

of time. Paete lanzones are the prime variety of this popular fruit.

Caboan. Originally called San Miguel and made up of the new converts among the native rancherías found northward of Siniloan, in the mountains. Plasencia and Oropesa were, of course, the first missionaries, but the first parish priest was Fr. Antonio de la Llave, 1602. The name was changed to Caboan in 1613. Original patron, San Miguel; patroness, after the stone church was built in 1613 and the name was changed, N. S. de los Angeles. The Chinese rebels of the uprising of 1639 destroyed the church; the one still standing, unless a new one has recently been built, dates from 1669 and is the work of Fr. José de Jesus María.

Santa Cruz. The capital of Laguna. A district of Lumbang until 1602, when it became a separate parish under Fr. Gabriel de Castro. It is a beautiful and prosperous little city, always worth a visit from the stranger. The roads through all this region wind through hills and valleys shaded over with the never-ending coconut groves, the abundant product of which immediately explains the prevailing prosperity of the people. Patroness, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. The image of the Santo Angel de la Guarda is famous in the lore of the people, and the annual fiesta a notable event in the province. The church was rebuilt in 1850 by Fr. Juan Marzo. Wednesday and Thursday of every week are market days. Formerly the agricultural and industrial products from Laguna, Tayabas, and Batangas were all marketed through Santa Cruz, then the leading provincial market in the islands. A noted Franciscan infirmary for the cure and recuperation of the missionaries formerly existed in Santa Cruz, and no doubt the building remains to this day. It dates from 1674, the work of the provincial of that period, Fr. Juan de Albalade, who removed it from Pila, though the building there was of stone and brick. It had been originally established at Mahayhay; in 1606 it was removed to Lumbang, and in 1618 to Pila. Here therefore is another Franciscan institution in the Philippines dating from the 16th century, as the infirmary was opened at Mahayhay soon after the village was established.

Lilio. First missionaries, Plasencia and Oropesa, 1578. Separated from Nagcarlang, 1605; first priest, Fr. Miguel de San Lucas. "The church, under the advocacy of the saintly precursor Saint John the Baptist (San Juan Bautista), is of stone and brick, as is also the parochial house. There is venerated in this church an image of our seraphic doctor San Buenaventura, which in the year 1664 cried and

sweat blood, according to declarations sworn to by Fr. Juan Pastor and 120 other persons in the investigation made by the superior authority."

Mabitac. About 1599 or 1600, D. Cristobal de Mercado had an image of Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria made and presented to the Franciscan parish church in Dilao, now the district of Paco in Manila. In 1603 this image was sent to the Franciscan hospital established at Los Baños, and in 1615 Fr. Blas de la Madre de Dios got permission to install the same image in a hermitage, an *ermita*, built on an eminence between the barrios of Inaguasan and Galay, for the purpose of drawing together there the people of the surrounding rancherías and converting them to the faith. The plan was so notoriously successful from the beginning that soon hundreds of native cottages had been built around the little rural shrine, and thousands of the neophytes made pilgrimages to the place, "abandoning all their other obligations." To abate their enthusiasm, already affecting adversely the neighboring missions, it was ordered that the image should be removed to Siniloan, but mobs of devoted neophytes numbering thousands appeared with sticks and cudgels in their hands to prevent what they conceived to be a despoiling of the shrine—even when eight priests came together to take the image away, and even when the father provincial himself came for the same purpose.

At last all these attempts were abandoned, in the face of the fervor of the people, and the decision was made to found at the shrine the town of Mabitac, which was done in 1618, and Fr. Francisco de la Cruz was appointed the first pastor. The date of the present church is not given. It is of masonry, of course, with a stairway of 96 stone steps on the south, "to ascend to the church and the parochial house." Patroness, of course, N. S. de la Candelaria.

