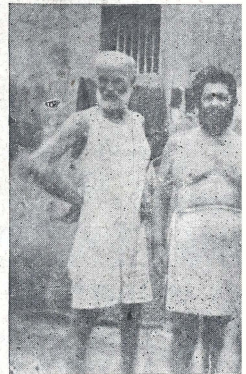
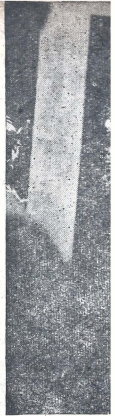
FORT SANTIAGO

These pictures, with the one in the center, right, were taken during the National Heroes Day at Fort Santiago. The left shows part of the crowd. In the center, the large cross is seen during the ceremony. Top, right, floral offerings being presented by President Quirino, Mrs. Trinita Quirino, and late Mrs. Aurora Quezon during the ceremony. Right, taken in 1943 by a Japanese soldier, shows the layout of Fort Santiago, as seen from the top. C. Bennett, George Bonner, and Benito Padilla are seen in the foreground. Right: some of the widows and orphans of the fallen heroes during the ceremonies during the celebration.



FORT SANTIAGO SCENES

These pictures, with the exception of the one at center, right, were taken during past celebrations of National Heroes Day at Fort Santiago under the auspices of the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association. Top, left shows part of the crowd that gathered around the lone cross during the ceremonies in 1947. Below, left, is seen the assemblage during the observance in 1948. Top, right, floral offerings being made by the then Vice-President Quirino, Mrs. Trinidad de Leon-Roxas and the late Mrs. Aurora Quezon during rites in 1946. Center right, taken in 1943 by a Japanese officer and smuggled out of Fort Santiago, are seen some of the inmates: Roy C. Bennet, George Bonner, Esteban Vabre, R. McCullough-Dick and Benito Pagan (left to right). Below, right: some of the widows and orphans listening to the ceremonies during the celebration of 1947.



SCENES

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ome of the inmates: Roy
to Vabre, R. McCul-
(left to right) Below,
orphans listening to the
on of 1947.



Power In The Song . . .

(Continued from page 17)

good for our voices. Besides, did not the kempei say our song was of weakness; theirs, of strength?

But this the bucktoothed Jap did not know—that we were singing to One whose forces were to kill forever their myth of 2600 years. But on March 9, 1943, like the eighteen millions outside those prison walls, our voices indeed were weak. And like the eighteen millions there was nothing for us to do but wait, wait in our cells, like people were waiting in the hills and in the seething underground—wait and—pray . . .

We were marched back to our cells at sundown, and in the dull twilight after the afternoon respite, we took to practising again the real strength of that song of weakness.

We began to pray again. Each of us had our own prayers, but whenever the guard would allow it and we could pray together, there was no question what it was going to be. Woven from yarn pulled out from the blue and white Phillipine Army towels issued to us, there lay hidden in most trousers pockets a rosary, a real one with a crucifix made by skilled prisoners' hands out of the same yarn and little splinters. There we fished out at community prayer time and, directing our minds to the Mother of God, began to pray for strength, for victory, and for peace.

Back in Fort Santiago it had been the same. It was less quiet there, the loud wailing from the torture rooms piercing the night air and the daylight calm alike. But the prisoners there fought against torture and despair with the same weapon which we fought the hunger and mental agony in Old Bilibid—prayer.

Through all the cells the urge was spontaneous, to kneel one's knees, even if they still pained from last night's kneeling on broken glass, and to pray. And, what was more eloquently spontaneous, we would eurn to the prayer which to us seemed most universal—the rosary. In cell fourteen "Ju Young Go," where I languished with fourteen others at a time,, Guillermo Victoria, the counterfeiter, Jose Lubao, the looter, Alfredo Filart, the Army Lieutenant from the Baguio Academy, Nelson Van Sinclair, the non-Catholic American who was contact man and supplier of Guerillas, prayed together to the Mother of God.

Those ignorant of the Our Father and the Hail Mary received instructions from those who knew through furtive whispers—for the guards would allow us to pray at times, but never to talk to each other. The almond-eyed kempei san, peering through the tiny window into our cell, smiled quizzically at fifteen enemies of Japan kneeling together, muttering "Kurisiang" prayers, and counting on their fingers! He probably thought the finger-counting was our Christian parallel to the ceremonial clap before the Buddhist shrine.

In old Bilibid we didn't have to count on our fingers, we had, as I mentioned above, fashioned rosaries out of towel yarn. We dreamed of taking them home with us as souvenirs, if we were ever released. But one day the fat prison warden had us lined up in the yard, had our pockets searched for our rosaries, expressed regrets at depriving us of our mementoes of "Kuristo" and had them all burned.

One of the guards explained later that the warden feared

(Continued on page 34)



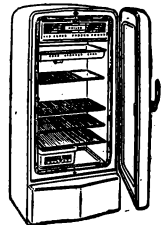
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The first familiar face I saw in Tutuban station when I arrived from Capas in January 1943 was Manuel's. He had seen my name in the papers the day before and had come to meet me.

"The Japs want you in the Department," he said. "I don't think there's anything you can do about it."

I knew that, because one week before leaving Capas, I had received an order from Japanese Army Headquarters commanding me to report there upon my arrival in Manila.

Manuel told me not to worry too much about it. He himself was there; besides there was important work that we could do together—"right under the noses of the Japs," was the way he put it.

It was his failure to mind one such exception, I think, that finally got him in trouble.

Sometime in early February 1944, one of our couriers was intercepted. When the Japs let him out a few days later, we knew that they were up to something. The courier sent word to Manuel and Lyd to get out of town at once. That same evening they left their home in Ermita and came to the house to pass the night. They carried a small leather bag and

a portable typewriter; they were leaving next morning by train, they told us, for Pangasinan. Later on, they were going to join Marking and Yay in the mountains. We were worried, and they tried to reassure us. "Nothing is going to happen to you, whatever may happen to Lyd and me," Manuel said. And I believed him.

After two weeks in the provinces, and believing, erroneously as it turned out, that they were not wanted by the Japs, after all, they returned to Manila on a Saturday afternoon. They stayed in their home all Sunday. Monday morning Manuel went to his office—to resign, he said—while Lyd proceeded to her dentist. Shortly after noon, just as he was typing out his letter of resignation form the Hodobu, Manuel was arrested by the *Kempetai*.

Lyd, returning home from the dentist, was intercepted a block away from home by her youngest brother, who told her not to proceed as the Japs were already there. At four in the afternoon, we got her frantic telephone call at the house. We did not know they had come back, and we were surprised to hear her voice over the telephone.

"I have gotten separated from M," she said. "If you see him or can send him word, just say that I have gone ahead."

We never did get word to Manuel again. Two or more days later, when the Japs found out that Lyd had slipped through their fingers, they threw all the members of the Arguilla household into Fort Santiago; his mother, sister, two brothers, and the two-year-old waif whom Manuel and Lyd had adopted. They were released two months later, when the Japs were convinced there was nothing they can do to snare Lyd back to the city into their clutches.

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Three Missionaries I Knew

By Yang Sepeng

I HAVE missed my favorite pastor at the Cosmopolitan Student Church of Manila—Mrs. Mary Boyd Stagg—who, through her life more than her Sunday sermons, had brought unbelievers by the thousands to the feet of the Master. So have other church-goers by the hundreds. They certainly would not hear or see her again, not until the day "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

Mrs. Stagg, or "Mother Stagg" as every one used to call her, Dr. Hawthorne Darby and Miss Helen Wilk, the last two being former director and manager, respectively, of the Emmanuel Cooperative Hospital, have paid a great price with their lives for their unswerving and unselfish devotion to the Filipino people during the enemy occupation. Yet their supreme sacrifice is hardly known outside of the members of the Cosmopolitan Student Church. For that matter, there is no one today who is working for the official recognition and reward of their services in the resistance movement. Knowing Mother Stagg, Dr. Darby and Miss Wilk as I do, I am absolutely sure, however, that if they were alive today, they would not even like their work mentioned much less demand compensation for their services.

WAR was already a certainty as the year 1941 drew to a close and many Americans, afraid to be caught in the Philip-

pinas which was sure to be a battleground, hurried home in any available means of transportation. There were, however, many who considered their business and personal interests in this country too valuable to be abandoned so that they decided to remain come what may. Not a few held the belief that American might would be able to repel any attack on U.S. defenses in the Philippines, hence they disregarded the warnings of the times, only to find themselves at the mercy of the Japanese conquerors barely three weeks after the treachery on Pearl Harbor.

But the three women, whose work among the Filipinos was a life mission, were not alarmed at the approach of war and stoically, if not gladly, faced the inevitable. For completely ignoring the war the brutalities of which were daily enacted in China and Europe and continuously reported in the Manila press, these three heroes and martyrs of the resistance movement did not regard their stay from the mere love for adventure and excitement. It was rather a chance in a lifetime for them to prove to themselves that as missionaries the mere approach of danger would not shake their will.

When rumors of war persisted, friends urged Mother Stagg to go home to the States. But realizing her Christian stewardship, she refused to leave, saying that her place was here in the Philippines and that the Filipinos needed her.