Cavinti. Founded in 1619, when separated politically from Lumbang, a place, now obscure enough, seen to have been the mother of a number of the towns nearby it. First priest, Fr. Alonso de Ampudia. Fr. Pedro de San Martin built the first stone church, 1621, which the Chinese rebels destroyed in 1639. Materials in the new church date likewise from the 17th century, but the church was greatly damaged by the earthquake of 1824, although immediately repaired.

Los Baños. Founded by the Augustinians as San Nicolas de Tolentino, and transferred to the Franciscans in 1613, who named it for the medicinal springs that prompted them to establish a hospital there prior to the close of the 16th century. The town of Los Baños was founded by them in 1640. The chapel at the hospital

served as the parish church until 1727, when a parish church was erected and dedicated to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, "with the title of Holy Waters." The present church and hospital, of stone, date from 1790 and are the work of Fr. Domingo Mateo, Fr. Manuel Amat repairing them and changing the roofs from nipa to tile in 1851. (The story of the springs has already been translated and printed in the *Journal*).

Loños. "Of three villages of the town of Paete, established in 1787 by order of San Pedro Bautista, whose names were San Antonio, Abacao, and Babaye, this town was established in the year 1669, its first minister being Fr. Lucas Sarro. The church, under the advocacy of San Juan Bautista, is of ordinary construction, in which is venerated with particular devotion an image of Our Lady of Peace to which the natives attribute various miracles."

Paquil. Separated from Paete in 1676; first pastor, Fr. Francisco de Barajas. Huerta gives the climate a bad ticket. Five years' exemption from the tribute was given the people in 1684, upon condition that they build a church of strong materials, but they enjoyed the privilege without undertaking the building, so that the stone church was not commenced until 1732, under Fr. Fernando de Haro, and not completed until 1767, under Haro's successor. Fr. Joaquin de Coria repaired the church in 1840, and Fr. Juan de Llanera in 1852. Llanera also rebuilt the parochial house, burned in 1851, with most of the town. After the fire the faithful learned with astonishment that some 300 stamped images of Our Lady of Sorrows had not been burned; only the white margins had been scorched, and the flames had respected the tiny images, though the table and drawer containing them had been completely consumed. Each year at Eastertide, in commemoration of this event, the people of Paquil hold a *nevenario* in honor of Our Divine Lady.

Continuing with the Franciscans next month, our first visit will be to Pagsanjan. Herewith we open a competition among amateurs for a picture of the falls, and, upon the decision of experts, we will reward the winner with five pesos and the mention of his name.

THE ANTING-ANTING
By PERCY A. HILL

The rain poured down in pitiless sheets through the long August afternoon, the day drew to its close in a humid twilight. The town of Santa Maria, once possessed in fee simple by the Spanish crown, and now occupied by American troops and taken as American territory, cowered under the lashings of wind and rain. Its people, purely Malay with but a slight tang of Mongol and Iberian, slept the storm away in their flimsy nipa huts. The thoughts of the company officers who had been sent by higher command to represent the new law and order among a people highly credulous, superstitious, and intermittently violent, were as usual naive and varied. It was no task for men lacking either in tact, cleverness, or courage—this occupation of a town on the outer rim of a shadowy civilization neither holding the inhabitants firmly within its grasp nor entirely relinquishing them to their primitive environment.

With the incessant summer rains came the accustomed plethora of tropical disease. Regiments soon mustered only battalions, battalions dwindled to companies, and these to mere platoons of fighting men. Pills, the company surgeon, had his hands full during the rainy season. Sick call discovered all those afflicted with nostalgia and the score of indeterminate ailments that afflict the bodies of men brooding over their enforced inactivity.

To Uncle Sam's cohorts, set down in the distant Philippines, everything was new, strange, and utterly incomprehensible. The enemy existed unseen in the dripping jungle trails, in the moldering towns, and in the smoking clearings on the hills; and there, since a natural prudence bade him not to risk an open encounter, the enemy was to be found.