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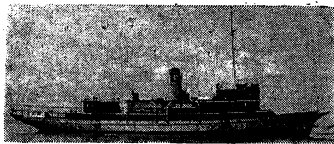
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The war overtook Mother Stagg here; so it did Sam Boyd, one of her two sons. Lionel Stagg, the other son, was in America then. So were Mary Stagg and Margaret Ann Stagg, the latter of whom Mother Stagg was able to send home shortly before the outbreak of the hostilities.

I met Mother Stagg in 1939 and shortly after I was converted to Protestantism. The spontaneous friendly fraternity, the harmonious and affectionate church atmosphere that immediately impressed me worked toward my speedy conversion. The sincerity and honesty seen by outsiders were only long-range, though unmistakable, insight into her personal charm. She possessed a power in her soul which was not hard to the touch, and seemed to give way before other physical obstacles, but slowly permeated and calmly consumed "with the patience of the years," the hardest granites.

For six months Mrs. Yang, my wife, stayed with her and she was so charmed that when she left, her respect and affection for Mother Stagg grew beyond bounds instead of diminishing which usually happens after a long association.

Words are inadequate to describe the tenderness and affection which characterized the life of Mother Stagg as a missionary and social worker. She was so unselfish that the interest she took upon people, whether in trouble or not, was indeed a warm love which one experiences only with his or her own mother. She was so prepossessing that her life was like a magnet that drew iron filings towards her. Such qualities accounted for the large number of converts to the Christian faith for the twelve years of the Staggs' ministry in the Philippines prior to the war, not including the period under

the Japanese when her work and those of Dr. Darby and Miss Wilk assumed a different nature.

The philosophy of complete self-abnegation and the unshakeable faith in Christ's promise of finding life after losing it for His sake, proved to be of tremendous influence in the social service and underground work of the three women. As if careless of death, they were absolutely unafraid, and almost immediately following the entry of the enemy troops in Manila, Mother Stagg, Dr. Darby and Miss Wilk were upon tasks that did not appertain to women of their training.

Unlike all other Americans, they were never concentrated at all, except after their arrest in 1944. Fortunately or unfortunately, their connection with the Cosmopolitan Student Church and the Emmanuel Cooperative Hospital which the

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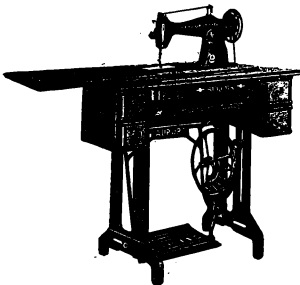
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Japanese believed correctly as indigenous, accorded them freedom. So their religious and social service work suffered no interruption. Their immunity affected Sam Boyd Stagg and Clara Ruth Darby, a sister of Dr. Darby who had been a U.P. professor. While others were panic-stricken, moving uneasily from one place to another, they remained at their posts.

During the first three months of the occupation, their underground activities were very meager, consisting merely of keeping up morale among the population through assurances of ultimate victory for the Allied forces, transmitting news broadcasts which they heard over their clandestine radios, relaying morale-building information and the like. Their church work was taking in more of political propagandizing than "spreading the words of God." In fact, they realized their responsibilities as the only representatives of America in the midst of a people that was in need of strengthening.

As the Bataan-Corregidor campaign closed and guerrilla resistance gathered momentum, their activities extended to charitable work. They gave away clothing, medicines, food-stuffs and money from out of their own savings, and however hidden these ministrations were done to returned soldiers from Bataan or guerrilla operatives and soldiers themselves. A Miss Consolacion Abaya, deaconess who resided with the Darbys and Wilks at the Emmanuel Cooperative Hospital, testifies to the underground work of the missionaries. She says that wounded and otherwise sick "boys" as Dr. Darby and Miss Will used to call the guerrillas, had been treated, hospitalized, fed and the like at the hospital. Even the men employees of the institution that kept changing often were guerrillas them-

selves.

Mother Stagg who lived at the parsonage had contacts with the Straughn guerrillas and the two others and Miss Abaya with Marking's Fil-American guerrillas. They soon solicited contribution from other people and gathered arms hidden in the City and smuggled same to the guerrilla bands.

A story is told by Miss Abaya of a time when the late Cushing went to the hospital one bright afternoon. He brought away with him a radio set. In 1943 the coming in and going out of underground operatives at the hospital was a daily occurrence. The location of the hospital, being much out of the way, however, was an advantage.

At the Cosmopolitan Mother Stagg was as much in the risky underground as her two colleagues, if not more. She kept arms in the premises. It is said that in view of the dar-

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M A N I L A

ing activities of the three women, the flickering light of democracy was burning only at the Emmanuel Hospital and in the church.

Such a fervent spirit was contagious and the three women kept it spreading like particles of yeast. They won people to resistance movement and had them contribute to the cause in varying amounts in cash or in kind. There was one Co Ban Ho, an alien who through the appeals of Mother Stagg gave to the guerrillas ₱85,000 in cash. For the act Co paid for his life as did the rest.

Days, weeks and months did not go fleeting by but dragged on in tedious slackened pace. And suffering under the heels of Japanese tyranny, the Filipinos grew restive. The cruel occupation troops, on the other hand, understood the meaning and moved to check the upsurge of patriotism which was as evident in Manila as it was in the provinces although less violent. Daily raids brought brutalities, and arrests filled Fort Santiago and other prison compounds.

Several times in 1943 the Emmanuel Hospital was raided and searched, resulting in the arrest of some boys and punishment of the women. But no amount of punishments and threats discouraged the women who were already as much a part of the movement as the guerrillas and leaders ambushing the enemy on the highways or sniping at them in their garrisons and posts. Their defiance was a constant display of valor. They played with fire, no less. And their intensifying activities were manifested in the mounting contributions they collected and passed on to the forces of different guerrilla bands. They soon had contacts with the Ilocos, Visayas and

(Continued on page 26)

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Three Missionaries . . .

(Continued from page 25)

probably Mindanao. Even copies of the famous and classic Confesor letter had been reproduced by them and circulated.

In one raid in which the Japanese Kempei-tai searched the hospital premises, lists of guerrillas that included their names were captured. So was propaganda literature.

Suddenly on January 28, 1944, at breakfast time Mother Stagg, Sam Boyd and Agustin Ortega, a dormitory boy, were arrested at the parsonage at 450 Taft Avenue. On that same day a mass arrest of suspects was made in which Juan Elizalde, Enrico Pirovano and Jose Ozamiz were among the prominent ones. Some 120 suspects were herded into Fort Santiago that day.

The following February 4 another mass arrest was made. This time Dr. Darby, Miss Wilk, Miss Abaya, Tito Dans and many other Cosmopolitan Student Church members were included. They were taken forcibly before dawn. The charges against each and everyone were: supporting guerrillas, spreading pro-American and anti-Japanese propaganda, membership in a huge espionage ring allegedly headed by a colonel who, according to the *Tribune* of July 11, 1944, was head of the U.S. Army military intelligence service before the outbreak of the war but was able to leave for the United States shortly before Pearl Harbor. This officer referred to was probably Lieue, Col. Evans, and the Japanese claimed that he was sent back to the Philippines in 1943 in a submarine.

Of Mother Stagg it was also charged that she sheltered two Chinese wanted by the Jap Kempei—Mr. Go Puan Seng

(Continued on page 32)

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Our Diplomatic and Consular Corps Abroad

By Dioscoro L. Tolentino

THERE are 17 consulates, legations, and embassies located in different parts of the world, principally in Australia, South America, United States and Europe. In writing this article, it is our purpose to consider the foreign service as a whole rather than discuss or pass upon the merits or demerits of its personnel of, let us say, the consular system.

In passing it might be well to state that the men heading these offices as well as those who were trained in the United States Department of State are, with few exception, active, intelligent, and capable Filipinos, some of them shrewd and alive to the trade opportunities within their jurisdiction. Their respective Filipino communities have been pleased with their readiness to impart whatever information they had which have been of value to them as well as with their apparent willingness to serve our commercial interests to the best of their ability.

There exists a widespread impression, however, that the duties of diplomatists are chiefly social, and that their activities in the social sphere, are purely ornamental. To this impression, so far as it may imply that our diplomats furnish to society "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," the writer is not disposed to object. But so far as it may imply that their activities are wanting in serious design and practical usefulness, it is altogether to be deplored. Certainly, a diplomatic representative, if he would gain information and acquire influence, must be active socially, must be agreeable, and with firmness, must blend conciliation.

If we abandon our attitude of superficial observation and false accusation, and inquire closely for the object to the attainment of which our diplomat is devoting the hours spent in the drawing rooms, as well as in his office, the chances are ten to one that he is concerned with the solution of some questions of commercial intercourse, with the removal of some obstruction to the exchange of commodities, the amelioration

(Continued on page 31)

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The Battle Of The ...

(Continued from page 7)

The last important difference between the war we may yet see and the struggles of the past is that the victory of either side will radically change the lives of at least half of the world. The fight between Fascism and Democracy was such a fight. For if Hitler and his allies had won we would now be living in the nightmare of a Fascist state. In a future war the stakes will be higher. In the critical balance for us will be our economic and political institutions, our social customs, our philosophy—in short our whole way of life. The same holds true for the other side.