The blue-shirted men of Company B,—the regiment, U. S. Volunteer Infantry, sprawled

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in their bell-shaped tents at Santa Maria and cussed and discussed the topics commonly interesting soldiers far from the homeland. These topics ranged from delectable but unobtainable dishes, to what the company cook was going to furnish for supper; from the intricacies of poker to how much beer one could consume at a sitting; and lastly, the steamy weather and the *pulahans*, literally signifying the red-ones and derived from the red calico breeches the guerrilla enemy wore. Pop Higgins, between flourishes of his skillets and pans, told the men how to win the war after the manner of company cooks since soldiering began. Like his stentorian command, "Come and get it, you dog-robbers!", his military prowess was familiar to all.

However, he did make the scanty government rations taste fairly palatable, though to be sure there were the typical company grouches who accorded Pop no credit for his versatility with potatoes and onions.

Conversation in the tents drifted back at last to the original subject, the *pulahans* and their practice of carrying the protective *anting-anting*. Corporal Galway, with some skill in deciphering their symbols, handed over a broad brass plaque dangling from a few strands of abaca to Tommy Baker, the kid of the outfit. Disdaining caustic comments, Corporal Baker explained what he knew of the *anting-anting's* design and history. Passing the hemp strands over his head and stowing the plaque away beneath the bosom of his campaign shirt, the kid remarked, "Well, it can't do any harm and it might do some good."

His comrades proceeded to rag him with crude jests, all of which he took in good nature, and the incident closed.

This particular *anting-anting* was not one of the common variety carried by the Samar *pulahans*. The plaque was some three inches in diameter, wide enough indeed to afford some accidental protection in the departed days of cut-and-thrust fighting, but powerless of course against the modern bullet. The obverse was embossed with the piteous figure of San Sebastian being literally made a human pincushion as his enemies shot him full of arrows. On the reverse was an image of the Virgin of Mercy. The edges were sprinkled with Latin crossed together with letters only decipherable to those provided with a key. Galway had taken the charm from a most innocent looking chap, whose gauzy shirt had poorly concealed it; and now he had given it to the kid, telling him it was potent to keep the *pulahan* fighting long after peace was the obvious thing to seek.

The *anting-anting* is by no means a Philippine invention, dating much farther back and into other climes. The *anting-anting*, essentially a spirit charm, is not unknown to the Chinese and the Hindus; and Europeans had resort to such devices long before the caravels of Legaspi cast anchor in Cebu harbor. Some of the more pretentious of those the Americans ran across in the Philippines bore the stamp of cities in Spain and Italy, and even of Rome. Long ago, perhaps, they were valued similarly to the Agnus Dei. This one Corporal Galway gave the kid had been cherished by one of the crusader who followed de Goiti or Salcedo, most probably as a protection against the slings and arrows of a soldier's fortune.

The most common of the native *anting-antings* were pieces of colored cloth or paper liberally etched with crosses, triangles and mystic abracadabra. Sewn to a garment or worn round the neck, they obsessed the ignorant with the idea of invulnerability to sword and bullet. This blind faith turned natives ordinarily peaceful into frenzied fanatics, who threw away their lives in the vain belief that they were divinely protected.

Company B had now been stationed at Santa Maria for some time. The usual quota of false rumors had frequently drawn the men away on skirmishes into the jungle; there had been brushes with the *pulahans*, but nothing out of the ordinary, in that epoch of little fights. In fact, the men longed for one good fair encounter, hand-to-hand, to end the business and bring them their chance to sail for home on one of the big transports then engaged in transferring the Army of Occupation back to God's

country. This feeling was but natural, under the circumstances, as volunteers are not like regular soldiers. Volunteers enlist for a definite objective, and once that is accomplished they hone to return to their old pursuits—regarding war as an incident. The cause of the natives was dying, the majority of them would also have been glad to return to normal life, but men clad in a little brief authority kept them at it.

The *anting-anting* Galway had picked up was the talisman of one of these chiefs, who not only wanted it back but was willing to sacrifice the town if necessary to get it.