To summarize therefore—what are the differences between a possible third world war and all past conflicts? Such a war would involve all areas of the world and all the peoples of the world. It will be a hundred times bloodier and more horrible than anything we have yet seen. It will cut across the national boundaries, making countryman fight countryman. Lastly, its results will be far-reaching in their importance.

We do not want war. Let us, therefore, talk about peace. Let there be a total mobilization for peace as there would be total mobilization for war. But peace under what conditions? Certainly not merely the absence of military conflicts. For a democracy the conditions of peace must include above all the chance to pursue the democratic way of life and the chance to help others attain and retain democracy. Peace, for us, is indissolubly connected with democracy and the preservation of our accustomed way of life. Our government and the governments of other democratic countries will fight and

indeed have fought whenever democratic philosophy is threatened.

The mechanization of our civilization both in peace and in war is almost complete. But men are yet expendable. To maintain democracy within and to spread democracy abroad in times of peace, we need men. To fight for democracy in times of military struggle, we also need men.

Do we have these men? Yes, we have believers in democracy all over the world. But do we have enough firm believers and how can we get more? Before we answer these questions let us consider the nature of the conflict between Communism and Democracy.

This conflict is ideological. As such, the principal arena of struggle is not the battlefield, but the minds of men. Ultimately, the conflict will be solved in the minds of men.

My concern today is not with the differences between Communism and Democracy. My concern is how to strengthen Democracy. We are not choosing here. We have chosen! Strengthen the belief among men in the concept of Democracy and, peace or war, you will be united and strong.

We in this country are so secure in our traditional acceptance of this concept that too often we have allowed the idea of Democracy to become no more than a catchword, a vague rallying point. It is time to rescue the word from the general platitudes of July 4th and National Heroes' Day speakers. Democracy cannot remain a general concept. It must become specific and concrete. Democracy cannot exist in a vacuum. For Democracy to survive, it must find lodging in the minds and hearts of men, not as a symbolic word merely, but as a pattern for action. It must be learned over and

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over again. It must be lived by everyone at all times. Its cardinal tenets of rule by consent, decisions by majority rule, equal opportunities for all, protection of the rights of minorities, freedom of speech, of thought, of assembly, and of worship should be the yardsticks of every act of ours at home, at school, at work—in short, in every form of relationship with our fellow men. Thus the home, the school and society in general, have definite and significant roles to play.

Let us not consign democracy to the dead words of a textbook or to the pious platitudes of an orator. Let us rescue the concept of democracy and bring it into the realm of life. Let us re-evaluate its meaning and instead of knowing only what it means, let us live Democracy! Furthermore, let us not be content with living it. Let us make sure that we teach its essence to others, and let us insure their right to live democratically too.

To live Democracy, and it is ready for the scrap heap if it is not lived, we must not limit it to our relations with the government alone. Let the home be a completely democratic unit run along democratic lines. Let the schools and the offices be similarly run so that none of us have a chance to forget its true meaning, so that democratic practice will become second nature to all of us.

Technically we are not at war. Actually, who can say we are at peace? The cold war is a modern invention. The term itself is proof of the fact that the spoils of war will not be empires or markets but minds. Unlike empires or markets, the mind of man is a citadel that cannot be stormed or taken by force but must be wooed and convinced by straight reason and clear evidence of greater material and spiritual well-being under a Democracy. Technically we are not at war but democracies are fighting on three fronts—the political, the economic and even the military.

The political front of a cold war on an international level is intrinsically a propaganda front. Treaties of amity, foreign policy speeches, regional conferences, military pacts, treaties of mutual assistance, statements on the floor of the United Nations itself, are all moves and counter moves designed to sway the minds of men to one or the other side. Let us not forget that this is in essence a battle of ideas. Men are subjected to a barrage of propaganda material from either side enlisting their support not so much by virtue of avowedly superior force but more by virtue of the intellectual validity of either the democratic or communist position.

We are certain of the intellectual validity and the essential righteousness of our democratic position. It is incumbent upon all democratic nations therefore, in international relations, to show that the practical application of their democratic ideals results in increased freedoms for former territories, in enhanced civil rights for minorities in all nations. The democracies must seize the propaganda initiative from the Communist bloc of nations by being always in the vanguard of the battle whenever individual right or national sovereignty is at stake.

In the national field, the political front may be aptly labeled the civil rights front. We have said that a war in which the issue is Communism versus Democracy will transcend national loyalties. Therefore it is the duty of every democratic government, however sure it may be of the allegiance of its citizens, to conduct not only an incessant edu-

cation campaign to sell Democracy but more importantly to show the people that their government has enough belief in this concept to practice it at all times. Extreme care and solicitude must be taken to conduct specially those government functions which impinge most closely on the daily lives of the people, in the most democratic way possible. Incessant vigilance must be observed so that those government agencies most intimately related to the lives of the citizenry are always and above all democratic. If the home of a citizen is searched without warrant, he will think that the guarantee of civil rights embodied in our Constitution is not a guarantee at all. If the small crook is caught while the big one goes scot-free, the citizen will feel that there is no equality before the law. These citizens may even begin to doubt democracy and doubling thus, may become prey to another ideology or at best will not be staunch defenders of the democratic philosophy.

The political front is scarcely enough. The lure of Communism is most effective when it claims that Communism is based on an economy of abundance which has greatly raised the standards of living of millions of people. Can you imagine the force of such an argument? Can you imagine what hopes it will kindle in the hearts of men who have lived all their lives on a semi-starvation diet? The job of democracy on the economic front is concrete and clear. It is also tremendous! Rather than merely disprove the picture of Communist plenty, Democracy must provide fresh hope for the millions of under-privileged peoples in the backward areas of Asia, Africa and Latin America. These people have so far known only starvation and misery. They are smarting

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under a sense of oppression; they feel that they are victims of economic inequality. How can they appreciate Democracy under these conditions? Why should they not become easy prey to propagandists who promise Utopias free from oppression and surrounded by economic abundance? How can these people love political and civil liberties, freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom to worship one's God, when they constitute a mass of unlettered men who have neither the ability nor the leisure to read or to think? All they desire is freedom from the present chains that shackle them to hunger and privation, to oppression and servitude. These are precisely the conditions which subversive elements exploit in the face of passive Democracy.

Before men can appreciate the intangible of Democracy, we must provide them with a tangible reason to love the democratic way of life. A hungry man cannot be bothered with Democracy. All his waking hours are spent in search of a means of subsistence. A man bedridden with tuberculosis, the poor man's disease, thinks only of health and survival. Those are not our fighters for Democracy. These are the uncertain elements of our population whom we must convince to our side by adopting concrete measures to raise their standards of life.

That staunch defender of Democracy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, gave solemn recognition to the importance of the economic front when he emphasized as part of his four freedoms—the freedom from want. What are the duties of government therefore in the economic phase of the conflict? They are to insure conditions of better health and more widespread education so that we can produce a citizenry better equipped physically and mentally. The government must at the same time provide its people with opportunities for fruitful work so that greater production and a healthy economy may insure a high standard of living and economic contentment.

Because a whole political philosophy is at stake, the military front must be coordinated constantly with the political

and economic fronts. Also because the democratic way of life is under propaganda bombardment by Communism, the soldier needs to re-evaluate his role in this fight. Today he is both a military man and a propagandist for Democracy. Today his frontline is not only in front. It is also behind. For during every military campaign the soldier comes in contact with the mass of people which are caught in the cross-fire of conflict. They see both sides. The soldier must prove his conduct that he is imbued with the spirit of democracy, that he has the interests of the populace at heart, for these people he is the symbol of government. If he is unnecessarily authoritarian he heightens the impression that the government is merely a coercive force, and he does Democracy no service.

Let me say again: Do not be content with the weapons of death. People are cowed down by force but seldom are they convinced. And we need conviction for Democracy. We need voluntary and enthusiastic support from our people, not passive and grudging acceptance. And we can have this support for democracy only if we use the weapons of life. They are age-old weapons and you know them. Sometimes they are called constitutional rights; sometimes they are called the Four Freedoms—always they mean that the government must provide for its people a constantly improving standard of life, full employment, a stable economy, better education, better health standards, and all this under an atmosphere of true freedom.

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Our Diplomatic...

(Continued from page 27)

of some onerous rate of duty, or the unravelling of a knot tied at the customs house. Behold then, the proud practitioner of the art of diplomacy, the aloof embodiment of its aristocratic traditions, in his actual rôle of an agent of trade, is concerned not with the philosophy of Machiavelli, the poly of Richelieu and the craft of Talleyrand, but with fertilizers, nails, barbed wire, hemp, tobacco, rice, sugar, dried fish and *bago-ong* and a thousand and one other humdrum but essential things that enter into our ordinary daily life. The truth is that foreign trade is the life blood of the nation.

Our diplomatic representatives, ambassadors, and our consuls in the United States, Australia, South America, and Europe constitute together our foreign service. Their interests are not diverse, but are cooperative; and is the complementary part of an entire and harmonious organization and conservation of our interests abroad. They are necessarily under the supervision and control of our Department of Foreign Affairs which, as the special guardian, looks after our commercial interests and particularly over the development and extension of our trade.