Such was the situation that August afternoon in Santa Maria. It was an old, old town, an area of nipa huts clustering about its gray-towered church of coral blocks. A curtain of huts spread down to the mouth of a sluggish estuary a mile away, the town being set back from the sea for better protection from Moro pirates. For centuries the bells of the brooding church had called the people to daily mass, tolled for the interments in the walled-in *campo santo*, and rung out clangorously for baptisms and weddings. The people were as simple as the town was primitive. Content with their obscurity, they had vegetated like the jungle against which they made small headway, until the flame of war, spreading from Luzon, flung them like pawns into the hopeless struggle. The result, so far as Santa Maria was concerned, was a universal demand for *luto*, mourning apparel, and the subsequent unrest of the men and officers of Company B, fretted by the necessity of waiting.

Tommy Baker, the kid, youngest member of the garrison, had, with the eclectic capacity of youth, acquired a smattering of Visayan in frequenting the *tiendas*, little trinket and viand shops, and had learned to thrum the *balitaos* and *corrachas* of the region on the one guitar the town possessed. The kid was *persona grata* to most of the townfolk, in contradistinction to the older veterans, who despised all who could not converse in good United States; and anyway, possession of a common language is a bridge thrown across racial gaps. Tommy had no urge for seven-up or vino, so took his youthful pleasure in picking up new idioms and experiences. With the ancient *anting-anting* beneath his blue shirt, he visioned himself flashing it as a surprise upon his *tienda* friends and arousing that envy which youth enjoys.

That same August afternoon some of the local chieftains assembled a gathering of the credulous behind the old church. After giving each man an *anting-anting* of red cloth guaranteed to make him invisible to the enemy and proof against their bullets, the chiefs explained that a

sudden attack on Company B would rid the community of the invaders and that everything the poor wanted would thereafter be forthcoming. The objections of the more wary were overruled by the arguments of the more restive characters. The usual preparations were soon made. With bolo and bancao, Mauser and Remington, the men were to rush out from cover and effect a general massacre of the strangers within their gates. This they attempted, when the signal was given, believing that a strip of red cloth held the mystic power to turn a Krag bullet and bend a rifle bayonet.

Such is the power of oratory on the unschooled mind.

The storm continued, waxing ever more violent in its fury. Clouds hurrying in from the vast wastes of the Pacific spilled their contents on a steaming and sodden land. Mess time came. The company bugler sounded "Coffee! Coffee! Coffee! The worst you ever seen!" and the men of Company B prepared to go and get it with a clashing of messkits. At this moment, with loud yells and without the semblance of military order, a thousand *pulahans* poured out of the houses and narrow streets, charging with flashing weapons toward the row of tents, through which a ragged volley sent a stream of lead. A few blue-shirted figures fell, still grasping their messkits. Others, grabbing up their rifles, met the onslaught with a well directed fire before either the startled sentries or the officers could reach them. Tommy Baker got hold of his Krag, shot a shell into the chamber from the loaded magazine, and joined in the scrap with all the enthusiasm of the young man-at-arms who in spite of momentary fears regards fighting as the prime business of a soldier.

Amid that August downpour it was no mean scrap, either. A fight at close quarters with men who disregarded the penetrating power of modern rifles and desired no quarter made it lively for the rallying company. Time and time again the attackers with their red *anting-antings* were forced back by the withering rifle fire, and the blood of both sides mingled with the rain-soaked mud. At last the *pulahans* gave way. Some turned and made it for the jungle, and after them raced the blue-shirted figures in wild pursuit, the bugles sounding recall in vain. The attack had failed in spite of *anting-antings*, and the chieftains' promises would never be fulfilled to those who lay stark under the pitiless rain.

Company B fell in and counted noses. Casualties were six dead and quite a few wounded. The kid was unaccounted for, though a patrol had failed to find his body.