They have duties to perform in connection not only with shipping and seamen, with the authentication of documents, and with notarial acts, but also with the issuance of passports, and with the protection of Filipino citizens and their property abroad, as for example in New York, Chicago, California and China at present. But there is a feature of our consular service as at present constituted which seriously impairs its usefulness. Any Filipino visiting the United States will immediately ob-

serve the small proportion of aliens who hold positions of more or less importance at our consulates and embassies. It is possible presumably that a similar situation prevails in our legations in Europe and South America. The clerks, stenographers, secretaries and in some instances, some of the officials are of foreign birth and nationality.

Without intending to cast any reflection upon the good intentions or loyalty of more or less small number of aliens in our diplomatic service, there is nevertheless some danger inherent in the make-up of an official family on lines so cosmopolitan in character. Should our relations with a foreign country or should anything occur to disturb the *entente cordiale*, it will be readily seen that our consul or other representative would be placed at a serious disadvantage, as he would necessarily be dependent on his staffs or aides and interpreters for that intimate knowledge of existing conditions which alone would enable him to deal successfully with the matters at issue.

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Three Missionaries . . .

(Continued from page 26)

and myself—and our families. Mother Stagg saw to it that those wanted were moved from one family to another among members of the Cosmopolitan church.

Needless to describe, the brutal tortures the missionaries received at Fort Santiago did not make them reveal names of guerrillas or others who supported the movement in whatever manner. Unbroken in spirit, they were never seen to grieve or repent. They were almost continuously in prayer and, although conversations were prohibited, the women missionaries comforted their cellmates and preached to them the gospel of Christ.

In their common sufferings resulting from cell congestion, meager food, insanitary conditions, beatings, and many other causes, Mother Stagg, Dr. Darby and Miss Wilk ministered unto the rest. Mother Stagg, herself quite sickly, forgot her own ailments and did whatever she could, such as massaging the aching limbs, back and bodies of her suffering fellow women prisoners. It was as though only her will kept her from breaking down.

Of souls saved they certainly had many during their confinement at Fort Santiago and at the Old Bilibid prison. Miss Carmen Chang, a Chinese teacher and of Buddhist religion, was very close to Miss Wilk, and she soon was repeating from memory Psalm 23 and praying as she learned from the missionaries who became angels, no less.

Mother Stagg used to express her sincere wish that she could own the guilt of men and women guerrillas who had been continually brought to Fort Santiago.

"It is better for me to be here in prison than for others as I have already undergone the severe punishments," she used to comment. She was so brave, so Christlike in her readiness to suffer and die for others.

"If I see these boys being tortured," Miss Wilk, too, had said, "I feel like sinking down, and I am glad I have shared

the sufferings they have gone through. If they (the Japanese) kill me because I have helped the Americans and Filipino boys, I am going to heaven."

Dr. Darby had spoken in the same vein, "I am unrepentant," Miss Abaya quoted her as saying: "I am content in whatever situation I am in. I have peace with God."

Nothing was heard of Mother Stagg, Dr. Darby and Miss Wilk. Then all of a sudden, through the testimony of some Japanese witnesses at a trial of a war criminal in Manila after liberation, it was learned that they had been executed at the Manila North Cemetery where they were beheaded and buried in one dugout. In another were interred the remains of Elizalde, Pirovano, Ozamiz and others.

Through well-known marks, portions of dresses, hair, dental make-up their remains were finally identified.

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A Plan For Fort . . .

(Continued from page 6)

On May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and on August 13 of the same year, the city of Manila and the fort were peacefully surrendered to the American forces under General Wesley Merritt.

During the American occupation, the moat which had completely encircled the walls, was filled and transformed into a sunken garden. Many of the old cannons, roundshot and other military equipment were carefully preserved for their ornamental value.

The Japanese invaders raised their flag over the fort on January 3, 1942. The rest of the story since the Japanese occupied it is now a matter of common knowledge.

The history of Fort Santiago is not complete without mention of the fact that it was in one of its cells, now partially restored, where Dr. Jose Rizal spent his last days before his execution and where he wrote some of his memorials including his famous "Mi Ultimo Adios".

A place with a history like Fort Santiago is worth preserving for posterity.

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Editorials

(Continued from page 3)

ility is particularly true in the case of industries that turn out export products which have to meet open competition in the foreign market.

We must not only avoid direct taxes but also those imposed on other elements affecting production like transportation and capital goods.

We must not be lured by the elements of collectibility, which may perhaps be a good reason for imposing taxes on export products, for the reason that sure collection may be reduced to an insignificant figure when production declines.

There is still an imposing amount of uncollected taxes. Laws have been ground to reach the sure sources of taxes but unfortunately the machinery for collection is not as efficient as it should be. We suggest therefore that this matter be given first priority in the implementation of a revised tax system as any accumulation of laws will only mean more evasion by some of our elements who are specialized in tax evasion and who are enriching themselves not only by the non-payment of taxes but specially as a result of the very unfair, undue and we may say, criminal use of this money to thoroughly compete with those that comply with the letter and spirit of our tax laws.

The structure of our business today requires mass production in most cases, specially when we wish to lower prices by bringing down the cost of production. This in turn necessitates polling of our individual resources through the formation of corporations. But by increasing taxes on corporations, we will be adding a new obstacle to the already difficult task of attracting capital due to our individualistic nature, as a result of which only those corporations formed by aliens who are endowed with the know-how to avoid taxes, using unethical if not illegal means, will be the only ones that will thrive.

MOISES T. GUERRERO

A Friend In . . .

(Continued from page 11)

papers here," he wrote, "have recently been carrying very distressing articles in reference to the Philippines and I am fearful that there are many in the country who are not familiar with the intricacies of the problems facing your government."

While he has not yet visited the Philippines, he has a good grasp of local problems and conditions. He is in constant communication with the Philippine Ex-Political Prisoners' Association and keeps close contact with the Philippine Embassy in Washington. Among his close friends also are two former American Ambassadors to the Philippines, Paul V. McNutt and Emmet O'Neal, who all belong to the Post-Mortem Club, an organization in Washington which counts among its members many officials and leaders including Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman and former Defense Secretary Louis Johnson.

Born of humble parents in the small town of Spartanburg, South Carolina, Mr. Wood early saw in life and need for social justice for the poor. He supported himself through high school and early college by running a newspaper route, acting as a plumber's assistant and operating a cleaning and pressing establishment.

Shortly after graduation from Wofford College in 1917, he volunteered as a private in the United States Army and after several assignments to various camps, was detailed to the Motor Transport Corps Headquarters in Washington, D.C. where he became one of the aides to the Chief of the Service, General Charles B. Drake.

Power In The . . .

(Continued from page 20)

we might use them to commit suicide or to strangle the Kempeis with. Whatever the reason, the loss of the rosaries merely served to intensify our devotion to the garland offering to Mary.

Escape, after two years! Out of the rear gate, bag in hand, joy in the heart, rosary in the trousers pocket. Up the hills with the Hunters' Guerrollas and Marking's camp to join the intelligence with the 6th Army observer.

The liberation came, and so did the defeat of Japan. I wonder if that Kempei Lieutenant who called our hymn to the Sacred Heart song of weakness is still alive. Japan is not so strong now. But the Sacred Heart and Mary are firmly entrenched in our altars and in our hearts, thanks to that hymn and the Rosary:

It was while he was serving in the Army that he started to take up law at Georgetown University Law School. When he graduated from the university in 1921, the law school was celebrating its golden anniversary and he was chosen the jubilee orator.

He was admitted to the Bar of South Carolina on May 1, 1921, to the Supreme Court of the United States on May 26, 1924, and to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on February 13, 1922.

Besides the Post-Mortem Club, Mr. Wood is a member of the Wofford College Alumni Association, Georgetown Alumni Association, Sigma Nu Phi Legal Fraternity, Forty and Eight, Army and Navy Union, Veterans of Foreign Wars, United Spanish War Veterans.

He is a Past Master of Columbia Lodge No. 3, F.A., A.M., a 32nd Degree Mason, and a Shriner. He has been chairman of several committees of the Columbia Bar Association, one of which took charge of studying the reorganization of Municipal Courts. He has been delegate to several national conventions of the Democratic Party and is a member of the Democratic Central Committee of the District of Columbia.

For two and a half years, he was Chairman of the Local Draft Board (World War II). He has two sons, Harlan Wood, Jr., who is a junior at Brown University and John Paul Wood, who goes to school in Washington.

A few days ago, he reminded the PEPPA of the coming opening of the new Congress, assuring the organization that he will continue his fight for them until justice is won.

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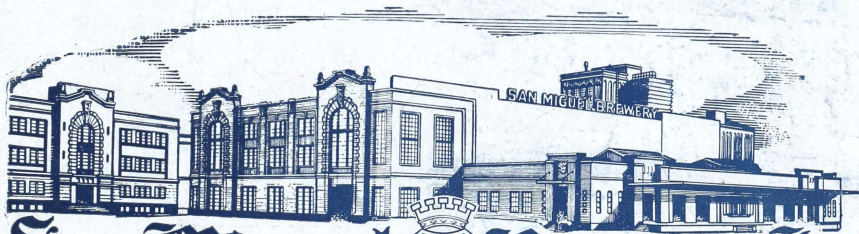
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