Pop Higgins found, for the first time in weeks, that his efforts received compliments instead of

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curses. Then the dead were buried, and a few shivering townfolk were rounded up to dispose of the fallen pulahans, worthy of a better cause. However, the great majority of the inhabitants of Santa Maria had either taken to the hills or risked the wind-lashed sea in *barotos*. Later they would come back to town, for the Americans were a people who quickly forgot, and held no grudge towards those whom they thought of as misguided. But for the present Santa Maria was silent and deserted, with less than half a dozen of its usual inhabitants.

Company B was completely mystified at the disappearance of the kid. If he had been killed in the *melee*, the discovery of his body would have satisfied them, but the patrols found nothing tangible in the slush of tracks made by flying feet. Rumor and conjecture fanned by the grouchy members of the company crystallized into the story that the kid had deserted. In that he spoke the lingo, hobnobbed with all and sundry, and neither drank nor lost his pay over the gaming table, they reasoned that he had gone the way that few of Uncle Sam's men ever did go—that he had gone over to the enemy. The yarns of the cavalryman shot down in Luzon as a deserter, and of Fagan, the colored infantryman who deserted at Cabanatuan, were repeated, and the stories rankled in the hearts of the men who knew and liked the kid best. That these desertions had nothing to do with the country, but were mere protests against persons in authority, made no difference. Both officers and men resented the mystery they could not clear up, and Tommy Baker was carried on the company roster as missing.

The company departed Santa Maria a week later, towed in a flotilla of clumsy craft by a fussy launch whose cinders sprinkled the men with a grimy shower. Five months later, in Tacloban, when the regiment was united preparatory to going home, the common topic was the fate of Tommy, the kid. Awaiting the visit of the regimental paymaster, the men had little to spend; they grew grouchier with the passing of every day. Time heavy on their hands, Corporal Galway and two more of the kid's best friends asked and obtained permission for a fishing trip. The next day, provisioned, and armed with their Kraggs, they reached Santa Maria, now slumbering in the winter sun. Landing, they found that a dozen villagers had returned and reoccupied their tumble-down huts. But all their inquiries about the kid came to nothing, everyone supposed he had left the place with the company for Tacloban. Galway and his companions were about to turn away disappointed, when they were accosted by Francisco, a half-grown lad who had acted as water carrier to succeeding company cooks. His few words of English enabled him to let the men know that he wished to show them something. He kept repeating "You come see! You come see!" So they followed him with sundry and

profane warnings and their Kraggs ready for execution.

Francisco led them through the deserted town, across the wastes of jungle back of the church, and onto a flat overgrown with pandakaki bushes and rank grass—a lake of mud in the rainy season but seamed with deep cracks now, under the ardent sun of the dry season. Pushing aside the wild growth, Francisco pointed to half a dozen skeletons whose clothing identified them as those of pulahans. Their rusted weapons all pointed in the direction of a carabao wallow. In this depression, his rifle still bearing on the enemy, lay another remnant of humanity. It had been a battle of extermination. There was nothing to identify the solitary defender of the wallow. His clothing, such as the elements had left, distinguished him only as an American

soldier. But from beneath these rags shown the dull glint of the anting-anting. It was the kid!

The sun scorched down upon the group of searchers in the pandakaki bushes. The positions of the figures told a mute history, a story without words, the last act of that rainy August afternoon. The anting-anting given the kid by Galway just before the guerilla attack was proof evident and amply sufficient. A wild yell expressing indescribable emotion rose from the trio of soldiers, causing the timid Francisco to take to his heels for safety. This simultaneous outburst was at once an epitaph, a shout of triumph, and a requiem over the body of a comrade fallen on the field of honor. The kid, their friend, was vindicated. If Tommy Baker could have heard, he would have understood.

Anecdotes of Governor Yeater Recalled by His Visit

By WALTER ROBB

With Mrs. Yeater, whom he married in his home town of Sedalia, Missouri, about four years ago, ex-Vice Governor Charles Emmet Yeater came to Manila February 15 and departed February 16 on the *ss Belgenland*, making a tour of the world. The Yeaters were royally entertained ashore by old friends and associates of the governor, who has become a globetrotter and is likely soon to visit the islands for a much longer stay. Since retiring from the Philippine service he has been three times in South America and twice in Europe, for leisurely travel, Australia and New Zealand being his next objectives. He admits he does no work, he looks much younger than he did in Manila seven years ago, and has sold his law library to avoid the temptation to work.

Governor Yeater reads and travels, keeping up a keen interest in public affairs. He thinks Hoover will be the Republicans' candidate for the Whitehouse, Smith the Democrats'—"both men of tremendous intellectual power," he says—and that it will be a real contest. He is ready to campaign for Smith. But he is no narrow partisan now, anymore than he was when in the islands. His first and most anxious request was for President Coolidge's speech in Havana. "I wish to read that," he said. "That will be history. It must have been a restatement of the Monroe doctrine."

This shows how well Governor Yeater realizes the significance of current problems in South America and the Caribbean. If there had been time to question him further, the calibre of his statesmanship could have been measured on matters of international importance, and I think it would have been demonstrated that Governor Yeater himself possesses in his personal gifts and character, his education,

travel, and broad experience, all the attributes of a great president.

He knew what there was to do in Havana, and he has that magnanimous patriotism of soul that did not begrudge a Republican president the opportunity of doing it. What a stir it would make in the nation for him to address the country on Latin relations, on the international debts, on armaments; for none can be more up to date on these subjects, and none better guided by the philosophy of history.

We must dismiss this prospect, however, lying so far beyond us, and refer to a few incidents of his executive career in the Philippines that explain something of the universal admiration in which he is held. No man was ever more rationally esteemed than Governor Yeater. Let us show him from the Filipinos' viewpoint first.

He gave one official dinner while he was acting governor, and let it be known that it was official. As now recalled, it was in compliment to the British community; at any rate, the toasts were to the British and, in return, to the Americans.

Yeater's turn came. He arose and lifted his glass.

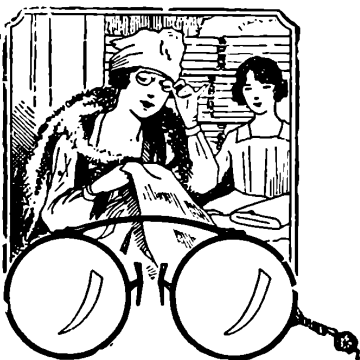
"I am not sure that it is in strict accordance with the etiquette of occasions of this kind, or with established custom," he said, or something to this effect, "and I don't care. But I propose a toast to the Filipino people. Gentlemen, the Filipino people!"

Not holding Britain one whit less than her most loyal son, not for a moment forgetting the worth and genius of his own people, he nevertheless did not choose to pass by, merely because they had not yet blazoned their name as yet on every horizon distant and near, a people he had found to be so abounding in virtues, so human in their vices, as the Filipino people undoubtedly are; but he chose rather to recognize them, and to make that recognition public even at the risk of the proprieties of a formal banquet under his official auspices.

Governor Yeater understands other peoples, making himself familiar with their history: his spontaneous tribute to Britain at the dedication of the new building of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation would be classic in fairness and accuracy if it had been recorded. In the Spanish community he had intimate friends, as he had in the other foreign colonies; he recognized in Father Villalonga, S. J., one of the world's great minds. In his farewell address at the banquet in his honor at the Hotel Mignon, he interpolated appreciations of the characters of the leading Filipinos.

Everyone remembers him for his utter approachability; whenever he was the islands' executive, as when he was pursuing his duties as vice governor and secretary of public instruction, it was always possible to see him without the least formality, when he was not actually and very busily occupied. But when he was thus engaged, he concentrated intensively and would not be disturbed.

He made occasion, without seeming to do so, for meeting and mingling with people in all



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